

USS BRADLEY ASSOCIATION

Founded July 6, 2002

January 2019
NEWSLETTER



Presidents Message

Shipmates!

Best wishes to all in this new year. I am able to report that we will hold our next Bradley reunion in San Diego on 26 Sept. 2018 – 28 Sept. 2018. Our ninth!!

The hotel contract has been signed and fees are locked. Only minor details to be determined (tours, etc.). The hotel is military friendly and small fees have been waived (parking, etc.) Sincere thanks to Bruce Gottsch and Bill Johnson for their help and input.

Looking forward to once again being in San Diego.

Steady as you go!!

Bill Barrett

Treasurers Report as of 31 October, 2018

In reviewing the Financial Summary reports for the 10-month period ending 31 October 2018, it appears that the Association received \$210 in members' dues. The Association also received an additional \$220 donation from a former Bradley shipmate. Total funds received totaled \$430.00.

Expenditures during 2018 consisted of \$558.67 for newsletter postage, printing, and materials. Excess of expenditures over receipts amounted to - \$128.67. This is typical result in a non-reunion year. The Association maintains a no fee/no interest account at US Bank.

The balance in the account as of 31 October 2018 is \$4778.86.

Committed for Agent Orange – Recap: Collected for fund 2015-2016 = \$916.00. Paid out of fund = \$373.31. Excess collected as of 31 December 2017 = \$542.69.

Summary Report prepared and submitted by Don Ruhl, Treasurer

2019 Reunion San Diego CA

September 26 – 28



Plans for our 2019 San Diego reunion are well underway and should be finalized within the next couple weeks. As with our last reunion, all arrangements will be made through Ozarks Kirkwood Tour and Travel.

Also, as with previous reunions, detailed information about reunion registration, lodging, activities/options, dinner, etc., will be sent out in the Spring by Ozarks Kirkwood Tour and Travel.

Annual reminder - Keeping inTouch: Since the founding of the USS BRADLEY Association more than a decade and a half ago, keeping in touch with those BRADLEY Shipmates brought into the association has been an ongoing challenge.

Certainly, people move, and many no longer have landlines. And of course, as time passes, we can lose contact. Sometimes we (the association) will be notified of changes in address, telephone number, email address or about those shipmates we have lost to death. Other times we will not be notified and loose contact with shipmates.

With that in mind we need your help maintaining contact with you. All contact information is held in strict confidence. We're asking that all association members update their data in one of the following ways:

First, email our Association Secretary (brucegottsch@gmail.com) with your present postal address and a phone number. We'll have your current email address once we've received your email message.

Second, if you don't have access to reliable email, telephone me at 914-261-1984. If you have to leave a voicemail message. Please include your name AND telephone number!

Third, you can of course send a message via snail mail to: Bruce Gottsch, Secretary P O Box 23516 Oakland Park FL 33307. Please include your mailing address and a telephone number.

Finally, you can go to the Bradley web site at: <http://www.ussbradley.com/> then select Contact Us in the upper right of the page and fill out the info in the Contact Form. When you hit the Send button, the information is sent directly to Bruce. We currently have only 81 current email addresses out of 282 members. Please consider providing your email address – this helps the association save money when producing and sending newsletters.

Thank you all for your prompt attention to this very important matter.

Membership Dues *(If you haven't sent in your dues, please do so ASAP!)*

At the Association general business meeting held in Washington DC in 2015 it was approved that the annual dues be increased to \$30 per year effective following the meeting. Those members wishing to pay their dues may do so by sending a check to Treasurer Don Ruhl as follows:

Make check to: USS Bradley Association

Amount of: \$30 per year (*indicate year you are paying for*)

Mail to: USS Bradley Association
c/o Donald Ruhl, Treasurer
PO Box 642
Custer, WA 98240

Any questions or comments, please give me a call or let me know. Always glad to hear from fellow shipmates.

Donald Ruhl, Treasurer (360 366-4549) donruhlcpa@yahoo.com

Mid Shipman Memories Aboard BRADLEY

1972 – 1973

By Mike Dennis

Shipmates! I recently received an email from Michael Dennis, now living in Castle Rock CO. Seems he had a BRADLEY Patch that he wanted to give to the Association. He was a 1st Class MidShipman (72/73) and was aboard BRADLEY for ship handling experience. I'll let him recount his experience.

Bruce Gottsch, Secretary USS BRADLEY Association

Hi Bruce -

Thanks for making a home for this memory.

It was the first time I ever had the com of a ship - a big deal! We were practicing man overboard drills. Oscar went over the side and the 1 MC blared with "Man overboard Starboard Side". I ordered right full rudder. When ship's heading reached 300 (initial heading was 240), I ordered "Shift your rudder". About 20 degrees prior to heading 060, I ordered "Study upon 060, all engines stop. The BRADLEY coasted to a stop about 30 feet from Oscar. The Captain said, "Well done, Mr. Dennis" I couldn't have been more proud. I went on to be commissioned as an ensign and flew Abs off the CORAL SEA. When left active duty, I transferred into the Air Force Reserve and flew A-10s and retired as a LTC. My civilian job was as a pilot for United Airlines. I've been retired for two years ... it's the best job I've ever had.

We visit San Diego every few years, so I'll see if coordinating for your 2019 reunion will work. I appreciate you and all your shipmates.

“I REMEMBER...”

By Bob Stanton RM1 1966

Traveling on the bus each morning back and forth from the barracks to the ship while it was being completed after commissioning and having to listen to MM3 or EM3 Charlie Van Der Beek's classical music on the radio, and him complaining about the Beatles "trying to tell us there were 8 days in a week". Oh, how he hated the modern music.

RM1 John Collins disappearing within his raincoat on trying to get "ready" for a new day.

The first day the Bradley went to sea for sea trials after leaving the yards. It was horrible. I had "imbibed" far too much the night before and since the Brad had virtually nothing on board in the way of equipment, our breakfast was catered on the mess decks prior to getting underway. I figured one way to "get well" quickly would be to have a big breakfast so I ate heartily. Everything was great until we passed the Golden Gate Bridge. With virtually no equipment and/or crew on board, coupled with rough waters, we were like a virtual "cork in a bathtub". Over 90 percent of the crew got seasick and most ALL civilians too. There were many more civilians on board at this time than sailors. Everyone was running around trying to find their own little place to talk to the Irishman. People on the bridge all seemed to have their own private bucket to fill. Smart butt me, still somewhat hung over, was running all over the ship laughing at all the seasick people and making fun of them. Heck, I was feeling great. About noon, I was out on the main deck talking to RMC John Dennis looking out at the heavy waves when I realized he wasn't looking so good. So I asked him, "Chief, you sick?" He kind of nodded and proceeded to throw up on himself. Just a little, but there it was on his jacket. Well that was all I needed, instant seasickness for the smart butt. I headed below decks and found the Chief's head completely empty and started unloading in there. Suffice to say I joined the rest of crew for the remainder of the time at sea and we all stayed sick until we passed back under the Golden Gate Bridge. From, nobody ever found the Chief's head, so I was safe from their "paybacks".

Our first trip to Bremerton shipyard. I think that should be spelled Brainmerton shipyard. It rained every day we were there. One of the weirdest laws they had at that time, and still may for all I know, is you could not take your beer with you if you wanted to move from the bar to a table or any place within the bar for that matter. The bar maid had to take it for you. Stupid rule but they enforced it rigidly.

During one of our stays in the Long Beach shipyard, I had been feeling pretty good at the Acey-Ducey Club (anyone remember those ???Hahaha). Seems this particular night they were having a dance contest sponsored by San Miguel beer. To make this short, I won the contest and was presented with a full case of SM beer. Drunk as a skunk, I carried this case of beer all the way back to the ship and asked the OOD if I could leave it at the Quarterdeck until I got up the next morning (Saturday) when I would take care of it. However, the OOD on the morning watch, who shall remain unnamed, sent the messenger down to wake me up and ask me if the Chief's could have the beer and put it in the Chief's mess. I said NO and tried going back to sleep. The messenger left and returned almost immediately and told me Chief **^##%\$^** was ordering me to get up there and take care of the beer. Hung over and still tired, I threw on some clothes, walked up to the quarterdeck, grabbed the case of beer, walked over to the side of the ship and tossed it all into the water and then went back to bed. Never did care for Torpedoman Chief's after that.

The first time we won a green C. Seemed like BATAW (Bradley, Any Time, Any Where – our earliest unofficial motto) was winning all kinds of E's and O's and C's. What a crew. How we did it using "Mighty Mites" (newest teletype machines) I will never know.

Kaohsiung being named by the crew as our unofficial favorite port for R&R. It was there I fell in love every night and fell out of love every morning. It was also there the only time I was UA. The XO had been telling everyone he was probably not going to give overnight liberty on our last night in port. I had taken seven days leave that expired on the last day. While at our ship's party, and heavily embalmed with libation, I asked the XO if he was going to give overnights on the last night. Of course, everyone wanted to hear his answer. He

Train from Keelung to Taipei,
Taiwan - Spring 1973



responded with, "I don't know yet" to which I replied, "Well I don't care if you are giving it or not, I am taking it. And as far as I'm concerned, when we leave here you can take my overnight pass and stick it up your (encryption device takes over here)" Dumb thing to say. As it so happened, he did not grant overnight liberty on the last day. I checked in off leave and went on liberty and did not come back until around 0500. SKC Rodriguez was the OOD and while I stood around waiting to be written up, he asked if I needed anything. I told him I was waiting to be placed on report. He said he thought I was on leave but then just told me to go to bed. Would you believe, two days later, while at sea, Chief Rodriguez came into the first

class mess with a report chit and told me he had to put me on report. Seems the XO had personally gotten up and went to Operations compartment to see if I was aboard. Even funnier, when I went to XO's mast, despite my Commo and Chief standing up strongly for me, he said, "I am not forgetting what you said at the party." My punishment – he took away my overnight liberty card and that was it. He did say I could put in for overnight liberty on a case by case basis. I tried it once in Hong Kong and PN1 Moses came down to the first class mess that afternoon laughing his head off. He said the XO had blanket approved all the chits in the morning and then came running down to his office an hour later, went through the chits, found mine and disapproved it! Oh well.

Buying orange plastic looking 33 1/3 LP's in Kaohsiung of the top hits of the time. And then having to throw them over the side or hide them before Customs made their checks prior to returning to the States. They were just so cheap. Standing in line at the EM Club in Kaohsiung waiting to buy some NT, New Taiwanese Dollars. We could buy 40 NT for one US buck. Ten dollars was a big night on the town. The guy in front of me



was also a radioman off one of the LST's that were doing all the dangerous duty up river in Vietnam. Two of them had been bombed with several casualties within the last couple of weeks. When he got to the window, he bought 400 US dollars' worth of NT. I said, WOW, how long you gonna be in port here, a month? He said, "Nope, we are leaving in the morning to go back on station up the river and I am going to make sure I have a good time." He asked me to join him, but I passed. Dummy me again.

On our maiden cruise, we headed for Yokosuka after having spent a week in Honolulu. Three days out of port and we get ordered to head for the Sea of Japan in support of the rescue effort of the USS Pueblo. I hadn't been to Yokosuka since 59 and was really looking forward to it. You have seen the pictures of the snow and the snowmen on deck while on station; an amazing sight. We never did make it to Yokosuka that cruise.

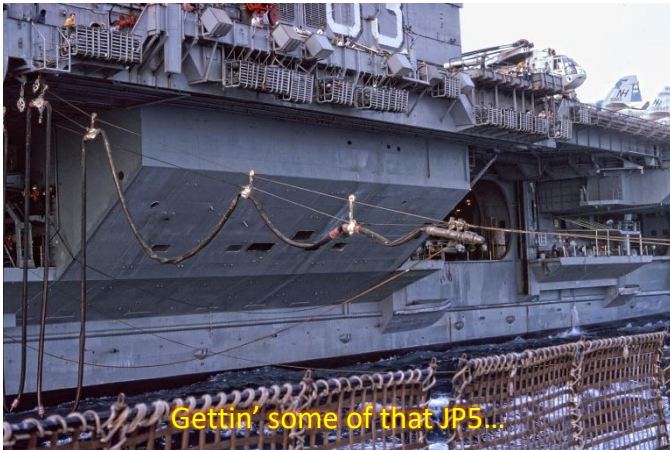
During this six-and-a-half-month cruise, we spent a total of 29 days in port, 7 of which were Honolulu and 5 in Guam. Seems like we were always being pulled out to take over someone's commitments. This is where we picked up the tag, BATAW, Bradley, Any Time, Any Where. We made all our commitments and those of several others. Then came that ferocious storm around the Philippines as we all tried to meet up with our group in preparation for our trip back home. The old WWII ships just kept plodding along right through that storm but whether it was because of our unusually

big sonar dome or who knows what, whenever we tried, the old Brad would shake and shiver like she was about to die. Each time we had to run back and hide in the Gulf of Tonkin. After three attempts, we were finally ordered to meet the group in Guam. From that time until she was called the “Bad Brad”, we were known as “Bradley, Any Time, Any Where, Weather Permitting.”

Being on the signal bridge in the Sea of Japan during heavy snowfall. I was helping one of the SM’s receive a message by flashing light. He even let me send one. Never did learn how to read semaphore though. Realized at that time I had picked the correct rating to be in. SM1 Monnett had a great group of signalmen though.

While we were in Guam, on our way home, one of the QM’s went nutso one night. He came back to the ship “embalmed” and standing by the scuttlebutt in the berthing compartment, decided he had to take a leak. I wake up hearing “water” pouring all over the floor. Someone yelled to ask him what the heck he was doing and all of a sudden he dashed up the ladder, went to the quarterdeck, yelled at the OOD (who just happened to be his QM1 boss) that he could not wait any longer to get home and actually dove off the side of the ship and was going to try to swim home. The OOD actually dove in after him and brought him back to the ship. Next day he said he had no recollection of any of it. What a crew.

Playing of the Lone Ranger’s theme song whenever we would pull away from refueling. I even think someone passed the word topside that the “bowling alley would be closed during refueling” one time.



Rough seas out to prove our vertical fin stabilizers were a joke. Seas won.

Getting color television set on the mess decks after being appointed Welfare and Rec chairman. Crew was happy.

Thanksgiving Dinner and the menus the cook’s put out with them. I was reading the menu and eating some turkey. I read on the menu, “Roast Young Tom Turkey.” My response...this one must have lied about its age. But food on the Brad was above average at all time. CS1 James really cared what the crew thought about the food.

Poker games down in the ET shop. Major source of income for liberty. Shhhh. Wouldn’t want Mr. Menikheim to find out.

Cutthroat Pinochle games where I would win all of Paul Gross’ money.

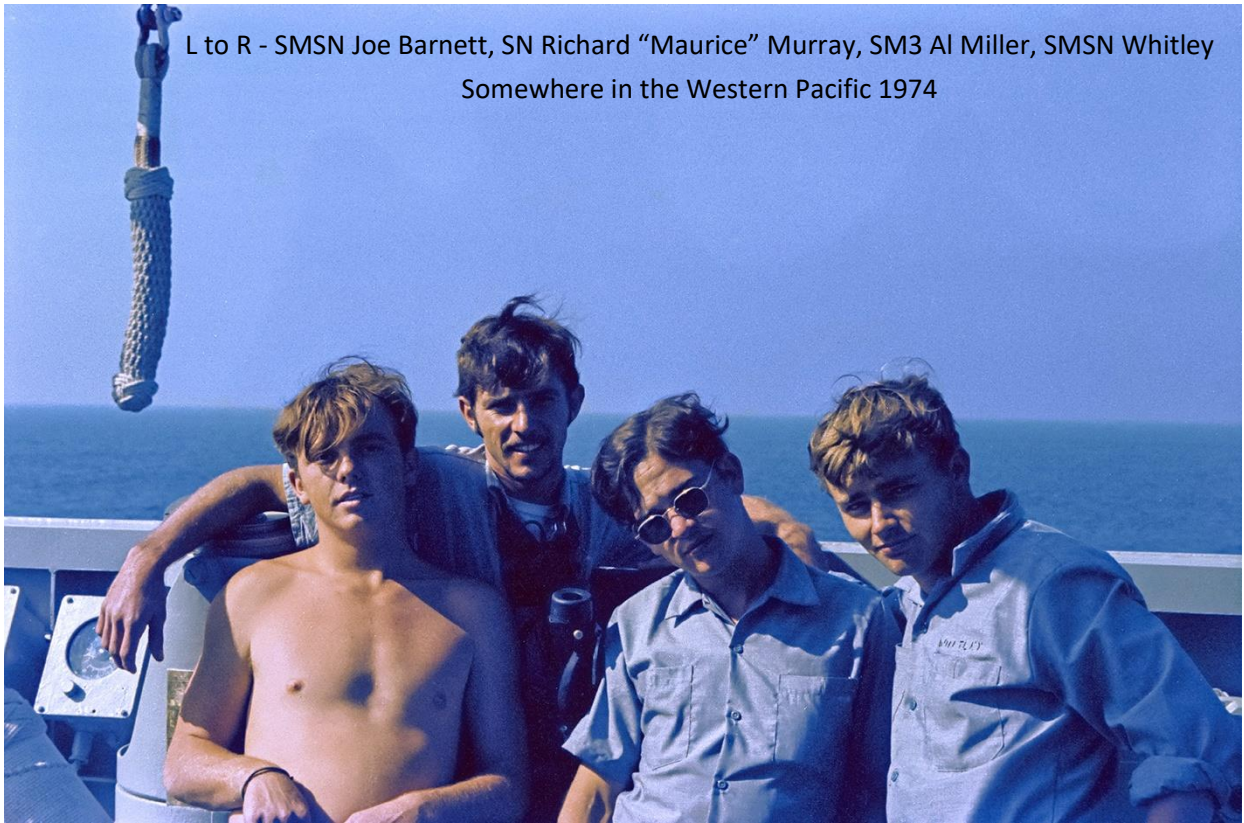
That STG1 Bob someone who always had a positive attitude and a smile on his face. I doubt this guy ever had a sad day in his life. Always saying something to make us laugh during meals.

Ship’s parties at Admiral Baker field. Let me see now, I do remember the beer kegs and there was the, uh, the uh, well I know there was something else.

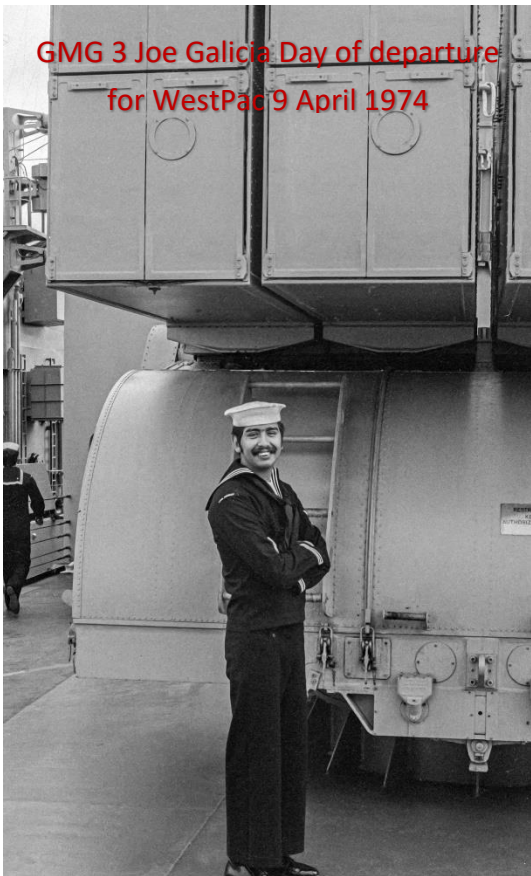
Storms, Liberty, Teamwork, Underway, Chow, Ports of Call, and Captain Bill “Fish” Whaley. What a ship.

Editor’s note: Bob Stanton’s story is reprinted from an earlier newsletter

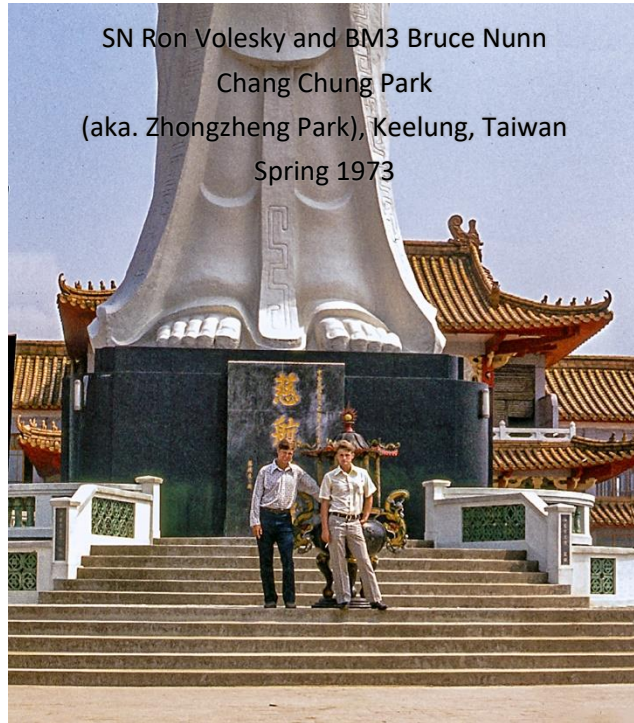
L to R - SMSN Joe Barnett, SN Richard "Maurice" Murray, SM3 Al Miller, SMSN Whitley
Somewhere in the Western Pacific 1974



GMG 3 Joe Galicia Day of departure
for WestPac 9 April 1974



SN Ron Volesky and BM3 Bruce Nunn
Chang Chung Park
(aka. Zhongzheng Park), Keelung, Taiwan
Spring 1973



The message below came in too late to include in the hardcopy version of this newsletter (which had already "gone to press"), but Bruce asked if I could include it in this electronic version. It comes to us from Paul Groos, former President of the Bradley Association.

As many know the USS Bradley DE/FF 1041 is NOT on the VA's List of Ships for Agent Orange issues. There is NO REASON FOR THIS! Many of us that were plank owners thru her second Vietnam deployment need help. ANY OF YOU ABOARD BRADLEY AND DID GUN FIRE SUPPORT should take note. NGFS (Naval Gun Fire Support) in government records is called CONGA (Combat Navy Gun Support). I don't know why. There are MANY RECORDS OF WHAT BRADLEY DID. There is a Bill in Congress, "HR 299", that helps correct problems. A group named "Blue Water Navy Association" that is the driving force for ALL ships that the VA does not want to help. FOR ALL OUR BRADLEY SHIPMATES, PLEASE CHECK THIS SITE! To my best information, our 1966 and 1968 shipmates have been reduced by over half because of agent orange! Yes, WE are old farts, we can only hope we left the Bradley in good hands. Though small the Bradley made her mark as a fighter.