



NEWSLETTER Fall 2009

Reunion Highlights

Milwaukee reunion a great time.....



Dan Esposito performs a skit prior to banquet dinner and dance. Dan and two of his players had the attendees in "stitches" with their act. Dan plays a "doctor" while his "nurse" and "patient" get the going over during the skit.

Dan and Kay Esposito hosted a barbecue at their

home in Cedar Grove for shipmates who arrived early Wednesday. Dan did the cooking. Thank you Dan and Kay.

In photo above right, Marty Walsh enjoys a "typical" Milwaukee snack, 2 doz oysters, shrimp cocktail = 1 lb, lobster dinner with fries, cole slaw and 4 beers.



Hey Shirley! Do you have any left overs? Marty and Shirley have a deal where Marty will eat anything that Shirley can't finish.

Photo below: Mike Murphy displays floral arrangement during dinner. We all had some good old fashioned fun while in Milwaukee.



\$50.00 Winners

These lucky shipmates are the winners of the \$50.00 prizes:

- Rich Kinka,
- Paul Ratcliffe
- Jim Patton
- Nelson Hunter
- Duane Haugan
- Norma Chalmers
- Marty Walsh



Gary Johnson, right, attends his first reunion. Glad you came Gary. John Aulls, below, looks for his table assignment.



CHANGES COMING FOR FUTURE NEWSLETTERS

Ed Lynch made a motion to the membership attending the business meeting that future newsletters be delivered electronically to those shipmates who have email addresses on file with the Bristol Veterans Association. After some discussion, the motion carried. The cost of postage is becoming prohibitive to publish a document worthy of our membership. Forwarding the newsletter

electronically will cut the cost of publishing almost in half.

Effective with the next newsletter, those members who have email addresses will receive their copy of the newsletter electronically. Please be sure to update your address, telephone, and email addresses. Please email the editor at

edwardclynch1@verizon.net.



REUNION ATTENDEES VISIT HARLEY-DAVIDSON MUSEUM

You may say, "Annie get your gun." The photo right shows Anne Lynch mounted on an Army WWII Harley-Davidson motorcycle equipped with a Thompson Sub-machine gun. Harley-Davidson has been building motorcycles for about 100 years. Below are Cathy and Duane Haugan enjoying a "spin" on a vintage bike.



Above photo: Manny and Dolores Calimquin. Below: Ed Lynch



Do you recognize Len Hodgins above?



Photos: Top left, Judy & Don Marcus take a break during dinner; Top center, Kitty & Jim Masarik enjoy bus tour of Milwaukee; Top right, George Fisher enjoys hospitality room; 2nd row Leo "Moose" Sangiolo tells listeners about the 100 years war (married to his former wife); 2nd row right, Ed Speranza boards the bus after visiting the Harley-Davidson Museum.



***What is a hero....? Submitted by Mike Ward*****Summary of Action Petty Officer Second Class (SEAL) Michael A. Monsoor
For actions on Sept. 29, 2006**

Petty Officer Michael A. Monsoor, United States Navy, distinguished himself through conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as a Combat Advisor and Automatic Weapons Gunner for Naval Special Warfare Task Group Arabian Peninsula in support of Operation *Iraqi Freedom* on 29 September 2006. He displayed great personal courage and exceptional bravery while conducting operations in enemy held territory at Ar Ramadi Iraq.

During Operation *Kentucky Jumper*, a combined Coalition battalion clearance and isolation operation in southern Ar Ramadi, he served as automatic weapons gunner in a combined SEAL and Iraqi Army (IA) sniper overwatch element positioned on a residential rooftop in a violent sector and historical stronghold for insurgents. In the morning, his team observed four enemy fighters armed with AK-47s reconnoitering from roads in the sector to conduct follow-on attacks. SEAL snipers from his roof engaged two of them which resulted in one enemy wounded in action and one enemy killed in action. A mutually supporting SEAL/IA position also killed an enemy fighter during the morning hours. After the engagements, the local populace blocked off the roads in the area with rocks to keep civilians away and to warn insurgents of the presence of his Coalition sniper element. Additionally, a nearby mosque called insurgents to arms to fight Coalition Forces.

In the early afternoon, enemy fighters attacked his position with automatic weapons fire from a moving vehicle. The SEALs fired back and stood their ground. Shortly thereafter, an enemy fighter shot a rocket-propelled grenade at his building. Though well-acquainted with enemy tactics in Ar Ramadi, and keenly aware that the enemy would continue to attack, the SEALs remained on the battlefield in order to carry out the mission of guarding the western flank of the main effort.

Due to expected enemy action, the officer in charge repositioned him with his automatic heavy machine gun in the direction of the enemy's most likely avenue of approach. He placed him in a small, confined sniper hide-sight between two SEAL snipers on an outcropping of the roof, which allowed the three SEALs maximum coverage of the area. He was located closest to the egress route out of the sniper hide-sight watching for enemy activity through a tactical periscope over the parapet wall. While vigilantly watching for enemy activity, an enemy fighter hurled a hand grenade onto the roof from an unseen location. The grenade hit him in the chest and bounced onto the deck. He immediately leapt to his feet and yelled "grenade" to alert his teammates of impending danger, but they could not evacuate the sniper hide-sight in time to escape harm. Without hesitation and showing no regard for his own life, he threw himself onto the grenade, smothering it to protect his teammates who were lying in close proximity. The grenade detonated as he came down on top of it, mortally wounding him.

Petty Officer Monsoor's actions could not have been more selfless or clearly intentional. Of the three SEALs on that rooftop corner, he had the only avenue of escape away from the blast, and if he had so chosen, he could have easily escaped. Instead, Monsoor chose to protect his comrades by the sacrifice of his own life. By his courageous and selfless actions, he saved the lives of his two fellow SEALs and he is the most deserving of the special recognition afforded by awarding the Medal of Honor.

During Petty Officer Monsoor's Funeral, at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery, In San Diego , California, the six pallbearers removed the rosewood casket from the hearse, and lined up on each side of Mike



Michael Monsoor, MA2, SEAL,
USN

Monsoor's casket, were his family members, friends, fellow sailors, and well-wishers. The column of people continued from the hearse all the way to the grave site.

What the group didn't know at the time was, every Navy Seal with whom Mike Monsoor served scattered through-out the column. As the pallbearers carried the casket down the column of people to the grave side, the column would collapse, which formed a group of people who followed behind. Every time the casket passed a Navy Seal, he would remove his gold Trident Pin from his uniform, and slap it down hard, causing the gold Trident Pin to embed itself into the top of the casket.

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Then, the Navy Seal would step back from the column and salute.



Speaking of heroes.....

Honor Among Enemies

Look carefully at the B-17 and note how shot up it is - one engine dead, tail, horizontal stabilizer and nose shot up.. It was ready to fall out of the sky. (This is a painting done by an artist from the description of both pilots many years later.) Then realize that there is a German ME-109 fighter flying next to it. Now read the story below. I think you'll be surprised.....



Charlie Brown was a B-17 Flying Fortress pilot with the 379th Bomber Group at Kimbolton, England. His B-17 was called 'Ye Old Pub' and was in a terrible state, having been hit by flak and fighters. The compass was damaged and they were flying deeper over enemy territory instead of heading home to Kimbolton.

After flying the B-17 over an enemy airfield, a German pilot named Franz Steigler was ordered to take off and shoot down the B-17. When he got near the B-17, he could not believe his eyes. In his words, he 'had never seen a plane in such a bad state'. The tail and rear section was severely damaged, and the tail gunner wounded. The top gunner was all over the top of the fuselage.

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The nose was smashed and there were holes everywhere.

Despite having ammunition, Franz flew to the side of the B-17 and looked at Charlie Brown, the pilot Brown was scared and struggling to control his damaged and blood-stained plane. Aware that they had no idea where they were going, Franz waved at Charlie to turn 180 degrees. Franz escorted and guided the stricken plane to, and slightly over, the North Sea towards England. He then saluted Charlie Brown and turned away, back to Europe.

When Franz landed he told the CO that the plane had been shot down over the sea, and never told the truth to anybody.

Charlie Brown and the remains of his crew told all at their briefing, but were ordered never to talk about it.

More than 40 years later, Charlie Brown wanted to find the Luftwaffe pilot who saved the crew. After years of research, Franz was found. He had never talked about the incident, not even at post-war reunions.

They met in the USA at a 379th Bomber Group reunion, together with 25 people who are alive now - all because Franz never fired his guns that day.

When asked why he didn't shoot them down, Stigler later said, "I didn't have the heart to finish those brave men. I flew beside them for a long time. They were trying desperately to get home and I was going to let them do that. I could not have shot at them. It would have been the same as shooting at a man in a parachute."

Both men died in 2008.

This is a true story <http://www.snopes.com/military/charliebrown.asp>



BF-109 pilot Franz Stigler

B-17 pilot Charlie Brown



(L-R) German Ace Franz Stigler, artist Ernie Boyett, and B-17 pilot Charlie Brown

**Bristol Rum Run GITMO..by Spike Moynihan**

With reference to the Summer 2009 Supplement to the Newsletter Volume 1 Issue 2 which I downloaded from the Bristol website. Regarding page 2, "Rum Times" by Dave Lincoln. Dave only mentions "an air conditioned hospitality lounge on the 4th level". He failed to mention that the lounge was for 'Officers Only'.

Of course we 'white hats' didn't get to enjoy those facilities. We were directed to a very nice picnic area on the Bacardi Rum Company grounds. It had nicely mowed grassy areas and well kept picnic tables sheltered from the sun. Wooden canopies allowed the breezes to pass through for cooling. All-in-all a very nice facility and ALL THE BEER YOU CARED TO DRINK!

I recall one episode in particular that occurred that day.

There was a 1st division deck hand named Bob Goff who had more than enough to drink. I don't know if he was ordered to return to Bristol or did so on his own. Anyway, he staggered up the gang plank and was checked in by the quarterdeck watch. He then proceeded up the starboard side of the main deck (we were tied up starboard side to the pier), through the weather door and on to the forecabin (foc'sil to us swabbies) where he then jumped overboard! With sharks in those waters, you can imagine that much noise and confusion followed to get him out of the water. Goff was retrieved to the pier and then up the gang plank and onto Bristol once again.

At the quarterdeck, he was instructed to go below, get on dry clothes and to hit the sack to "sleep it off". Once more he walked up the starboard side, through the weather door in the direction of the 1st division berthing compartment...and proceeded to jump overboard again!! Retrieved from the river again, he was escorted to his bunk area to see that he actually got dry clothes and got into his bunk. At this point, several of us agreed that his name should be "goof" instead of Goff. Incidentally, I believe Bob finished his enlistment as a GM-3. It was a good day of R&R and much appreciated to break up the retraining routine and toil at Gitmo.

History Lesson.... Submitted by Ray Storey

They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot & then once a day it was taken & sold to the tannery.....if you had to do this to survive you were "Piss Poor". But worse than that were the really poor folk who couldn't even afford to buy a pot.....they "didn't have a pot to piss in" & were the lowest of the low.

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500s: Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and they still smelled pretty good by June.

However, since they were starting to smell . . . brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married. There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme: Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the Bath water!"

Houses had thatched roofs-thick straw-piled high, with no wood underneath... It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, "Dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance-way. Hence: a thresh hold.

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire.. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day.

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could, "bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and chew the fat.

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

And that's the truth...Now, whoever said History was boring !!!



A nation that forgets its defenders will itself be forgotten.

This was written by Mr. Cornel Nistorescu and published under the title 'C'ntarea Americii, meaning 'Ode To America') in the Romanian newspaper Evenimentulzilei 'The Daily Event' or 'News of the Day' Submitted by Ray Storey

~An Ode to America ~

Why are Americans so united? They would not resemble one another even if you painted them all one color! They speak all the languages of the world and form an astonishing mixture of civilizations and religious beliefs

On 9/11, the American tragedy turned three hundred million people into a hand put on the heart.

Nobody rushed to accuse the White House, the Army, or the Secret Service that they are only a bunch of losers.

Nobody rushed to empty their bank accounts.

*Nobody rushed out onto the streets nearby to gape about
Instead the Americans volunteered to donate blood and to give a helping hand.*

After the first moments of panic, they raised their flag over the smoking ruins, putting on T-shirts, caps and ties in the colors of the national flag. They placed flags on buildings and cars as if in every place and on every car a government official or the president was passing. On every occasion, they started singing: 'God Bless America !'

I watched the live broadcast and rerun after rerun for hours listening to the story of the guy who went down one hundred floors with a woman in a wheelchair without knowing who she was, or of the Californian hockey player, who gave his life fighting with the terrorists and prevented the plane from hitting a target that could have killed other hundreds or thousands of people.

How on earth were they able to respond united as one human being? Imperceptibly, with every word and musical note, the memory of some turned into a modern myth of tragic heroes. And with every phone call, millions and millions of dollars were put into collection aimed at rewarding not a man or a family, but a spirit, which no money can buy.

What on earth can unite the Americans in such way?

Their land? Their history? Their economic Power? Money?

I tried for hours to find an answer, humming songs and murmuring phrases with the risk of sounding commonplace, I thought things over, I reached but only one conclusion...

Only freedom can work such miracles..

Cornel Nistorescu



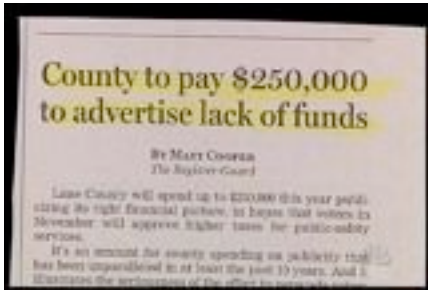
Humor is good for you....

Kids say the darnest things....

Recently, Bernie O'Connor had been talking with his granddaughter about the fact that he is now retired. Then later, Bernie overheard his granddaughter telling a friend that her Grandpa was "retarded".

You just can't fix stupid.....Submitted by Sharon Inman

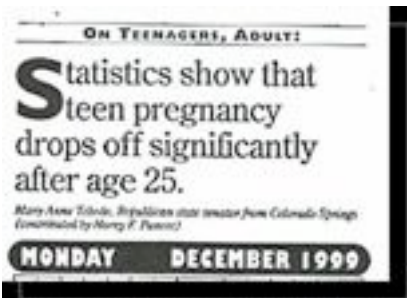
Did we elect these people?



Did we have planes back then?



Who would think that the judges are not idiots?



I would have guessed after age 20.



What do you think you would find in a gun shop?

Did you know that Marty Walsh eats whatever is left over? Shirley Clark promised to give Marty whatever she was not able to finish during dinner.

Raffle Table Donors

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| Rich Kolady | Cap, Earrings, Pin, US Navy Scrapbook |
| Bernie O'Connor | BV, Navy Statue, Patch, Cognac |
| George & Rose Fischer | Tastefully Basket |
| Doug Lippert | USN Hoodie Sweatshirt |
| Doug & Linda Hardesty | Quilt by Women Of Our Church, Six 2010 Calendars |
| Len & Pat Hodgins | Fall Placement Set |
| Bob & Doreen Clark | Fall Rooster Platter w/ Bowl |
| Dave Lincoln | Bristol Brass Ashtray |
| Mary Riddle | Boats |
| Tony Molnar | Wireless Weather Station |
| Maureen Minton | Target Gift Card, \$25.00 |
| Paul Diane Ratcliffe | Lazy Susan & 2 Windbreakers |
| Walter & Cindy Marczak | License Plate frames |
| Kitty & Jim Masarik | Needle Work Pictures, Wine, A.C. Taffy & Navy Bottle Opener |
| Richard Brusky | Black Fringed Afghan |
| Frank Gruenwald | One Bag, 2 "T" Shirts |
| Louis DeCleene | Green Bay Packer Belt Buckle |
| Hoagie Clark | Flashlight |
| Jerry McCall | Fish Painting |
| Erwin & Gail Zimmer | Patriotic Circle |
| Charlie Weaver | Ceramic "Harley" Motor Cycle Engine Jar |
| Chris Kinka | Fused Glass Necklace |
| Manny & Dolores | Calimquim Two Snuggie's Blankets |
| Ed & Anne Lynch | Dozen Titleist Golf Balls, Designer Kitchen Towels |
| Delores Smith | Navy Pillow |
| Joyce Kallfelz | Hand Made Cloth Bag Containing A Taste Of Vermont Maple Syrup & Other Goodies |
| William & Mary Blake | Wet/Dry Car Vacuum Cleaner |
| Don & Sandy Tanner | Navy Shirt |
| Floyd & Kathy Van Wie | Three Gift certificates |
| Duane & Kathy Haugan | Five Framed Bristol & Navy Photo's |

Please send your newsletter contributions to me: email = edwardclynch1@verizon.net or Ed Lynch, 5 Bridle Way, Whiting, NJ 08759