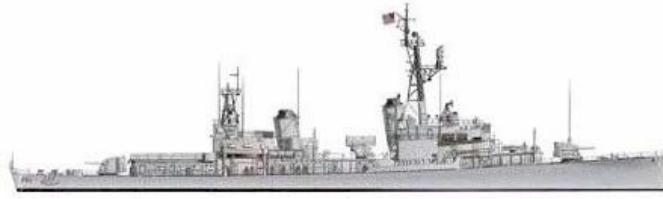


USS Johnston (DD821)



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2011 USS Johnston DD-821 Reunion to be held in Pensacola, Florida!

As we mentioned in the last newsletter, the 2011 USS Johnston DD-821 Association reunion will be held in Pensacola, Florida during the month of May. This is later than we typically do and is due to other events in the area that has the majority of the hotels booked solid.

The 2011 reunion will start on Thursday night May 5th, with a welcome dinner. Friday and Saturday will be filled with excursions. Sunday we will have our annual business meeting and a banquet Sunday night. Most guests will depart on Monday, May the 9th. We have negotiated a hospitality room for the length of the entire reunion. It will be open from early morning to late night so we can continue to share our sea stories.

Your association has picked the Cabana Inn on Pensacola



Beach. We have negotiated an incredible nightly rate of only \$75 plus taxes plus free parking and free continental breakfast each morning of your stay.

The Cabana Inn is located at 40 Fort Pickens Rd, Pensacola Beach, Florida. The phone number is 850-934-5400. When making reservations, please mention the USS Johnston reunion to get the special rate. This rate is good for two days before and

2 days after the reunion.

We have selected the "Beach Bum Trolley" for the tours.

Included with this newsletter are the reunion details plus the sign-up sheet. We are requesting you to book as early as possible since the association has to guarantee a certain number of rooms.

Hope to see you there!

CDR Herman O. Sudholz, USN, (Ret) - A Biography

CDR Sudholz was born in Glen Cove, Long Island, NY on June 22, 1934 of German immigrant parents. He graduated from Glen Cove High School and then from Lehigh University with a degree in Civil Engineering. Six months after graduation he reported to the Navy Officer Candidate School (OCS) in Newport, RI.

His first assignment after OCS was the USS Johnston (DD-821). During his almost 4 years onboard Johnston he served as Damage Control Assistant, First Lieutenant and finally Weapons Officer. While on board, the ship made 2 deployments to the US Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean Sea, a Red Sea patrol, NATO exercises in the North Atlantic, underwent a 10-month Fleet Rehabilitation and Modernization (FRAM) overhaul, participated in the Cuban blockade of 1962, and finally acted as range tracking ship for the Polaris submarine qualifications. (continued on page 3)

A Biography of Daun H. Harris, RD3 "Harry" Years aboard the USS Johnston (DD-821) 1968-1970

Although I had planned to start this biography where I left off in "The Real Story of the USS Johnston DD-821", I decided a short introduction of my pre-Navy years would be in order. I was born and raised in South Dakota which is typical small town USA. I grew up living in a house with a big yard which enabled me to raise pigeons and ferrets in the back yard. Aside from attending school I spent my free time playing baseball, school sports, etc., fishing and swimming at the lake, hunting, trapping, delivering newspapers, working at a grocery store, and later working for a plumber through whom I later earned my journeyman plumber's license. My father was a school superintendent so after graduating from high school I attended a nearby college that specialized mostly in teacher education, where I earned my B.A. & teaching certificate. I joined the Naval Reserve while in school and was given deferments through the years to attend college, and upon graduation from college I started my two year tour of active duty. My first experience with culture shock (my second will come later) was when I reported aboard ship and was taken to the OI division living quarters. I saw that the compartment where I would be living for the next two years would be approximately the same size as my room back in SD, only there were no windows, no carpet on the floor, no pennants and deer horns on the walls, no baseball bat and glove leaning in the corner, and I would be sharing this "room" with 21 other radarmen. As most of us did, I also survived and now look back at all the good times I experienced with my fellow shipmates while serving about the Jolly-J, the greatest ship in the Navy.

Anyway now back to where I left off in the book. I had just been separated from the USS Johnston and the Navy and was heading north on my 100 CC Yamaha motorcycle. I still had my atrocious beard and long hair that we were allowed to grow on the Johnston, and my expired S.D. drivers license. Just as I crossed over the Ohio River from Kentucky into Ohio I was stopped at a road-block put up by Ohio State Troopers looking for traffic violators. After looking me over, these State Troopers couldn't quite believe that I had just been released from the Navy. It took a while to explain my beard, hair, and drivers license, but since my paper-work all checked out, I was finally able to continue my trip home. I stopped off to see my brother & his family who lived in a suburb of Detroit on my way home. Since I planned to continue with my education they convinced me to start my graduate work during the summer session at the nearby Eastern Michigan University (EMU). I still had my beard from the Navy, but before seeing my graduate school advisor for the first time I decided to "clean up a bit" and shave off the beard. When I walked in to see my advisor I found that he had a full beard, HA! I decided to take the fall semester off so I could go back to S.D. to see my parents, and also do a bit of pheasant hunting. Although I really liked EMU, it was a bit too urban for an old country boy like me, so rather than go back to Michigan I continued by education at the University of South Dakota. I stayed at USD for several years and earned what could be the equivalent of three masters degrees as I ended up with endorsements in history, school administration, and counseling. At that time the job market was getting tight, and I decided that if I didn't want to be a professional student forever, I had better find a job. I wrote something like 75 letters applying for various jobs and finally was hired as the secondary principal at a school in western S.D. As I had no actual teaching experience before this, it took some time to get me temporarily certified for this job, but after taking my education and navy experience into consideration the state department of education finally granted me the certification.

I stayed on this job from 1972 through 1976, and it was here that I met my wife Joan (the math & science teacher) who has put up with me now for 36 years. Although the community, kids, people, hunting, fishing, etc. were great, after four years I decided (after talking Joan into it) that it was time to pursue another dream I always had, and that was to go to Alaska. We wrote some letters applying for jobs up there and we were finally hired in a bush school district (as a principal & teacher) which was north and west of Fairbanks. Our school district office was located in the town of Nenana and since we had been hired over the phone, sight unseen, shortly after arriving in Alaska we decided that we should meet the superintendent of our new school district. Since our job applications included pictures (mine without a beard), before meeting the Supt. I decided to "clean up a bit again" so the night before I shaved off my beard, and before going into his office building I spit my chewing tobacco into a nearby flower bed. Well when we went into the superintendent's office what did I find? (You guessed it) The superintendent had a full beard and a mouth full of chewing tobacco. I knew right then and there we would be getting along, HA!

The school in which we were assigned was fly-in only, and located along a river approximately half way between Nome and Fairbanks. Upon arrival we found that there was only one telephone in town (that sometimes even worked), the mail plane arrived on Mondays, Wednesdays & Fridays (weather permitting), and that aside from the other teachers we were virtually the only white people in a village that was populated by Athabascan Indians. This turned out to be a real culture shock too, especially since both of us were raised in the virtually all-white Midwest. We soon found out that making friends here was really no different than anywhere else, and being a principal of a school over 300 miles from the district office did have some benefits. One time the school in our district just up river burned to the ground. I worried that the Supt. And district board may want to send all of the students down to our school, I would have to find boarding homes, etc., so for close to two months I never called or contacted the district office, and only sent in the necessary & required time sheets, attendance & grade reports, etc.

After spending four years in this remote village, we decided it was time for a change so we ended up taking jobs at the school district office which was in Nenana and on the highway system about 55 miles from Fairbanks. Here we could return to a more normal life where we could go shopping on weekends, go out to eat in restaurants, go to movies, etc. On the job Joan was hired as a correspondence study teacher, and I was a district guidance counselor. Joan's job involved flying into sites that were so remote that there were no schools and the pupils had to be home schooled. Most of her pupils were the children of gold miners, trappers, homesteaders, etc. With

(Continued on page 4)

CDR Sudholz (continued from page 1)

During his first Med. Deployment he met his future wife, Cynthia Fletcher, in Naples, Italy and married her on his next Med. Deployment 18 months later.

His first tour ashore was as Head Research and Development at the naval Explosive Ordnance Disposal Facility, Indian Head, MD. He returned to sea as Executive Officer (XO) of the USS Brister (DER-327) spending two 9-month deployments on Operation Market-time as a part of TF-115, the Vietnam coastal interdiction force.

He returned ashore as a member of the DX/DXG development team in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations. This developed into the DD-963 Spruance class destroyer.

LCDR Sudholz next reported as XO of the USS Richard S. Edwards (DD-950) which sailed on 24-hr notice in April 1972 for Vietnam in response to the North Vietnamese Easter offensive. That deployment resulted in RS Edwards being a part of Operation Linebacker II engaging targets along the North Vietnamese coast as well as shore batteries during the mining of Hyphong harbor.

Leaving the R.S. Edwards in the Gulf of Tonkin, he was temporarily assigned to the staff of Cruiser-Destroyer Group Seventh Fleet (CTF-75) on board USS Providence (CLG-6) as staff navigator and Assistant Intelligence Officer.

After leaving the western pacific he reported to the staff, Commander-in-Chief US Pacific Fleet. Four years later he was assigned as the Surface Operations Officer for the Commander Third Fleet, both in Hawaii.

Returning to sea once again, CDR Sudholz served as XO of the USS Dixie (AD-14). After a post overhaul workup Dixie sailed for the western Pacific only to be diverted to Diego Garcia in the Indian ocean in response to the taking of American hostages in Iran. Dixie spent her 40th birthday tending ships in Diego Garcia and as a result of CDR Sudholz's proposal to the Secretary of the navy she hoisted the "Don't-Tread-on-Me" jack emblematic of the oldest active ship in the US Navy.

CDR Sudholz assumed command as the 60th Commanding Officer of USS Constitution, "Old ironsides", in September of 1980 and retired from that command in June 1985 having held command of that then 188-year-old national icon longer than any other commanding officer.

While in Boston he was active serving as President of the Wardroom Club, as an officer on the Board of the Copley Art Society, the oldest art society in the country, the Armed Forces YMCA, the USO, The Freedom Trail Foundation, and as an Overseer of the USS Constitution Museum Foundation and others.

After a year of full retirement, CDR Sudholz accepted the position of Project manager for the reconstruction of Boston's Copley Square the prominent park in Boston's famous Back Bay. Upon completion of that project he took the position of Project Manager of a multi-year National Science Foundation (NSF) project at Harvard University. He added the concurrent task of overseeing the construction of the monument to the 100th running of the Boston Marathon. Upon completion of the NSF project CDR Sudholz and his wife Cynthia finally fully retired to her ancestral home in Carmel, California.

CDR Sudholz holds two Navy Commendation medals, the Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry with Bronze star, Combat Action Medal, the navy Unit commendation, the Navy Meritorious Unit Commendation, Expeditionary Medal (Cuba), plus other service awards. He is a golden Shellback, a member of the Marines Memorial Association, U.S. Naval Institute, American Philatelic Society, Monterey History and Art Association and is a life member of the Military Officers Association of America.

He enjoys choral singing in German Mannerchoirs and is a member of the Aloha Barbershop Harmony Chorus. He is an avid collector of USS Constitution cancelled envelopes and other historical memorabilia.

Your Bio is Requested

If you would like to share your bio with the rest of the Johnston crew, please email it to: george.sites@gmail.com or mail it to: George A. Sites, 5653 Haydens Reserve Way, Hilliard, OH 43026. Please include a picture if possible. Typically one typed page is adequate. We look forward to hearing from you!

USS JOHNSTON DD-821 ASSOCIATION

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2011 Cruise

At the San Diego Reunion, there was some interest in having a second gathering in the form of a cruise. If you are interested in joining a cruise group to either Alaska in July/Aug of 2011, or a New England fall foliage cruise in Sept/Oct 2011, please contact John & Donna Argonti at Johnnarg@juno.com or 805-927-9677 as soon as possible. This is not a commitment, but we need to know if there is enough interest.

**USS JOHNSTON DD-821 ASSOCIATION**

THE PURPOSE OF THE USS JOHNSTON DD-821 ASSOCIATION IS TO PERPETUATE THE BONDS THAT WERE FORMED AMONG THE PERSONNEL WHO EXPERIENCED THE "TRADITION OF THE SEA" WHILE SERVING ABOARD THE USS JOHNSTON DD-821, IN PERPETUITY.

WE DO THIS BY PROVIDING SHIPMATES A WEBSITE SECOND TO NONE THAT WAS BUILT BY AND IS OPERATED BY FORMER SHIPMATE DUANE MALLAST, AND WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE USS JOHNSTON ASSOCIATION AS A MEANS TO MEMORIALIZE AND SHARE THE EXPERIENCES WE ALL HAD WHILE SERVING ABOARD THE U.S.S. JOHNSTON. IN ADDITION, THE ANNUAL JOHNSTON REUNION REINFORCES THESE BONDS AND BRINGS US ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.

THE ASSOCIATION IS A "NOT FOR PROFIT" ORGANIZATION FORMED BY AND OPERATED BY USS JOHNSTON DD-821 SHIPMATES.

RD3 Harris (continued from page 2)

with my job I had to fly to our district's 10 schools and work with the students. Since we both traveled, we sometimes only saw each other on weekends, but still, in some ways our jobs were pretty neat. We would often think of other people in large cities commuting or riding busses to and from work, while we commuted in small airplanes flying over the Yukon, Koyukuk, and Tanana Rivers. We stayed with these jobs until we retired in 1989. As we were still quite young and didn't know how well we would adapt to retirement we first took a leave-of-absence from our jobs. Flying in small planes is lots of fun, but it is also quite dangerous. All of you probably heard about former Alaska Senator Ted Stevens dying in a plane crash during the second week in August 2010, but he was certainly not the first. We had a really good friend who taught out in one of our district's schools. He was married and had 5 children. He and his family were flying back to their school, the plane crashed along the Yukon River, and our friend along with three of his children were killed. As we figured we had pushed our luck far enough we decided to officially retire.

We spent the next 10 years living up in Alaska spending our time camping, hunting, fishing, etc., and although we both really loved Alaska, the long winters finally started to get to us. We decided to spend a winter down south and ended up in the Florida Panhandle. We enjoyed ourselves so much that after we returned home in May (there was still snow on the ground) we put our home up for sale, and drove down the Al-Can highway for the last time. We didn't have any idea where we would end up, but knew it would be somewhere in the South as I always loved the rural areas around Charleston when aboard the Johnston. We always tell people that before leaving Alaska we tied our snow shovel to the front of our pickup/camper and headed south. When we arrived in Timpson, Texas and stopped for gasoline, the attendant looked at our snow shovel, scratched his head, and asked, "What's that thing?" Upon hearing this I turned to Joan and said, "Honey I think we found our new home."

Anyway we are now busier than ever, retired on a small hobby ranch in the Piney Woods of Deep East Texas, about 20 miles from the Louisiana line. If any of you old Johnston sailors ever decide to take a trip to Alaska in your motorhome, and plan to spend the summer, be sure to get in contact with us as we can tell you how to find some really great fishing spots.