



THE BRIGHT PENNY

July 2009

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

Rocky Mountain High

It was in the summer of my twenty-seventh year, like the lyrics from John Denver's song Rocky Mountain High, that I first visited Colorado. It was a one-week trip with a couple of friends, and the beauty of Rocky Mountain National Park, Vail,



Steamboat Springs, and Aspen made a great impression. I was very eager to return, and I did return for a ski trip to Aspen in 1990. Those two trips to Colorado just made me yearn to see more of what this great state has to offer. That opportunity will take place in the summer of 2010 when we hold our next reunion in Denver. My wife Tammy and I will surely arrive early and spend at least a week just as we did last year for the Boston reunion. If you haven't been to Colorado, come early or stay late. Spend Thursday through Sunday with your Berkeley shipmates, and utilize a few extra days to enjoy some sightseeing!

Denver has a great deal to offer visitors, and there are some scenic and interesting day trips in the surrounding areas. Visit www.colorado.com to get a sample of the possibilities. We will provide a substantial amount of advance information in the coming months regarding the area, transportation, directions from the airport, etc. Some available tours will be listed on our web site and in our September newsletter. A few of the possibilities are the Denver Mint, Pikes Peak, and the Air Force academy. Our goal is to book at least a couple of tours in advance.

I had hoped to announce the dates and hotel in this issue of the newsletter, but our reunion committee needs a few more weeks to finalize arrangements. We are very confident the dates will fall in the August/September time frame (not Labor Day weekend or the weekend immediately following), and the hotels being considered are the Brown Palace, Sheraton Downtown and Grand Hyatt. We will post reunion information at the web site as soon as arrangements are finalized. Emails and post cards will also be used to contact Association members in the late July/early August time frame so that you can begin making plans to join us for a great time in the mile-high city and experience your own Rocky Mountain High.

Command Master Chief Bulluck served on board the USS Berkeley from 1965 to 1967. The Berkeley's primary mission assignments were Naval Gunfire Support, Search and Rescue and Operation Sea Dragon, all in the Gulf of Tonkin off the coast of Vietnam. Chief Bulluck's duties included Air Intercept Controller and Anti Submarine Warfare.

After boot camp and attending Radarman Class A School he was ordered to the USS HENLEY (DD-762) where he completed his first hitch. Upon reenlisting he was assigned to the USS NORFOLK (DL-1). From there he moved ashore to Ground Control Approach School and then on to NAS New Orleans for duty as a GCA Air Controller. After completing his shore duty it was back to sea duty with an Admiral who wore two hats, ComBatCruLant and ComCruDesFlot 12. During this staff tour he served aboard numerous ships including the heavy cruiser CANBERRA (CAG-2) (Med Cruise), USS LONG BEACH (CGN-9), USS GRAND CANYON (AR-28) (Bay of Pigs) and the Command and Control Ship USS NORTH HAMPTON (CC-1) where he got to meet and talk to President John F Kennedy. After this tour of duty he was ordered to Radarman Class B School, Treasure Island, California.

After graduating from the final phase of Radarman B School in San Diego, he was advanced to Chief Radarman and then reported aboard the USS BERKELEY (DDG-15). "The Berkeley was the best and most rewarding tour of duty in my naval career and the best damn ship I served on." While on Berkeley Master Chief Bulluck was awarded the Navy Commendation Medal for his performance in controlling and coordinating aircraft during the "Hon Me" SAR mission in March 1966.

After leaving the Berkeley he reported to Fleet Anti Warfare Training Center, Dam Neck Naval Base, VA for duty as an instructor. While there he requested combat duty



In the Spotlight



RDCM Willie A. Bulluck

in Vietnam and was ordered to River Patrol Boat (PBR) School in Vallejo, California and survival school at Whidbey Island, Washington. He spent the next year as a patrol officer in the Mekong Delta and was awarded the Bronze Star Medal with Combat "V". Chief Bulluck's next assignments were on board the USS CORREY (DD-817) and the USS ALBERT DAVID (FF-1050) where he was promoted to Senior Chief and served as Combat Information Center Officer and Junior Officer of the Deck at sea. From the David he moved on to Glynco, GA. While there he was promoted to Master Chief and ran the Air Intercept Control School. Glynco was shut down and he transferred to Fleet Training Group, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Following his Guantanamo tour he returned for a second tour at FAAWTC, Dam Neck where he served as the Command Master Chief Petty Officer.

From there he was assigned to the Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy who gave him a special assignment as

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USS BERKELEY ASSOCIATION

5553 Makati Circle
San Jose, CA 95123
408-656-3879

E Mail: ddg15@ussberkeley.com

Website: www.USSBerkeley.com

Annual Dues: \$20.00

Director: Al Meier

Asst. Director: Dale Johnson

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Webmaster: Jim Barrett

ACVA Representative: Vacant



Al Meier



Jim Sundahl

Last month I turned sixty-two years young, a shocking time to look in the mirror and see an old fart when I don't think of myself as "OLD"; oh senior discounts are great on a fixed income and my new civil-service pension

increase will be well spent. It all made me start thinking or should I say remembering, a seventeen year old seaman recruit signing aboard his first ship CVS-33, first West-Pac, six months in a Army Hospital for broken knees, than as an SK-3 graduating from Class A School, then as a SK-2 landing in Viet Nam and within the first hour seeing his first casualty of war shot right before his eyes, then shore duty in Oakland, CA with a detachment on campus at UC Berkeley, the riots, the getting spit on and called a baby killer, going back to Viet Nam, then going aboard the Berkeley (how ironic: UC Berkeley to DDG-15) and then my final active duty ship a small DE-1024, out of Seattle, then leaving the NAVY for the reserves not wanting to lose my eight years of service and my wife of six years. I didn't lose the eight years I added twelve plus more as a reserve and civil servant but I lost my then wife.

That all brought me to this: I can't remember where I got it but it really made me want to do more with my life. So here goes:

"War is an ugly thing but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feelings which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse.

A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."

-- John Stuart Mill

I was asked to speak on Veteran's Day to a group and the first thing that came to mind was the above; the men and women I know and knew in the combat zone of Viet Nam and aboard the ships I served, gave more then just thinking of themselves. Self-sacrifice is one of the greatest gifts one can give his country. Many of my friends died in Viet Nam and many more died after coming home from sadness, broken hearts, disease, and just of natural causes. These men and women are my heroes along with my comrades I served with during the some eight active years in the NAVY, two in the NAVY reserves and two years in the National Guard. But now, new heroes, an all volunteer force putting themselves in harms way for me, Self-sacrifice the fiber of a true patriot, makes me proud to have been a part of our armed forces.



**From the
Quarterdeck
By**



CDR Jim Barrett (Ret)

BRAVO ZULU!

How did the expression "Bravo Zulu" come to mean "Great Job"?

"Bravo" means "excellent" in Italian, but that's not the answer. "Bravo Zulu" springs from the Allied Naval Signal Book, an International maritime code adopted after NATO was created in 1949. The book is organized by one-flag signals, two-flag signals, and so on. Two-flag signals were sorted by general subject, AA through AZ, BA through BZ, etc. "B" signals were designated for miscellaneous administrative messages, and the last entry on the page was BZ, for "well done"—rendered phonetically as "Bravo Zulu." *Source Navy Times.*

The Navy is taking another look at the next generation of destroyers, the Zumwalt Class DDG-1000 series. It has been determined the ships will be too costly compared to the proven Arleigh Burke Class DDG's. At present the plan is to build three DDG-1000 ships in 2010, however, that may be reduced to a single prototype while restarting production of the DDG-51 is under review. Meanwhile, building seven additional Burke Class ships are still in the building plan.

What am I getting at? Memorial Day always is a hard time for me, because so many we knew and remember are buried in cemeteries around the world! Yet so many have forgotten the self-sacrifice of the living and the dead, to many it's just a holiday, same with Veteran's Day just another holiday.

My wife when she sees servicemen goes up to them and thanks them for their service; she does it to police officers and fireman also. She wasn't a Navy wife but has to put up with an old sailor, soldier, ex-cop and ex-fireman some times it's hard for her to understand the emotions that flows from me and I can't always explain it to her, but I am very proud of her and love her dearly.

I hope others will carry on the thank you to our future veterans. Groups like ours help carry this on by remembering all that served on the decks of the Berkeley and other DDG's. I just wanted to thank you all for your self-sacrifice to our beautiful country and a job well done now and then.

God Bless You All

In the Spotlight

(Continued from page 1)

the Navy Liaison Representative at the US Army Sergeant-Major Academy at Fort Bliss, El Paso, TX. Among his duties there, other than faculty member, was the integration of the senior enlisted navy students with the senior enlisted army students and the sharing of naval leadership principles. He retired in July 1979 after 26 years of service.

After retiring Master Chief Bulluck and his wife Eleanora moved back to the New Orleans area where they had always planned to retire. He immediately began looking into various civilian jobs, but the love of the sea once again dictated his next move.

Starting almost at the bottom again as an able bodied seaman in the merchant marines he soon got his ocean master license and worked for eight years as Captain on off shore supply ships in the Gulf of Mexico. After leaving this job he went into the commercial fishing business which he still dabbles in today. Master Chief Bulluck, now known as Captain Willie, resides in Port Sulphur, Louisiana with his wife Eleanora in this small community, about halfway between New Orleans and the mouth of the Mississippi River, nestled between the edge of the river and the Gulf of Mexico. They have been married for 46 years; have four children, eleven grand children and eight great grand children.

Captain Willie would be glad to hear from former shipmates. His phone number is 504-812-7920.

Ahoy Berkeley Beauties

By Pat Clark



I do hope everyone is enjoying the 'good ol' summertime'. BBQ's, concerts in the park, and sipping cool drinks. If all goes as I've planned, I'll be spending the rest of my summer in a new home.

I'm moving south of Long Beach to the 55+ community of Laguna Woods. I like to stay active and there are 250 clubs so I'm sure I won't be bored! In this edition of the Bright Penny, I'd like to introduce Berkeley Beauty Shirley Wilkins:

Hello Berkeley beauties and spouses. My name is Shirley Wilkins, wife of Randy Wilkins, MM-1 "1963 to 1968". Randy's parents introduced us and we will be married going on 40 years this next December. We spent most of our married years in New Hampshire, when Randy got out of the Navy. We did a lot of camping in the summer and snowmobiling during the winter months. We are definitely out door people.

I retired from banking after 32 years in 1994, to stay home and take care of my Mother who came to live with us. My girlfriend who owned a grooming business asked me to come and wash dogs for her to help her out and she would teach me how to groom seeing that we had two Standard Poodles at the time. It was two years before I picked up a clipper and when I did it was on one of our Poodles. I worked with her for nine years before she moved to Florida, and I did take over quite a few of her customers and moved the business to our own home when she left.

When Randy retired from the State of New Hampshire, in 2002, the business was going well but we were tired of the winter so in 2003, we decided to move to Florida ourselves.

We bought a home in North Port, Florida, in October, 2003, and not being one to stay idle for long, I went back into grooming again. Randy set up a grooming shop in our two car garage and I have been grooming here in Florida for the last 5 years and keeping very busy. The extra income sure does help now that we are living on a fixed income.

I became a Berkeley beauty when we attended our first reunion in Charleston, SC. We also attended the reunion in 2004, in Branson, Mo., as well as the reunion in

2008, in Braintree, Ma. Where I met quite a few new spouses and went shopping with them and enjoyed the day.

Looking forward to meeting everyone again at the 2010 reunion in Denver, Co.

Well I look forward to seeing you guys in Denver too. I know that the next reunion is going to be our best and BIGGEST and you don't want to miss it!

Till next time,

Pat

Member Support?

In terms of photos and sea tales we are getting zip. Other ship Web sites and newsletters show much more interest from their members. What is wrong with the Berkeley crew? Lack of interest or just lazy. There must have been events that happened while you were aboard that would be of interest to your shipmates. Dig through that old sea chest for photos and send them in with a story.

**Berkeley History
July**

40 Years Ago, 1969

1-23, Overhaul Long Beach Naval Shipyard; **24**, Sea Trials; **25-31**, Overhaul Long Beach NSY. Commanding Officer is CDR T.M. Ward Jr.

30 Years Ago, 1979

1-23, Inport NavSta San Diego - POM; **24-25**, Sea Trials; **26-31**, Inport San Diego - POM. Commanding Officer is CDR K.R. Sydow.

20 Years Ago, 1989

1-5, Inport Continental Marine Shipyard - Fast Cruise; **6-7**, Underway SoCal OpArea - Sea Trials; **8-23**, Inport San Diego, Medical readiness assist visit, (12, ship's picnic); **24**, Underway enroute to Seal Beach; **25**, Inport Seal Beach to offload ammo; **26-31**, Underway SoCal OpArea Readix 89-4. Commanding Officer is CDR C.R. Girvin III.

USS BERKELEY (DDG-15) ASSOCIATION
5553 Makati Circle
San Jose, California 95123

May 19, 2009

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
Navy Department
Washington, D.C. 20350-1000

Honorable B.J. Penn

SHIP NAME; nomination of

Refs (a) USS Berkeley Association ltr of 1 April 1994
(b) USS Berkeley Association ltr of 1 June 2004

With references (a) and (b) the Association requested a new Arleigh Burke Class Destroyer be named USS BERKELEY. Upon completion of the original building plan, without naming a new USS BERKELEY, the Association no longer pursued this effort. However, with the extension of building more Arleigh Burke ships the Association once again is requesting a new USS BERKELEY. The last three in the plan have yet to be named and it would seem most appropriate to consider naming DDG-115 as USS BERKELEY, the former being DDG-15. Of the 23 former Adams Class Destroyers, only one had its name passed on to the new generation of DDG's. The original USS BERKELEY was named after Medal of Honor recipient MGEN Randolph C. Berkeley.

Our organization continues to be strong by holding reunions every other year and boasts a roster of over 1,000 former crewmembers. Our Web site is www.ussberkeley.com. We stand ready to be involved with a new USS BERKELEY, not only in the commissioning, but also in the ships future service. The USS BERKELEY served our Navy proudly during her thirty years of commissioned service and earned a commendable war record. We once again request that BERKELEY be considered as the name of a new Arleigh Burke Class destroyer.

Sincerely,

James L. Barrett
CDR, USN (Ret)

cc: Chief of Naval Operations
Commandant of the Marine Corps
Naval Sea Systems Command (PMS-400)

THE SEABAG...

There was a time when everything you owned had to fit in your seabag. Remember those nasty rascals? Fully packed, one of the suckers weighed more than the poor devil hauling it.

The damn things weighed a ton and some idiot with an off-center sense of humor sewed a carry handle on it to help you haul it. Hell, you could bolt a handle on a Greyhound bus but it wouldn't make the damn thing portable.

The Army, Marines and Air Force got footlockers and we got a big ole' canvas bag.

After you warped your spine jackassing the goofy thing through a bus or train station, sat on it waiting for connecting transportation and made folks mad because it was too damn big to fit in any overhead rack on any bus, train and airplane ever made, the contents looked like hell. All your gear appeared to have come from bums who slept on park benches.

Traveling with a seabag was something left over from the "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" sailing ship days. Sailors used to sleep in hammocks. So you stowed your issue in a big canvas bag and lashed your hammock to it, hoisted it on your shoulder and in effect moved your entire home and complete inventory of earthly possessions from ship to ship. I wouldn't say you traveled light because with one strap it was a one-shoulder load that could torque your skeletal frame and bust your ankles. It was like hauling a dead linebacker.

They wasted a lot of time in boot camp telling you how to pack one of the suckers. There was an officially sanctioned method of organization that you forgot after ten minutes on the other side of the gate at Great Lakes or San Diego. You got rid of a lot of issue gear when you went to the SHIP.. Did you ever know a tin-can sailor who had a raincoat? A flat hat? One of those nut hugger knit swimsuits? How about those roll your own neckerchiefs... The ones the girls in a good Naval tailor shop would cut down and sew into a 'greasy snake' for two bucks?

Within six months, every fleet sailor was down to one set of dress blues, port and starboard undress blues and whites, a couple of whitehats, boots, shoes, assorted skivvies a peacoat and three sets of bleached out dungarees. The rest of

your original issue was either in the pea coat locker, lucky bag or had been reduced to wipe down rags in the engine room. Underway ships were not ships that allowed vast accumulation of private gear.

Hobos who lived in discarded refrigerator crates could amass greater loads of pack rat crap than fleet sailors. The confines of a canvas back rack, side locker and a couple of bunk bags did not allow one to live a Donald Trump existence. Space and the going pay scale combined to make us envy the lifestyle of a mud hut Ethiopian. We were the global equivalents of nomadic Monguls without ponies to haul our stuff.

And after the rigid routine of boot camp we learned the skill of random compression packing... Known by mother's world-wide as 'cramming'. It is amazing what you can jam into a space no bigger than a breadbox if you pull a watch cap over a boot and push it in with your foot. Of course it looks kinda weird when you pull it out but they never hold fashion shows at sea and wrinkles added character to a salty appearance. There was a four-hundred mile gap between the images on recruiting posters and the actual appearance of sailors at sea. It was not without justifiable reason that we were called the tin-can Navy.

We operated on the premise that if 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness', we must be next to the other end of that spectrum... We looked like our clothing had been pressed with a waffle iron and packed by a bulldozer.

But what in the hell did they expect from a bunch of jerks that lived in the crews hole of a 2200 Sumner Class can. After a while you got used to it... You got used to everything you owned picking up and retaining that distinctive aroma... You got used to old ladies on busses taking a couple of wrinkled nose sniffs of your peacoat then getting up and finding another seat...

Do they still issue seabags? Can you still make five bucks sitting up half the night drawing a ships picture on the side of one of the damn things with black and white marking pens that drive old master-at-arms into a 'rig for heart attack' frenzy? Make their faces red... The veins on their neck bulge out... And yell, "Jeezus H. Christ! What in God's name is that all over your seabag?" "Artwork, Chief... It's like the work of Michelangelo... My ship... Great huh?"

"Looks like some damn comic book..."

Here was a man with cobras tattooed on his arms... A skull with a dagger through one eye and a ribbon reading 'DEATH BEFORE SHORE DUTY' on his shoulder... Crossed anchors with 'Subic Bay 1945' on the other shoulder... An eagle on his chest and a full blown Chinese dragon peeking out between the cheeks of his butt. If anyone was an authority on stuff that looked like a comic book, it had to be this E-7 sucker.

Sometimes I look at all the crap stacked in my garage, close my eyes and smile, remembering a time when everything I owned could be crammed into a canvas bag. Maturity is hell.

The Goat Locker



Five cannibals were employed by the Navy as translators during one of the island campaigns during World War II. When the Admiral in command of the task force welcomed the cannibals he said, "You're all part of our team now. We will compensate you well for your services, and you can eat any of the rations that the Sailors are eating. So please don't indulge yourselves by eating a Sailor." The cannibals promised.

Four weeks later the Admiral returned and said, "You're all working very hard, and I'm very satisfied with all of you. However, one of our Chiefs has disappeared. Do any of you know what happened to him?" The cannibals all shook their heads no.

After the Admiral left, the leader of the cannibals turned to the others and said, "Which of you idiots ate the Chief?" A hand raised hesitantly, to which the leader of the cannibals replied, "You fool! For four weeks we've been eating Ensigns, Lieutenants, Lieutenant Commanders, Commanders, and even one Captain and no one noticed anything...then YOU had to go and eat a Chief!"

Military Personnel Records

Are you missing that very important DD-214 you received when discharged? It is easy to get a copy from the National Archives and Records Administration. Part of NARA is the National Personnel Records Center (NPRC) in St. Louis, MO where federal, military and civilian records are stored. For military records the address is 9700 Page Ave., St. Louis, MO 63132-5100. Tele: 314-538-4261 (recorded message). Web site at www.nara.gov.