



USS BRADLEY ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Vol. 2 – No. 2 Early Spring 2003

2004 REUNION

News Flash! The news everyone has been waiting for...the 2004 Reunion for the members of the **USS BRADLEY ASSOCIATION** will be held in San Diego, California from October 7-10. The Hanalei Hotel, on Hotel Circle will be our reunion headquarters. You can check out the hotels website at: www.hanaleihotel.com Those registered association members will receive several mailings with the reunion information from Military Locator & Reunion Service, Inc. which is planning and running the reunion for the association. If you still have not as yet sent your information to me, please do so immediately at bgottsch@optonline.net or call me at (845) 634-3993.

USS BRADLEY WEBSITE UPDATE

There have been important changes in our ship's website, thanks for our webmaster, former **BRADLEY** skipper, Tom Lettington and Paul Groos (65-68), an association member who also had started a similar site. The sites have been merged and now the ships website can be found on the web at: www.ussbradley.com. Another development is the addition of a photo album page on the website at www.ussbradley.com/photoalbum/ Check it out or send along some **BRADLEY** photo memories to share with your shipmates!

COMMANDING OFFICERS 1965-1988

Thanks to Brian Brisky (GMG3), a member of **BRADLEY'S** Decommissioning crew, we've obtained a photocopy of the Decommissioning Ceremony program held on 29 September 1988 at the San Diego Naval Station. Your editor will be sharing parts of it in future newsletters. In this issue we'll honor **BRADLEY'S** twelve commanding officers by publishing their names and periods of command:

*CDR Robert H. Robeson, Jr.	May 65 -Jun 66	*CDR William S. Whaley	Jun 66-Oct 68
CDR Joseph Metcalf III	Oct 68-Jul 70	CDR Arthur M. Osborne	Jul 70-Dec 71
CDR Donald Martin	Dec 71-Jun 73	*CDR Alger R. Heck	Jun 73-Oct 75
*CDR Thomas F. Lettington	Oct 75-Jul 77	CDR Richard W. Holly	Jul 77-Jul 80
CDR Jerome L. Martin	Jul 80-Jun 82	CDR C. Robert Twardy	Jun 82-Jul 84
CDR T. Koopman	Jul 84 – Nov 86	CDR J. J. Kennedy, Jr.	Nov 86 -Sep 88.

*Denotes members of the ships association.

More Bradley Memories 1970-1975

The **BRADLEY** was a "McNamara designed, Cost Saver" that tried to get the most for the dollars spent. As such she was a combination and/or compromise between State of the Art Technology and Cost Saving Economy. She combined the best and a couple of the worst concepts of ship design and cost saving techniques. She was designed as an Ocean Escort vessel, primarily an ASW (anti-submarine) platform, and as such she was designed for maneuverability and acceleration around a top of the line SONAR system and ASW weapons system. Here the **BRADLEY** excelled. Then in order to save money, older, used equipment was installed in "less critical locations". Such as; the infamous vertical axis main water pumps and the ABT's (automatic electric buss transfer switches) and the projectile (Ammunition) hoists. The vertical axis water pumps, despite the Herculean efforts of the engineering department, we were lucky to have two of three working at any one time. Normal rocking and rolling of the ship's motion at sea caused rapid deterioration of the vertical pump axial bearings, due to gyroscopic action. The ABT's were manufactured by an elevator company that went out of business after WW2 and parts generally had to be hand made to repair them. The lower ammo hoist were for an older and large ship and originally designed to handle lighter 3"/50 gun ammo and not the weight of the heavier 5"/38 ammo we used.

For her role as an Ocean Escort, her maneuverability and acceleration came from a large rudder, a large single screw (propeller) and a "state of the art" German WW2 designed super high pressure fired boiler(s) which were surprising for their small size and capabilities. When going down into the Fire room, one found two main boilers just slightly larger than the third "donkey" (auxiliary) boiler. And they had an automatic combustion control pressure fired system to help control the boilers' operation. But, those little boilers were special in other ways and they themselves, with the assistance of the BT's on board, could really put out steam on demand... For as small as they were, the boilers could produce almost instantaneous large amounts of steam at very high pressures. The boilers could produce steam so rapidly and on demand that we could "Drag Race" other ship's and beat them consistently. No other ship in the Navy could out accelerate and beat the **BRADLEY**, from a standing start sprint (i.e. five or six miles). Other ships had a higher top speed over the longer distances, but we were faster in the short sprints. Bradley originally designed, as primarily an ASW platform and sprint speed and maneuverability, coupled with really great SONAR, were her primary attributes. At this she excelled.

The most common little quirk the **BRADLEY** had was for the super high-pressure boilers to "Burp" a big fireball from our Mack (Mast/Stack) which would burn down most of the signal halyards and put the fire out in the boiler. (Not to mention scaring the hell out of topside watch-standers.) This in turn caused loss of electrical power and the ship went "dark" until we could power back up. As I understand it was caused by an incompatibility between the self-compensating fuel tanks, the fuel line piping, the fuel and the seawater, which caused the boiler burners to clog-up and interrupt the fuel, flow to the respective boilers. It could be very hairy, at times, especially if waterways were restricted, or crowded with other traffic, or at night. I can recall at four times it occurred while I was standing underway watches: (a) While steaming off San Diego and conducting special Helo Ops Tests, (2) At dawn, just off San Clemente Island while approaching the Test Range Area, (3) Just prior to entering the narrow entrance channel at Midway Island, and (4) In the early evening, in the Tonkin Gulf, halfway between Hainan Island and Vinh, North Vietnam.

All this added to the character and the flavor of the **BRADLEY** and a crew who worked hard together to overcome and find solutions to any problems presented and to make sure we met our commitment and obligations. We may have occasionally had some minor differences between the deck apes and the snipes but when push came to shove, we were one crew working together for the ship. A prime example is the RODEO the ship put on in Subic. That was primarily the

lower enlisted personnel who set it up and carried it off to a successful completion. Once the idea of the Rodeo got started, the whole crew worked on it in one way or the other and still managed to get all the necessary ship's work and repairs accomplished. All in all, she was a good ship, a good feeder, and had a tight crew that worked and played together.

Another example of the **BRADLEY'S** crew activities was the support for the children's orphanage up on top of the mountains near Olongapo. I can remember a day up there where we constructed and repaired pigpens using prime Philippine mahogany lumber. There we were making pigpens and sties out of lumber that a yacht owner would love to have for his boat repairs. They (the children) really enjoyed the apples, oranges, cake and ice cream we brought along, but I think it was the adult attention and friendship that they liked best...

I recall a high-speed squadron (multi ship) transit from Japan to the San Diego, during the tail end of a typhoon... We steamed in columns and while in the typhoon we had an almost permanent 20-degree port list due to the high winds and rolled from that relatively stable position. One night I went down to the Chief's Mess for a cup of coffee to relax, prior to hitting the sack, after standing an underway deck watch. While sitting there the ship lurched, picked me up and the chair I was sitting in and threw us both across the width of the CPO Mess and against the port bulkhead. No broken bones, but what a wild ride while it lasted.... Later, after we cleared the worst of the storm, we ran into the famous Aleutian Islands Fog and kept column station using the old "towed spar method" during periods of heaviest fog. You tow a large piece of lumber at the end of a known distance length of line, and the ship astern keeps station on the "Towed Spar" by keeping it in sight.

How many remember the "Tacos" from restaurant north of Olongapo, made from won-ton wrappers and stuffed with shredded cabbage, shredded cheese, and "grilled monkey meat" and topped off with Banana catsup and Tabasco sauce? I recall it tasted pretty good, along with a couple of bottles of ice-cold San Miguel beer. Of course, one had one's feet up on the porch railing, while sitting on the patio next to the beach. Another hard day at the office...

William A. Von Protz, FTC

Weapons Dept Member Remembers the Portland Rose Festival

It was a beautiful day. I think it was 1983, or maybe 84. The **USS BRADLEY** was steaming north off the California coast enroute to the Portland Rose Festival. She was in the company of the **USS Sacramento** and was engaged in an underway replenishment (UNREP) of fuel for her boilers. I was a young deck-ape standing at my UNREP station as aft lookout. We were flying the portside aft station.

Things seemed to be going along smoothly when I heard over the sound powered phones a call for all the Repair 3 team members not involved in the UNREP detail to muster on the mess deck. This was my first indication that something, somewhere had gone very wrong. When you're on a tin can word gets around pretty quickly and it wasn't long before I learned that we were taking on fuel in a space not designed to contain it, namely Weapons Berthing, my berthing compartment.

The order went out to begin emergency breakaway procedures and within minutes we were putting distance between we and the Sad SAC. Since I had communications with the bridge, CIC and aft steering, I was able to piece together events as they were happening and transmit that information to my shipmates flying the rig close to me. We were all concerned because everyone on the rig was from WEPS Department, it was our berthing area being damaged, and we could not leave to assist or investigate until the rigging was clear and the evolution secured.

Detailed information was sketchy and obtaining more was complicated by the fact that the Main

Deck Passageway was secured to all but Damage Control Teams. All anyone could see was a guy dressed in his GQ outfit, holding a twin element PKP/AFF gun in his hands, pointing it down the ladder to WEPS berthing and another guy standing behind him with a 4 foot applicator. Then a team of HT's went down with a bunch of shoring equipment... 4 by 4's, saws and steel jacking poles. It didn't look good.

Eventually word got out that a deck seam had split. DFM had flooded into the berthing area above the split to a depth of about 2 1/2 feet. Those personnel with bottom racks and standup lockers had lost everything.

Thankfully there was no fire and the dewatering teams were able to remove most of the fuel. The shoring teams got the leak plugged and the remaining mopping up was left to those who lived there.

It was a monstrous mess. Blankets, mattresses, pillows, uniforms, tape decks, money, watches, civvies, you name it was hauled out of the space dripping DFM and placed in a huge pile on the fantail. The original idea was to go through the damaged material, ID who it belonged to, catalog it for claims and reimbursement, and then jettison it over the side.

It didn't quite work out that way though. The pile was 15 feet high and 30 feet in diameter. The amount of fuel oozing from this mess was deemed by the CO to be too much of a fire hazard and all of it was chucked over the side enmass.

For a long time it was too dangerous for any of the 85 guys who occupied that space to return. About 30 of us had nothing but the uniforms we were wearing for the UNREP for days. We slept where we could, myself sleeping in a cargo net strung across the Bo 'sun locker like a hammock. Blankets, pillows and personal gear were spread out on every available horizontal surface throughout the ship. It stayed like this for about 8 days. I remember the 1st Lt. ordering me to change my cloths because I reeked so badly. I asked him what I should change into. Every spare set of dungaree's had already been distributed. There was nothing else to change into. He just looked disgusted and walked away.

During the transit, the Personnelmen handed out claim forms to record losses so we could be reimbursed. We were told to do the best we could to record everything we lost, it's value, and the date we acquired it (for devaluation purposes, the bastards!). As I recall, in addition to my sea bag I also had 5 Botany 500 silk suits, a brand new Rolex watch, 250 valuable baseball cards, 10 cartons of smokes, 3 gold necklaces, 85 cassette tapes, an expensive boom box, 3 pair of Italian leather shoes, 10 pair of jeans, 2 pair of Nike's, \$300 in cash and a bunch of other stuff. The PN gave me a mean look when I turned in my claim. He mentioned that I must be some kind of magician to be able to get all that stuff in one rack locker and one standup. I told him that I was using two other stand-ups that were not being used at the time, and anyway, how could he know what I did and didn't have. They tossed all my stuff over the side without even looking at it. Long story short, I eventually replaced everything I lost.

Our fortunes changed dramatically when we finally pulled up to the Quay wall in Portland. Our shipmates from the other vessels visiting for the festival brought over about 2 tons of donated items. Everything we needed. It wasn't top-drawer fashion, but hey, we got to go on liberty in something other than smelly dungarees.

I hit the town dressed a little like Crusty the Clown but it's important for me to remember that I met the most beautiful girl I would ever meet to this day. So with that in mind and with the generosity of my shipmates from many commands, the Portland Rose Festival turned out to be one of my most memorable military experiences. I guess Poseidon and King Neptune really do help their humble subjects.

Mike "Boats" Moravek
BM2 (SW) 1982 -1986