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Two Weeks in October (Conclusion)

By Tom Glickman, Captain USN Retired

We sat in Yokosuka, still wondering why there was no announcement of our accomplishment. On the morning of 27 October 1962, ironically, Navy Day, the Armed Forces Network Far East interrupted its normal broadcasting to say that they soon would be broadcasting an address by President Kennedy. We alerted the crew, who gathered in their living compartments and on the mess deck where our entertainment system's speakers were located or they tuned in on whatever private radios they had. We listened in the wardroom.

The president's remarks were shocking. He announced the Cuban Missile Crisis and the actions the United States was going to take. That for the most part pertained to the naval quarantine (not blockade; international law defines blockade as a belligerent act.). We sat there stunned. We were also convinced that the Atlantic Fleet was going to have their hands full, but that would not affect the Pacific Fleet, particularly the ships in the Far East. However, we were wrong.

Within a few hours of the president's address, we received orders to prepare for an almost emergency sortie. Almost, because we had some time to take on whatever stores and supplies we needed for an indefinite

operating period. Before the day was over, Bonnie Dick and her four destroyers sailed from Yokosuka, exited Tokyo Bay and turned north.

The basis for the orders was the uncertainty regarding what the Soviet Union's reactions might

provided some of the strikes while aircraft from carriers in various locations throughout the world provided others. All carriers in the Seventh Fleet were en route to their SIOP stations.

Bon Homme Richard's SIOP station was in the North Pacific,



Tom Glickman (right) takes the oath from Commander Joe Chambliss upon his promotion to Lieutenant at Hunter's Point, CA in 1961.

be in response to the actions taken against Cuba. The Navy, at that time, still had naval air forces committed to the United States' Single Integrated Operation Plan (SIOP.) The SIOP's single objective was a nuclear attack against pre-selected targets in the Soviet Union. The Strategic Air Command's (SAC) intercontinental missiles and bomber force

ironically, not far from where we had conducted the AAWEX to evaluate Soviet reaction just a few months earlier. In an effort to keep our exact location from Soviet reconnaissance, Captain Bullard had his meteorologists determine if there was a low-pressure area near the SIOP

Continued on page 2

2010 Reunion
Oct. 7-10, 2010
San Diego, CA



Not to old to party!

Birdus Speedicus...Another Perspective

By Tom Glickman

Don Wayman's write-up, based on Mrs. Carroll's input, brought back a memory of when Ensign Gary Irons and I reported aboard Dirty Ernie at Kaoshung on 19 July 1960. It did not take long for me to realize that the Road Runner was the ship's logo, mascot or whatever you want to call it as the Road Runner was everywhere.

I was in USS *Calvert* APA-32 before coming to *Small*. As the navigator and ship's historian, I had been tasked by our CO, Captain William M Kaufman, to

create an official ship's insignia. With a name like Calvert, you can imagine what some of the then existing patches looked like. Or, are you too young to remember Calvert whiskey? In checking the regulations, etc., I found there were severe restrictions about the use of copyrighted material. Thus I asked whether the ship had Warner Brother's permission to you the Road Runner? I was assured it was not necessary. I continued to ask the question until the ship finally took the initiative to contact Warner Brothers. I do not recall whether Al Kaye the XO or Chuck Carroll, the CO made that decision. The response from Warner Brothers was that we could use the Toad Runner provided @WBP was put on all existing Road Runner items and all procured in the future.

That resulted in the tour and lunch aboard ship mentioned in Don's article. I do not recall the number of people who came but the group included Chuck Jones,

the creator of the Road Runner, Yosemite Sam and other characters, and Fritz Feiling who was in charge of WBP cartoons. As a spin off from that visit was an invitation was extended to the WBP folks to ride the ship up the coast when it was going to Hunter's Point for FRAM II conversion. A number accepted - unfortunately, I do not recall who they were. I almost certain Chuck Jones was in the group.

We were scheduled to depart Long Beach at 0630 28 December 1960 but that was delayed because our guests has yet to arrive. Finally, they found us and it was quite evident they had been partying most if not all the night.

I do not know if you have ever transited the California coast in December, but the area is quite famous, or in this case, infamous for its ground swells. Our guests did not fare too well.

"Many forms of Government have been tried, and will be tried in this world of sin and woe.

No one pretends that democracy is perfect or all-wise.

Indeed, it has been said that democracy is the worst form of Government except all those others that have been tried from time to time."

Winston Churchill

I can imagine no more rewarding a career. And any man who may be asked in this century what he did to make his life worthwhile, I think can respond with a good deal of pride and satisfaction: 'I served in the United States Navy.'

President John F. Kennedy

(Continued from page 1)

Two Weeks in October

station. There was, and we headed for it.

We crawled into that weather and slowed down to about 5 knots to keep from running out of it. Then we slowly steamed back and forth inside the system. It had to be perhaps the worst ride I ever experienced in a ship. We rolled deeply, and plowed into and sometimes under waves. When we reversed course, it took us more than a half hour to execute the maneu-

ver. In spite of our efforts to secure the ship for heavy weather, every time we turned it sounded like everything in the ship was flying loose. We began to wonder if the carrier would be able to launch a strike in support of the SIOP in the event it had to do so. One thing, if we got the "go" signal, we certainly would have to find better weather and seas to launch the aircraft. The ominous thing about launching SIOP strikes was that you really did not consider

recovering the aircraft as many if not all of them were expected to be lost getting to their targets and back to their carrier.

Finally, it became apparent the situation in Cuba was not escalating. Task Group 77.6 started back to Yokosuka where the Ship Repair Facility made short work of accomplishing our needed repairs. *Small* did not have major damage. Most of our minor problems were within the capability of ship's force."

La Rochelle/La Pallice, France

....Brush up on your French, sailor.

It happened long, long ago in a land far, far away.

Now it is time to refresh my memory and put the events of that one day into print.

After all, someday the grandchildren may ask, "What did Grandpa do in the Navy?"

After boot camp at USNTC Great Lakes, and Radar School at the Fargo Bldg. in Boston, I was assigned to the USS Ernest G. Small DD838. She was tied up in Davisville, RI alongside the destroyer tender, Yellowstone, and destroyers: Glennon and MacKenzie.

I reported aboard in the dead of winter, late November of 1949. And, on January 4th we were underway, enroute Norfolk, Virginia, two days later the Small left the pier at Norfolk in company with DesRon 14, USS Midway and USS Newport News. The Task Group was crossing the Atlantic, headed for Gibraltar. My first cruise, how exciting.

Like most 'boots' I did not find the salt air refreshing nor the pitching and rolling 'can all that comfortable. Seasick or not, I still had to stand my regular watch, 4 on and 8 off in the radar shack. And, after ten days at sea, the Azores was a welcome sight even though it was not a port of call. The porpoises, the flying fish and the water spout that we sighted were a nice diversion from the shipmates who seemed to get so much glee watching a buddy, too sick to make it through the chow line for liver and onions.

As we approached the Rock of Gibraltar at the southern tip of Spain, I was amazed as to how much it resembled the logo of the Prudential Insurance Company. Later we saw the bum

boats in Augusta Bay, and the beer hall at the brewery in Belgium, the Roman Coliseum and the ruins at Pompeii, the Suez Canal, and the marketplace in Jidda. We visited Port Said and Tripoli, and we shopped in Izmir, Turkey, all highlights of that first cruise. The raucous welcome from the Scots as we steamed up the Firth of Forth into Glasgow, visits to Plymouth and Portsmouth in England and the stay in Cardiff, Wales, were all memorable events that a young sailor would never forget.

Now, you might say that 'sailing the Mediterranean' sounds quite romantic, but believe me it was not all wine, women, and song. Between the ports of call it was drills and exercises. There were the daily calls to General Quarters, plane guard duties, mock torpedo and depth charge runs and the 'man overboard' drills. We had sixty one marines aboard for a day or two before they loaded onto an LCM and practiced amphibious landings on an island near Malta. We did not know it at the time but six months later, in September of 1950, the US Marines would scale the seawalls at Inchon, Korea. Only this time it was with live ammo and it was not a drill. It was war.

On March 16th of 1950, after spending a few days refueling in Gibraltar, and touring the pubs and gift shops, the ship left port, unaccompanied, and headed for a good will stop at LaRochelle in the southwestern part of France. LaRochelle was a picturesque city on the Bay of Biscay; it was rich in history, and the last city to be freed at the end of WW II. The one-time German stronghold was coincidentally, a sister city of Newport, RI.

Soon after leaving Gibraltar, word was passed over the ship's intercom requesting that anyone who could speak French should report to the captain's cabin. After many repeat announcements it was apparent that the captain (Cdr. Franklin C. Snow) had no takers. Either none of the three hundred officers and enlisted men aboard spoke French or no one cared to 'volunteer.' Department heads began to mingle amongst the ship's company frantically looking for a French speaking sailor. Petty Officers polled the men in their sections in an effort to locate one. At about this time I casually mentioned to the ranking Radarman that I had studied French for one year in high school.

Either the captain was impressed with my credentials, or he was extremely desperate, because I was taken to the Ward Room and told why there was such an urgent need for a 'Frenchman'. While at sea, enroute to LaRochelle, a message had been received concerning one of the Chief Petty Officers. The CPO's wife had been robbed and badly beaten and it was most urgent that the Chief contact law enforcement authorities back in the States. The plan was to get the Chief and me ashore as soon as possible. I would converse with the local Frenchmen and get directions to the nearest telephone office.

La Pallice is a deep water harbor and home of the LaRochelle fishing fleet. We were scheduled to anchor there on March 19th. I had a day or more to brush up on my French and think about what I may have to say to get the information we would need. Even though I was fourth in my

class at St. Louis High School, and could read and write a little of their language, I knew that I would be no match for the villagers in conversational French. My dialect was *Parisienne*, theirs was *Bourgeoisie*.

We arrived in LaPallice at about 1500 on the 19th and although there is no entry in the ship's log, I am quite sure that the Chief and I left the ship immediately; we jumped aboard the captain's gig, and steered towards the pier. Upon arriving, the cox'un, bowhook and engineer remained with the gig while the Chief and I overtook a few of the village fishermen and engaged them in conversation. Cleverly, I asked '*parlez vous Anglais?*' Regrettably, no one spoke English. They probably were already aware of it, but I informed them that I spoke only a little (*petite peu*) French. I told them that the '*Officier*' had to make a '*trans-Atlantique telefon*' call and we needed directions to the town (*ou est la ville?*)

The fishermen laughed at my amateurish attempt at speaking French, and gave directions that I did not understand. This was not at all like it was in high school. If only they would write the information down, I would be able to translate it, I reasoned.

The Goddess of Languages was looking down on us that day, because an Australian soldier overheard my communication shortcomings and the man from Down Under, fluent in French, came to our rescue. The Aussie walked us into town, directly to the telephone office and waited outside with me while the Chief made his phone call.

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

La Rochelle/La Pallice, France

....Brush up on your French, sailor.

There was a celebration going on in the streets of LaPallice that day, a festival similar to Mardi Gras in Louisiana. It was called Mi-Careme (mid-lent), a holiday that takes place simply to give the French a respite from the rigors of Lent. The folks in town wore masks and costumes, danced in the street and knew how to party. It was fun to watch.

The Chief took care of business in a very short time, but he was in no mood to take part in the revelry that was going on in the town square, so 'Aussie' escorted us back to the pier; we said our goodbyes and went our separate ways. The coxswain got the Captain's gig underway and

we returned to the ship. Even though it was a great day in downtown LaPallice, it was nice to see those huge numbers '838' alongside the wet dock in the harbor. The ship remained in LaPallice for four days, while taking on 14 ½ tons of potable water. We got underway at 0700 on the 23rd of March and set course for Plymouth, England.

Shortly after getting underway, Commanding Officer's Mast was held. Four crewmen who obviously took part in the celebration in LaPallice during Mi-Careme received punishments of DOL (deprivation of liberty) from five to fifteen days for charges ranging from being 'drunk and disorderly' to AWOL.

We arrived in Plymouth at 0900 on March 24. The next day the Chief Machinist Mate was transferred with bag and records to U.S. Naval Receiving Station, Norfolk, Virginia, for temporary duty, presumably to take care of his problems at home.

The drills and exercises, the ASW (anti-submarine warfare) games and the visits to Mediterranean ports went on for another two months before we steamed back across the Atlantic.

The Ernest G. Small (DD838) along with DesRon 14, USS MIDWAY (CVB-41), USS ROANOKE (CL-145), and the fleet oiler, USS SALAMONIE (AO-26), arrived back at our home

port, Newport RI, on May 22nd.

By then I had sold my souvenirs, the mandolin that I bought in Naples, the fez, purchased in Izmir, Turkey, and the colorful chiffon scarves from Gibraltar. What I held onto were the fond memories of La Pallice. How often does a lowly seaman get to use the Captain's gig and be the first one ashore? And, all because of a high school course: An Introduction to French.

Don Wayman
August 2009

Mail Call

* *Shipmates reply to the reunion surveys and offer comments on the new direction of the Small Talk and future reunions....*

I was a member of the original crew, right out of gunnery school, from our "shake down" at Guantanamo Bay until discharge in 1946 as a 3rd class GM. I am now 83 years old and am sure all my shipmates have passed on.

We attended the reunion in New Orleans and there were no shipmates from my era at the reunion.

I am glad we have severed relations with ML&RS and revived the Small Talk. At this advanced age; my wife 80 and

me at 83, we do not make plans too far in the future.

Dr. Thomas O'Halloran
GM3 1945-1946

I started the "Valley Forge Reunion" in 1972, the weekend I retired. We just had our 38th in Minneapolis. Our members have always done a good job. I run two of them, but at age 89, I guess I'll pass.....But, I hope to make Small's in 2010.

Andy Anderson
QMC 1956-1958

I really enjoyed the reunion in DC. I think that you are on the right track with the idea you have.

Tom Rowe
MM2 1968-1970

Glad you are doing this--I'll definitely attend if I can work it into my schedule, but I'm still working and have a lot of other commitments, so it's often impossible to get away for a specific period.

One specific suggestion: send frequent reunion updates to everyone on your list, showing the names of people who have indicated that they will be there or are likely to be there. That can have a snowball effect--I'd probably try harder to arrange my schedule around the reunion if I knew that individual guys I'd like to see again were going to be there.

Warren M. (Kip) Schur
CAPT USNR (Ret)
ENS, E. G. Small 1970

So far, this step is a large improvement!

Bill Green
GMG3 1966-1970

I feel that some of the tours should allow a bit more time for lunch and some more sightseeing, and more of an individual group type.

Ron Palinkas
PC2 1967-1970

We would recommend choosing less high visible locations which should bring down the cost somewhat.

Art Mardon
SOSN 1950-1951

Just do it!

Chuck James
STG2 1962-1966

2010 Reunion Update

Re-union /ree yoonyan/ n. 1. A COMING TOGETHER AGAIN the coming together again of things or people that have been divided, or the condition of having come together in this way 2. GATHERING a gathering of old friends, relatives, or people who were colleagues at one time o a high school class reunion

Encarta World English Dictionary

The 2010 Reunion of the USS Ernest G. Small Association has been booked and is scheduled for October 7-10, 2009 in San Diego, California.



*Holiday Inn on the Bay, 1355 North Harbor Drive
San Diego, CA 92101*

This will be the 17th annual gathering of old friends from the USS Ernest G. Small. It will be our first reunion planned by shipmates for shipmates.

In planning this event, I have tried to use the best methods developed by other independent Navy reunion associations. While new to this effort, I am confident that we will have a very enjoyable reunion in October.

During the last few months I have received calls, letters and survey responses regarding our new direction. Almost all input has been positive and many excellent ideas and suggestions have been put forth, as noted in the previous page.

Increasing reunion costs were one constant issue at our business meeting last year. We have been able to secure an excellent, water-

front location for the San Diego reunion at the Holiday Inn on the Bay. The overall cost for the 2009 reunion will be slightly less than that in Indianapolis in 2009.

The Holiday Inn provides a free airport shuttle, about a 10 minute ride from Lindbergh Field. Located on No. Harbor Blvd., the hotel and meeting rooms have views of the San Diego harbor and are in walking distance to the USS Midway Museum, the Maritime Museum of San Diego which includes the Merchant Sailing Ship "Star of India" and other ship and submarine tours. Other fine dining restaurants and the San Diego "Old Town Trolley" tour line are a short walk from the hotel.



Emerald Hornblower

Our only official tours will be on Friday, October 8, 2010. We will take a tour of the USS Midway on Friday Morning and then board the Emerald Hornblower at 5:47 PM for a three hour sunset dinner cruise of the San Diego Bay.

On Saturday, October 10, 2010 we will have optional "al-a-carte" tours available on demand. We are currently in the process of arranging a tour of the Fleet ASW School on Harbor Dr., near old USNTC. Another possible tour is under review for the 32nd St. Naval Station.

I attended my first E.G. Small reunion in Portland, Oregon in 2006. With a 40 year time passage since seeing my shipmates, I was less tour inspired and more inclined to spend my time meeting old friends and shipmates from other eras. Our Hospitality Suite will be open for extended hours to allow old friends to mix and share sea & life stories. We will have ship's memorabilia on the tables for browsing and we encourage you to bring your significant memorabilia to share.

Our Reservation Package will be sent out during the 3rd week in March. This is significantly earlier than past years. You are encouraged to book your reservations early. We have guaranteed a block of rooms and meals for the event. Based on recent years we gave a conservative estimate of those attending this year. Reservations may exceed our initial booking and our discount may be extended for additional bookings if received well in advance of the event.

Also, many members have suggested they make their attendance decision based on knowing friends are going to attend.

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.

Duane Bergman Thousand Oaks, CA	Rank/Service Time: Unknown Passed: 2/20/2008
Lawrence Tyree Madison Heights, VA	Rank/Service Time: Unknown Passed: 2007
John D. Schmidt San Diego, CA	SFC/1964-1966 Passed: Unknown

Editor's note: These notifications came by way of returned mail and no means of contacting survivor(s). If any reader has more information regarding these shipmates, please call or mail a note.

E.G. Small's "Spooky" Coincidence

By Richard "Ski" Glogowski

After the USS Ernest G. Small DD-838 struck a mine in Hungnam, Korea on October 7, 1951, she proceeded to Japan where she was filled with a "Dummy" bow. The ship was then ordered to Long Beach, California Naval Shipyard for Repairs.

On her voyage across the Pacific, she stopped at Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii. This is where the spooky part begins:

The crippled Small entered Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1951 at 8:05 AM. Ten years earlier, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 at 8:05 AM. Now that is Spooky.

A review of the Small's Deck Log

for December 7, 1951 was declassified on March 29, 1996. The Deck Log reads as follows:

"Date: December 7, 1951 time: 0800-1200. Steaming various courses to conform to the channel while entering Pearl Harbor, T.H."

At that time, the Arizona Memorial consisted of a flagpole and a bronze plaque. The more elaborate memorial came later. Many of our crew members recall that there was a ceremony in progress as we entered port and passed the memorial.

"Remember Pearl Harbor, a day that will live in infamy."

Welcome Aboard



The Ernest G. Small Association welcomes the most recently located members of ship's crew. We hope to see you at the next reunion and ask you to take an active part in our Association.

Joe Chambliss CDR 618 Myra Avenue, Chula Vista, CA 91910	1961-1962
Harold Creasey SKC 5866 E. Martin Pl., Mesa, AZ 85215 (480) 832-0236	1964-1967
Richard B. Earl SN 1215 Evergreen Ct., Clarkston, WA 99403 (509) 751-8782	1950-1951
James J. Fairbanks, Jr. SN 17207 Sierra Hwy, #104, Canyon Country, CA 91351 (661) 993-7685 Email: jjfairbanks@att.net	1953-1954
Wayne High Hawk SH3 PO Box 178, Porcupine, SD 57772	1964-1967
Roger Hutchings EMC Email: rogerhutchings@wwdb.org	1960-1962
Patrick J. Legler STG3 Email: pati@roadrunner.com	1968-1969
E. L. Martin EM2 901 N. 2nd Street, Miles City, MT 59301	1957-1958
JE. L. Martin EM2 901 N. 2nd Street, Miles City, MT 59301	1957-1958
James E. Smith MM3 Email: jsmith2437@aol.com	1948-1952
Guarld H. Smith CS3 PO Box 139, Fairdealing, MO 63939 (573) 857-2194 Email: jerryanddots@yahoo.com	1959-1963
Dale Solem BT2 Email: dale4speed@isp.com	1963-1966
Charles Super ETN3 6923 Pony Circle, Shepherd, MT 59070 (406)373-5385 Email: annaandrewsuper@hotmail.com	1965-1966

Chiefs Have No Humor?

The Mustang and the Chief

A Mustang retired after 35 years and realized a lifelong dream of buying a bird-hunting estate in Alaska.

He invited an old Admiral friend to visit for a week of pheasant shooting. The friend was in awe of the Mustang's new bird dog, "Chief". The dog could point, flush and retrieve with the very best.

The Admiral offered to buy the dog at any price. The Mustang declined, saying that Chief was the very best bird dog he had ever owned and that he couldn't part with him.

Six months later the same Admiral returned for another week of hunting and was surprised to find the Mustang breaking in a new dog.

"What happened to Chief?" he asked.

"Had to shoot him," the Mustang replied. "Another old shipmate came to hunt with me and couldn't remember the dog's name. He kept calling him 'Master Chief.' After that, all the dog would do was sit on his butt and bark."

Chief Air Marshall

As a crowded airliner is about to takeoff, the peace is suddenly shattered by a five-year-old boy who picks that moment to throw a wild temper tantrum. No matter what his frustrated, embarrassed mother does to try to calm him down, the boy continues to scream furiously and kick the seats around him.

Suddenly, from the rear of the plane, an older man in the uniform of a U.S. Navy Chief begins to make his way up the aisle. Stopping the frustrated mother's upraised hand, the white haired, courtly, soft-spoken Chief leans down and, motioning toward his collar, whispers something into the boy's ear.

Instantly, the boy calms down, gently takes his mother's hand, and quietly fastens his seat belt. All the other passengers burst into spontaneous applause.

As the Chief slowly makes his

way back to his seat, one of the cabin attendants touches his sleeve.

"Excuse me, Chief", she asks quietly, "could I ask you what magic words you used on that little boy?"

The Chief smiled serenely and gently confides, "I showed him my anchors, service stripes, and battle ribbons, and then explained to him that they entitled me to throw one passenger out of the plane."

The Genie

A Petty Officer Second Class, First Class and a Chief are off the ship together for lunch. While crossing a park they come upon an antique oil lamp. They rub it and a Genie comes out in a puff of smoke.

The Genie says, "I usually grant three wishes, but since there are three of you, I'll give each of you just one."

"Me first!" says the Petty Officer Second Class. "I want to be in the Bahamas, driving a speedboat, a beautiful woman at my side and not a care in the world." Poof! He's gone.

"Me next!" says the First Class. "I want to be in Hawaii, relaxing on the beach with my personal masseuse, an endless supply of pina colodas and a beautiful woman." Poof! He's gone.

"You're next, Chief" says the Genie.

The Chief says, "I want those two back on the ship right after lunch."

Command Master Chief

A young Navy Officer was in a car accident, but due to the heroics of another young officer the only permanent injury was to both ears, which subsequently were amputated. Since he wasn't physically impaired he remained in the military and eventually became an Admiral. He remained, however, very sensitive about his appearance.

One day the new Admiral was interviewing three Master Chiefs

for the Command Master Chief position. The first Master Chief was a Submarine warfare type and it was a great interview. At the end of the interview the Admiral asked him, "Do you notice anything different about me?"

The Submarine Master Chief answered, "Why yes. I couldn't help but notice you have no ears."

The Admiral got very angry at this lack of tact and threw him out of his office. The Aviation Master Chief replied, "Well yes. You have no ears."

The Admiral threw him out also.

The third interview was with a Surface Warfare Master Chief. He was articulate, extremely sharp, and seemed to know more than the other two Master Chiefs put together.

The Admiral wanted this guy, and went ahead with the same question, "Do you notice anything differently about me?" To his surprise the Surface Warfare Master Chief said, "Yes. You wear contact lenses."

The Admiral was impressed and thought to himself, what an incredibly observant Master Chief, and he didn't mention my ears. "And how do you know that?", the Admiral asked.

The Surface Warfare Master Chief replied, "Well it's pretty hard to wear glasses with no friggin ears."

The Five Most Dangerous Things in the US Navy

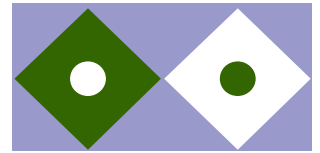
A Seaman saying, "I learned this in Boot Camp..."

A Petty Officer saying, "Trust me, sir..."

A Lieutenant JG saying, "Based on my experience..."

A Lieutenant saying, "I was just thinking..."

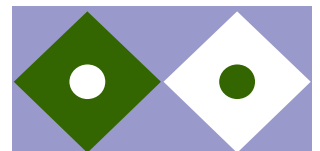
A Chief chuckling and saying, "Watch this sh...."



Support USS Ernest G. Small Association

If you have enjoyed the USS Ernest G. Small website 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..



Start Planning your 2010 Reunion Today

"Our plans miscarry because they have no aim. When a man does not know what harbor he is making for, no wind is the right wind."

Seneca

"To reach a port, we must sail—Sail, not tie at anchor—Sail, not drift."

Franklin Roosevelt

"If you don't know where you are going, you'll end up someplace else."

Yogi Berra

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



STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

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

February 1, 2010

Current Assets

Cash	\$786.07
Prepaid Exp	<u>\$1,830.00</u>
Total Assets	\$2,616.07

Current Liabilities

Feb. Newsletter	\$375.00
Note Due 4-1-10	<u>\$1,000.00</u>
Total Liabilities	\$1,375.00
Total Liabilities &Capital	\$1,241.07

Please send your donation to:

USS Ernest G. Small Association.
P.O. Box 3485
Hayward, CA 94540

Keeping Her Afloat

We would like to thank and acknowledge the many Ernest G. Small shipmates that contributed to the USS Ernest G. Small Association. This start-up has been a challenge and could not have been done without the generous support of the shipmates and friends listed below.

During our start-up, cash has been burned at a high rate, establishing business licenses, purchasing supplies, small equipment, software and postage & printing. We are now through the initial cash burn and over the next two quarters we will assume a even flow of expense.

I don't want to beg each issue of Small Talk for donations. If you believe we deliver value in the Newsletter and on our Website, give what you want, what you can and when you can.

Thanks again, and to quote Johnny Ludwig

"Smooth Sailing"

Andy Anderson	QMC	1956-1958	Joseph McGuire	GMG3	1966-1969
William Anderson	SOG2	1962-1964	Ted Meeker	CPTN	1968-1969
Earl Ballard	BM2	1954-1957	Arnold Messinger	RM3/C	1945-1948
Howard Brenz	RD2	1949-1952	Charles Michaels	GM2	1945-1946
William Britton	PN2	1969-1970	Joseph Mullen	RD2	1950-1952
Larry Chassels	LT	1970-1970	Frank Nash	RD3	1958-1960
Donald Cooper	FN	1952-1954	Ronald Palinkas	PC2	1967-1970
John D. Coyle	GM2	1951-1952	Llewellyn Parsons	HMC	1968-1970
Harold Creasey	SKC	1964-1967	Herbert Royster	STG2	1964-1966
Alfred Dentino, Jr	RM2	1949-1952	James Rusch	BMSN	1957-1960
Paul DiFilipo		1956-1959	David Scott	FTG2	1962-1966
Robert Erlewine	MM1	1954-1957	Donald Smith	EM3	1964-1966
Byrl Fenton			Walter Smith	FTG3	1964-1966
Mike Flanagan	E4	1968-1970	J. E. Statham	SN	1950-1951
Herman Flint	MM2	1945-1948	Daniel Stiffler	SOG3	1961-1963
Richard Glogowski	RM3	1949-1951	Ronald Sutton	FTG2	1965-1966
William Hartford	BT1	1964-1966	John Swens	SOG2	1961-1964
Ronald Hoffart	STG3	1965-1967	James Thornton		
Mike Hooper	SOG2	1961-1962	Carl Walin	STC	1960-1961
Lee Kilbourne	RM3	1945-1946	Donald Wayman	RD2	1949-1952
Norman Koller	EM 2/c	1952-1954	Sarah Williamson		
Ervin Lenington, Jr	E-4	1967-1970			