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New Orleans

2011 Reunion

9/15/11 - 9/18/11



My 2 Years of Sea Duty - Part 2

By Richard McKenna, YN3 1965-1967

The ship left Yokosuka in the spring of 1966 and once again headed south for more Vietnam coastal gunfire support missions. I had been moved up from the lower handing room into gun mount 51 itself as my General Quarters battle station and the Gunners' Mates wanted everyone to be able to do almost any job in the mount, so there was some rotation amongst us. After dealing with the hot shells that were ejected and later loading the powder casings for a while, I was eventually the starboard projectile man. And I was good at it and didn't mind the work. I remember loading hundred of rounds and pulling the breech loading lever time after time, waiting for the recoil and hoping that we were doing some good with all of that firepower!

Somewhere about this time we visited Manila, the capital of the Philippines. There was no US military base there and we actually docked at a civilian pier. I think we spent 5 days there and I remember it was pretty hot, especially doing what I did best, chipping and painting!

And then back to coastal gunfire support and SAR duty on Yankee Station. After a while, we got to

go to Subic Bay in the Philippines and First Division had a lot of work to do while in port. After-hours were good, and the R&R was a nice change of pace. The weather was extremely hot and we were doing the usual chip and paint routine on the

grinders were a big help, but it was a very noisy and dirty environment. We were issued eye goggles but no hearing protection or dust masks back then. It was back breaking and hot work, we were getting totally fried working out in the tropical sun



X Division at morning quarters

hull. Someone decided it was time to replace the non-skid walkways on the main deck, which started with removing the old non-skid surface, which consisted of sand and multiple layers of dried paint. I'd been at it for a couple of days and was not having a good time. Removing this stuff was very labor intensive. The use of pneumatic powered chippers and electric

and we couldn't see the end in sight.

And then in the afternoon of the 3rd day or so in port, YN3 Koch from the ship's office came up to me and asked if I could still run a typewriter? I said sure, I had used one most of my teenage years and had actually taken Typing 101 in high school.

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He asked if I wanted to help them out in the ship's office for a few days.

I remember trying to mentally process this decision and questioning the fact that I actually had a choice in the matter! Clerical work seemed so clean and not physically demanding compared to what I was doing. The possibility of not being a "deck ape" and working outside in all kinds of inclement weather, of not having to deal with sweeping and swabbing the main deck long before Reveille each morning, of not having to hang over the side of the ship in port scraping and painting etc. did sound somewhat appealing to me. I remember saying "Sure, I'd like to give it a try", the whole time smiling on the inside and trying to keep it from showing. The next morning I reported to the ship's office, with a big smile on my face, to begin my new career.

A few days later the ship once again got underway, again heading south, and we spent a lot of time on coastal gunfire support, especially in the Mekong Delta area of South Vietnam. Somewhere along the way, I was actually transferred to X Division and my ship board life changed drastically! For one thing, my General Quarters station was no longer in Gun Mount 51, it was up on the bridge where I could actually see what was going on. I was the Captain's Phone Talker and stood right by CDR Gorman, relaying information and directions between him and the rest of the battle stations. When he

moved, I moved, and I followed him around the bridge, unless he told me differently.

I liked this new duty as I was right in the middle of everything and seeing the decisions being made while at battle stations. I was now "in the know" but had to get used to being so close to the horrendous blasts from the forward gun mounts. The 52 mount was the loudest, when rotated to point at the Vietnam coast, its barrels were sometimes just a few feet from where we were standing on the bridge. Trust me, it was very loud! And no matter how many times you prepared for it, you were never really ready and always flinched. There was also the cloud of acrid smoke and the stinging from the burning cork that was used as a wad between the projectile and the gun powder. It was a messy, smelly residue and it would burn your skin if you weren't careful to avoid it.

I was issued binoculars, why I really can't remember, unless it was to be an additional lookout or something. I do know that I got to use these to watch the beach and sometimes actually got to see what was going on and what we were shooting at.

I also remember CDR Gorman asking me often where the trawler was at. The trawler being a Soviet Russian "trawler" that followed us around a lot, and I'd ask and one of the lookouts would keep us up to date.

I was no longer on the Special Sea and Anchor Detail and only had underway watches when we were in ASW training mode,

where once again, I was a phone talker on the bridge.

The only time I handled ammo projectiles or powder canisters anymore was during an unrep, since I no longer had an unrep station on the forward distance line. Ultimately I ended up carrying, albeit 50 or 60 pounds at a time, several tons of ammo, stores and whatever else that needed to be carried and stowed but, in the end, I decided that it was a good trade off. Shipboard life was a lot better for me now.

In May of 1966 we were assigned duties as SOPA ADMIN Hong Kong. It was supposed to be 10 days in port with our ship being the "key" US military base in Hong Kong, serving as barracks, chow hall, disbursing office and simple medical facilities. The ship's office was busy with orders, transfers, pay vouchers and plane reservations for all service members traveling through Hong Kong; the majority of them heading to or from Vietnam. And not just US Navy personnel, but US Army, US Marine Corps, US Air Force and US Coast Guard as well. It was a little weird seeing soldiers and airmen living amongst us but there was a lot of good talk between us, them asking about Navy life and us asking about theirs.

There was a lot of liberty and R&R scheduled. Being an E3 I was somewhat surprised when I was assigned to the Shore Patrol Office near Fenwick Pier, not as a Shore Patrol, but as duty Shore Patrol Yeoman. So I reported to

the Chief Petty Officer in Charge, MMC Shaw, and he told me I was only needed to be there from 2000 until 0100 hours, every 3rd day. I think I spent a total of 2 nights on duty while in Hong Kong and never touched a typewriter!

Needless to say I spent a lot of free time in Hong Kong, going back to the ship to sleep each night (Cinderella Liberty) shower and have breakfast before hitting the beach the next day. Somehow I ran out of money and ended up borrowing \$20 from a shipmate. I do remember the ship having to leave port a day or two earlier than planned, which was OK



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with most of us, as we were broke!

There was one thing that happened in Hong Kong that was pure coincidence and rather intriguing. I had been "on the beach" most of the day and it was mid afternoon. I was on my way back to the SMALL to have supper and probably watch the evening movie, as I was very low on funds. I was waiting at Fenwick Pier for a "Walla Walla", the water taxis that transported sailors out to our ships. One of these water taxis pulled in and a bunch of sailors got off and one of those sailors walked up to me and said "Hi Richard". It was one of my friends from my hometown in Idaho, who also had also been in the same Naval Reserve Unit in Clarkston, Washington as I had been. He was stationed aboard the USS Annapolis (AGMR1) a major communications ship that spent most of it's time on Yankee Station. It was a converted aircraft carrier, with a lot of communications equipment and hauled a few helicopters. And they just happened to be in port at the same time as us! I told him I was heading back to my ship and my friend said not to worry, come with him and he'd buy me a cold drink. We ended up at the British Seaman's Club and he bought me a steak dinner, which was \$1 US. It was the best water buffalo steak I'd ever had. We sure reminisced and told some sea stories between the two of us. All in all a great time!

Later, about 2000 hours or so, we decided to head back to our respective ships and we were

both waiting at Fenwick Pier. A water taxi full of sailors pulled in to the pier and they were disembarking from the craft. Like a strange instance of déjà vu, another friend of ours, from our hometown in Idaho, from the same Naval Reserve Unit in Clarkston, Washington and a fellow high school classmate of mine, walked up and said "Hi, how's it going?" His ship had just got into port earlier that evening. He was stationed on the USS Vernon County (LST1161) and they were on R&R from hauling Marines, equipment and explosives to the beaches and up a few rivers in Vietnam. We were standing there on the pier, trying to figure out what the chances of the three of us, from three different ships that by happenstance, were all in the same port at the same time? And what were the chances of us meeting like that on Fenwick Pier? We decided that we were just having the good fortune to meet in the same spot at the same time. A zillion to one chance that we couldn't have arranged if we'd tried! We went on down the street for another cold drink (or two) and spent time together until the last minute when we absolutely had to leave to be back on our respective ships by midnight. I never crossed paths with either of them again, even after I got home in 1967, and their whereabouts has remained a mystery to me all these years.

Sometime about this time we were told that our ship's homeport would be changed from Yokosuka to Pearl Harbor, Ha-

waii. Wow, that was great news, especially to us non-rated who didn't have family at our present home port. When we arrived in Hawaii, we could probably afford to travel home on leave and see our loved ones.

I think we were back on the "gun line" again for several weeks, mainly in the Mekong Delta region, then back to our homeport in Japan. Once we got back to Yokosuka we were loading up all kinds of stuff that crew members were bringing aboard. The enlisted men were allowed to bring their civilian clothes aboard, boxed up and labeled, and they were stowed in a void somewhere and would be able to retrieve them once we got to Pearl Harbor. I remember several Japanese motorcycles were tied about the 01 level as some crewmembers had bought them while in Japan.

The trip to Pearl was 5 or 6 days or so. We stopped at Midway Island and some of us were allowed off the ship for an hour or three and then back to our journey. Pulling into Pearl Harbor for the first time was neat, I'd never been to Hawaii and I had liberty once the gangplank was down. And once the gangplank was down, a lot of the crew departed as they had pre-approved leave papers for 30 days leave. And our XO, LCDR Jackson, had "pulled some strings" with the folks at Naval Air Station Barbers Point, and these lucky guys were given free flights to the mainland, via NAS North Island I believe. I had been approved 30 days leave and was all set to go home on

leave also. My wife and 6 month old son were living in San Diego at the time and I was ready to go. About the time we hit Midway Island I started thinking and changed my mind. I talked with LCDR Jackson and cancelled my leave and gave up the airplane seat so some other man could go home. Instead, when I hit the beach in Hawaii, I called my wife and in about a week to 10 days, brought my small family to Honolulu. I got to meet my 6 month old son for the first time at the Honolulu Airport! I had rented a small, furnished 1 bedroom apartment on Ernest Street in Honolulu for \$75 a month. With the wife's allotment of \$130 we were able to just squeak by from payday to payday. I remember the XO telling me I was nuts and it wouldn't work out financially, but I had saved some "combat pay" on the books and withdrew that one payday after getting to Pearl Harbor, and that's what I used to buy airline tickets, rent an apartment and buy some groceries. After being in Hawaii for a few months, I was approved for low income housing with the Hawaii Housing Authority and moved to a high rise near Fort Shafter in Honolulu. It was half as much rent and about the same time that I made E4, so with the reduced rent and the increased pay, it worked. Like the XO said, it was very tight, but it worked. You got to remember what a dime would buy back in those days! Time in Hawaii went by way too fast. At

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My 2 Years of Sea Duty - Part 2

one point we had a dependent's cruise, which was kind of neat. The ship was in dry dock again for a while and we were tied up to a Destroyer Tender at Ford Island for a short time also. It was basically an 8 to 4:30 job with duty every 4th night.

In May of 1967, the USS Ernest G. Small was headed back for another WESTPAC deployment and anyone that had less than 90 days left on their enlistment didn't go. There were about 60 of us who stood on the pier and waved good bye to our old ship for the last time as the SMALL departed. We were transferred to the Naval Station Pearl Harbor transient barracks and the next morning we were on a MAC flight from Hickam AFB to Travis AFB and bussed to Treasure Island Naval Station in San Francisco. Within a

week, everyone from the SMALL had been released from active duty and was on their way home, except for me. I was kept right up until the end of my active duty obligation, processing other sailors out, but I did manage to get out 5 days early. I went back home to Idaho and rejoined my reserve unit in Clarkston, Washington and made E5 in October of 1967. Less than a year later I was recalled to active duty, about the time the USS Pueblo was captured by the North Koreans, and I was sent to NAS Willow Grove Pennsylvania. After 6 months I could have went home but I decided to stay in the Navy for a while. When I made YN1 in October 1969, I was 22 years of age. In 1971 I was transferred to NAS Seattle, which was immediately changed to Naval Support Activity Seattle. I got off active duty in October

1974, still an E6, with 8 1/2 years active service.

In 1978 I joined the Army Reserve and was a Sergeant (E5) crew chief on Huey helicopters flying out of Paine Field in Everett, Washington and spent 2 weeks every summer at Fort Lewis, Washington. I enjoyed the flying and the camaraderie but after two years it was too much conflict with my day job, so I gave it up. Bottom line, I am the proud owner of two Honorable Discharge Certificates, one from the Navy and one from the Army. I have a lot of good and a few not so good memories of my Navy career. The first two years, aboard the USS Ernest G. Small, were the most intense, the most interesting and the most memorable. Memories that will remain with me always!

News From Radio Central - Nov. 7, 1949

From the archives of Richard Glogowski - RM3

Think the world is a mess today? Look back sixty-one years ago in the Post WWII, Pre-Korea & Cold War era.....

SMALL TIMES

NEW YORK WEATHER
FAIR TO PLEASANT
HIGH 50 LOW 38

NOVEMBER 7, 1949
RADIO PRESS SERVICE

MOSCOW:

RUSSIA INTENDS TO USE ITS ATOMIC ENERGY FOR PEACEFUL, PRODUCTIVE ENDS AND NOT WAR, VICE PREMIER GEORGE MALENKOV SAID IN CHIEF SPEECH AT AN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE 1917 BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION. RUSSIA'S BORDERS ARE NOW SAFER THAN EVER BEFORE, MALENKOV SAID SHE DOES NOT WANT WAR AND SHE IS NOT AFRAID OF WARMONGERS. BUT, DENOUNCING AMERICAN ATOMIC POLICY, MALENKOV SAID THAT IF IMPERIALISTS SHOULD START WAR IT WOULD BE THE GRAVE BOTH OF INDIVIDUAL CAPITALISTIC COUNTRIES AND OF WORLD CAPITALISM AS A WHOLE.

PITTSBURGH:

TWO BIG, INDEPENDENT STEEL COMPANIES, EMPLOYING 83,000 WORKERS, ARE ON THE VERGE OF PEACE WITH THE CIO UNITED STEELWORKERS AND BREAK UP OF THE THIRTY-SEVEN DAY STEEL STRIKE MAY COME THIS WEEK.

WASHINGTON:

COAL INDUSTRY OFFICIALS SAID THEY EXPECT FEDERAL MEDIATION DIRECTOR SYRUS CHING TO DECIDE WEDNESDAY WHETHER TO ASK PRESIDENT TRUMAN TO BREAK THE FORTY-NINE DAY OLD SOFT COAL STRIKE THROUGH GOVERNMENT INTERVENTION.

News From Radio Central - Nov. 7, 1949

WASHINGTON:

MIDDLE EASTERN COUNTRIES HAVE APPROACHED THE UNITED STATES FOR MILITARY AID, DIPLOMATIC SOURCES DISCLOSED. THEY SAID THAT SAUDI ARABIA AND SOME ARAB STATES HAVE INQUIRED ABOUT BUYING AMERICAN ARMS EARLY NEXT YEAR AND POSSIBLY GETTING ARMS GIFTS LATER.

WASHINGTON:

THE CHIPS ARE DOWN FOR OFF-YEAR ELECTIONS WHICH BOTH MAJOR PARTIES ARE WATCHING TO MEASURE SENTIMENT ON PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S FAIR DEAL PROGRAM AND TRENDS FOR THE 1950 CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA:

WESTERN DIPLOMATIC SOURCES REPORTED THAT THE CZECH INTERIOR MINISTRY HAD ORDERED THE ARREST OF FIFTY THOUSAND CZECH CITIZENS TO WORK IN FORCED LABOR CAMPS TO BOOST INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION.

Christmas 1961

By Tom Glickman

We left Long Beach for Washington in December to complete our post-FRAM sonar system calibrations at Dabob Bay and Carr Inlet. At night, the ship moored at the torpedo station at Keyport. On one of those nights a group of officers took a station bus to the O'Club that was located at the top of a hill. During the evening, it started to snow. We were faced with an impossible situation. What do you do when you are snowed in in a bar? We did the only honorable thing, we kept it open. Sometime during the night the bar tender faded but we didn't. The next morning a bus made it to the club to take us back to the ship. We suppose when the bar tender woke up or somebody came looking for him they found the money we left on the bar for the drinks he did not or more accurately, could not serve.

The torpedo station told us we could hack down all the fresh Christmas trees we wanted provided we made a 25-cent contribution to their Navy Relief fund for every tree we took. When we headed back down the coast the top of the AN/SPS-37 house on the old torpedo deck was loaded down with trees. as we made our way home, we send periodic messages to either the squadron or flotilla staff apprising them of our progress.

This was before the Ombudsman system came into existence.

When we got back to Long Beach, we had to rush to decorate the ship for Christmas. Rear Admiral Kauffman created "Christmas in Flotilla Land" and invited city officials to judge the best decorated ship. On Dirty Ernie, the barrels in Mount 51 was again used as Christmas candles. In addition to the amber colored drop lights simulating burning wicks, the barrels were wrapped in aluminum wrap and had a red stripe spiraling the length of the barrel. We made a large star with neon lamps and placed it on the front of the AN/SPS-37 antennas. With the radar in standby and the antenna rotating there were enough radiation to light our star for all to see.

On the appointed night, Admiral Kauffman had all his guests on the pier to start judging the ships on the Mole. At the bewitching hour - 1800 - all ships lit up and immediately went dark. We were all on shore power and the surge from all the decorations lighting at one time tripped the breakers and the Mole went dark.

I served under four skippers in Small, Chuck Carroll, Al Kaye, Joe Chambliss and Roger

Johnson. To the best of my recollection, Roger was the only one intrigued with voice radio call, "Texaco." That leads to the red fire man's hat in the picture in "A Different Breed." The hat came from the right side of a fire truck at MCAS Iwakuni. The red striping that made the formerly black helmet red came from Small's paint locker. The officer's cap device was a spare one that I had. Rog was on cloud nine when I gave it to him. Previously, I had the signalmen make a copy of the Texaco house flag (it wasn't a very good copy.) Now Rog was really into the fireman bit. He then asked for a hand-cranked siren to have on the bridge so he could sound it during breakaways from UN-REPs. The only one I knew of was one that was a fire alarm siren in Bldg A-33 at Yokosuka; the big exchange for buying Japanese-made items. It was mounted on a steel framework and reposed on a landing between the first and second decks. All that was needed was to get a working party, "requisition" the item and relocate it to the ship. I was tempted many times to do just that; however, the Marines were still looking for the missing helmet and if we had the siren as well, I am sure Dirty Ernie - and more importantly, those in her - would get a peck of unwanted problems.

Remembering Ron

Ron Palinkas passed away after a brief, but determined battle with pancreatic cancer on April 11, 2011. As Reunion Coordinator for the Ernest G. Small Association from 2004 through 2009, Ron had earned the respect and friendship of all shipmates attending those reunions. He attracted many loyal friends and shipmates from his period of service on the Small from 1967 through 1970. The ship's Postal Clerks are generally the crew's "best friend", bringing news from home during long deployments. Ron performed that job exceptionally well and kept officers and crew happy. We offer our sympathy and respects to Ron's wife Judie; his daughter, Theresa Dowling; his son Andrew Palinkas; his five step-children and his nine grandchildren. Ron will be missed by all of us.

Dennis Vinson



*In Loving Memory of
Ronald Michael Palinkas
December 16, 1941 - April 11, 2011*

1 Corinthians 13; 4-7

*Love is patient, love is kind
It does not envy it does not
boast, it is not proud. It is
not rude, it is not self-
seeking it is not easily
angered; it keeps no record
of wrongs. Love does not
delight in evil but rejoices
with the truth. It always
protects, always trusts,
always hopes, always
preserves.*

Dear Mrs. Palinkas,

It was with deepest sorrow that I learned of Ron's passing.

Petty Officer Palinkas was probably the most popular man aboard the Ernest G. Small during my command of the ship. As both the ship's postal clerk and store manager he was well known by all hands on board. The dedication and dependability in which he performed these duties led greatly to keeping the morale of the crew high during a long and tedious deployment to the Western Pacific. For the excellence in which he performed his duties he was awarded a letter of commendation from the Commander of the United States Navy's Seventh Fleet.

Ron will be fondly remembered and sorely missed by all his shipmates.

John P. Cromwell Jr.

Captain USN (Ret)

Ron Palinkas to me embodied the spirit of the Small during the two deployments (68-69 and 70). During those deployments we never missed a mission, never casrept out of anything and picked up many a mission for those fancy 1200 pound plant "new" Cans that sat in port while we did the job. Whether it was the gun-line or running with bird farms, or any other mission, that crew and that ship made it happen, and the postal clerk, who kept us in touch with the world was an absolutely critical part of every mission we undertook. They called us names (the "Dirty Ernie") and made fun of us, but we were the ones that they called on when the going got tough.

I am deeply proud to have served with those crews and, in particular with Ron Palinkas, who made sure that every one of the several hundred letters I wrote to my sweetie, Gretchen reached her, and likewise made sure that I got back every one she sent to me. I still have them, and it gives me great pleasure and pride to know that Ron personally handled them. I remember the time that the mail chopper dropped the mail into the drink and we had to send out the motor whaleboat to retrieve it, and the hours and hours Ron spent drying out and salvaging that mail, among which were letters for me. Anyone who has served knows how important mail is and how important that job is. No one ever did it better than Ron, a great member of a great crew and a great ship. I am proud to have served with him and with all of you.

Ron, fair winds and following seas and until we meet again, which we surely shall, may you be held in the palm of God's hand.

Ted Meeker, USS Ernest G. Small (DD 838) crew member.

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.

Ronald Palinkas Pomona, CA	PC2 Passed: 04/11/2011	1967-1970
Clyde Moen	PNSA Passed: 1984	1950-1952
Richard Hiltz Los Angeles, CA	MM1 Passed: 09/2009	1961-1969
Bill Downard Corvallis, OR	EM3 Passed: 10/23/2009	1957-1960
Arthur A. Knopp Fredericksburg, TX	FA Passed: 04/12/2010	1951-1952
Harold Spaulding Indianapolis, IN	GMC Passed: 2010	1967-1969
Dalton Wilson Camarillo, CA	FT1 Passed: 10/06/2010	1958-1960
William Gustin "Plank Owner" Claremont, CA	LTJG Passed: 03/21/2011	1945-1946

A long-time resident of Claremont, died Monday, March 21, 2011. Born in Casper, WY, on November 7, 1920, to William and Rose Gustin, Bill attended high school in Las Vegas, received a BS in Electrical Engineering from the University of Nevada and served in the Navy during World War II. After the death of his first wife, Bernice, in 1988, Bill was re-married to Louise in 1997. An Eagle Scout in his youth he contributed 20 years to Boy Scouting as an adult. Prior to his retirement from General Dynamics in 1980, he was active in the Society of Logistics Engineers. He enjoyed golfing, fishing, dancing a fierce polka, and singing. Many will remember his appreciation of hamburgers and ice cream. All will miss his wry smile, firm handshake and dry wit. Mr. Gustin is survived by his wife, Louise Gustin of Claremont; two children, Bill Gustin Jr. of Valencia, CA, and Sue Gustin Moore of St. Charles, MO.

Welcome Aboard



The Ernest G. Small Association welcomes the most recently located members of ship's crew to our Association.

Joseph Almeida - EMFN 406 Depot Rd. Lebanon, ME 04027	1951-1952 207-457-1280 jalmeidanh@gmail.com
Lee Haywood - BT3 Kingman, AZ	1961-1963 lhaywd@yahoo.com
Ken Ralph - QM3 3269 Maddux Drive Palo Alto, CA 94303-4036	1960-1961 650-856-1847
Gene Heise - RM3 W 1093 W Seven Island Lake Dr. Gleason, WI 54435	1963-1966 geneheise@yahoo.com
Michael Birst - EM3 7312 Lubao Ave. Winnetka, CA 91306	1964-1966 818-727-7821
Phillip Gomez - EM3 31727 Chittim Mdws. San Antonio, TX 78232	1964-1967 210-545-1670 alpha924@sbcglobal.net
William "Dave" Holmes - RD2 SECNAV Commendation - 1965	1963-1966 Daveh_43@hotmail.com

"They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters: these men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For at his word the stormy wind ariseth which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their souls melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their distress. For he maketh the storm to cease so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are at rest; and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

USS ERNEST G. SMALL ASSOCIATION

P.O. BOX 3485
HAYWARD, CA 94540

Phone: 510-453-8981
E-mail: dvinson@ussernestgsmall.org

Small Talk ©

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; March, June, September and December. *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

June 25, 2011

Cash Balance on 02/28/2011	\$757.72
Donations as of 06/20/2011	<u>\$974.00</u>
Subtotal	\$1,731.72
Expenses Paid through 06/20/2011	\$1,083.51
Balance as of 06/25/2011	\$648.21

Please send your donation to:

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



New Orleans, LA

Our Contributors

Bill Anderson	SOG2	1962-1964	Roy Mock	MR1	1959-1962
Douglas Black		1959-1959	Llewellyn Parsons	HMC	1968-1970
Sean Coyle	GM2	1949-1952	Roger Patterson	EN2	1967-1969
Joseph Doan	BM3	1948-1951	David Scott	FTG3	1962-1966
Bryl Fenton			J. E. Statham	SN	1950-1951
Lee Halford	ENS	1970-1970	John Swens	SOG2	1961-1965
Ted Meeker	LJTG	1968-1970	Dennis Williams	IC3	1956-1958

2011 Reunion Update

We are now at the mid-point of registration for the 2011 reunion. Seven weeks remain before the August 15th registration cut off date agreement with the Bourbon Orleans Hotel. We have selected an excellent city for this year's reunion with many great points of interest to visit. Some of the country's best food and entertainment will be in walking distance from our doorstep. We sincerely hope you join us for the fun.

Registration List as of 06/25/2011

17	MEMBERS		14 GUESTS	TOTAL ATTENDEES			31	
CONFIRM #	LAST NAM	FIRST NAM	SPOUSE/GUEST	RANK	FROM	TO	CITY	ST
Submitted	Britton	Bill	Brenda Britton	PN2	1969	1970	Lewis	KS
Submitted	Cox	Charles	Emily Cox	BM3	1952	1954	Gretna	PA
Confirmed	Engle	Floyd	Colleen Engle	GMG1	1961	1964	Bedford	LA
1785479	Erlewine	Robert	Georgianna Erlewine	MM1	1954	1957	Springfiel	OH
738403	Heintz	Mark	Cynthia Heintz	STG2	1967	1970	Newberg	OR
741402	Hoffart	Ron		STG2	1965	1967	Wichitsa	TX
703908	Hooper	Mike	Sharon Hooper	SOG3	1961	1962	Belvidere	IL
731672	Huyer	Joe	Carol Huyer	SN	1945	1946	Orlando	FL
731659	Jarrett	Lee	Mitzi Jarrett	EM2	1968	1970	Eatonton	GA
Submitted	Nunes	Robert	Claudia Silva	E.G.S. Web Designer			Hayward CA	
755659	Parsons	Llewellyn	Sally Parsons	HMC	1968	1970	Enon	OH
753673	Royster	Bert		STG2	1964	1966	Washoug	WA
731671	Scott	David	David K. Scott	FTG3	1962	1966	Visalia	CA
753673	Super	Chuck		ETN3	1965	1966	Shepherd	MT
753671	Swens	John	Judy Swens	SOG2	1961	1964	Loveland	CO
697656	Vinson	Dennis	Rosemarie Vinson	ST1	1962	1966	Hayward	CA
723401	Weathers	Ken	Karen Weathers	MM2	1966	1970	Star	ID