



THE BRIGHT PENNY

September 2002

A NEWSLETTER FOR MEMBERS OF THE USS BERKELEY (DDG-15) ASSOCIATION

REUNION 2002 - BE THERE!

The Berkeley Association's reunion, October 17-20, 2002, promises to be one of the best we have had. To date a total of 78 former crew members have plans to attend. Scheduled events include the



Ray Bartlett

Welcome Reception on Friday and the Banquet on Saturday. The Hospitality Suite will be open on Thursday from 1600 to 2000, Friday from 1600 to 2000 and Saturday from 1400 to 1600. There will be a memorabilia table set up in the hospitality room with the Association's collection of cruise books. A videotape of the decommissioning ceremony will also be available for viewing. In addition, items from the ship's store will be available for purchase.

In your free time, South Carolina has something to offer for everyone. Fort Sumter and Patriots Point are rich with history; the many tours available include Charleston's historic district, plantations, gardens, and ghosts. Charleston boasts three golf courses as well as some of the finest shopping areas and restaurants in the Southeast. I am looking forward to seeing you there!

USS Sellers (DDG-11) will holding their reunion in Charleston during the same period as Berkeley.

Ship's Store

Merchandise in the ship's store is growing. We now have available ball caps, polo shirts, coffee tumblers, pens, key chains, pins and pictures. Shirts are on order and will be available at the reunion. Keep your Berkeley memories alive by having one or more of these...



Decomm Caps \$5.00



Regular Cap \$15.00



Plankowner \$20.00



Decomm Pin \$3.00



Tumbler \$10.00



Pen \$5.00



Key Chain \$5.00

SKIPPER IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Born in 1929, Rear Admiral Smedberg graduated from the Naval Academy with the Class of 1951.

During the following 31 years on active duty he followed the typical pattern of a Surface Warfare Officer. He had five at-sea commands: an LST as a Lieutenant, a Frigate as a Lieutenant Commander, the guided missile destroyer USS BERKELEY from January 1966 to July 1967 as a Commander, a Destroyer Squadron as a Captain, and the Forrestal Carrier Battle Group as a Rear Admiral.

Between sea duty tours, he served five separate tours on the Chief of Naval Operations' staff in the Pentagon. As a Captain, he also served as Operations Officer on the SIXTH FLEET in the Mediterranean and as the Assistant Executive and Senior Aide to SACEUR/USCINCEUR in Europe.

After the Battle Group command, RADM Smedberg returned to Washington for his final three years on active duty as first the deputy and later the Director of the Naval Warfare Directorate on the CNO's staff. During this tour he was responsible for assessing what advanced technologies were applicable for and would be required by naval warfare forces for the future.

After retirement from active duty in October 1982, RADM Smedberg formed his own consulting company specializing in the operational assessment of advanced technology for



RADM William R. Smedberg

future navy ships and aircraft. He was a consultant to Bell Helicopter Textron from 1983-95 primarily to assess the operational impact of tilt-rotor aircraft, e.g. the V-22, for all the military services. He was also a consultant for twelve years to the premier company in industry assessing for the Navy the technological feasibility and operational utility of stealth ships.

RADM Smedberg dissolved his Company in 1995 and moved to Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida with his wife, Ann.

West Coast Naval Bases

Naval Station Long Beach and the adjacent Naval Shipyard are gone. There is not a single building left on either facility. The area is totally flat and barren. A trip out on the mole where Berkeley used to moor at piers 15 & 16 found six metal buildings remaining where the CruDesPacLogRep used to be. That's it! The highway in front of the former bases is now a freeway between San Pedro and Long Beach. There has been a great amount of landfill west of the bases and most of the island is now the Port of Los Angeles for container shipping and receiving.

Seventy acres on the western end of the former Naval Training Center in San Diego is being used for new Navy enlisted housing and named "The Village". The plan calls for 500 new two and three bedroom town homes with 86 ready for occupancy by the end of the year. They will have ceiling fans in each room, washers and dryers, a garage, an enclosed backyard, carpeting and central air conditioning.

The 812 1950's units at Cabrillo Heights are to be torn down and replaced with 900 new town homes. Occupants of the new units will have to give up all of their basic allowance for housing, but that is far less than rental for equivalent housing off-base. A comparable two-bedroom home in San Diego would cost \$2,400 to \$2,500 per month and a three-bedroom would be \$2,800 to \$3,100. An E-5 w/4 years service would pay \$57.40 per mo.

New Skipper

CDR Dave "Max" Schnell will take command of USS FORD (FFG-54) at Everett, Washington in December. CDR Schnell served in Berkeley as Fire Control Officer and CIC Officer from 1985-89.

News from Greece

On 29 July, 2002 the Hellenic Navy retired HS Ipiros (F-456), ex-USS Connole (FF-1056) and HS Formion (D-220), ex-USS Joseph Strauss (DDG-16). The ceremony took place in Souda Bay, Crete, where the two vessels will remain in the decommissioned vessels area pending disposal plans. HS Ipiros was the last of the trio of Knox Class frigates transferred to the HN from the US in the early 90's to remain in service. HS Formion is the second of the quartet of C.F. Adams Class DDG's transferred from the US, also in the same period, to be withdrawn from service following HS Themistokles (D-221), ex-USS Berkeley this past February. Remaining in service are HS Kimon (D-218), ex-USS Semmes (DDG-18) and HS Nearchos (D-219), ex-USS Waddell (DDG-24).

USS BERKELEY ASSOCIATION

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**BERKELEY HISTORY
SEPTEMBER****30 Years Ago**

01-04, Typhoon evasion with 13 ships while enroute to the Gulf of Tonkin; **05-13**, Naval Gunfire Support (NGFS) – South Vietnam; **14**, typhoon evasion to the south; **15-21**, inport Subic Bay for upkeep and gun repairs; **22-23**, enroute to Gulf of Tonkin; **24-25**, NGFS – South Vietnam; **26-30**, Linebacker Operations – North Vietnam.

20 Years Ago

In Long Beach for lengthy major overhaul and yard period April through December.

10 Years Ago

30, USS Berkeley decommissioned and transferred to the Royal Hellenic Navy of Greece in formal ceremonies at San Diego. Other transfers during the ceremony included USS Waddell (DDG-24) and ex-Strauss (DDG-16)

Pacific Fleet Activity

RIMPAC 2002 was conducted off the Hawaiian Islands during July 2002. RIMPAC is the largest maritime exercise in the Asia-Pacific region and brings together military forces from Canada, Chili, Peru, France, Japan, the Republic of Korea, the United Kingdom and the United States. More than 30 ships, 24 aircraft and 11,000 sailors, airmen, Marines, soldiers and Coast Guard participated in this year's exercise.

Three decommissioned U.S. Navy ship's were sunk as targets. Ex-USS Harold E. Holt (FF-1074) decommissioned in 1992 after 21 years of service; ex-USS Rathburne (FF-1057) decommissioned in 1992 after 22 years of service; and USS White Plains (AFS-4) decommissioned in 1995 after 27 years of service.

**Ex-USS White Plains being struck by a Harpoon anti-ship missile****TAPS**

IC2 Ronald A. Dotzenrod passed away on 6 June, 2002. Ron was a plankowner and served in Berkeley from commissioning to 1963.

Fantastic Web Site

Take a virtual tour of Australian Navy ships. <http://www.navy.gov.au/vf/default.htm> Click on Start Tour, then destroyers, then Perth. By moving your mouse pointer you can move about the spaces. Be patient. Because of its features it takes time to load, but worth it.

Sea Tales (a submariner's tale slightly modified to fit the destroyer navy)

The old salty chief at the recruiting station said,



"Kid, the United States Navy will take you to faraway places with strange sounding names... Exotic places they don't tell you about in high school geography books... You'll see stuff and do things you never dreamed of... The 'keys' to this kingdom will be your I.D. and liberty card."

This was probably the only truthful thing that the sonuvabitch said all day.

"Okay, listen up... Check your I.D. and liberty cards... Last boat will be leaving the landing at 2400... Got that sweethearts? You ain't got your worthless butts parked in a launch by midnight... You better have money for a water taxi or be one gahdam Olympic swimmer... You got that?... Now, the Captain wants a few words..."

"Stand at ease gentlemen... I will expect you older men to look out for your younger mates. Show 'em the ropes and keep 'em off report. And for God's sake, don't let 'em pick up anything Doc Walters can't cure."

"Doc, you got any wisdom you wish to impart before these fine young bluejackets go ashore as ambassadors for the Land of Moderation and Proper Behavior?"

"Gentlemen, they have girls over there with germs the size of Japanese Beetles... Little dark-eyed darlings with stuff residing under those bright colored skirts that'll have you tying knots in urinal plumbing in three days. I'm not a licensed physician, but I've seen a lot of stuff that eats Blue Ointment for breakfast that you couldn't kill with a 45... The going rate for a cargo of human misery is two hundred Pesos... Keep it in mind."

The old recruiter never said anything about that stuff...

"Okay gents, launch will be laying alongside in ten... See you at morning chow... I wanna see every damn one of you Berkeley sailors take care of Berkeley sailors... You got that?"

And over the side we went to peek into the world of exotic life, of strange custom and the opportunity to get rolled by some of the most devious practitioners of the art that ever lived.

It always started with a shipmate saying,

"Let's see if we can find a place to catch a couple of cold ones"

Five minutes in any bar in Olongopo was enough to tell an eighteen-year old he'd come a long way since the Senior Prom. While your old buddies from high school were hitting the books at State U. or chasing little pony-tailed darlings around the juke box at the corner pizza joint... Here you were, tossing down suds in a flea-infested gin joint where everyone talked funny and smiled at you through teeth with a lot of deferred dental work. But, it was good to be off the ship and have the opportunity to flush your kidneys with something other than coffee and bug juice.

"Hey sailor, you want to trade watch?"

"No thanks Chico... My mom gave it to me."

After six San Miguel beers, you can sell damn near anything to an E-3 tin can sailor.

Ask any old jeepney driver... A 'three sheets to the wind' BM striker will shell out his hard-earned loot for anything from a fake shrunken head to an autographed picture of God. We all left our brains in beer glass rings... You could sell an after engine room alley snipe a nude photo of Eleanor Roosevelt. I once paid five bucks to see a couple of dogs' dance. Remember, that at the time, I wasn't the only Berkeley sailor in the place and I thought it was really neat.

Later in life, I bought a boatload of shares of something called Petro-Lewis... My money ended up in the same place and I didn't get to see dogs do the Mambo. The guy who said 'A fool and his money are soon parted' must've been a staff guy in DESRON Thirteen.

Women who operated in the twilight zone of naughty behavior were 'painted ladies' and 'fallen angels' in the vernacular of back-home Sunday school teachers. Good lads didn't mingle with hoochie-coochie gals. Good lads from East Tennessee rarely had the opportunity to traffic in hooch n' cooch in faraway locations beyond the jurisdictional limitations of good little boy behavior.

Once the door to Pauline's Cave had opened enough for us to squeeze in, we intended to sample all the delights on a 'full speed ahead and damn the consequences' basis.

I saw dancing dogs, a chicken fight... A drunk chief ride a mad ox... A shipmate pee on the Shore Patrol from the top of a palm tree... I saw two guys from a tin can out of San Diego pull a fire alarm and fill up a bar with Filipino firemen... Saw a prostitute with 'VIVA MARCOS' tattooed over her left nipple... Saw a live llama not in zoo... Iguanas... A man skin a snake and eat it raw... Saw a one-legged woman riding a bike... And Gunner and I saw a grown woman do something with a ping pong ball that remains to this day the number one thing on my list of weird stuff I've witnessed.

I have no idea what kind of liberty the guys pull today. I hope that they are still allowed to nibble around the edges and sow the oats of young men's fantasies fulfilled... I hope that white hats can still be found on tables where for fifteen cents you can buy rum and alligator piss under a worn out ceiling fan while weird music blares from a beatup juke box. Where girls who never owned a bra can slip a cigar band on your finger and marry you for two hours and make you forget bad air, midwatches and Navy Regs in magic moments with high humidity.

And this old tin can sailor hopes you always make that 2400 launch... And your wife never finds out half the stuff you did.

Original author unknown

100 YEARS**America's Centennial Celebration of the Destroyers**

Greyhounds of the Fleet

1902 – 2002.

[Www.surfacewarfare.navy.mil/destroyercentennial](http://www.surfacewarfare.navy.mil/destroyercentennial)