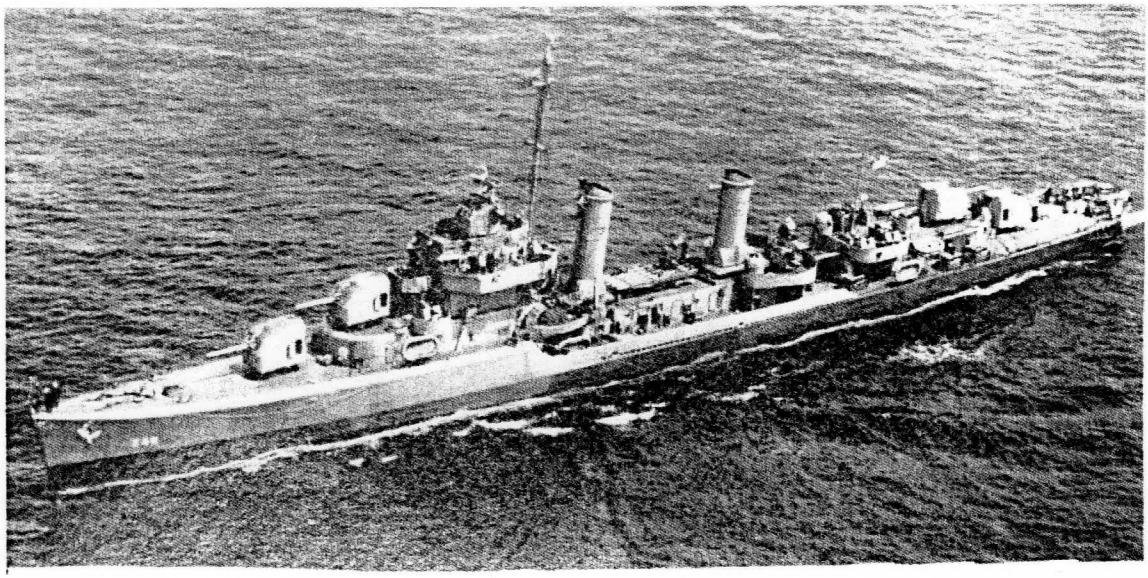
A SHIP NAMED TURNER



A biography of the life of one ship of the U.S.Navy during one brief period of World War II. Some is from memory, much is derived from pages of the complete Deck Log of Turner 648 I obtained from the Naval Archives. One part is from an average of three sources of information. Mainly, it tells the story of the ship as I saw it, a member of the crew for fifteen days prior to commissioning, and during the two hundred and sixty-four days of its life.

David L. Merrill
May 2000

A SHIP NAMED TURNER

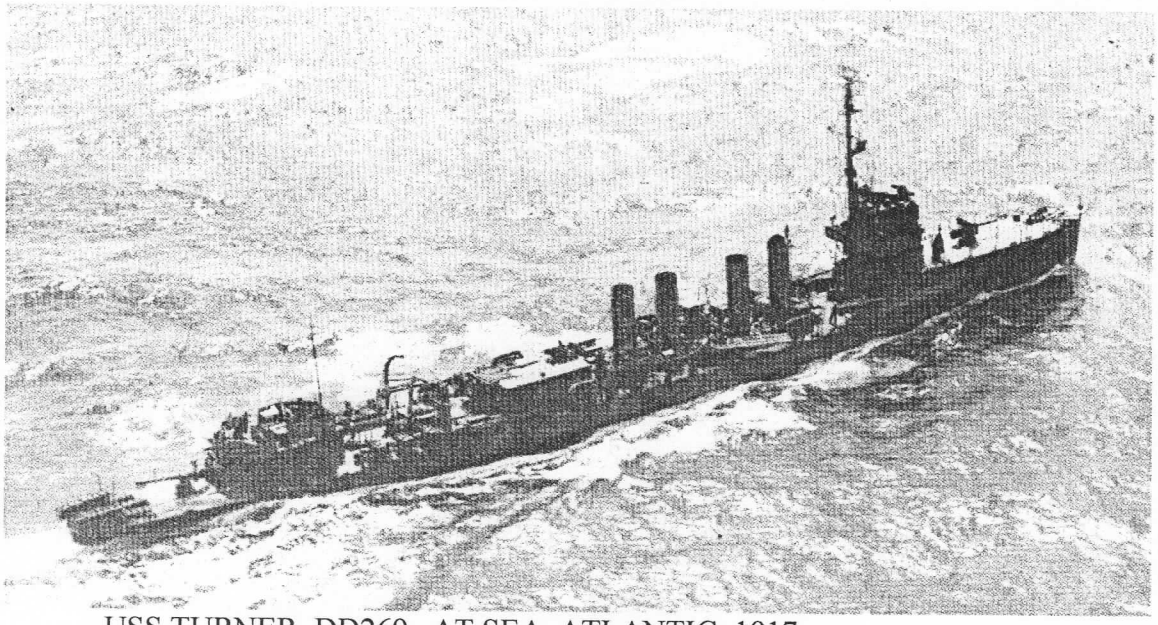
This is the story of one ship which existed as part of the United States Navy for eight months and eighteen days. It was an insignificant ship, as ships went in the war years of 1941-1945, but it was a ship, a commissioned ship assigned to a specific duty. It performed this duty well, with diligence but without special accommodation or reward. It was fitted with a crew which, at time of commissioning, consisted of seventy-five percent of the enlisted men serving on their first ship. It had fourteen officers, eight of whom were doing their first tour at sea. Yet, it was a splendid ship as far as "togetherness" went. Loyalty could not have been better, ambition to do the right thing at the right time could not have been better, thoughtfulness for one another was outstanding.

Yes, this is the story of one insignificant ship that plowed back and forth between the ports of monotony and tedium performing a task needing to be performed but which offered no reward for services well done. From the date of its commissioning, April 15th, 1943, until it's last day as a ship of the fleet, January 3rd , 1944, two hundred and sixty-four days, it obeyed the command of its Captain, and did its duty. This is a story of the ship, not a daily account or even a monthly accounting, but it is the story of this ship. It was built to perform a job, which it performed, until the final day, a day which, like the day in "infamy" of Franklin Roosevelt's speech to the Congress on December 8th, 1941, was one of surprise, confusion, fire, explosion and death.

Battleships of the U.S. Navy were named for states of the United States; Cruisers for cities of the U.S.; Carriers for famous battles and later for certain bird life. Destroyers were named for deceased distinguished people, the majority ex-Naval personnel who had done some feat of valor for their country. These systems have all changed now, but in the days of World War II this is the way it was.

Daniel Turner entered the U.S. Navy as a midshipman and retired thirty years later as a Commodore . He commanded the USS Niagara in the squadron of Commodore Perry and the USS Caladonia in the war of 1812. He performed several gallant feats in this war, and five years prior to WWI a destroyer was named after him.

The USS Turner DD269 was used in WWI and made several convoy crossings of the Atlantic. It was a "four-piper," the term given ships with four smoke stacks. It was a member of the Clemson Class, commissioned in September 1912. The overall length was 312 feet with a beam of 30 feet and a draft of 9 feet 3 inches. She displaced 920 tons, and was stricken from the naval records in August of 1936. She had been removed from the destroyer class several years earlier, re-commissioned as the USS Moosehead and used as a training vessel. She was powered by two 2-shaft geared turbines with SHP of 17,500 and had a maximum speed of 29 knots. Built for a complement of 145 in the crew and had two 4-inch guns, one 3-inch and 12 torpedo tubes for 21-inch torpedoes. She was scrapped and the metal used for newer vessels at the beginning of WWII.



USS TURNER DD269 AT SEA ATLANTIC 1917

The second Turner was built in the Federal Westinghouse Shipyards at Kearney, New Jersey. It's keel was laid on January 10th, 1942 and it was launched on March 24th, 1942. Ninety percent of the above deck superstructure was in place by March 30th, 1942 at which time its engines were started for the first time and it sailed into lower New York harbor, headed north up the East River and into the Brooklyn Navy yard where it was tied up and work continued in progress completing the superstructure.

The ship displaced 1630 tons and had an overall length of 348 feet and waterline length of 341 feet. It was powered by two 2-shaft geared turbines generating S.H.P. of 50,000 and had a maximum effort water speed of 42 knots. It's armament consisted of four 4-inch guns, fourteen .50 caliber AA guns, two depth charge racks astern and three depth charge firing guns along each side. In addition, there was a torpedo tube capable of holding five 21-inch torpedoes and numerous .30 caliber machine guns mounted on the upper super-structure. It was built to carry a crew of 230 men, 16 officers and 8 CPO's.

I had been serving aboard the Cruiser USS Philadedlphia. She was a somewhat

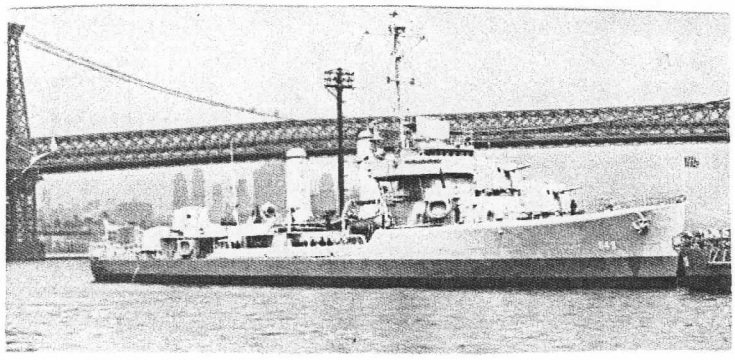
larger ship than the previous Turner, displacing 9,800 tons with an overall length of 609 feet and a beam of 61 feet. She carried 15 six inch guns, three each in five turrets. There were 12 five inch anti-aircraft guns and numerous smaller caliber mounts scattered about the ship. She had a peacetime complement of 1,400 men but during the war the crew had been increased to 1,750.

I had been promoted to radioman second class the first of March and on April 1st was transferred to the Turner. Philadelphia was docked in the Brooklyn Navy yard at the time, and the crew for Turner had been assembling at the Lido Beach Hotel out on Long Island about fifty miles East of Coney Island. I caught a train on the Long Island Railway arriving at the Lido Beach Hotel at 9:00 P.M. The following morning the entire crew, consisting of approximately 150 men, were loaded into trucks and transported through Brooklyn to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to board Turner. While standing on the dock awaiting my turn to board I noticed Turner was docked directly across the pier from Philadelphia. I could have walked the distance in a matter of two minutes instead of going to the trouble of the train ride, checking in, checking out and standing in a truck for nearly an hour being transported back to the Navy Yard. That would not have been the Navy way.

Service aboard Philadelphia had been interesting. We had participated in a convoy to Murmansk Russia. Taken part in the landing on Africa and preceding the landing, shelling Casablanca for three days prior to the landing of the army troops. Now I was going to become a "tin-can" sailor, being bounced around continuously like being on a roller-coaster. Those were my orders and I always followed orders.

There was a Chief Radioman aboard, E. R. Dondajewski, and eight radioman, five third class and three seamen who were radio strikers. None of the radiomen had ever been on a ship. We had about two weeks prior to the date of commissioning and would be in port for several days following that event.

I acted as though my assignment was routine and the first day requested a list be prepared of each part in the four receivers and three transmitters, and an order prepared for three each of every part and submitted to the supply depot. When the parts arrived I ordered how they were to be stored and issued several other orders for things to be done in the radio shack. The USS Turner DD648, Brooklyn Navy Yard April 20th 1942



The Chief and I worked closely together, considering everything needed to be done. He had been in the Navy for over twenty-eight years and had been preparing to retire until December 7th and the advent of war, his retirement plans were canceled. Together we made a list of things the radio crew needed to be doing and while he spent a lot of time sitting in the Chiefs quarters drinking coffee, I saw to it the items on the list were carried out.

It would be about fourteen days before commissioning and each day the radiomen followed my orders. Liberty dates were assigned and I took liberty almost every night, going into Manhattan and to the USO operated Stage Door Canteen. I could get free food there, listen to a variety of big bands, had friendly girls to talk with or dance with and leave without having spent a cent.

On Commissioning day Turner was ready, scrubbed spec and span. The Chief and the radio gang were at attention on deck with the rest of C Division and, I was in the radio room. The Captain of the ship and the Commander of the Brooklyn Navy Yard came in and looked over everything. After satisfied all was well they left with the rewarding remark, "Well done."

The above picture is of the officers at attention on the day of Commissioning. The two in the front were, on your left, Lieutenant Commander Wygant, Captain of Turner, and Lieutenant Payne, Executive officer. The officer immediately over the right shoulder of the captain was Lieutenant Alexander. The Captain, the Executive officer, and the Engineering Officer were the only USN officers aboard. All of the others were USNR. The Captain's stateroom was next to the radio room and he stopped in frequently to see how things were going. He gave us a nice coffee maker only a few days prior to sailing and it came in handy, and preventing our having to go down one deck to the galley to get our coffee. On his visits he frequently stayed long enough for a cup of coffee.

The officers by name were, left to right, Lt. Carlton Ress, USNR; Lt. Arthur Alexander, USN; Lt. Cmdr. Henry Wygant, Captain, USN; Lt. Warren Winslow, USNR; Lt.(j.g.) J. E. Flannagan, MD, MC, USNR; Lt. Thomas Porter, USNR; Lt. W.A. Payne, USN, Exec. Off.; Lt. Farren Turner, USNR; Lt. Howell Murray, USNR, and Lt. (j.g.) E. W. Hampton, USNR. There is one whose face is hidden and identify is unknown.

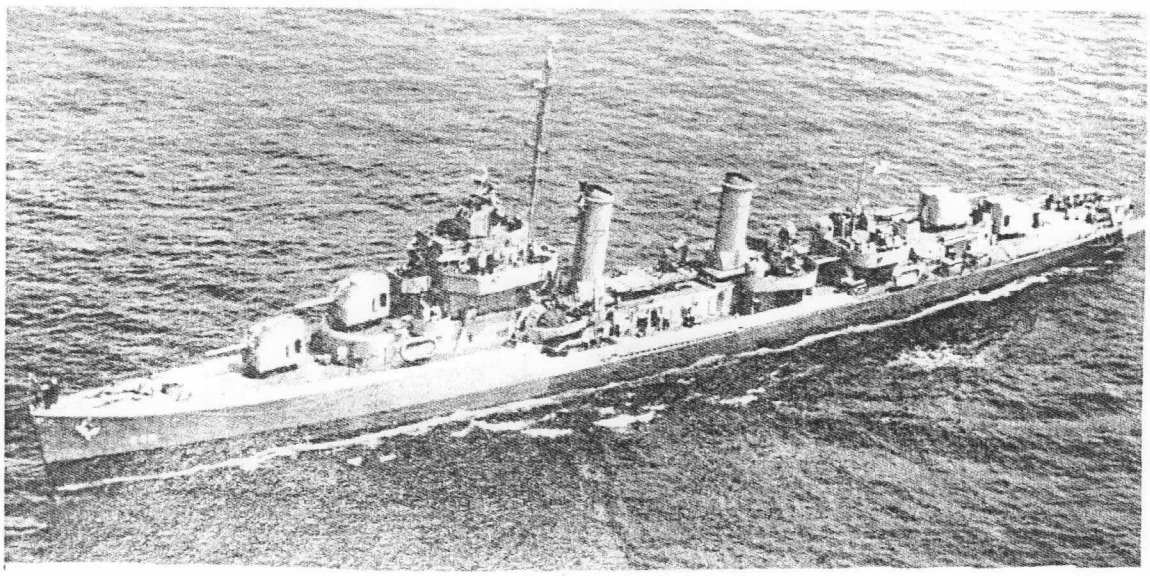
Our first movement as a ship came several days following commissioning. We sailed north on the East River, out through Long Island Sound, through the Cape Cod Canal and up to Portsmouth, Maine. There for twenty days, we went through "shake down" cruise where the ship was put through every possible situation expected of it. The final test was reaching flank speed and Turner reached 41 knots and maintained this speed for thirty minutes. We also underwent more than a week of Anti Submarine Warfare training and then returned to New York on June 9th.

Turner was assigned to Destroyer Squadron 17 of the Atlantic Fleet. Our first assignment was an assignment with the newly commissioned carrier, the Bunker Hill (CV-17), returning to New York on June 22nd. Two days later Turner began her first wartime assignment, service in the screen of a transatlantic convoy. We first sailed with a portion of the convoy to Norfolk, Va., arriving the same day. On the 24th, the convoy departed Hampton Roads and shaped a course eastward across the Atlantic.

The radio crew was obtaining valuable experience on the FOX schedules and were becoming somewhat talented radiomen. The crossing was uneventful crossing and the convoy arrived at Casablanca, French Morocco on July 18th. We departed with a return convoy on the 23rd after all hands had one or two liberties in Casablanca, a hell of a place for liberty. We arrived back in New York on August 9th. Later that month, we were in the screen of a convoy to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where we spent two days and enjoyed liberty there and the army beer bars. Leaving Guantanamo, we rendezvoused with HMS Victorious and accompanied the British carrier to Norfolk, Virginia.

During the first two weeks of September, Turner returned to Casco Bay, Maine for ten days of ASW training and returned to New York to prepare for our second transatlantic voyage. On September 21st, we headed south to Norfolk, Virginia and headed out across he Atlantic with our convoy. After an 18-day passage, during which we made a depth-charge attack on a sound contact, we arrived in Casablanca on October

12th. Four days later we departed and headed for Gibraltar to join another convoy. We reached Gibraltar on the 17th and, after two days in port, stood out to sea to screen Convoy GUS-18.



Turner 648 At Sea

On the night of 23 October, we were acting as an advance anti-submarine-watch escort for the convoy. I was on the radio direction finder, sweeping the frequency for loud identifiable key clicks and the SG radar was scanning the entire range of its antenna. At about 1945 hours the SG radar contact picked up a contact and I switched to the area of their contact and immediately got key clicks of a submarine engaged in sending a message. Our lookouts made visual contact with what proved to be a German submarine running on the surface, decks awash at about 500 yards distance. Turner turned left and opened fire with her 5-inch, 4-millimeter, and 20-millimeter guns. They scored one 5-inch hit on the U-boats conning tower as well as several 40-millimeter hits elsewhere. The deck had been strafed with 20-millimeter fire.

The submarine began to dive immediately depriving Turner of any opportunity to ram her, which such an order had been given by the captain. Turner began a depth-charge attack and fired two charges from her port K-gun battery and rolled charges off her stern. Soon after the depth charges exploded Turner heard a fourth explosion which shook the destroyer and caused it to lose power for several minutes.

Meanwhile a search was started to corroborate a sinking or regain contact with the submarine. At about 2000 hours another contact was picked on the SG radar about 1600 yards from where we were. Turner came left and headed toward the contact and seconds later the bridge watch sighted an object lying low in the water. The object was definitely identified as a submarine but Turner had to break contact to avoid a collision with

another of the convoy 's escorts. Turner and Sturtevant, DE-239, remained in the area searching for proof of a sinking but failed to find any evidence and no conclusive evidence existed to support the statement of a positive sinking of an enemy submarine. The two escorts rejoined the convoy which proceeded peacefully. Nearing Norfolk the convoy split with Turner staying with the segment bound for New York. We arrived in the Brooklyn Navy Yard on 7 November, 1943.

Convoys consisted of ships carrying soldiers and merchandise to support the troops, ranging from field equipment of guns and ammunition to food, clothing, and necessary items needed in the field. As commander of the escort destroyers, Turners position was usually at the edge of the convoy circling around as it maintained the zig-zag maneuver and it would require half a day to make a complete lap. Convoy speed was set at 5 knots slower than the fastest speed of the slowest ship. Therefore, if the fastest speed of the slowest ship was 12 knots, the convoy speed was automatically set at 7 knots. 1 knot is equivalent to 1 and 1/8 miles per hour and a 7 knot convoy would be traveling at a speed of approximately 8 miles per hour. At this rate it would require thirteen and one-half days to travel the distance between New York and Casablanca. I recall only one convoy moving at this speed. The average speed was more like 12 or thirteen knots.

I had the radio gang split into three shifts, each working eight hours per twenty-four. I was on duty at least sixteen hours each day, from early morning until late at night. It was the duty of each radio room aboard each navy ship to provide a daily news letter. On some ships, this was done by collecting one typed page of news, putting it on the ships bulletin board and be done with it. On others a daily sheet or sheets was handed to each person at breakfast time. I choose the latter, the way it had been done on the Philadelphia. There was a commercial radio station operating out of New York sending news items out around the clock. The code was fast but it covered essentially everything to be found in a daily issue of the New York Times. I would copy two, sometimes three pages of this each night, directly on stencils and put the stencils in a mimeograph machine and print off 150 copies. Copies for the officers were delivered to the wardroom early each morning so each officer would have a morning newspaper to look over as he ate breakfast.

I recall at Christmas time I started working on the Christmas issue two weeks in advance. I had ordered enough paper the last time in New York because I knew what I wanted to do. I copied news items that had no specific date meaning but was news of things happening at home. I included a crossword puzzle I drew on a stencil and made a copy of Santa for the front page, coloring his suit red for the officers copy. The entire paper had 48 pages, one page contained a "Ode To A Tin Can" I wrote about the Turner. It started off with, "Twas the night before Christmas when all through the Turner, the only sounds head were snores and some murmurs. All hatches were battened with exceptional care, and the crew on duty, were there with aware." It went on and the piece was centered on one page and drew compliments from several, including special remarks from both the Executive Officer and Captain, both of whom had been mentioned directly

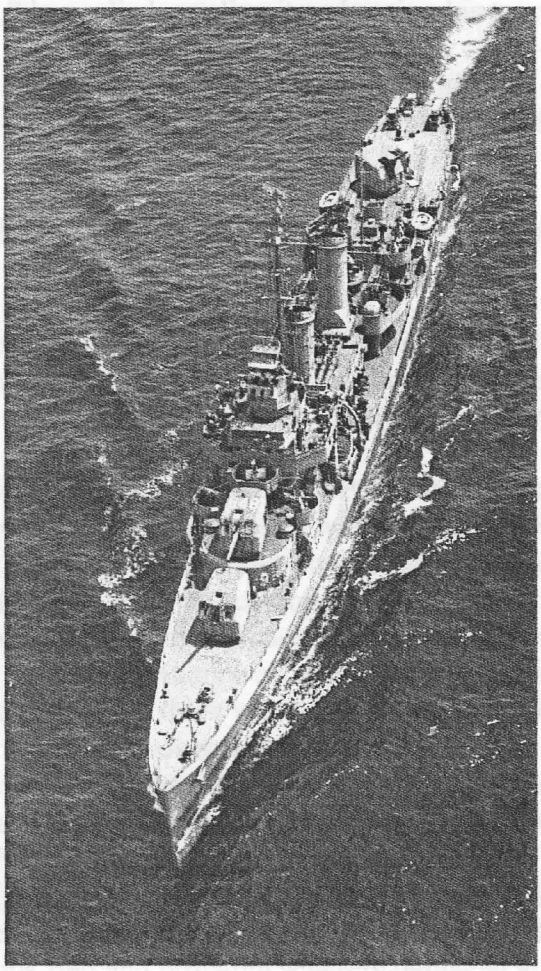
in the little ditty. Most people saved their copy but not a single copy made it off of the ship nine days later.

The work in the radio room during convoy was boring, necessary but boring. Ships did not communicate with one another by radio, only by visual signals. The Navy Department or any division thereof did not communicate with any ship or unit directly. There was a radio system set up in the Atlantic and Pacific whereby a radio broadcast twenty-four hours each day was run, broadcasting messages to individual ships, units, or the entire navy. If there was an urgent message, it carried an urgent identification and if a long message of routine priority was in progress of being transmitted, that message was interrupted so the urgent message could be sent. It was necessary, therefore, that a twenty-four hour per day copying of the FOX schedule, as they were called, be maintained. Each operator had a listing of the coded identification of his ship, his unit and anything connected with his ship posted before him on the receiver. These were changed daily and should something come in addressed to one of them, he would immediately signal the watch supervisor and as soon as the message was completed, it would be removed from the typewriter and the supervisor would see that it was given proper attention. Aboard Turner, "proper attention" meant contact me if I was not in the radio room.

There was an average of three messages each day to our convoy and a copy of the message had to be delivered to the Captain, through our communications officer. In the photograph of officers, the man whose face appears directly over the right shoulder of the Executive Officer was Lieut. Junior Grade, Porter, communications officer and my immediate superior. Turner was his first sea assignment and prior to that he had been assistant radio officer at some shore station. He didn't know his ass about what was going on but he gradually learned. Many times I would take a message to his stateroom at two or three in the morning, knock on the steel bulkhead until he answered, then tell him there was a message for the convoy. He would have to get up, see that the Captain got a copy of it, and then could go back to bed. It would have been much easier for me to have stepped to the Captains door next to the radio room and knock but that was against Navy procedure. Everything had to go through chain of commands.

Casablanca was a lousy liberty town. The place was filthy and there was nothing to do. Turner made a total of three crossings to Casablanca and the last time, I didn't go ashore, I was sick of looking at the place. The second crossing was routine and from there we went to Gibraltar and that was more interesting. It was hooked onto Spain, which was neutral and we couldn't cross over, but there was one place where the fence had been adjusted so that about ten feet were actually two feet on the Spanish side of the line. One could go there, step over the line, be in Spain, yet not be apprehended by the Spanish police and imprisoned as a hostage.

DD 648 OFF CUBA



On our second crossing, the Chief radioman missed the trip. He was sick and confined to the Brooklyn Naval Hospital at the time of departure and was there for the entire time of our trip. I had been acting as radioman in charge but for this crossing and return, I was actually the radioman in charge.

It was on this trip that I had a most pleasant experience. When there is a message which originates at some section of the Navy Department intended for every ship, unit and station of the Navy, it is called an ALNAV, meaning All Navy. Aboard Turner I heard the Captain speaking to the Executive Officer just outside the radio room about his expecting to receive a promotion to Commander. Using my influence with the yeoman in charge of the files, I obtained the serial number of the Captain, put it in my private log book and a few weeks later an ALNAV came in listing the serial numbers of all officers in the Navy receiving promotion. Our Captain's number was there, promoting him from Lieut. Commander, to a full Commander. I made a copy of the message and avoiding protocol, stepped to his door, knocked and he opened it. He invited me in and when he door was closed I said, "Sir, I am circumventing usual procedure to show you this message and offer my congratulations."

"Thank you, Merrill," he replied, reading it and seeing his number.

He turned, opened a door to a closet, removed a cap with gold braid over the bill, one used for officers with a rank of Commander or higher, placed it on and looked in the mirror. He then turned and faced me with a smile on his face.

I saluted, avoiding the Navy rule of not saluting under cover, indoors, and said, "Congratulations, sir."

He thanked me, we shook hands and I left. The message was then treated in the usual manner and the Communications Officer notified him later of the ALNAV and it was entered in the deck log the Captain had been promoted to full Commander.

I had gotten along well with the officers and CPO's, and the majority of the crew with whom I had association. There was a problem with the Executive Officer, Lieut. Payne. The problem was not just between he and I but between he and everyone. He was strict Navy. He thought he was ready for command of a destroyer, he thought everyone on board should bow down to him because he was an Academy man, in other words, he had a complex. I recall one instance on our first convoy run to Casablanca where his arrogance showed up. When there was reason to believe a German submarine was in the area, I would go to the radio-direction finder slot up on the bridge and would scan the entire transmission range. If I heard a transmission strong enough to be near at hand, I would zero in on it to get the direction in degrees from our bow heading. There were ways I could tell if I thought it was near, such as a hiss from the key clicks as a message was being sent. Upon reporting a heading to follow, I would stay on duty as the destroyer turned in that direction and went out to find the sub. We actually located six during our different trips, sank two and probably severely damaged at least one of the others.

On the occasion I have reference to, I had been on duty at the radio direction finder for about four hours, having missed evening chow. The officer of the deck was Lieut. Porter, the communication officer. He ordered a ham sandwich with a cup of coffee and potato chips for me from the wardroom. It was brought up and was on a plate by the receiver as I was working. Lt. Payne came to the bridge, and looked in on me, seeing a sandwich with chips on a wardroom plate. Not knowing who had ordered it and without asking anything about the circumstances, he picked up the plate, threw the sandwich and chips into the trash container and made the remark, "No enlisted man will eat food prepared in the wardroom. That food is reserved for officers."

Well, from that moment on there was no attempt on my part to establish friendly relations with the Executive Officer. I couldn't ignore him, I couldn't do anything except obey his every command, and I did, but there was an icy air between the two of us.

This feeling continued until the first of November when I was notified he wanted to see me in his office. I went in, he read me a notation he was including in my service

record, a very good one pointing out the high quality of my work, my attitude, my willingness to accept responsibility, and the fact that I was being promoted to radioman first class.

I felt like smiling, bending toward him and offering my hand for a handshake, but I remained at attention. After several seconds with no further word from him I said, "Will that be all, sir?"

"Yes, that is all," he said in a cold term.

"Thank you sir, I appreciate it," I replied. I was still at attention as I did an about face and left. Outside his room I made a gesture with my arm of congratulating myself and a broad grin was on my face when I returned to the radio room.

We arrived in New York about four days later and the first thing I did was to take all of my jackets to a tailor along Sands street just outside the Brooklyn Navy Yard and had first class stripes sewn on them.

Yes, I got along fine with everyone aboard Turner. I made some comment once a week in the daily newspaper about something I had seen "Cookie" doing I thought a bit funny. I did this because the first time I did it, that night, "Cookie", the chief cook and baker of the Turner galley, came up the ladder from the deck below with a nice cake prepared. It turned out he was keeping an album of his life in the navy and he would cut out each of my weekly comments and put them in his album. I in turn, would eat each of the cakes he always brought.

A first class machinist mate named Wobst was most helpful. One day I accidentally broke a screw holding a big electrical board containing a few heavy transformers and tubes in one of our transmitters. I had no replacement and realized the board might fall out when the ship was rolling in a heavy sea. I took the two pieces of the screw, a somewhat complicated design, to Wobst, showed it to him and he told me to sit down. I did and we talked as he took a piece of metal rod, put it in the lathe and reduced about two inches of the end to the diameter of the largest part of the screw, then went to work, putting the threads in place the length of the screw. Within eight minutes he handed me a replacement screw with the remarks, "That oughta get the job done, Sparks."

Life aboard Turner was good. I had many good friends and my radio gang had improved to the point that I could rely on them getting the job done without my checking every small detail. We had a second class radioman transfer aboard but he was assigned to emergency radio during battle stations along with one of our strikers. I had assigned him there and it was customary during routine daily battle station drill, to pretend something had gone wrong. We did it about once each week in the radio room and one day I called emergency radio, made the statement, "Main radio has been shot away. Emergency radio assume copying FOX schedule." That was all that was said and I had talked with the radio striker.

After we were secure from battle stations, the striker brought me a piece of paper with a few letters typed on it and said, "That's the best I could do?"

"What about Loveland?" I asked. Loveland was the second class radioman.

"He was asleep and when I told him what you had said, he replied, 'That's a bunch of crap. Nothing has been shot away.' Then he rolled over and went back to sleep."

I wrote a formal complaint, included everything in detail along with the piece of paper the striker had brought. I gave it to Lieut. Porter, communications officer. Within four days Loveland was appearing before a Summary Court Martial aboard ship, presided over by the Captain. He was sentenced to one year in the brig, reduced in rank to seaman second, and upon completion of sentence, a dishonorable discharge from the naval services. He was confined in the Turner brig until we reached a transfer port, and when we arrived in Casablanca he was transferred to a local brig awaiting transfer to a brig somewhere in the states.

Somewhere in this country there is, or there was, a man who received a dishonorable discharge from the Navy, not because of my report, but because of his own personal action regarding a direct order.

We had a medical officer aboard Turner. He was one of two doctors for the squadron and when any one on a squadron vessel required medical aid more than the ships pharmacist mate could provide, Turner or the other destroyer had that person transferred aboard for medical treatment. This was usually an operation, in most cases an appendix procedure. The pharmacist mate aboard Turner was exceptionally well trained in taking care of most medical matters, but the doctor did the surgery and used the pharmacist mate as his assistant. I assisted on three operations, holding the gauze of ether over the patients nose until asleep and keeping him asleep. The doctor, Lieutenant Flanagan, is identified in the picture of officers on page 4 as being the face over the immediate right shoulder of Lieut. Porter who has been previously identified as the man over the right shoulder of the Executive Officer.

We departed Norfolk on November 23rd, took the convoy to Casablanca and within a few days started our return to the states. On what was to be our last trip we were slightly over manned. There were 253 sailors, 17 officers, and 8 CPO's aboard.

During the last six days of the journey we received three men needing medical attention from one of the ships. They were Italian prisoners of war being transported to some detention camp in the U.S. They were ready for return the day before we arrived in New York but it was decided to keep them aboard rather than go through the process of transfer. They were on the Turner during its final hours and did not escape the final doom..

The convoy split a day out of port and Turner joined the New York-bound contingent and shaped a course for that port. She arrived off Ambrose Light late on 2 January, 1943, and dropped anchor.

It had not been generally reported, but our squadron was to report to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for a forty day face-lifting and the crew given leave ranging from fifteen to thirty days. Then the squadron was to be transferred to the Pacific.

I had been very busy in the radio room that afternoon and evening and when we anchored, I decided I would sleep in the bunk in emergency radio, avoiding reveille and missing breakfast. The captain had called for reveille to be sounded at 0500, breakfast to start at 0545, and getting underway at 0645. I didn't want to get up that early and would go to emergency radio, batten the door shut, and sleep in.

I didn't want to be bothered by people getting up for reveille. I removed my shoes and otherwise fully clad, I stretched out and immediately went to sleep. I awoke in mid-air having been thrown from the bunk and now suspended in air, facing the deck as I was falling. I looked at the clock and it read, 0615. On the deck, I could hear explosions and feel the ship tremble with each. I immediately sat on the bunk, put on my shoes and left emergency radio to step out on the deck where it was covered with a bright orange glow from a fire completely consuming the forward superstructure. Bodies and even parts of bodies were in the water and on the deck.

Many men were screaming and crying for help. Chief Pincetl was coming up from the engine room and I asked what had happened. He answered, "Hell, I don't know. We either hit a mine or got torpedoed." As he said this we each realized there were no floating mines in New York harbor. The mines were attached and anchored, Turner was anchored. We had not drifted into a mine.

I immediately returned to emergency radio, flipping the transmitter to "on" position and putting on earphones. I was going to call radio New York but the transmitter was not working. The generator used to power the transmitters was located in main radio in the forward superstructure that was afire. I put the phones back down and returned topside. I spent about twenty minutes helping move bodies to the rear part of the main deck. Some of the men had jumped over the side and were bringing bodies to the side and they had to be hoisted aboard. Everyone was working as a team and there was no disorderly or confused action.

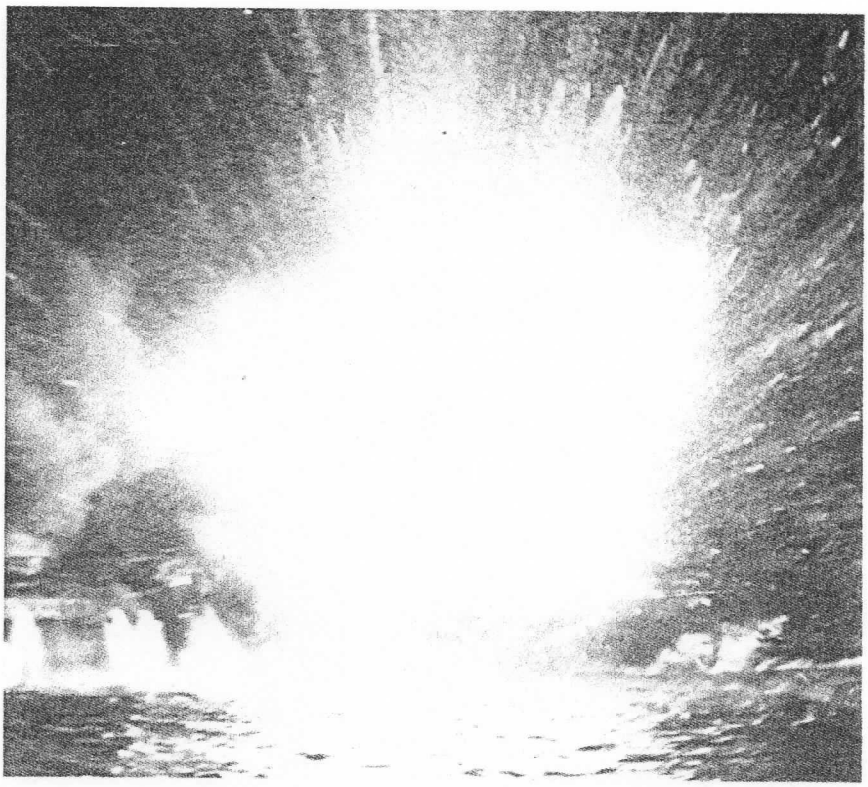
Ensign Clemins, a junior engineering officer, stopped me and asked what had happened and what about emergency radio. I told him I had tried emergency radio and the transmitter was out of commission, and I didn't know what had happened. Ensign Clemins had been in the engine room with the other surviving officer, Ensign LeBoutillier. They were both in the engine room making preparations for getting underway. Ensign Clemins had been on board since commissioning, Ensign LeBoutillier was of more recent entrance to the crew.

I immediately became busy with helping move injured personnel from the middle of the ship to the fantail. The entire main superstructure was burning as though made of wood. One person, I do not know who, was trapped on the bridge and was screaming for help, but no one could get to him. Many injured were in the water, some were being brought to the side of the ship by crew mates who had jumped into the freezing water to save them. Others were being hoisted aboard small boats of the Coast Guard or some of the other Destroyers of our squadron who were now all active in trying to help Turner.

It was snowing heavily and as we worked, more explosions took place in the lower part of the ship under the main super structure.

Someone from one of the other ships, using a "bullhorn" gave the order to abandon ship. The injured had all been moved to small craft and those who were walking began moving toward the side to get on to a small boat. I returned down one deck to my locker to get something and when I returned, the last boat was pulling away. I was running and jumped over the rail. The water temperature was below freezing and I took about four strokes to get to the side of the boat and was helped aboard. I don't make any positive claim to this fact, but in my opinion I was the last person to leave Turner, however, I have read that one other person, a Chief, also makes that claim so I don't dispute his claim in any way. I don't consider it an honor to be the last man off of the ship. All I know is, I got off and my clothes dried on me over the next several hours.

Several minutes later, I don't know the time, we were about 0.5 miles from the burning hulk which we could now see clearly and we could see what the voice with the bullhorn could see. Paint on the torpedo tubes was burning, it had been burning prior to our departure, and it was evident the ship was a total loss on the verge of an explosion. At that moment a terrific explosion occurred, totally breaking the ship in half, then a second explosion and the bow and stern portions began sinking. In seconds Turner was gone. The first explosion apparently broke the stern apart from the bow and they sank separately.



This picture was taken by the ship's cameraman on the destroyer standing by Turner. He wasn't on the bridge at the time of the initial explosion, but summoned by the Captain he was there and took several pictures of the burning ship.

The explosion occurred where the original explosion was, just under the main superstructure. The explosion was inside the main magazine, the most vulnerable spot on the ship. The main magazine was immediately below the crew's mess hall which was below the officer's wardroom. Everyone was eating breakfast at the time, or in line to enter or mulling around just outside. All of the officers except Ensigns Clemins and LeBoutillier and the duty officer on the bridge who we could hear screaming were eating in the area which was blown apart by the initial explosion..

It couldn't have hit at a more vulnerable spot or at a more opportune time for maximum kill. The ship had been painted so frequently upon orders of the Executive Officer, the paint was burning as though it was a wooden ship.

Having been transferred to a larger boat, we were taken to Fort Hancock on Sandy Hook New Jersey, some seven miles from the spot where Turner went down. As we got off the boat and I saw signs telling where we were, I thought it ironic. My father had been stationed at Fort Hancock for three years after he joined the army, the Coast Artillery, in 1902.

We were taken into a mess hall where there was plenty of hot coffee and a breakfast was served to those desiring to eat, few had such a desire. I looked around and ask someone where the other survivors had been taken and he replied we were the only survivors except about thirty-five or forty injured who were taken to the Navy hospital. I counted heads and the total came to about one-hundred. I thought "My God, one hundred and forty, that's all?" That was almost fifty-percent of the total crew, officers and men.

Army doctors were checking each man for injuries, external as well as internal. They pressed here and there, ask questions, looked us over rather carefully. A few of the men had superficial injuries requiring bandages being applied, but none of the men in the room required hospitalization. Many who were seriously injured were in the hospital at Fort Hancock.

There were some people from the American Red Cross in the room. They had their own camera man and a cloth bag. On the bag in large black letters were the words, SURVIVORS NEEDS SUPPLIED BY AMERICAN RED CROSS. They put the bag in front of a crew member, take his picture, get his name and address, then take the bag and go to someone else.

This picture of me was taken by a photographer from the New York Times. The picture ran there and in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram. It listed my name and my home as Henrietta, Texas. They were interested in my picture because I was still wearing my life jacket and this fact was mentioned in the paper, under the picture.

The bag in front of me is the one from the American Red Cross. Their photographer was at the end of the table and as soon as they took their picture, they got

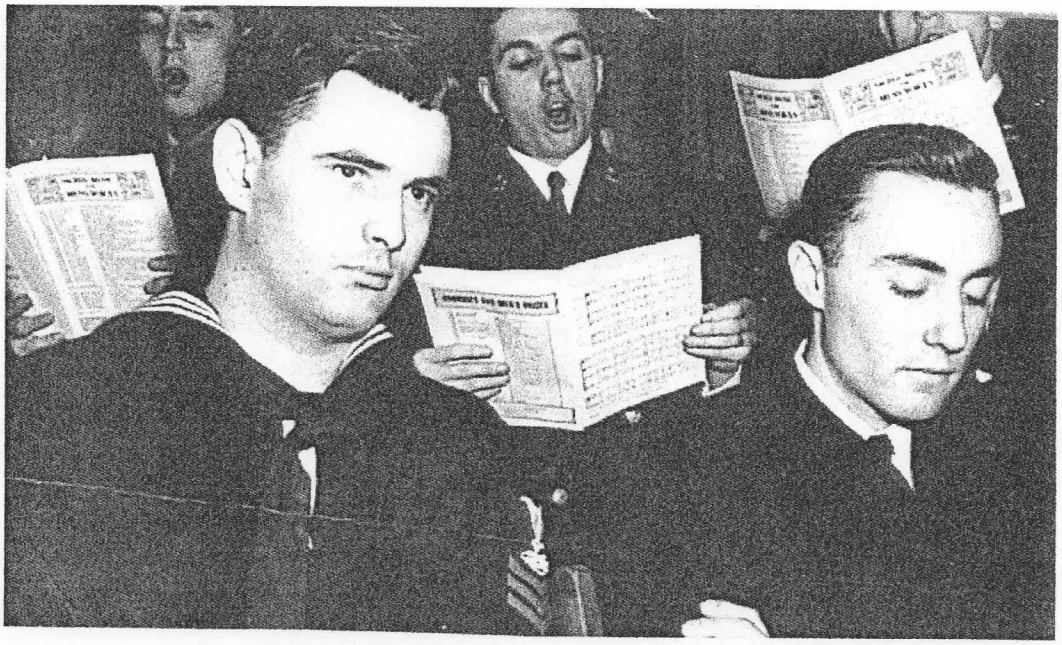
their bag and left. After taking about twenty or thirty pictures, the photographer, the man with the pad of paper and pencil, and the bag all left the building together.

Later in the afternoon we were all taken by boat to the Brooklyn Navy yard and bussed to the Flushing Avenue naval barracks and housed in one large room. The following morning there was an investigation started. Four officers from Washington D.C. were there and they questioned every survivor. I was about the third and the session lasted for an hour and ten minutes. I had two other sessions with them, some new men had joined the original four. Each of the other two sessions were for about twenty-five minutes duration.

We were each issued a new sea bag of uniforms, and items taken from a list of personal clothing we had lost were replaced. After my comments in the article in the Times about losing a new pair of tailor made dress blues, I received a call from a lady whose husband owned a company making tailor made blues. He had two pair for me to pick up. From the ships store in the barracks, we had chits that got us such items as razors, combs, shaving cream, anything we needed. We had been restricted from liberty for the first week while the investigation was going on, but on Saturday night we had liberty with a return time of 0800 hours, Monday. For the second week, we had several lectures we were required to attend. It was the 1944 version of physiological conferences they hold today whenever any group goes through some strenuous ordeal.

Two weeks following the sinking, the Navy had a memorial service in a chapel in the Brooklyn Navy yard. The families of everyone on board had been invited and about ninety per-cent of the families of those lost were there. I had been selected to speak on behalf of the enlisted men and Ensign Clemins spoke for the surviving officers.

The picture below is of myself and Ensign Clemens. The people in the background are from the choir at Annapolis.



The Admiral in charge of the Brooklyn Navy yard spoke as did the Admiral in charge of destroyers, Atlantic Fleet. The choir sang two songs and a chaplain offered a prayer. After I spoke, then Ensign Clemens, the ceremony ended. It had been carried on radio station WOR of New York City. Several of the men taken to hospitals had died and more were not expected to survive. In all, there were about one hundred-forty survivors out of a crew of more than two hundred-seventy.

On page 4 there is a picture of the officers during the commissioning exercise on April 15, 1943. In the picture are also several faces of CPO's and one or two enlisted men. Three other officers were later added to the crew, but every man pictured in this picture on page 4, was killed when the Turner was sunk.

I was introduced to the widow of Captain Wygant, his uncle, a two-star admiral, and her brother, a one-star admiral. Mrs. Wygant was a most gallant lady who showed no shame in hugging and kissing the cheek of an enlisted man who had minutes earlier spoken highly of her husband. I felt obligated to speak the words. Captain Wygant was the finest officer I met during my time in the Navy. I recalled the day of his promotion to full Commander and of my taking the message to him, disregarding the chain of command. It was in September of 1943 and we were at sea, returning from Casablanca with a group of some eighty ships.

All hands were given thirty days survivors leave. I took mine, spending the first six days of it with my sweetheart, a nurse, and returning from leave six days early to be with her. We were married three hundred and fifty-six days later, but that is another story.

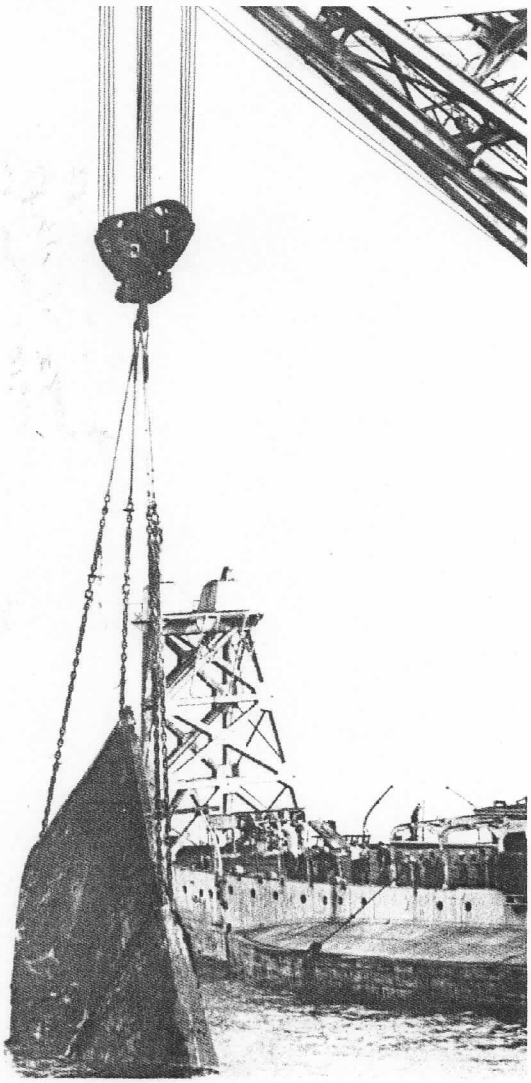
The Turner has rested for many years in approximately 60 feet of water, providing a haven for both divers, anglers, and many fish as bonito, albacore and white fish make Turner their territory and roam about the old girls rusting remains.

In 1951 the Navy used the hulk for practice by its underwater rescue men. The divers made many trips down to the wreckage and they attempted to raise the bow portion. The did bring up a lot of wreckage and ammunition and five torpedoes from their tubes which disproved my belief that the huge explosion after we all left were the torpedoes going up. I had thought this because I saw the paint on their tubes burning seconds before I left the ship.

Divers hooked salvage cable to the bow at the necessary places and an attempt was made to hoist it. As the bow was about fifteen feet out of the water, the cables broke and the bow returned to its resting place. The navy did not try further to raise the bow, they decided to let the ship remain in its place without being disturbed.

Turner's name was stricken from Navy records on 8 April 1944.

Seconds following this moment, the cables parted and the bow fell back.



According to the latest information I have received, there are fifteen living survivors of the 648. John McDonald who was one of the seriously injured by burns covering most of his body and spent months in a naval hospital has been in charge of keeping up with the list. He said he was awarded a disability pension of insufficient means, but when he moved from his home state to New Jersey, the pension was stopped and it took him several years to get it restored. John currently lives at 194 West Prospect Ave., Keyport, NJ 07735.

Former Ensign John Clemens, I do not know what rank he attained prior to discharge, currently resides at 2232 Rock Creek Drive, Kerrville, TX 78028. Following providing the engineering log he had carried from Turner to the squadron commander, he was housed in the Hotel Roosevelt and held incognito from the press. His time was taken up by being the senior surviving officer paperwork and mail, visiting survivors in hospitals and visiting with the next of kin. Following survivors leave he was sent to damage control school and was train commander from Oakland to Seattle where he was assigned a new destroyer. He served in the Pacific from March of 1944 until December of 1945 by bombarding northern Japan, picket duty at the battle of Okinawa, where all of the destroyers in his squadron except his was hit and/or sunk by Kamakazie planes from Japan. He states the most unforgettable day was in Tokyo Bay 500 yards from the USS Missouri watching the Japanese surrender. The sky was filled with USA aircraft. He was discharged from the Navy in March 1946 at which time he returned to his profession of a chemical engineer, a degree he had obtained prior to entering the navy.

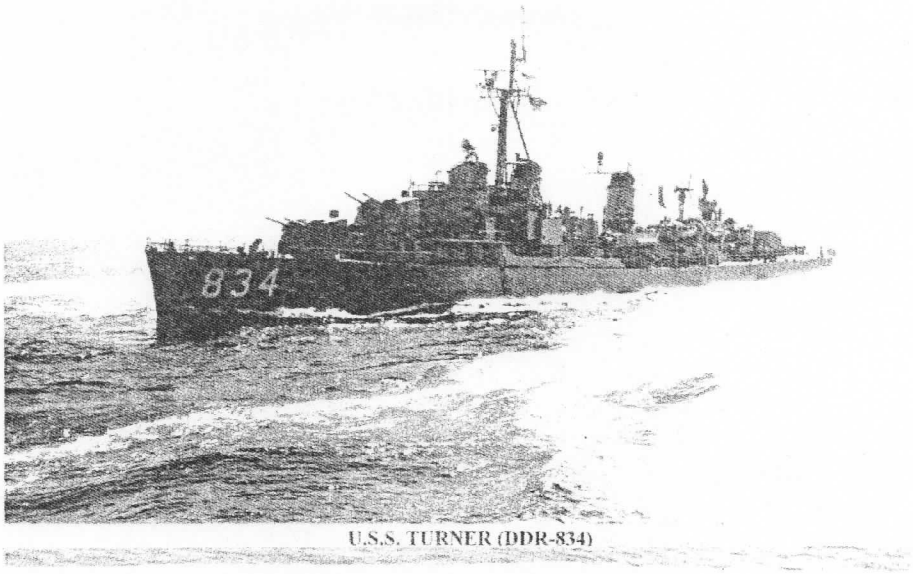
Robert Traudt who was a Soundman, currently resides at 167 Winthrop St., North Vale, NJ 07647. He got out of the navy in 1945 and became a paint contractor. We really didn't know one another closely aboard TURNER even though we were both in C division. We have had several chatty conversations via telephone and will have others I am sure.

Of the remaining twelve known living survivors, I have had no contact with them but will most likely try and attempt mail contact. I knew two of the three listed while on the Turner. I had little contact with Jack Clemens but I at least knew him. We had different duties and not being in the same Division, we had very little or no contact. Bob Traudt I didn't associate with on a personal basis, but he is responsible for my meeting the girl I would later marry and am still married to. This occurred at a party he held at the home of his parents prior to the memorial service. John McDonald I did not know but have appreciated his sending me information on the known survivors.

In 1945 a third Turner was commissioned, U.S.S. Turner DD 834, on 12 June 1945. She had a displacement of 2,050 tons and an overall length of 376 feet. Powered by two 2-shaft geared turbines of S.H.P of 60,000 and a flank speed of 40 knots It's armament consisted of 6 five inch guns 10 40 mm and 5 20 mm A.A. guns and 10 21 inch torpedoes.

It served in a variety of assignments in both the Atlantic Fleet and Pacific Fleets. She served as flagship of Destroyer Squadron 5 in the operation "Crossroads," the atomic bomb tests at Bikini Atoll. She served in the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, the Caribbean. During her twenty-five years as a member of the U.S. Navy, she compiled a noble record and did her job well. In 1969 she was decommissioned, her name was struck from the Navy records on 26 September 1969 and was sold to Southern Scrap Material, Ltd., New Orleans for scrapping.

USS TURNER DD834



U.S.S. TURNER (DDR-834)

Since that date there has been no ship in the U.S. Navy named Turner, and all indications are there never will be.

In December of 1947 I was on a passenger liner returning to New York from Panama. I had flown down but chose a sea return. On the morning we entered New York Harbor, December 24th, we passed within one-half mile of where Turner had exploded four years earlier. I was on the deck at 0600 looking at the spot and remembering. Perhaps some people wondered why that man was using his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, but I was, and I was not ashamed of it.

My memories of the Turner 648 have remained vivid in my mind over the years. I corresponded with two officers in the Navy Department, and in 1964 I visited with one of them, a Commander Gibson. He knew I was coming and had a file on the Turner on his desk. I told him the report by the Navy Department at the time was that the cause of the sinking was an internal explosion. For years I had wondered and had always doubted such a terrible thing could have been caused by some mistake in defusing something new called a Mousetrap bomb, or something of that nature.

He acknowledged that report but said the Navy Department was reluctant at the time to release any additional news of the cause. He added that there was sufficient evidence at the time that the ship had been torpedoed by a German submarine with one and probably two torpedoes but it had never been confirmed and now there was no need to. We chatted for a total of one hour and thirty minutes. I thanked him and left.

On that same trip when I was in New York the previous week, on the morning of January 3rd, 1964, twenty years to the day from the sinking of the Turner, I hired a man with a tugboat operating from Rockaway Point to take me out to the spot where the explosion occurred. He shut off the engine and I stood alone on the fan-tail of his boat. I

stood there for a full two minutes then laid a large wreath I had bought for that purpose on the water. He kept the engine off and I stood in silence for another two minutes thinking of what had happened at this spot twenty years earlier. I turned, nodded, he started the engine and we returned to the dock.

I can't take the space to name every person lost on the Turner. I would like to list the names of the members of the radio crew who went down with their ship. Half had been radiomen third class at commissioning, some strikers, but they had received promotions. Their names are: Amrhein, Jim RM2; Faught, Penland, RM3; Hall, George, RM3; Maier, Ed RM3; McGauhey, Ralph, RM3; Purdy, Bob RM2; Shanks, Reed, RM3; Smith, Loran, RM3; and Troy, John, RM3. There were also two Seamen second, strikers, but regardless of how hard I try, I can't remember their names. We also had a radio tech aboard who was a loner. He slept in a small room off the radar shack but he to went down. His name was Newell, Henry, RT1. They were each individually, fine men who knew how to do their job and did it well.

The Chief Radioman survived as did myself and a man who was completing his first experience at sea, Schmitt, Bernard, RM3.

Me, what did I do? I finished the war in the Navy. Upon return from survivors leave I was told the Navy wouldn't return the survivor of a sunken ship to sea duty for at least ninety days and I was sent to a thirty day radio school in Chicago which was meaningless. I was then sent to New Orleans and put on Shore Patrol for two months, during which time I managed to ride as a guard taking a car of prisoners to the Navy Prison in Portsmouth, N.H., and having a day lay-over to spend with my love. I was then sent to Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay. In October I was picked, along with five other radiomen, first for special training in how to use and repair the ECM coding machine and three days of instruction of etiquette aboard a British ship.

On 15 December 1944 we were given an 18 day leave. I rode the train to New York, my sweetheart and I got married. Upon my return to San Francisco, at 1800 of the day I had returned at 0600 hours, JANUARY 3, 1945, we boarded a plane with A-1 air priority and were flown to Sydney, Australia. We went aboard the flagship of the British Pacific Fleet as liaison personnel on Admiral Nimitz's staff to decode messages sent the British Fleet by American radiomen of Nimitz but copied by British radiomen. These wee operational assignments issued by Nimitz to he British Pacific Fleet and was the only method he would personally allow their fleet to operate within the war zone.

Our assignment read to serve until six days following cessation of hostilities and then report to the first U.S. Navy station for assignment following turning in our two ECM machines at the Navy coding office. Six days after the Japs quit, we were in Manila. We left the ship, I was put on a destroyer to Hawaii because I had enough points to get out, the others didn't so they were awaiting reassignment. Then it was another ship to San Diego, and a train ride to New Orleans. I was discharged from the Navy on November 1, 1945.

I had completed two years of college prior to Pearl Harbor. My wife and I settled in Fort Worth and using the G.I. Bill, I returned to TCU where I had been prior to the war and three semesters later, I obtained my baccalaureate in Chemistry. I continued my education receiving my masters and doctorate in organic chemistry from Harvard University. I spent forty years in pharmaceutical chemistry, ten in the laboratory, twenty-five in administration, and five as a private consultant. I then retired.

My bride of fifty-five plus years and I have lived a happy, interesting, traveling, prosperous life. We have been blessed with three children, each with masters degrees and engaged in management positions and doing very well. We have five grand-children and three great,grand-children and they are the current lights of our life. By car, train, plane and boat we have toured the world and have seen it all. We know what is out there, but we enjoy it more where we are.

Well, I have finished writing of a ship named Turner. I could have added a dozen or more anecdotes but why? No one except the author would enjoy reading them. I could have added many more names but I chose to add only those with whom I shared a daily occurrence. I have three sources of the numbers of survivors, those seriously injured, those injured who died. I have, as a rule, used in my story the medium of these three sources and that is the best I can come up with. Should any reader have opinions to the contrary, sit on them. I am not going to change what I have put down because, as I have said, they are averages of three sources.

I could have added more of my admiration of our Captain, or of my dislike of our Executive Officer, but I said enough. I still think of DD648 frequently, but now with a fondness I didn't possess the first few years after her sinking. I now realize that in times of war, lives are lost, regardless of the cause, nature or logic of the loss, lives are lost. I can live with that feeling and take joy in the fact of knowing the men I knew. Just knowing them, enjoying learning their feelings, sharing their life, watching them grow in their skill as I grew in mine, made me a better person.

In fact, in retrospect, I think I have said enough, so I will close it as I would have closed a conversation on the radiophones in 1943. Over and out!

Addendum

At the start of this piece I made brief mention of the person for whom three ships of the U.S.Navy were named. Here is a bit more of this persons life.

Daniel Turner was born at Richmond, Staten Island, in 1794. He entered the Navy as a midshipman in1808 aboard the USS Constitution and in 1812 was made commander of a gunboat. In 1813 he was promoted to Lieutenant and was in command of the USS Niagara attached to Commodore Perry's squadron on Lake Erie. Later he assumed command of USS Caledonia. During the decisive battle of Lake Erie, he turned his guns on three British ships in the process of rendering Perry's flagship, Lawrence, to

pieces of wood. In appreciation for his courageous act in the victory, he was praised by Perry and awarded a silver medal by the U.S. Congress.

Between 1815 and 1817, Turner cruised the Mediterranean in the frigate Java, commanded by his old superior on the great Lakes, Commodore Perry. They visited Algiers and Tripoli in a show of American Naval strength, calculated to impress the Barbary pirates and intimidate them into honoring their treaties with the United States. In 1817 the Java returned to Newport R.I. to be laid up.

He held various posts in the following years, including commanding the USS Nonsuch in the Caribbean suppressing piracy through the West Indies. In 1819 following a visit with Commodore Perry to Venezuela, he contracted yellow fever. He was promoted to Commander in 1825.

He attained Captains rank in 1835 and assumed command of the Constitution, "Old Ironsides" and cruised through the Pacific. From 1843 to 1846 he commanded the American squadron which operated along the Brazilian coast. From this duty he was appointed Commandant, Portsmouth Navy Yard. While on a visit to the Philadelphia Navy Yard on February 5, 1850, he died of a heart attack and was buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Maryland.

SURVIVORS OF U.S.S. TURNER DD 648

NAME	RATE/RANK
Clemens, John J.	Ensign
LeBoutillier, Addison	Ensign
Allen, Arthur T.	Cox
Anthony, W.H.	SoM2.c
Ashley, Curtis (n)	CMM
Bachman, J.J.	WT2/c
Bankowski, J.C.	WT1/c
Barlow,R.L.	RM2/c
Bassett, Ellsworth, O.	MM2.c
Bewley, William D.	S1/c
Bolin, A.L.	F2/c
Brown, Irvin M.	McMM3/c
Buck, John I.	GM2/c
Buckmasater, H.E.	S1/c
Caramanello, A.R.	QM3/c
Case, Paul R.	CCSt
Chance, Maion D.	FC2/c
Cheatwood, E. W.	QM2/c
Coakley, V.P.	S1/c

Survivors, continued.

Name	RATE
Corey, James W.	S2/C
Cover, Albert	S2/c
Cossill, William W.	F1/c
Cummings, Russell D.	F2/c
Currier, Donald E.	GM3/c
Custodio, M.	S1/c
Davidson, Cecil E.	S1/c
Dawson, George R.	S1/c
Dec, Frank j.	F1/c
Delannoy, Gustav	S1/c
Del Torto, Ralph J.	GM3/c
Denison, Merle H. Jr.	S1/c
Deery, Francis D.	S2/c
Dicker Arthus A.	S2/c
Donahue, John J.	TM3/c
Dondajewski, Edmond R.	CRM
Downing, Eugene W.	F1/c
Driscoll, Edward J.	S1/c
Duffy, William J.	HM3/c
Dulac, Druet	S2/c
Dzubak, Steven W.	S2/c
Eichen, Louis	CWT
Emanuelson, Clifford E.	MM1/c
England, Robert E.	S1/c
Esterbrooks, Guerney B.	RdM3/c
Flanley, Michael J.	S1/c
Flynn, Emund F.	CTM
Follett, Robert	S1/c
Folson, Frederiock R.	S2/c
France, Burton E.	F1/c
Fredehburg, Arthur D.	FC3/c
Fredrick, Chales L.	FC2/c
Frederick, William F.	CBM
Freeah, Robert L.	MM2/c
Frenchik, Michael H.	F1/C
Goggans, Chalmer A.	SoM3/c
Gordon, James F.	BM2/c
Gray, Morgan G.	TM2/c
Grenne, Bbert G.	OC3/c
Groge, John P.	Bkr1/c
Hager, John D.	S2/c
Halterman, Frank, D.	TM3/c
Hammond, James H.	SoM3/c

Survivors, continued

NAME	RATE
Harned, Robert F.	S2/c
Hart, Edward	FC2/c
Hebert, Joseph G.	CSM
Henry, John J.	Cox
Hoagland, George L.	Y3/c
Holden, Frank H.	MoMM2/c
Hubbert, Richard	F2/c
Huylsert, Richard	EM3/c
King, Henry P.	QM3/c
King, Robert L.	F1/c
Koessner, Edward	CGM
La Bonne, Clifford L.	S1/c
Leiphnit, Robert A.	EM2/c
Le Sage, Paul	M1/c
Longenecker, Harry j.	Y2/c
Lockwood, James (n)	MoMM1/c
Mailpot, Leon	Bkr3/c
Magliola, Richard N.	SM3/c
Malesky, Joseph J.	S1/c
McKinstry, William A.	SC1/c
McCue, John J.	TM3/c
McDonald, J.J.	S1/c
Malbrough, Albert R.	ST3/c
McIntire, R.W.	MM2/c
Medelson, Stangley J.	TM2/c
Merrill, David L.	RM1/c
Mickiewicz, Stanley J.	F1/c
Miller, Paul A.	S2/c
Morrison, William M.	FC1/c
Mowry, Robert R.	F1.c
Mucha, Walter, (n)	CMM
Naughton, Augustie J.	MM3/c
Naylor, Thomas K.	S2/c
Norman, Eugene Paul	BM1/c
O'Connor, James C.	Cox
Orhlke, Leo S.	WT1/c
Padden, Marshall L.	Y3/c
Painter, Denver, D.	EM2/c
Parker, Harry J.	S2/c
Paulsen, Jack	F2/c
Petterson Warren A.	SoM3/c
Phillips, Roy N.	S1/c

Survivors Continued

Name	Rate
Pincetl, R.	CMM
Pomo, Raymond O.	Cox
Post, Russell E.	CEM
Rasberry, Earl G.	S1/c
Ritter, Marlin E.	WT3/c
Roberts, Edward P.	CFC
Schmitt, Bernard J.	RM3/c
Scott, Harold T.	GM3/c
Semrau, Robert	RdM3/c
Showers, John W.	MM1/c
Sinclair, John L.	WT3/c
Siravc, Joseph M.	F2/c
Seith, LeRoy E.	F2/c
Smithers, William A.	GM2/c
Spears, O.A.	S2/c
Spencer,Arthur T.	MM1/c
Spires, J.A.	S2/c
Stahl, Bernard J.	SM3/c
Stewart, Wallace W.	GM1/c
Stout, Morton K.	S2/c
Tagliabue, Henry D.	F2/c
Thomas, Richard M.	MM2/c
Traficatti, Nick A.	F2/c
Traudt, Robert A.	SoM3/c
Trip;ett, James E.	FC3/c
Tussey. Paul G.	S2/c
Valle, Anthony	F2/c
Van Horn, James H.	S2/c
Vivian, J.J.	SK2/c
Vorberg, Elmewr G.	FC2/c
Wade, Billy J.	S2/c
Walczewski, Alexander J.	S2/c
Wallingford, Wayne D.	S1/c
Walsh, Joseph J.	S1/c
Westoff, M.	S1/c
Wiede, A. A.	GM2/c
Williams, Arthur	S2/c
Wills, Philip F.	S2/c
Winters, John A.	F2/c
Wirtz, Homer J.	F2/c
Wobst, Charles G.	MM1/c
Zaixus, Algira	MM(E)3/

MEMBERS OF CREW USS TURNER, DD648, KILLED ON JANUARY 3, 1944

OFFICERS

H.S. Wygant, Jr. Captain	Commander, USN
Payne, W.A., Executive Officer	Lt. USN
Alexander, A.T.	Lt. USN
Rees. C.F.	Lt. USN
Alback, J.I.	Lt(jg) USNR
Briggs, H.R.	Ens. USNR
Flanagan, J.E.	Lt(jg) MC USNR
Gross, A.P.	Ens. USNR
Hampton, E.W.	Lt(jg) USNR
Kryder, R.H.	Ens. USNR
Lewis, G.D.	Ens. USNR
Murray, H.S.	Lt(jg) USNR
Overton, J.H.	Lt(jg) USNR
Porter, T.B.M.	Lt. USNR
Turner, F.E.	Lt. USNR
Winslow, W.	Lt. USNR
Wright, C.D.	Ens. USNR

ENLISTED MEN

Ader, John W.	WT2/c
Allen, Rueben B.	S2/c
Amrhein, James F.	RM2/c
Amderspm. Rpbert E.	RT3/c
Anderdon, Toxia	GM2/c
Appel, Albert	GM3/c
Ball, Ralph E.	F1/c
Baluta, Walter A.	S1/c
Barnes, Clyde V.	S2/c
Beasley, Sykes L.	S2/c
Behler, George D.	RdM3/c
Bourne, Eaymond E.	S2/c
Burton, Robert F.	GM2/c
Buxton, Norman A.	TM3/c
Carlton, Harold V.	EM2/c
Claypool, Edward G.	F2/c
Cliff, Eldon L.	S2/c
Coleman, Gerald E.	S2/c
Coletti, Anthony J.	S1/c
Collins, Harold C.	S1/c

Non-survivors, continued

Connors, Thomaas F.	S2/c
Constantino, Edward	F3/c
Cook, Boyd P.	S2/c
Cook, Roodrbrly	StM2/c
Cormier, Francis F.	S1/c
Cornelius, Harry R. Jr.	SoM3/c
Corrigan, Leo J.	F3/c
Cotty, Francis E.	S2/c
Cowher, John B.	S2/c
Crosby, William E.	S1/c
Crossland, John P.	S1/c
Cullerot, Maurice L.	F2/c
Currie, Samual F. Jr.	S2/c
Cuseo, James V.	F2/c
Danohanin, John Jr.	F2/c
Del Vecchio, Joseph, Jr.	S2/c
Deveau, Paul M.	F2/c
Domke, Robert J.	GM3/c
Donovan, Warren R.	S2/c
Douglas, George T.	fC3/c
Duchaine, Napoleon F.	S2/c
Duclos, Fred B.	SC3/c
Duffy, John F.	F2/c
Duffy, Richad D.	F2/c
Dufresne, Joseph C.	S2/c
Dunkel, Herbert A.	F2/c
Dunning, Edward P.	S2/c
Eisenberg, Francis I.	S1/c
Epperson, William A.	F2/c
Eubanks, William E.	CPhM
Fahey, George W.	EM3/c
Faught, Penland E.	RM3/c
Finney, William U.	F2/c
Ford, Malcolm (n)	QM3/c
Grahm, James P.	S2/c
Grant, Francis W.	FC3/C
Grosvenor, Edward E.	SF1/c
Grund, Jacob F.	F2/c
Guertom. Marcel B.	F1/c
Gutzler, Edwin, J.	MM2/c

Non-survivors, continued

Hadden, Nathaniel J.	StM1/c
Haines, Raymond E.	S1/c
Hall, George M.	RM3/c
Hanser, Rutherford (n)	StM2/c
Harr, John J.	S2/c
Heintze, Robert W.	S2/c
Hendrickson, Hjalmar B.	GM2/c
Hibble, James L.	S2/c
Hicks, William R.	MM1/c
Horn, Grover, G.	PhM2/c
Hovie, Delmer L.	RM3/c
Juliano, Peter (n)	S12/c
Lamoreaus, Ralph L. Jr.	S2/c
Lauritana, Frank	S2/c
Lickfelt, Robert H.	S1/c
Literal, John T.	TM3/c
Maddox, Earl C.	FC1/c
Maier, Edward T.	RM3/c
Matthew, Ralph A.	S2/c
McDaniel, George A.	SC2/c
McDonald, James T.	TM3/c
McGaughey, Ralph L.	RM3/c
Newell, Henry L.	RT1/c
Norris, Paul R.	WT2/c
Nunley, William (n)	StM1/c
Olmstead, Harlan W.	FC2/c
O'Rear, Walter L.	S2/c
Pacheco, Ignacio J.	Y1/c
Peeler, Clarance N.	F2/c
Pfeifer, Joseph A.	S1/c
Polivy, Calvin	S2/c
Purdy, Robert Jr.	RAM3/c
Randall, Harry W.	S1/c
Rash, Jack M.	S2/c
Rochedieu, Henry E.	WT2/c
Ross, Charles E.	F3/c
Rydelek, Frank	S1/c

Non-survivors – continued

Schlessinger, Hrvey A.	TM1/c
Shockley, Clovis A.	S2/c
Seniguar, Alphonse (n) Jr.	StM2/c
Shanks, Reed G.	RM3/c
Sharp, Glen H.	S1/c
Shoplak, Michael (n)	TM3/c
Smith, Loran M.	RM3/c
Sommer, Louis A.	S1/c
Sparks, Howard	S2/c
Stanko, John J.	TM3/c
Stroud, James H.	SM2/c
Tackett, Clayton E.	S2/c
Tomlin, Noah (n)	S2/c
Treubig, Charles F.	WT2/c
Troy, John F.J.	RM3/c
Vandriessche, Harry N.	S2/c
Walrup, Robert C.	S2/c
Wallace, Cecil H.	S2/c
Weirick, Morris E.	S2/c
Wilkins, Charles H.	MM1/c
Williams, Milton T.	S2/c
Woodward, Lyman Jr.	F1/c
Wright, Walter E.	F1/c
Wronski, Edward F.	S1/c
Young, Richard J.	EM2/c

All pictures, the listings of survivors and non-survivors, were obtained from the Naval Archives, Washington D.C.

A complete copy of the deck log of Turner DD648 was also obtained from Naval Archives. Deck logs were kept on a daily basis and at the end of a month were placed in a special container and on the first day following the end of the month the ship was in a port with a Navy Office, the months deck log was submitted and was then sent by special carrier to the Navy Department in Washington. The copy of the deck log I received is from April 15, 1943 through November 30, 1943. The deck log for the month of December 1943 had been completed but Turner was at sea. It would have been submitted upon docking on January 3rd, 1944. The ship was sunk prior to docking and the deck log for the last months of its existence went down with the ship.