



THE BRIGHT PENNY

July 2008

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

REUNION FINAL COUNTDOWN

The 2008 reunion will be held in Braintree, Massachusetts 31 July to 2 August. Reunion activities will be at the Sheraton Hotel located 10 miles South of Boston. Room rates are \$99.00 plus tax with a cutoff date of July 10th for that rate.



The hotel has 374 rooms. Reservations may be made at 800-325-3535 or direct (recommended) to 1-781-848-0600, Ext. 5280. Karen Abell will gladly make your reservation at the confirmed reservation rate. Make sure you mention the USS Berkeley Reunion to get the quoted rate. Parking is complimentary including RV's, but no hookup.



Coming from the Logan Airport the Logan Express runs from 4:00 am to Midnight. Use the Blue & White Shuttle going to Braintree.

The hotel address is 37 Forbes Road and parallels Interstate 93 on the South side of the freeway.

Registration fee is \$65.00 per person, \$25.00 for children under the age of 12, and includes the banquet dinner, welcome reception, music, hospitality room and all taxes and gratuities. Make payment to the USS Berkeley Assn by July 10th. Please fill in the information form on the Web site reunion page as soon as possible to aid us with the planning. We are looking into various tours, which will be posted when the information becomes available.

Mail payment to: USS Berkeley Assn., 4817 Krestridge Ct East, Bargersville, IN 46106

Lieutenant Colonel Richard David Ramsey (USAR-Ret.), the only Army retiree in the USS Berkeley Association, enlisted in the Navy in February 1971 and was commissioned as ensign in November 1971. He boarded *Berkeley* in Subic Bay in July 1972 and served as Supply Division Officer and Paymaster through January 1974.

During that time *Berkeley* earned a Meritorious Unit Commendation for naval gunfire support (NGFS) in Vietnamese waters, visited Japan and Hong Kong, overhauled at Bremerton, and traded Long Beach for San Diego as homeport.

Berkeley continues to offer examples when Dr. David Ramsey teaches business at Southeastern Louisiana University.

Through his career of working for Halliburton and directing Southeastern's Internet Resource Center, *Berkeley* remains the only organization where he had to retrieve an employee from jail (during later years in the Guard he decided Article 15s which put individuals into jail.)

In *Berkeley's* Supply Department, Ramsey benefited from working with innovative, ethnically varied individuals. Ramsey had advantage in recruiting deckhands because, as Paymaster, he could discern the way they completed pay chits and arrange symbiotic transfers to Supply.

Although Ramsey has reminiscences too bizarre to print, he can narrate an operation to infiltrate North Vietnam with radios tuned to stations in the south. One day scores of strange pallets arrived during underway replenishment. For two weeks the crew put radios into Styrofoam boxes, inserted the boxes into plastic bags, and sealed the bags. Then one of the shooting runs would be substituted by a virtual bucket-brigade moving the bagged radios from the ship's interior, through the hatches, into the sea.

The Air Force dropped radios. The operation was under Army supervision, and two Army sergeants had come over on a highline to supervise *Berkeley's* task. Back then Army enlisteds wore khaki, like Navy officers; for two weeks the sergeants had the "honor" of dining in the wardroom.

Despite stringent accountability on the radios, when LCDR (later CDR) Jerry Jones relieved CDR Jerry Dickman, the surprise gift to CDR Dickman was one of those radios.

The chow was better in the enlisted mess because all funding for it went into food. But officers received a stipend for subsistence. Ramsey, being from Louisiana, by culture prioritized how to get the best food over how to save money, but the wardroom was influenced by officers who lobbied to "eat



LTC Richard David Ramsey

more peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches and drink more bug juice." Ramsey occasionally got a balanced meal by "sampling" the enlisted chow as Assistant Food Service Officer. One evening LTJG (later RADM) Gene Kendall and other junior officers slipped in to sample the enlisteds' lobsters; unfortunately for Kendall and associates, XO LCDR (later CAPT) Todd Alan Barthold happened in and reamed out those officers with an auditing lesson. The leftover lobsters were discarded overboard.

Gunnery Officer Kendall awarded Ramsey the nickname "Rammer," which followed him into civilian life and into the National Guard when he affiliated with the Army in helping develop the 415th Military Intelligence Linguist Battalion. Later he transferred to an Army Reserve 95th/84th Division slot providing promotion to O-5.

Ramsey is actively involved in Churches of Christ. He serves on the Tangipahoa Parish (county) Board of Election Supervisors. He received his Ph.D. from Rensselaer and is an inactive CPA. He and Birgitta have two Swedish-English bilingual children—Anna, in high school, and Carl, with Army Airborne Special Forces at Fort Lewis. In 2006 LTC Ramsey received the Southeastern President's Award for Excellence in Faculty Service. Ramsey, who has deployed in the Army to the NATO Command at Brunssum, Netherlands, retired with a Meritorious Service Medal (MSM).

DIEU AVEC NOUS!

Contact: richard.d.ramsey1@us.army.mil.

USS BERKELEY ASSOCIATION

4817 Krestridge Court East
Bargersville, IN 46106
317-474-5407

E Mail: ddg15@ussberkeley.com
Website: www.USSBerkeley.com
Annual Dues: \$20.00
Director: Dale Johnson
Asst. Director: Vacant
Secretary: Pat Clark & Tammy Meier
Treasurer: Dale Johnson
Membership Committee Chairman: Al Meier
Reunion Committee Chairman: OPEN
Ship's Store Mgr: Gerald Hansen
Bright Penny Editor: Jim Sundahl
Newsletter Publisher: Jim Barrett
Webmaster: Jim Barrett
ACVA Representative: Dave Meier



Dale Johnson

**Berkeley History
July**

40 Years Ago, 1968

1-12, Inport Long Beach. 13-27, Enroute WestPac. 28-31, Inport Subic Bay, PI.

30 Years Ago, 1978

1-31, Overhaul Puget Sound Naval Shipyard.

20 Years Ago, 1988

24-29, Inport Pusan, Republic of Korea. 29-31, Underway NGFS.

10 Years Ago, 1998

Ex-Berkeley in service with the Hellenic Navy of Greece.

Boston attractions

Plan ahead and take advantage of your free time during the reunion weekend. Suggested Web sites for attractions in Boston, MA and surrounding area.

Tour providers:

<http://www.bostontours.com/>

Boston by foot (guided tours):

<http://www.bostonbyfoot.org/>

Boston by foot (self-guided tours):

<http://www.bostonbyfoot.org/tours/harborfest/>

<http://www.cityofboston.gov/freedomtrail/>

Charleston Navy Yard:

<http://www.nps.gov/bost/historyculture/cny.htm>

Battleship Cove:

<http://www.battleshipcove.org/>

JFK Library: <http://www.jfklibrary.org/>

New England Aquarium:

<http://www.neaq.org/index.php>

The Old North Church:

<http://www.oldnorth.com/>

Plymouth, MA:

<http://www.plimoth.org/>
<http://www.plimoth.org/features/mayflower-2/>

and if Salem is calling you:

<http://www.salemwitchmuseum.com/>
<http://www.7gables.org/>

Weigh Anchor, Mates

An Editorial by Jim (Sunny) Sundahl



As some you head out to Boston in a few weeks, Debbie and I will be praying and wishing you all a safe and fun voyage; yep, we aren't going. Debbie will be teaching a bunch of two and three years

olds at our church's family camp, a good old brush arbor meeting and for me, I'll be babysitting the dog, plus the price of gas would put me back in the stone age (actually it would be putting the stone in my tank, hmmm) and I don't travel so good without my better half. We also started cooking for a homeless shelter that feeds about 60 people (men, women and children) a day with one hot meal and one sack lunch. We cook on Wednesdays and really enjoy it and many are veterans, a few WW2, Vietnam and some Iraq vets. So we are really tied up and anchored here for the time being.

The Navy put the traveling bug in me and reality slowed me down. When my travels were paid in part by the government or one of my companies I loved going, doing business and seeing the sites, but when it comes out of your own pocket you just have to come to the reality that sometimes it's just best to stay at home.

So here is the deal, write for the next newsletter of your experiences at the reunion, fun, goofy, enlightened, scary or moving, anything you want to write about. Send me pictures, good quality pictures we can print or put on the Web. I hope the staff there puts a burr under your peacoat and gets you to write; anything, something, whatever, even if to tell us off and to quit bugging you, please. This is like a TV ad we have here in Portland, Oregon. A tire store says if you don't like our tires for any reason bring them back, then it shows a little old lady throwing a tire through the front window of the tire store. Maybe that is a bad analogy but you get the picture, throw us something we can use, even if you don't think we will like it. I am kind of like the dog, I will sleep all day but I really want to play catch till I drop. So, throw me some stories till you get me to stop, I mean drop.

I will give a prize for the best story and picture, but what can I give you. Maybe a Starbucks \$20 coffee card, for a sailor that would be about a 1/8 of a tank of coffee or a \$20 gas card that's about an 1/8 of a tank of gas. So here's the deal I, not DDG-15, Inc., will give a \$20 gift card for the best story and a \$20 gift card for the best picture. The staff, not I, will select the winners. They will say who gets what; one of you will get gassed and one will get buzzed. So that's my anchor; you just weigh it.

So when you weigh anchor and head out paying the price of gold to fill your tank or extra for your lightened luggage, ditching your

(Continued on page 4)



**From the
Quarterdeck
by**

CDR Jim Barrett (Ret)



I watched the full ten hours of Carrier on PBS in April. Reflecting back to 1952, I was a 19 year old sailor on a carrier enroute to Korea. Wow, it doesn't seem like that long ago. As they say, time flies when you're having fun. For me it was an exciting time in my life; an adventure I never expected to experience. I probably was very much like the young sailors on the USS Nimitz. I did my three months on the mess decks like most other non-rated sailors and was happy when that was behind me. Then I was able to forge ahead and do the job I was being trained to do.

The sailors today have more amenities than we had back then. Better bunks, reading lights, fans and curtains to block out noise and light and improved storage for their gear. Exercise rooms are a nice addition and yes, they do have them on the new DDG's. I'm glad for today's sailors and what progress has brought about. Nothing like my time when you could lay in your bunk on one side of the ship and see clear across the compartment to the other side with about eighty sailors in between. It was that way on Berkeley too, but on a smaller scale. I remember that the most junior guys were assigned to the bottom bunk, which cleared the foot lockers by about three inches. It seemed that every time you got into your rack someone needed to get into their locker. With three lockers underneath the bottom bunk I recall this happened too often.

The mess decks are much nicer today with fewer people at the tables and the chairs have back rests, much the same as it was on Berkeley. And, they are eating off plates. I did not see any metal trays. I noticed the plates held less food than the old traditional six section tray, so maybe that is part of the reason.



In summary, for the most part the series dwelled on air operations. There is a lot of activity on an aircraft carrier other than flight ops and I feel the TV crew missed some opportunities that the viewers would have found interesting.

But, in all fairness the filming crew pretty much had carte blanche and had to take 4,320 hours of deployment and edit it down to ten hours.

E-mail: Quarterdeck15@aol.com

Ahoy Berkeley Beauties!



In just a few weeks we will be gathering in Braintree, MA for our reunion. Lou and I always looked forward to the reunion as it meant we were going to get to experience visiting a new place. We always planned our vacation around the reunion. I had never been to Washington, DC, so in 1995, as our plane was approaching the airport; I was in total awe at seeing the Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial and other amazing points of interest that I had only seen pictures of in books or on television. I don't know if I'll ever feel that surge of pride well up inside of me again. I've not been to 'ground zero' (although I hope to after attending our Boston reunion). We never approached going to the reunion as simply *going to the reunion*. We made it a total experience. Because of these reunions we saw places that maybe we would never have visited.

So as the Boston reunion is quickly approaching, sad as it will be without Lou, I'm looking forward to seeing a part of our wonderful country and what it has to offer as well as visiting with members of our Berkeley family. Now a tidbit of info for all you gals: Across from the Sheraton is the South Shore Plaza Mall., lots of stores, eateries; but, unfortunately, no cinema. I know some of you beauties are quilters and if you're adventuresome, a trek to Lowell, MA and the New England Quilt Museum may be of interest to you. It is 28 miles north of Boston (<http://www.nequiltmuseum.org/index.shtml>). Of course the JFK Library, Plymouth Rock, the Mayflower replica and Battleship Cove will be must sees.

This month I'd like to introduce Judy Bjerke (John Bjerke, OSC 67/69):

Hi, my name is Judy Bjerke. My husband Jack and I have two grown sons, Jeff and Brian and five grandchildren. Jack was stationed at Great Lakes, teaching Radar "A" School at the time we met. His mom had hand surgery and I had foot surgery, and while waiting for our post-op checkups at the same doctor's office, I struck up a conversation with her and Jack's dad (who were complete strangers to me).

At the end of the appointment, I went to leave. I found I had a flat tire. Jack's parents were also leaving, whereupon Jack's dad offered to change my tire. However, my spare was also flat!

(Murphy's Law!) Jack's dad took the spare to a gas station and had it repaired, brought it back, and replaced it for me. (I guess I should mention at this time that it was the middle of December and 10 degrees below zero--and lots of snow!) I considered this quite a sacrifice on their part. His folks wouldn't accept any money or payment of any type, so I decided to send them some baked Christmas goodies that I had made during my recuperation.

Unbeknownst to me, Jack's dad was an excellent baker himself! With a "wild" sense of humor, he called to "thank" me by berating me for sending "the worst cookies he'd ever tasted" and also asking me "why did you send these as a thank you gift--you're trying to poison us?" After much confusion on my part, Jack's mom, who was on a phone extension, cleared it up for me by saying it was his "deranged" sense of humor and the gift was much appreciated. I was then invited to their home where Jack and I were introduced to each other, we married five months later.

Our first year together was spent at Great Lakes. Jack's next assignment was the USS John Paul Jones (DDG32), Long Beach, CA. After a year in Long Beach, the JPJ was moved to San Diego for homeport. Following two years and two Vietnam deployments in '73 and '75, we were sent back up to Long Beach Naval Shipyard for overhaul. While in the middle of the overhaul, on July 15, 1976, Jack retired as a Chief Operations Specialist after twenty years.

We returned to Crystal Lake, Illinois (much to my chagrin!) We "stuck" it out for four years! The first winter, we had too much snow and too much sub-freezing weather! The next winter was worse! Not as much snow, but for two months straight, we were at or below zero! Then came the winter of '79 and '80! Over 100 inches of snow! For at least a week, we were totally housebound! Enough was enough!!

On our way down to Jupiter, Florida to scope out a piece of property my mother had given us, we stopped in Marietta, GA, and spent a few days with friends. Florida was too HOT, too HUMID and too MUGGY for us!! We decided to move to Marietta, GA which is an old historic city located at the foot of the Appalachian Mountains. We found it to be more to our liking with its lush greenery and hills. As of August 1st, we will have been here 28 years. Two years

ago my oldest sister, who also loved the area, decided she wanted to move here. Jack and I flew out to San Francisco, CA, packed her up lock, stock and barrel, and spent six days moving her across country to join us. (Jack drove the "bumpy" loaded rental truck and Myrna, her three Shitshu dogs and I drove behind him in her little Saturn Hatchback. What a trip!! We are happy she's here with us though.

I retired from IBM in 1995 as an Executive Secretary. I then went to work for the National Propane Gas Association as Assistant to the Southeastern National Convention coordinator. I left there in 2006 when the coordinator retired. I am an avid bridge player, with side hobbies of reading, walking and being with our grandchildren, who are actively involved in baseball, basketball, football, equestrian horseback riding, dancing and gymnastics. Both Jack and I are looking forward to seeing many of you in Boston at the upcoming Berkeley reunion.

We all look forward to seeing you and Jack in Boston as well. NOTE: Lou's last ship was the USS John Paul Jones DDG32 before retiring from the NAVY in 1975. Upon leaving the ship, Lou was to be presented with a US flag; however, he said he didn't want it. He wanted the one that was flying from the ship. He got it and during Desert Storm he proudly flew it from our home. When he finally took it down, it was little more than shreds.

Well the warm days of summer are upon us and Mary Hudson has a tasty way to enjoy them:

THE BEST LEMON CAKE I EVER ATE

1 Lemon cake mix
1 small box lemon jello (dry)
3/4 cup vegetable oil
4 eggs, lightly beaten
3/4 cup milk
1 lemon peel, grated, not the white part of the peel ONLY the yellow
Lemon Glaze, recipe follows

Combine all ingredients in a mixing bowl. Beat for 2-3 minutes with electric mixer. Pour into a greased and floured Bundt or tube pan. Bake at 350°F for 45 minutes or until cake springs back when touched. Let cool in pan for 10 minutes then remove to serving plate to cool completely.

LEMON GLAZE: Two cups sifted powdered sugar, 1/3 cup lemon juice Com-bine in bowl. Drizzle over cooled cake. Um, yummy!

Till Boston! PAT

E-mail: pat_lilipad_clark@charter.net

Lou's international spaghetti incident:

In transit from Philadelphia to Long Beach, the ship pulled into Kingston, Jamaica for a little R&R. I was assigned to Shore Patrol on my first day there. While on duty, I had a meal ticket from a hotel in Kingston to cover our meals. My shore patrol partner and I decided to go to this hotel for lunch and I ordered a spaghetti dinner and salad. When the spaghetti arrived, and I was more than ready for it; it turned out I simply could not eat it because it was too spicy. The waiter came over and wanted to know why I wasn't eating the spaghetti. I proceeded to tell him, "it is too spicy." The waiter said, "what do you mean...too spicy"? I just said, "It's just too spicy is all I can tell you." So, now the waiter heads for the kitchen and brings back the cook. The cook also asked me what was wrong with is spaghetti. I again told him it was too spicy. He said, "what do you mean by too spicy?" I tried again to say it was just too spicy. This now led to the waiter and the cook leaving the table and returning with the manager. So, we go through it again with me saying, "it's just too spicy!" Now at that time I wasn't much of a cook and wouldn't be able to tell one spice from another. So after making three people very unhappy with me, I got up, walked out leaving the spaghetti sitting there. I proceeded down the street till I found a burger joint. Hell, if I'd known what was going to happen, I would have forced myself to eat that damn spaghetti!

Lou started cooking after we were married and he really enjoyed it. So much so, when he retired in 1997, he started taking over the responsibility for cooking dinner as I was still working. Even after I retired six years later, he still wanted to do the cooking. Hey, I know when to keep my mouth shut! One of his favorites and everyone he made it for was his spaghetti. He always told everyone that it was his 'secret' ingredient that made it so good. When he finally decided to tell what the 'secret' was, everyone agreed that had to be why it was so good. Secret ingredient? Beer of course!



TAPS

Pat Osborne, wife of Captain Art Osborne (X.O. 65-66) passed away in June. Former President of the San Francisco Council of the Navy League and a National Director, she was also Navy Relief Wife of the Year. She and Art, as Commanding Officer of Treasure Island, worked with Mayor Dianne Feinstein to bring "Fleet Week" to San Francisco with resounding success. Pat and Art represented the U.S. Navy as guests of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip on their visit to San Francisco. An avid golfer, Pat was also active in many other clubs and groups.

When Veterans Retire

When a good Veteran leaves the "job" and retires to a better life, many are jealous, some are pleased and yet others, who may have already retired, wonder. We wonder if he knows what they are leaving behind, because we already know. We know, for example, that after a lifetime of camaraderie that few experience, it will remain as a longing for those past times. We know in the Military life there is a fellowship which lasts long after the uniforms are hung up in the back of the closet. We know even if he throws them away, they will be on him with every step and breath that remains in his life. We also know how the very bearing of the man speaks of what he was and in his heart still is.

These are the burdens of the job. You will still look at people suspiciously, still see what others do not see or choose to ignore and always will look at the rest of the Military world with a respect for what they do; only grown in a lifetime of knowing. Never think for one moment you are escaping from that life. You are only escaping the "job" and merely being allowed to leave "active duty."

So what I wish for you is that whenever you ease into retirement, in your heart you never forget for one moment that "Blessed are the Peacemakers for they shall be called children of God," and you are still a member of the greatest fraternity the world has ever known.

Civilian Friends vs. Veteran Friends

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Get upset if you're too busy to talk to them for a week.

VETERAN FRIENDS: Are glad to see you after years, and will happily carry on the same conversation you were having the last time you met.

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Have never seen you cry.

VETERAN FRIENDS: Have cried with you.

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Keep your stuff so long they forget it's yours.

VETERAN FRIENDS: Borrow your stuff for a few days then give it back.

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Know a few things about you.

VETERAN FRIENDS: Could write a book with direct quotes from you.

CIVILIAN FRIENDS: Will leave you behind if that is what the crowd is doing.

VETERAN FRIENDS: Will kick the crowds' butt that left you behind.

Navy Seal

You may recall, PO2 Mike Monsoor was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor posthumously for jumping on a grenade in Iraq, giving his life to save his fellow SEALs.

During Mike Monsoor's funeral in San Diego, as his coffin was being moved from the hearse to the grave site at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery, SEALs were lined up on both sides of the pallbearers route forming a column of two's, with the coffin moving up the center. As Mike's coffin passed, each SEAL, having removed his gold Trident from his uniform, slapped it down embedding the Trident in the wooden coffin.



The slaps were audible from across the cemetery, by the time the coffin arrived graveside it looked as though it had a gold inlay from all the Tridents pinned to it. A fitting send-off for a warrior hero.

(Continued from page 2)

three ounces of aftershave or perfume, throwing away your razors, think of the good old days when you could take anything with you in your seabag. By the end of my trips my seabag weighed almost as much as the ship's anchor, or so it seemed. One trip it weighed over 80 pounds, must have been those jugs wrapped in my t-shirts. But, keep notes; send them to us (so we can enjoy the reunion on your dollar) for our Web site and the newsletter.

Don't forget to shake the hand of any of the service men and women you meet on your journey.

To tell you the truth I would rather be writing about Independence Day and what it means to me, but this issue is to get you on your way to the reunion. And what a fitting place to have a reunion, Boston; go out and have a tea party and enjoy our freedom. Hug and kiss a veteran, they, we deserve it, yeah I said it so what; it's true.

Again have a safe and fun time at Boston and hope you had/have a safe 4th of July.

Sunny Jim *E-mail: wowie@arrl.net*