

The 820 Newsletter

World Wide Web Edition



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RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS

Patriotism Becomes Popular Again

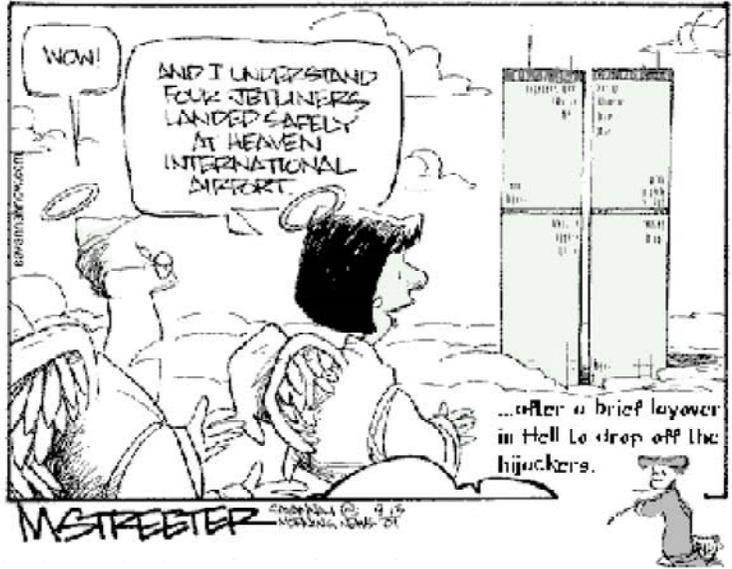
Taking advantage of editorial license, we would be completely remiss in not mentioning the horrific events of September 11th. Each of us became aware of the acts of terror in some different way. Because of my working hours, I was still in bed when Iris raced into our bedroom and turned the television on shortly after the first tower was hit. Like many Americans, we first thought it to be an accident. That thought evaporated as we watched, mesmerized, as the second aircraft made its run on the south tower.

We both sat staring in disbelief and realizing that we were witnessing an act of war against our country. We can only imagine this must have been similar to the thoughts of those who were at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Disbelief turned into grief for our nation and those lives lost at the WTC, the Pentagon and in Pennsylvania and for the families left behind. Although we knew none of the casualties personally, we felt as though we did. We're sure many of you felt the same way. Then of course the grief turned into anger.

We wanted retribution. We wanted the evil-doers brought to justice before the world for their act of cowardice. We also knew, even before our Commander-In-Chief spoke to the nation, that our lives would never be the same again. Never.

We still feel that way. However, we have looked to strengthen our faith in God's plan for each of us, we pray more and we are much more aware of our blessings. AND... we never part without saying "I Love You".

We find it incredibly inspiring to see the American flag being shown *everywhere*. Fortunately we had a number of them on hand in various sizes. I buy them by the case since we've flown a permanent flag over the house since the first day of the Gulf War. They only last 3-4 months in the weather. We also had smaller ones for the cars and Iris made a bag of ribbon lapel flags.



We also hope that each of you hold a special place in your thoughts and prayers for the victims and their families as well as the rescuers who were lost and their families. As the holidays approach, the survivors will face yet another very difficult time... especially the families with children.

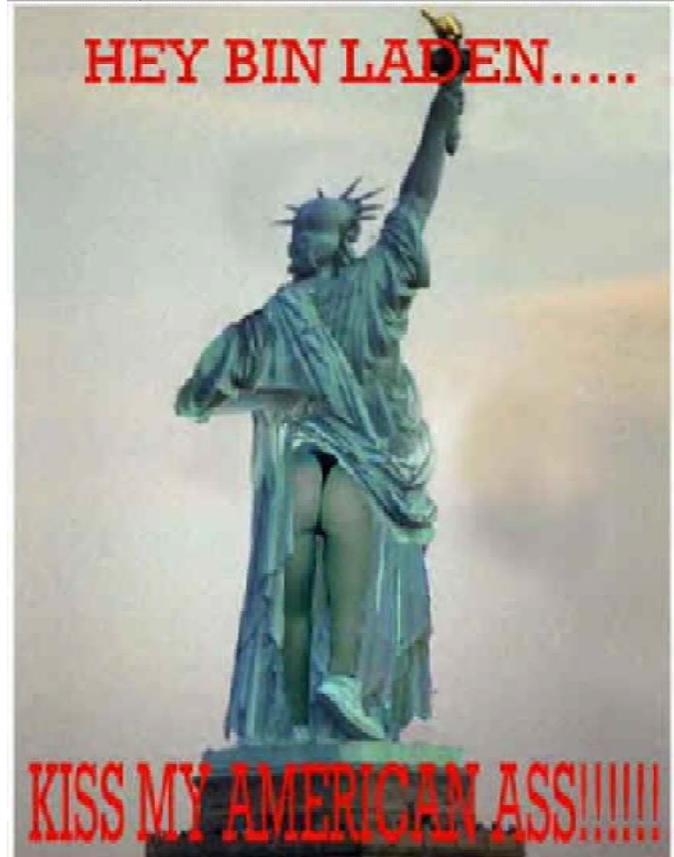
RICH sailors are family too. The love and friendships which have been renewed through the years or have grown out of our annual reunions are testimony to that. Many of us have had troubles. Some more than others. Yet we can witness our many blessings each time we gather. May God shed his grace on you and your loved ones in this season of sharing and until we meet again.

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◆ [Heard On The Mess Deck](#)

◆ [We'll Fight To The Last 50-year-old](#)

"Send us in, Coach":



A couple of weeks ago I indicated that if I could, I'd enlist today and help my country track down those responsible for killing thousands of innocent people in New York City, Pennsylvania, and Washington, DC.

But I'm over 50 now and the Armed Forces says I too old to track down terrorists. You can't be older than 35 to join.

They've got the whole thing backwards. Instead of sending 18-year-olds off to fight, they ought to take us old guys. You shouldn't be able to join until you're at least 35.

For starters:

— Researchers say 18-year-olds think about sex every 10 seconds. Old guys only think about sex every 15 seconds, leaving us more than 28,000 additional seconds per day to concentrate on the enemy.

— Young guys haven't lived long enough to be cranky and a cranky sailor is a dangerous sailor. If we can't kill the enemy we'll complain them into submission: "My back hurts!" "I'm hungry."; "Where's the remote control?"; "Where's my newspaper?"; "I don't want to go shopping".

Don't you agree?

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["Old Geezers"](#)

Geezers are easy to spot; this is slang for an old man. But, at sporting events, during the playing of the National Anthem, they hold their caps over their hearts and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them.

They remember World War I, the Depression, World War II, Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Normandy and Hitler. They remember the Atomic Age, the Korean War, The Cold War, the Jet Age and the Moon Landing, not to mention Vietnam.

If you bump into a **Geezer** on the sidewalk, he'll apologize, pass a **Geezer** on the street, he'll nod, or tip his cap to a lady. **Geezers** trust strangers and are courtly to women. They hold the door for the next person and always when walking, make sure the lady is on the inside for protection.

Geezers get embarrassed if someone curses in front of women and children and they don't like violence and filth on TV and in movies. **Geezers** have moral courage.

Geezers seldom brag unless it's about the grandchildren in Little League or music recitals.

This country needs **Geezers** with their decent values and common sense. We need them now more than ever. It's the **Geezers** who know our great country is protected, not by politicians or police, but by the young men and women in the military serving their country in foreign lands, just as they did, without a thought except to do a good job, the best you can and to get home to loved ones.

Thank God for "OLD GEEZERS."

"Words of Wisdom" from shipmate Jake Whitmore, RD2

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Coming In The Next Issue

- Chief Gene Calloway tells us the story of the "Willie Dee" (Not recommended for children)
- A Romanian newspaper editorial
- An inspiring speech written by the son of a shipmate.

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[DUMPING TRASH](#)

[As recalled by CT\(RMSN\) Pete Imandt, \[1968\]](#)

In 1968, the heart of RICH's radio message reprographic gear was a 'Ditto' or spirit duplicator. If you're the right age, you may remember the purple, chemical smelling, handouts from school days, they were 'Dittos'. When I was in the third grade, a few of us found some purple Ditto masters in the trash. We made the necessary folds, with the purple inward, to construct water bombs. These weren't everyday water bombs -- just add water, and they were purple ink specials. I don't recall how long we spent in detention.

Trash dumping was never a favorite task on RICH. The radio gang had classified materials to be handled daily. There were the rolls and rolls of teletyped paper, hand written messages, reproduced messages and the even purple Ditto masters. Security procedures required shredding all of these. The old shredder was on its last leg -- it had the nasty habit of ejecting shredded bits all over the radio space. We found a nylon mail bag could be cinched to the shredder's discharge chute. This caught the shreds and made life abundantly easier; but, it violated postal regulations. Luckily the postal petty officer was understanding.

When RICH was underway, the mail bags, overflowing with shreds, were emptied over the fantail as the watch changed at midnight. This was a simple process. But, if you added a darkened ship, heavy seas and one or two more bags than you can easily lug, it was troublesome. It was never a pleasure to be whacked in the shins, by some unseen deck fitting in the black of midnight, as you crossed the ASROC deck burdened down like Santa Claus.

As a bonus, each shredding bit had a mind of its own. If liberated, they would quickly scatter to seek out every nook and cranny at hand. Also, they were not easily coaxed out of hiding. Most mornings, a duty radioman

retraced the path to the fantail policing up the midnight escapees.

One morning, as we readied for breakfast, there was an uncommon commotion. The chief radioman bolted into the berthing space -- he was as mad as hell. He roused a slumbering RM3 out of his rack -- just off the eve watch, this RM3 should have been a 'late sleeper.' The chief escorted the RM3 out of the compartment. We all looked at each other wondering just how deep was the shit the RM3 had stepped in.

On the main weather deck, as we lined up for breakfast, it was immediately apparent what had happened. The RM3 had developed his own scheme for getting rid of the shreadings. He had eliminated the trek to the fantail. He simply emptied the mail bags over the port side, at the 01 level weather deck, just outside of the radio area passageway. The RM3 had failed to take into consideration the crossing wind and spray. The wind blew the majority of the shreadings back to the main weather deck. From there, they scattered -- there were shreadings everywhere. The weather areas were a mess -- the bosuns were upset. The mess cooks were more upset -- the shreadings had gone into the potato bunkers. The snipes were most upset. A large mass of shreadings had blown into the ventilator intake. It found its way far into the engineering spaces prior to its dispersal. Needless to say, one omitted trip to the fantail had resulted in an unbelievable mess.

The loose shreadings were just the tip of the iceberg. The exposed areas were damp with spray. The shreadings were stuck everywhere. The surfaces looked like gray and purple camouflage. Everywhere a Ditto master shred landed, it left a purple stain. As a child, the RM3 had not spent enough time in third grade detention.

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◆ Made Your Plans?

[Reunion 2002 is just around the corner](#)

What's significant about November 1st? It marks 168 days until we meet in Beaufort! What makes it seem like such a short year is that we're meeting two months



APRIL
17-21

(Click image for details)

earlier than last year. All the more reason to get busy with reservations by car, train or plane and the hotel too. We'll have complete, detailed information and registration forms in the next issue of *820 Newsletter* but you don't need to wait!

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◆ Membership

If you're not a paid up member of the USS RICH DD/DDE 820 ASSOCIATION shame on you! C'mon... be a part of this great organization. It's fun, nostalgic and enlightening. Send your membership dues of \$15.00 to:

[USS RICH DD/DDE-820 ASSOCIATION](#)

Walter Becker, Treasurer
1102 Wedgewood Lake Road
Stroudsburg PA 18360-8733

Be sure to include your Name, Mailing Address, Rate, and Tour Dates aboard *RICH*. Please note we do not make our master database available to anyone for any reason. We do, however, provide addresses to other shipmates who may be looking for you.

Guess what? **Now you can [join or renew ONLINE](#) at our website using your credit card.**

Know what? You'll sleep better knowing you're a member.

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[Shipmate To Shipmate](#)

My dad, Earl Ring II, was stationed on USS RICH (DD/DDE 820) about 1950. He passed away 1986. I would love to hear from anyone who knew him. sweick@sitestar.net

I am looking for any information on Almore D. Wilson, Jr. He was aboard the RICH sometime between 1946 and 1949 before being discharged in 1949. Anyone who remembers my father please contact me.
ccr6844878@aol.com

Can you tell me where I get a "USS Rich DDE 820" patch for my collection? I was on board in 1954-55. Thanks, James H. Rochester
JHRoche@aol.com

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