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CHANGING COURSE

Small Talk has a new look. That's not all. In an effort to increase membership, reunion attendance and the quality of our reunions, the shipmate association has gone independent.

Read the full story on page 8.

## Two Weeks in October

By Tom Glickman, Captain USN Retired

"Task Group 77.6, the *Bon Homme Richard* group, departed Subic for Yokosuka. After our delayed departure from Subic Bay; we joined up with "Bonnie Dick" to escort her to Yokosuka. In the afternoon of 13 October 1962, when we were off southern Japan, a pair of A4s flying from the carrier spotted a surfaced submarine. They over flew it, turned back and approached it on deck (at very low altitude) for identification purposes. It was a Soviet Whiskey Class diesel boat. As the aircraft passed overhead, the submarine dove. The aircraft reported the contact and the carrier sent one of its S2F "Trackers" to investigate. When the aircraft arrived at datum, the submarine was again on the

surface, but dove when it sighted the propeller-driven ASW plane. The plane then laid a pattern of sonobuoys and then commenced an orbit to monitor the buoys.

Captain George C. Bullard, USN, "Bonnie Dick's" CO and our task group commander, detached the



Official US Navy Photo  
The first Soviet Submarine  
"surfaced" by the Pacific Fleet

four destroyers from screening duties and directed us to proceed to the datum. While we were en route, the Soviet surfaced again, sighted the Tracker and immediately submerged again. When we arrived at datum, Commodore Berthrong directed a "hold down" operation. *Turner Joy* and *Buckley*, using active sonar, were to obtain and maintain contact on the sub. *Small* and *Black* took "fence" stations about 5,000 yards from datum, and with our sonar's in passive operation, monitored the area to ensure that the sub did not get away. By this time, the four destroyers changed operational control to

(Continued on page 2)

## 2009 Indianapolis Reunion A Great City, A Great Time

Former shipmates of the USS Ernest G. Small began arriving at the Wyndham Hotel in Indianapolis, IN on Wednesday, September 16, 2009 to celebrate the 16<sup>th</sup> annual shipmate reunion on September 17-20, 2009. Thursday morning brought blue skies and light breezed which

offered great weather for the duration of the reunion. Twenty-three members and 13 guests attended the reunion and were pleasantly surprised by the drop-in visit of Llewellyn "Doc" Parsons and his wife, Sally, on the 17<sup>th</sup> & 18<sup>th</sup>.

Lynne Bumgarner, representing ML&RS, began receiving new arrivals for registration in the hotel lobby at noon, Thursday. Registration coincided with the opening of the hospitality suite which was set up with fresh snacks and liquid refreshments.

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## Birdus Speedicus

By Don Wayman

Charlotte Carroll of Longwood, Florida, has donated several items to the EG SMALL memorabilia collection. The articles belonged to her late husband, Charles Carroll, a former skipper of the SMALL. The gift included some photos and a walnut plaque and hand painted casting of the 'ROADRUNNER'.

The cartoon character, a scraggly bird, and member of the cuckoo family, was created by the legendary animator, Chuck Jones. The ship's crew decided to use the bird as their logo, probably in an effort to replace the inaccurate, and irreverent, 'Dirty Ernie' nickname. Plaques and embroidered patches were purchased and made available to crewmembers.

Since the desert bird, as depicted by Jones was copyrighted, Captain Carroll had to solicit permission to reproduce the cartoon figure. The artist not only gave his authorization, he accepted an invitation to dine with captain and crew aboard ship.



As we all have fond recollections of 'Birdus Speedicus', we also cherish our memories of our time aboard the SMALL. I am sure that if 'Road

Runner's' vocabulary (as provided by Mel Blanc) contained more than the familiar 'BEEP BEEP', the comical cuckoo would tell us how proud he was to be the mascot of the ERNEST G. SMALL DD/DDR-838.

Many thanks to Mrs. Carroll for her kindnesses, and for sharing her stories with me.

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## Two Weeks in October

Task Force 36, an anti-submarine force and assumed the designator TG-36.2.

The Seventh Fleet had a hunter killer group commanded by Rear Admiral Eli P. Reich, USN embarked in USS *Bennington* CVS-20. The HUK group however was then operating considerably south of Okinawa and was not in position to prosecute to the contact of Okinawa. At 0915 on the fourteenth, the submarine's conning tower and snorkel momentarily broke the surface. The destroyers maintained contact throughout the rest of the day. The Whiskey attempted various evasion methods, sometimes going as deep as 900 feet. At other times, he crept near the surface. As there really were no great variations in his speed, we suspected that we might have encountered a crippled sub and he was attempting to conserve his battery as much as possible. The fact that he had been first detected on the surface during daylight, submerged then sur-

facated and submerged two more times in a relatively short period of time somewhat confirmed our thoughts.

At one time during one of his ventures near the surface, we detected him by our Mark 25 Mod 3 fire control radar. He had not broken the surface, but for a short time, we held him by a phenomenon known as the, "cut water effect." That was an anomaly of the high resolution, X-band radars. Under certain, atmospheric and oceanographic conditions a large metal mass (submarine) although submerged but near the surface, could be detected by the radar.

In late afternoon on the 15<sup>th</sup>, we detected a Japanese merchant ship coming toward the contact area. To preclude the merchant ship from innocently providing acoustic cover that could allow our quarry to escape, the commodore directed *Small* to divert the merchant ship. Until that time, *Small* was essentially drift-

ing along with the datum keeping our machinery noise to the minimum to enhance our ability to monitor the submarine.

*Small* increased speed and headed to intercept the merchant ship. As we drew closer to the ship, our signalmen ran up the flag hoist, Code Hotel Papa, an international signal meaning, "Submerged submarine operating in this area. Stay clear." It was the signal we always flew when operating with submarines in the San Diego operating areas.

The Maru appeared to be ignoring our signal – possibly, they did not understand it - so we reversed course until our course paralleled that of the merchant ship. Then, with slight course changes we started "shouldering" the merchant ship away from the contact area. The merchant ship apparently realized what we were doing and altered its course away from us

*(Continued on page 4)*

***"It follows than as certain as that night succeeds the day, that without a decisive naval force we can do nothing definitive, and with it, everything honorable and glorious."***

President George Washington,  
15 November 1781, to Marquis de Lafayette.

***"A good Navy is not a provocation to war. It is the surest guaranty of peace."***

President Theodore Roosevelt, 2 December 1902,  
second annual message to Congress.

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## 2009 Indianapolis Reunion A Great City, A Great Time

Shipmates and wives spent the afternoon in the hospitality suite, reconnecting with old friends and meeting new, soon to be friends. Many members brought personal memorabilia from their time of service on the USS Ernest G. Small to share with others.

The Reunion was officially kicked off at 5:00 PM in the dining room. Ron Palinkas, our Reunion Coordinator, welcomed everyone and introductions were made. Everyone proceeded to enjoy hors d'oeuvres and refreshments from the bar. More conversation and fellowship followed into the evening.

On Friday, our tour of Indianapolis Memorials began at 9:00 AM with a drive through the city center. Debbie, our Hoosier tour guide, was well versed in the history of Indianapolis and she pointed out several interesting sites along the way.

Our first stop was at the USS Indianapolis Memorial, dedicated by surviving members of her crew in 1995, 50 years after being sunk by a Japanese torpedo and the loss of 880 men. Approximately 300 men went down with the ship as it sank, twelve minutes after being torpedoed. The remainder, nearly 900 men were left floating in the shark infested waters of the Philippine Sea and when spotted twelve days later, only 316 men were still alive.

Our next stop was on the upper Canal Walk next to the Indiana State Museum. We visited the Medal of Honor Memorial which pays tribute to recipients of the

nation's highest award for valor. Our tour finished with a brief visit through the American Legion Mall and then to the Scottish Rites Temple where we had a guided tour of the temple and an introduction into the principles of Freemasonry. After a brief rest and a mid-western style lunch we returned to the hotel.

Friday evening commenced in the dining room at 6:00 PM with a social hour and cash bar as a prelude to dinner. We enjoyed an "Indy 500" theme buffet dinner with beef, chicken and all the side dishes that we could handle.

Once our appetites were sated and our whistles wetted, we moved on to a game of "Yankee Swap". All that brought a gift selected a gift from another member. With the games behind us, we closed down the evening doing what we do best.....reminiscing and swapping sea stories. The ladies sat back with a knowing look, watching their men become boys.

Saturday morning began with a visit to the Indianapolis Speedway. Opened in 1909, the Speedway is enjoying its 100th anniversary. Most known for the annual Memorial Day running of the Indianapolis 500 race. Our group boarded the official tour bus and were given a guided tour around the 2 1/2 mile race track. Our driver stopped at various points of interest, including famous "Gasoline Alley". Television does not capture the immensity of the Speedway

grounds. The tour concluded with a visit to the Museum where we saw cars from all Speedway racing eras. Afterward we had a light lunch at the Speedway snack bar.

Our final stop of the day was at the home of Benjamin Harrison, 23rd President of the United States. We spent about 1 1/2 hours touring the beautifully restored mansion and grounds, our guides providing details of the Harrison family history and the artifacts on display.

Our tour returned to the hotel in time to freshen up before the 3:30 business meeting. Ron Palinkas opened the meeting to discussion of the 2010 reunion location and continued association with ML&RS. A spirited discussion followed and the group unanimously agreed on making changes for our next reunion.

*(editor's note: A full breakdown on the decisions made at the business meeting is presented on page 8.)*

Saturday evening's banquet was a warm affair. The gents cleaned up well and the ladies were all lovely. After cocktails, a short Memorial Service followed for shipmates that had passed away since our last reunion and was conducted by Ron Palinkas and Mike Flanagan. After a great dinner of prime rib, the evening was spent in lively conversation and fellowship at each dinner table and in the hospitality suite afterwards.

### Attendee List

- Bill & Rene Anderson
- Howard Brenz
- William & Brenda Britton
- Larry Chassells
- Charles & Emily Cox
- Alfred & Irene Dentino
- Robert Erlewine
- Mike & Judy Flanagan
- Ronald Hoffart
- Mike Hooper
- Billy L. & Mitzi Jarrett
- Ervin "Leny" Lenington
- Joseph McGuire
- Joseph & Rose Marie Mullen
- Orient & Beverly Muse
- Ronald & Judie Palinkas
- Llewellyn & Sally Parsons
- James Rusch
- Don & Mary Ellen Smith
- Walter & Sally Smith
- J.E. Statham
- Daniel Stiffler
- John & Judy Swens
- Dennis Vinson

All good things come to an end and Sunday morning we had to say our goodbyes at the breakfast buffet; a last opportunity to share a forgotten anecdote and wish our old and new friends a safe trip home.

We enjoyed our visit to a fine city, a beautiful mix of the old and the new. As we parted, all said they were looking forward to meeting in California in 2010.

(Continued from page 2)

## Two Weeks in October

and the contact area. When that happened *Small* returned to its "fence" station.

It is possible that the Soviet knew there were destroyers on the fence throughout this whole operation; then again, he may not have suspected it until we went toward the merchant ship.

At 1800, just after sunset on the fourteenth, the submarine surfaced and immediately hoisted the Soviet naval ensign and illuminated it with a light. Commodore Berthrong had the destroyers form a line abreast about a mile astern of the submarine. The submarine signaled by flashing light, "I am a Soviet warship operating in international waters." *Turner Joy* acknowledged the signal. Later, the Soviet signaled, "Please keep clear of me. I am maneuvering with difficulty." Commodore Berthrong responded, "Do you require assistance?" Immediately, the submarine replied, "I am a Soviet warship operating in international waters. Make no attempt to board me."

About that time and in response to our continuous reports, shore based maritime patrol aircraft arrived on station to assist, while the submarine continued on the surface in a southerly direction. About 0200 on the fifteenth, *USS Rupertus* DD-851 and *USS Henry W. Tucker* DDR-875 arrived on scene, relieved the four DESDIV One Ninety-one ships, and we departed to catch up with *Bon Homme Richard*.

The submarine did not attempt to escape its unwelcome escorts. Instead, it continued on the surface, turned and passed through the Strait of Tsushima, entered the Sea of Japan and headed for Vladivostok. All the time, the submarine was under continuous surveillance, mainly by maritime patrol aircraft until it approached the two hundred mile limit of that port. (Another instance of the United States publicly espousing the international law's three mile limit, yet

tacitly observing –in most – cases – the larger limits claimed by other nations.)

We were elated. Our combined efforts had resulted in the first surfacing of a Soviet submarine in the Pacific Ocean. We were somewhat surprised that there had not been some sort of a press release about the incident. The reason for that was we recalled that when that happened in the Atlantic within the previous year, there were public announcements of the feat. We began to think that was the problem, the Atlantic Fleet was closer to the "flag pole" (Washington, DC) therefore, it got all the publicity.

The Pacific Command was aware of our feat. Commander Anti-Submarine Warfare Force, Pacific Fleet (COMASWFORPAC) had long before established an award for the first Pacific Fleet unit or units to surface a Soviet submarine. It was "Polynesian Punch," and consisted of a number of cases of champagne and Jack Daniels whiskey. I do not recall the number of cases involved, but the award, if COMASWFORPAC presented it, never came to the destroyers.

The incident with the Soviet submarine brought back memories on when I was in Pearl Harbor in the first part of 1952 in *Laws*. We watched submarines leave the Sub Base on a rather regular basis. A few had their names and hull numbers obliterated. In time, we learned those boats were going on special operations which generally lasted about six weeks. One such submarine came home much earlier. Its sail and upper works appeared uneven and pimped. That sub, while on a special operation apparently incurred somebody's wrath and received a depth charge attack. As we had prosecuted our submarine in international waters, we were not prepared to go that far unless the submarine posed a hostile threat to us.

(Continued in the February, 2010 Issue)

## I Was a Sailor Once



I liked the sounds of the Navy: the piercing trill of the boatswain's pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work

I liked Navy vessels: plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines, and steady solid aircraft carriers. I liked the proud names of Navy ships: *Oriskany*, *Ticonderoga*, *Saratoga*, *Ranger*, *Kitty Hawk*,

*America*, *Lexington*, *Nimitz*; memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome.

I liked the lean, angular names of Navy tin-cans and escorts, mementos of heroes who went before us. And others like the *San Jose*, *San Diego*, *Los Angeles*, *St. Paul*, *Chicago*, and *Oklahoma City* named for some of our country's great cities. I liked the precision, tempo and pride of a Navy band. I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port. I even liked the never-ending paperwork and all-hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her. I liked sailors, officers and enlisted, from all parts of the land, farms of

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*(Continued from page 4)*

## ***I Was a Sailor Once***

the Midwest, small towns of New England, big cities, mountains and prairies, from all walks of life. I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me – for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength, and for courage. In a word, they were shipmates, then, now and forever. I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: NOW HEAR THIS! NOW STATION THE SPECIAL SEA AND ANCHOR DETAIL. ALL HANDS TO QUARTERS FOR LEAVING PORT. And I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again after a long deployment, with waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier-side.

The work was hard and dangerous; the going rough at times; the parting from loved ones painful. But the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the “all for one and one for all” philosophy of the sea was ever present. I liked the fierce and dangerous activity of the flight deck of aircraft carriers, earlier named for battles won but sadly now named for politicians: Enterprise, Independence, Boxer, Princeton, and oh so many more, some lost in battle, and sadly many scrapped.

I liked the names of the aircraft and helicopters: Demon, Skywarrior, Cougar, Vigilante, Skyhawk, Corsair II, Hercules and many more that bring to mind offensive and defensive orders of battle. I liked the thrill of being part of the flight deck team performing the dangerous and choreographed activity that is a part of conducting flight operations on board an aircraft carrier at sea. And I liked the responsibility that I had and the prestige of being a Plane Captain, Flight Deck Trouble Shooter, Catapult Checker, Line Petty Officer, Flight Deck Maintenance Chief and Maintenance Control Officer.

I liked the excitement of an alongside replenishment as my ship slid in alongside the oiler and the cry of STANDBY TO RECEIVE SHOTLINES, prefaced the hard work of rigging span wires and fuel hoses echoed across the narrow gap of water between the ships and welcomed the mail and fresh milk, fruit and vegetables that sometimes accompanied the fuel.

I liked the sight of our Marine detachment shifting colors as the ship got under-way. Also as they prepared to repel boarders, during drills. Their military bearing as they guarded aircraft being loaded with “special weapons. I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ships work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way into night.

I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness, the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters as they cut through the dusk; and joined with the mirror of stars overhead.

And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe. I liked quiet mid-watches with the aroma of strong coffee, the lifeblood of the Navy, permeating everywhere. And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

I liked the sudden electricity of GENERAL QUARTERS! GENREAL QUARTERS! ALL HANDS MAN YOUR BATTLE STATIONS! Followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the surrounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war ready for anything.

I liked the stern voice of the Air Boss's saying: Now all flight deck personnel get into proper uniform and standby to start the Phantoms and the Hummer. Clear Deck land aircraft, we have a Skyhawk in the groove. Now rig the barricade! Start all aircraft, start all aircraft. We have a push back on cat one. LSO, man the platform on the double! Get a huffer on the Viggie on the double! I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men who made them. I liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones, Burke. A sailor could find much in the Navy, comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood.

In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, we still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods, the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks.

Gone ashore for good now, we grow humble about our Navy days, when the seas were a part of us and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

*Author Unknown*

Submitted by Richard “Ski” Glogowski

# Taps



Small Talk was notified of the death of the following shipmates. The entire crew extends our sympathy to family and friends. If anyone knows of a deceased shipmate please inform the Small Talk so he can be recognized in TAPS and also be listed on the honor roll at the reunion memorial service.

Charles Anderson, CS3 1953-1956, passed away on September 16, 2008.

Charles & his wife, Stella, were regular attendees at the E.G. Small Reunions.



Stella and Charles Anderson



John Cleve Doyle, SN 1950-1952

John Cleve "Jay" Doyle, 73 of Lexington, Kentucky died Wednesday, November 16, 2005. Mr. Doyle was a native and lifetime resident of Lexington.

Mr. Doyle is survived by his wife of 49 years Mary Frances Doyle, three daughters and their husbands and seven grandchildren.

John was a devoted family man, putting his family

above all else. He retired from IBM with 30 years of service and worked another ten years after retirement for Budget Rental. He was an avid Kentucky Basketball fan and was a member of the UK 101 Club in the 70's. John was a member of Southland Christian Church.

John served in the US Navy during the Korean War and he received a purple heart for the injuries he sustained during the mine explosion on destroyer USS Ernest G. Small DD-838 on October 7, 1951.

# San Diego - 2010



USS MIDWAY CVA-41

San Diego, the oldest Spanish settlement in California and the southernmost point of the California Mission Trail. Most of us remember San Diego as a Navy Town. Home of the Naval Recruit Training Center on Point Loma, the 32nd Street Naval Station with the largest assembly of Navy ships on the west coast, Coronado Island with the aircraft carriers, and, of course downtown Broadway.

Gone are the night clubs and locker clubs of Broadway, replaced by high rise buildings, a convention center, and more serene social gathering facilities.

San Diego does host the USS Midway CVA-41 Museum at the foot of Broadway. The Midway has been restored to near new condition and has many historical exhibits and a flight deck/hangar deck with several versions of Naval aircraft. It would be a worthy tour.

San Diego has many other offerings, including Harbor Tours, Balboa Park & Zoo, Sea World, Old Town, 32nd St. Naval Station Tours & tours of the Fleet Sonar School at Point Loma. We will send a questionnaire with our February newsletter to poll your choice of events while in San Diego.

We have started looking at a choice of hotel for the reunion lodging and organized meals and events. Room cost is a significant factor for many, so we will offer alternative lodging options to the principle Reunion Location as well as a listing of local facilities for those who may want to bring their own camping vehicle.

Our goal is to offer you timely information regarding the reunion to allow time for you to make your decision and plan your budget. Please try to attend. We will do our best to insure you have a very enjoyable time with old and new friends.

## *When Ernie Hit the Pier, another witness speaks*



**YES, IT'S A DESTROYER**

Dan Stiffler's story on the Ernest G Small web site is correct. It was determined as the lee helmsman rang up back one-third for the port engine the fuse blew and the arrow on the EOT in the forward engine room by gravity fell to ahead flank. The throttle-man responded, thus the spurt that put us into the pier.

Dan is correct in saying it was a miserable day when we entered port. In fact it was downright lousy.

CRUDESFLOT Three drove up from Long Beach to participate in Fleet Week. Rear Admiral Draper L Kauffman never missed an opportunity to train his ships when they were at sea. Part of our transit included refueling from an oiler which one I have long forgotten. The small boys made out fairly well, but Topeka CLG-8, the flotilla flagship had a bit of a problem, a

large spill.

When we arrived at the San Francisco Lightship, we stopped while the cruiser put side cleaners over to clean up the mess. We then started down the channel toward the Golden Gate. Each destroyer was required to put their color guard on top of a forward mount. That consisted of the US and Naval Infantry flags (this was years before Zumwalt created the Navy Flag) and two riflemen all in dress blues. The crew was similarly dressed at quarters for entering port. As we neared the GG Bridge, it started misting heavily, some would say raining and everybody got soaked. We were well inside the Gate before any of the boats were there to greet us. They must have been fair weather sailors.

The ships of the flotilla were scattered along San Francisco's waterfront. Our berth was Pier 7 just

west of the Bay Bridge. All of the piers we used had been abandoned by the city over the years. In other words, we were not assigned to active piers.

Yes, we banged the pier - in fact, put quite a dent into it. I had a friend in Topeka that was mooring to the opposite side of the pier. He was on the bridge and later told me that over the pier shed they could see the top of our mast moving slowly, then surged ahead and abruptly stopped and vibrated.

The bump scraped the bow, knocked the jack staff off kilter as well as a short run of the life lines. But by the time we had open house the next day everything had been repaired and new paint applied. Black DD-666 moored out-board of Small.

As I recall I was the CDO the next day when we had the open house. Of course many of the visitors had seen the morning paper and when they came on board some asked if we were "the destroyer?" Most of us shook our heads and pointed to Black.

I remember talking to one group and telling them of our recently completed FRAM overhaul at Hunter's Point. Somebody asked me what it cost and I said three million dollars. There were many groans from the group about the exorbitant cost. I wonder how many realize that is about what it cost to build the ship in the first place.

When we were ready to leave SF to return to Long beach on Monday morning, we, the flotilla, was delayed. It seems the Dennis J. Buckley's sea detail found something missing in their pilot house - the ship's wheel! I rally have no idea how that happened.

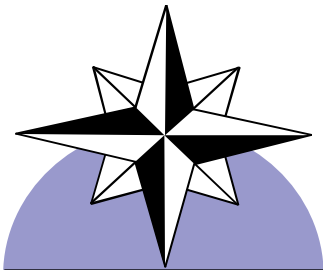
*Tom Glickman, OPS Officer - 1961*



### Support

### USS Ernest G. Small Association

If you have enjoyed the USS Ernest G. Small web-site and now like the "new" Small Talk, we need your support to keep delivering both to all of our shipmates. Please make a donation to support the continued delivery of our services..



### ***DID YOU KNOW?***

During the Battle of Savo Island, Chief Quartermaster Charles Carroll was the general quarter's helmsman for USS Salt Lake City CA-25 commanded by Captain Small.

Chief Carroll was later commissioned and as Commander Carroll he was Commanding Officer of the USS Ernest G. Small DDR-838 from 1959 until 1961.

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# Small Talk ©

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS ERNEST G. SMALL  
DD/DDR-838



The SMALL TALK is the official publication of the USS ERNEST G. SMALL ASSOCIATION. It will be published quarterly ; February, May, August and November. SMALL TALK is funded by voluntary contributions from our membership. There are no dues. All members are encouraged to support the voice of the Ernest G. Small. A financial statement appears in each issue of the newsletter.

SMALL TALK is a medium for members to share their experiences, express opinions and offer suggestions or creative criticism.

Unless otherwise stated, all views and opinions are those of the contributing writer, and do not represent the opinion of the Association leadership or the Editor.

All letters and stories submitted will be considered for publication, except letters that are unsigned. Letters requesting writer's name be withheld will be honored, but published on a space available basis. Signed letters with no restrictions will be given priority.

Letters demeaning to another shipmate and letters promoting a political position will not be printed.

SMALL TALK editors are not responsible for the accuracy of articles submitted for publication. Articles of historical merit should be researched and verified by the author for their accuracy.

SMALL TALK reserves the right to edit letters to conform to space limitations and proper grammar.

## Financial Statement

### Current Assets

ML&RS refund \$1,021.26

Donations \$40.00

**Total Assets** \$1,061.26

### Current Liabilities

Nov. Newsletter \$485.00

Total Liabilities \$485.00

Total Liabilities &

Capital \$586.26

### Budgetary Note

Combined website and newsletter operation costs are estimated at \$675.00 each quarter.

Please send your donation to:

**USS Ernest G. Small Association.**

P.O. Box 3485

Hayward, CA 94540

## Changing Course

By Dennis Vinson, 2010 Reunion Coordinator

During the 2009 Reunion business meeting, the attending shipmates agreed unanimously to sever our association with ML&RS, who had planned and facilitated our first 16 reunions.

This decision was not made lightly, but followed the discussion of these issues:

- \* The increased costs of the reunions did not deliver a good value of services for the costs.
- \* Reduced attendance at the more recent reunions.
- \* Reunion hotels and meeting places were isolated from the host community and surrounding services and amenities.

We concluded that our needs would be better served by planning and managing our future reunions as a membership, not-for-profit organization. Other Associations have successfully coordinated their reunions, and

we feel that a group with a vested interest will work harder to achieve better results.

After five years of carrying the torch as our Reunion Coordinator, Ron Palinkas opted not to stand for election to another term.

I was subsequently nominated and elected as Reunion Coordinator for the 2010 Reunion.

The needs of the new organization go beyond the abilities of one person. A volunteer committee, including Richard Glogowski, Ron Hoffart, Ron Palinkas, Bert Royster, Dan Stiffler and John Swens will work with me towards completing the following goals:

1. Research hotel locations in San Diego for the 2010 reunion. Negotiate room prices and group meal rates.
2. Location of shipmates and notification of our reunions to increase membership

and reunion attendance.

3. Publish the new Small Talk newsletter. Edit and proof-read new articles.
4. Maintain and continue the growth & development of the Website, [www.ussernestgsmall.org](http://www.ussernestgsmall.org).

To date, I have established the Association as a legal business entity to account for our financial activity. It is a sole proprietorship, but will be operated as a non-profit. The committee and myself will be reimbursed only for expenses we incur in promoting the interests of the Association. Our time is voluntary.

We have concluded a survey of former reunion attendees to determine the location of the 2010 Reunion and to poll areas of interest in how to plan and facilitate the reunions.

This is our first issue of the new Small Talk. We hope you enjoy it and support our efforts.