



A Semi - annual publication dedicated to the memory of the those who served aboard the USS Daly DD 519

“Letters to the Editor” Here are several I have received during the past months that I would like to share with all the readers. *Hal Boyer Editor*

February 4, 1960 5 USS Daly Sailors Lost At Sea

I recently received an inquiry from a relative of one of the sailors lost at sea during the tragic mishap. She was researching the Daly Web site and asked me if I had additional information regarding the search and the death of her uncle C.E. Ellis, Yoeman, of Madison, IN.

Several shipmates responded with the newspaper account that covered the story and investigation.

This brought to mind a discussion at a Daly reunion with John Buzzi, Damage Controlman 1/c, who was a survivor of the incident. John provided me with his personal account that was never published.

John Buzzi ,83 died March, 2010. He lived in Barrington, R.I. most of his life. He served in the Navy for 22 years during WWII, the Korean and Vietnam War. He was a member of the US Navy Destroyer Association and past president of the Fleet Reserve Association.

Pictured below is John and a model of a Fletcher Class Destroyer that he assembled.



John Buzzi's own account;

February 4, 1960 was a day I shall never forget. The Daly was on her way to be decommissioned in Norfolk, Virginia. We left Newport, Rhode Island on February 2nd, destination Earl, New Jersey, to unload all the ammunition on board.

The following day we were underway and everything appeared normal. The ship was gearing up for a two hour full-power run, a requirement to check the ship's turbines. I paid a visit to the aft repair shop to check the area. One of the shipfitters asked me for a jack -knife, however reaching into my pocket I realized I did not have it on me. Then I recalled that another shipmate borrowed it the day before we left Newport. I went back to my locker and returned with my knife so the shipfitter could use it.

The power run was in operation, it was noisy and rough running at full RPM's at a speed in excess of 30 knots. At 15:30 hours I left to go to the bridge as my duty as Master of Arms was to get reveille for the next morning. Going forward to the O1 Deck I encountered a group of shipmates and chatted with several of them before I started on my way forward to the ladder leading to the bridge. Suddenly, without warning the ship started to roll starboard and water began hitting me in the face. It was the last moment I recall being on the ship.

My next recollection was that I was in the water. After clearing my thoughts I uttered, "Oh shit, I'm in the water." I thrashed about in the ships wake and looked for the ship, but it was gone. I looked about but could see nothing but water. Then two other men appeared and came towards me. It was Charlie Elliot and Dave Formanecilli. We then spotted a raft still in the netting. Elliot panicked and swam away, he seemed confused and suddenly disappeared from sight. Dave stayed with me as we tried to inflate the raft by pulling a toggle. The raft partially inflated. Luckily my jack-knife was still in my jacket and I was able to cut the webbing loose on the raft. Even though the raft was only partially inflated we were able to lie across it. Lying there I felt as though I had been run over by a Mack Truck. Dave was in better condition and was able to look about and spotted several ships but no one saw us. *(continued on next page).....*

5 Sailors Lost At Sea continued.....

Unknown to us, a merchant marine tanker, the SS Alabama was within sight. On the bridge of the tanker was an off duty engineer who spotted two rafts in the water. Normally these ships do not have bridge lookouts so we were very lucky. The captain was notified and he ordered a course change and after some difficult maneuvering they came about and were able to rescue us. We had been in the water approximately 90 minutes. After bringing us aboard the tanker we were taken to their infirmary. They removed our wet clothes and gave us a shot of liquor, put us into comfortable bunks with plenty of blankets and had a mate there to look after us.

After a short while my bottom felt wet and when I put my hand under the covers it was covered with blood. The mate quickly summoned the captain who reviewed my condition. The captain contacted a ship's doctor through the Coast Guard. The captain described my injury which was a gaping wound in my right hip. A medical procedure was prescribed to bandage the injury. When that was completed arrangements were made to transfer me to a Coast Guard cutter at 05:30 the next day. Until then they kept me as comfortable as they could. I had lost a lot of blood.

They transferred me in a basket stretcher which was not very comfortable and the cutter only had one location suitable to place me, and that was over the engine room.

When we arrived at Portsmouth I was taken immediately to the Naval Hospital. After a lengthy surgical procedure on my right hip, which included stainless steel wire to secure the hip joint and a lot of stitches to close the gaping wound I convalesced for 60 days. I was later told by the surgeon I was lucky I did not lose my leg.

I am very thankful to be alive and to have been rescued by that tanker. The tragedy is that 5 of the others did not survive and were never found.

John Buzzi - Damage Controlman 1/c Retired.

The Navy Identified the other missing men as:

N.A. Calaluca, Beacon, NY

R.A. Carlson, West haven , CT

C.E. Ellis, Madison, IN

P.J. Harvey, Lodi, NJ

J.J. Nebrez, Crystal Lake, NJ

the man killed aboard ship was;

D.A. Dale, Kenmore, NY

Editor's Note:

It wasn't until after I had retyped John's story and reviewed the casualty list that I realized John was in error when he used the name Charles Elliot in identifying one of his shipmates in the water. The name should have been Charles Ellis, who is on the list, and the uncle referred to in the inquiry. Perhaps it was only a typing error and a misspelling but I am pleased I found the mistake.

What an interesting coincidence that John's letter was able to provide a first hand report to the family of Charles Ellis.

As published by a Virginia Newspaper, February 6 ,1960

CMDR. R.C. Gummerson, skipper of the Daly said the ship had been proceeding on a two-hour full-power test run, about 40 minutes. The water was relatively calm, we were doing 30 knots when the Daly heeled slightly, then was hit by a large swell that pushed the ship 65 degrees to starboard.

As later described by another shipmate, the water was as high as the bridge sweeping everyone in it's path along the deck.

The accident occurred at a time when the watch was being relieved so that more personnel were in transient status than usual.

The Captain immediately took control from the Officer of the Deck, LT.jg Richard Johnson, and ordered right full rudder and all engines stop. The ship had been proceeding down sea and down wind during the power run. According to the captain the ship had experienced less than a 10 degree roll before the mishap.

The captain also said the ship was never in any danger of capsizing, even though the decks were awash and men got swept away off the decks.

The man who died of injuries, Seaman David Allen Dale, was not swept off the deck but was thrown against the ships superstructure with such force that his arm was severed. The ship's infirmary was only able to provide minimal medical care for the sailor who was in critical condition and died while the ship was underway into port.

According to LT jg Johnson , OD he had no immediate indication that the Daly had lost 10 men over the side during the heavy heel. Men on the deck who were not swept away were too busy hanging on to save themselves and were not aware of how many men were awash. A ship's muster later established the names of those missing. An air and sea search continued for several days after the accident with only 5 sailors recovered.

5 Daly Sailors Lost at Sea

The story continues;

John Walters Rm3 was on the Daly at the time of the accident. This is his story.

I was aboard the Daly February 1960, when the roll took place. My name is John Walters, I was a Radioman 3/c at the time. I served with Charles Ellis and remember him pretty well. I called him Ellis as that was a standard procedure, to call personnel by their last name. We were in the same berthing compartment, consisting of Radiomen, Signalmen, Quartermasters, and Yeomen.

Ellis and I were on the ship together on the Med cruise, Red Sea and Persian Gulf, which lasted about a year. Charlie and I were pretty good friends and went on liberty several times together.

The ship was on it's way to Norfolk for de-commissioning when the accident happened. I was asleep at the time after being on watch. All I remember was the ship taking a violent roll and I was thinking, "she's over too far and is not coming back and I am going to die." By some miracle she did come back and I jumped out of my rack (bed). The ship lost power and the lights went out, it was very dark. I remember trash cans flying through the air. As quick as I could I made my way outside to the main deck, which was a mess.

Lifelines were hanging and all sorts of other loose debris was scattered about. I remember one sailor, I think his last name was Dale, a Radar man, was severely injured and later died on the ship.

I made it to the radio shack and found that a distress call had been sent out. We then started searching the surrounding waters for survivors. Apparently everyone who had been on the main deck had been washed overboard except Dale. We searched the area for a long time. I can't recall exactly because I was 21 years old at the time and am now 73. Time has slowed my recollection for details.

Luckily when the ship rolled some of the life rafts went overboard and we were able to rescue 4 survivors who had climbed on one of the rafts.

One of the men was Souder SM 2/c . I corresponded with his stepdaughter about a year ago regarding his rescue.

Charlie Ellis was never found. After all these years it still makes me sad to think back about that time.

The ship limped into Norfolk that evening and after some time I was transferred to another destroyer at Charlestown Naval Shipyard in Boston.

If anyone has any other information on the accident please contact me by E-mail, krmd4@aol.com

_ John Walters



30 knot wake looking aft



Rough seas looking aft. Note flotation gear in basket on left



Note life raft fastened to rack



Rough water while refueling from tanker

More Letters to the Editor

Hi Hal, These WWII pictures and a menu just trickled down to me from Tom (Reds) Diedrich who served on the Daly in WWII. They were discovered in a clean - out project by his daughter.

There are no photos of the Daly, only unidentified ships at anchor in an unknown harbor. Probably the Phillipines. I am certain the photos were taken from the Daly and one appears to be from her motor whaleboat. Tom may have snapped them because the whaleboat was his GQ station. He was a Machinist Mate First Class and later made chief.

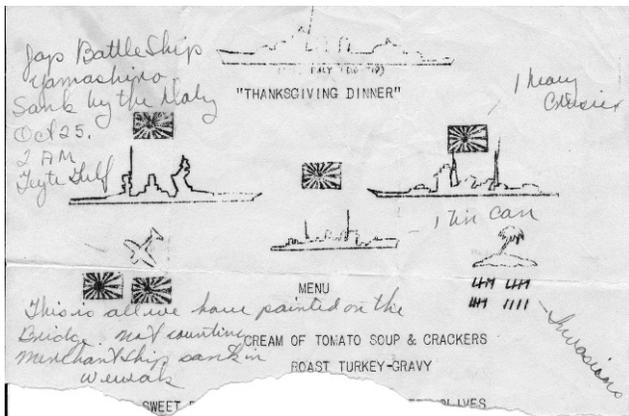
Maybe one of the old timers can ID the harbor and the nationality of the battleship.

The menu was torn in half when I received it but it still tell quite a story. I recognize the handwritten scrip as Tom's hand. He must have mailed this home after Thanksgiving.

Best wishes to the Daly folk, Jim Knapp.



The top photo appears to be a 4 stack destroyer but I cannot make out the markings. The bottom photo seems to be a large battleship. Note turrets.



A portion of the ships menu from Thanksgiving dinner probably in 1944. The hand written notes are as follows;

Jap BattleShip Yamashiro sunk by the Daly 2A.m. Leyte Gulf
Note Japanese Flag

1 heavy cruiser - Japanese Flag -

1 tin can - Japanese Flag

19- Invasions

This is all painted on the bridge of the Daly not counting a merchant ship we sank

Jim Ide, retired Chief Warrant Officer sent me his first recollection of the Daly.

In 1955, the destroyer piers at the Newport Naval Station were years and years away. The Daly was moored at the Mike-16 buoy in Melville. The buoy was located in the shipping channel between Aquidneck Island and Prudence Island. The channel also served as the gateway to Fall River, MA and Battleship Cove, home of the USS Massachusetts, BB-59, but in '55 as far as I was concerned, it functioned best as an unobstructed highway for the prevailing north winds of a typical New England winter.

My first encounter with the Daly happened on such a frigid, blustery, raw December night. I rode out in the Daly Motor Whaleboat and as I climbed the ladder my head rose above the level of the main deck and the first thing I saw was a mountain of garbage on the fantail. It was too hazardous for the trash barge to come out there but perfectly fine for the Daly Motor Whaleboat which was really the Captain's gig.

Jim Ide, now retired has recently written and published under his own name, *The Nintoku Incident*, a military thriller about a murder on board a nuclear submarine. His earlier thirteen collaborative novels include four *New York Times* bestsellers for the Tom Clancy franchise. He is currently working on a sequel to Tom Clancy's *Against All Enemies*, scheduled for release in June 2012. The *Nintoku Incident* is available in print and as a Kindle eBook.

**Send stories and photographs to;
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A Special Letter to the Editor

During this past year I have been exchanging notes with Yvonne Visser, one of the two daughter's of the late Admiral Richard Visser, regarding his interesting career and retirement to Spain.

Captain Visser was the first Captain of the USS Daly, which was commissioned in March 1943. He spent the next two years in command. Over the years the Daly News has published several articles on Captain Visser's WWII exploits, active naval career and awards. Admiral Visser passed away in November 1998 after a healthy active life. He died just three weeks before his 92nd birthday. I thought it might be of interest to know a little more about his life after retirement from a naval career.

Yvonne was kind enough to share a few highlights of her personal life with her father in Spain.

Admiral Visser retired in 1959 and became General Manager of Container Transport International, a NY based company, that started using shipping containers for the transport of goods.

The family moved to Spain in 1957. We arrived on the USS Independence, Dad drove from the southern port of Algeciras in a 1949 Chrysler sedan that he had shipped over. It was considered a very fine car in Spain and the idea was to sell it. With the money from the sale he bought his first Mercedes at (diplomatic discount) in Germany and drove it back to Spain. The drive up from the south was quite an adventure. We had no idea gas filling stations were so far apart. We learned later that everyone who drives carries an extra 5 gallon can of gas while they are traveling. Needless to say we ran out of gas. After two days of travel we finally arrived in Madrid with upset tummies from all the olive oil we had consumed in the local food.

That evening was the first US Embassy party for my parents, they arrived late and quite pale from all the digestive problems. We all survived.

Life in Madrid at the time was true leisure, huge late luncheons (14:30) very late dinners (22:30) but the American office hours, which applied to my father remained American except for a longer lunch hour. The family became "aficionados" to the bull fights, Admiral Visser being an "expert" spent the fights explaining to English speaking foreigners the different parts and passes. We went every Thursday and Sunday especially because the elevator man in the Spanish Air Force Ministry where my father had his MAAG offices

was a fledging bullfighter and we would all had to cheer for him.

My Dad fully retired in 1967 and spent the rest of his days playing golf, bridge and traveling with his wife visiting friends and family.

My Dad was a founding member of the Madrid Council of the Navy League, being on the board of Members for years. My parents were also very active in the American Club, the country club where they played golf everyday they could for years, two or three tables of bridge every week at different homes, many dinner parties and New Years Eve Parties at their home which was a big event for many years. It was a busy life for Admiral Visser and his family.

Yvonne has lived in Spain since she was 15. She and her husband of 49 years have had a great passion for horses and jumping. They gave up completion jumping years ago however she went on to become an International Classical Dressage Judge and still travels to Brazil twice a year to give courses and have students who are in competition.



R. Visser 1929
U.S. Naval Academy Graduate



Admiral R. Visser 1959
Retired Admiral USN



Yvonne Visser, Retired Admiral Visser and wife celebrating a wedding anniversary in Spain



Retired Admiral Visser
and daughter Lizby

A Request from the Editor of the Daly News

2011 marks my 6th year as editor for the Daly News since the retirement of Ed Dunn. It has been an interesting and rewarding experience. So many of the original WWII shipmates are no longer with us, many of my Korean War era shipmates are also missing. The troops are thinning as age takes its toll on all of us.

Yet, the spirit of the Daly lives on as I regularly get inquiries from children, grandchildren, relatives who have discovered the Daly Web site or read the Daly Newsletter, seeking information about a certain shipmate who served on the Daly. They also ask; did I recall having served with a certain shipmate during my 4 year tour.

In just the past month I received notice that I am about to receive a few black and white photos taken with a 127 Kodak Baby Brownie camera during 1953 by a shipmate during our Korean tour. In the Fall Edition 2011 there was an inquiry about an uncle that was lost at sea in the 1960 Tragic Accident off Cape Hatteras, which led to several first hand reports of the incident.

It is inquiries like these that make the stories interesting and assures me that there are many readers out there who are following the Newsletter with interest.

The spirit of the Daly and her crew will always be there even long after I am gone because of the Internet and Daly web site as long as it is supported. It is probably time to inquire from our readers if there is anyone who would like to take on this responsibility or share some of the writing or fact gathering assignments.

I am running out of ideas and stories, I could use some help to search and find new material that is of interest to all the readers. There must be many of you readers who could recall a humorous incident aboard ship that could be shared with the readers. Stories about ship life but excluding rowdy ship liberties. Remember the audience includes family members of all ages. I could use stories covering your duties whether it was standing watch, engine room or galley assignments. Those long hours in CIC, Sonar and Radio stations. The bridge and deck duties of torpedo men or gunners mates, ship fitters experiences are there, please write them down and share them with me and our audience.

One type written page or less per story, if you can. I will take hand written script but it must be clear and legible on lined paper. Remember I have to edit and retype your words into a printable story for publication.

Most of you who served aboard the Daly returned to civilian life. Some went on to continue their education, others succeeded in acquiring good jobs in interesting fields of endeavor. Let's hear from you and how your life changed after being a tin can sailor. I don't need the full details of your life story but some of the highlights of your life and family.

Let's hear from you. I am also open to any new ideas to make the newsletter more interesting.

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