

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION

Fall 2011 Newsletter

DALLAS REUNION HIGHLIGHTS

14th Annual USS Bristol Reunion, Dallas Texas, 2011 Raffle Table Donations,

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1. Robert & Barbara Burns, | Books & CD's |
| 2. Charles & Shirley Clark, | Book & Wal-Mart Gift Card |
| 3. Floyd & Kathleen Van Wei | Ceramic Dish, Gift Certificates, Olive Garden, Outback, Red Lobster |
| 4. Leonard Hodgins, | Atomic Digital Clock |
| 5. Becky Weaver | Two Food Gift Baskets |
| 6. Walter & Cindy Marczak | Lone Sailor Statue |
| 7. Donald & Judy Marcus | Three U.S. Flags |
| 8. Gerald & Joan McCall | Vacuum Pack |
| 9. Roland Hernandez | Five Pinatas, Four Magnets, Three Shot Glasses |
| 10. Terry & Ruth Hillestad | Wine from Door Co. WI |
| 11. Ed & Anne Lynch | Tennis Racket Broach, Cashmere Scarf, Izod "Golf Shirt" |
| 12. Dan & Kay Esposito | Ten bottles of Wine & Champagne, Note: Dan also had KOSS earbuds donated for all attendees |
| 13. Paul & Diane Ratcliffe | Two, \$25.00 Certificates to Olive Garden Restaurant |
| 14. Herb & Edie Ross | Two Candles (Yankee) |
| 15. Martin & Katherine Walsh | Two Bristol Shirts, Six U.S. Patriotic "T" Shirts |
| 16. John & Gloria Edelin | Texas Trivet, Necklace & Earrings, Two Broaches |
| 17. Tony & Maureen Molnar | Three Bristol Photo License Plates
Metal Decorative "Moose" Welcome Sign |
| 18. William & Mary Blake | Wine Opening Set |
| 19. Duane & Kathy Haugan | Three Framed Bristol Photos |
| 20. Douglas Lipert | Three Bristol Challenge Coins |
| 21. Mike & Peggy Murphy | Navy Flag, Three "T" shirts, Shorts |



Our officers give reports at our business meeting on Saturday, 8 Oct.

Next year's reunion in Savannah, GA, and 2013 reunion in Nashville, TN.

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Vietnam Vet makes college football team.....Page 25

In Memoriam.....Page 26

Don "Seaweed" Marcus and Clayton Hall have made tremendous contributions to our next newsletter. Also, Uncle Ray of Uncle Ray's Potato Chips sent two bags of chips with "Chapter 12 & 13". You'll love the stories. I love the chips.

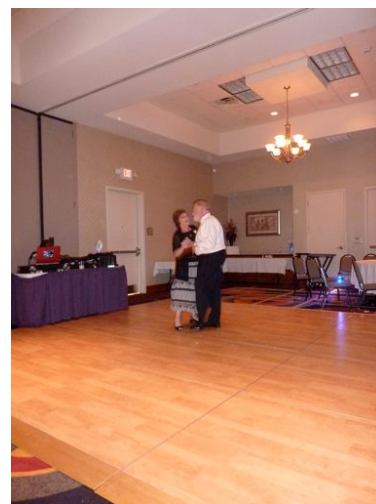
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Shipmates get together in the hospitality suite: standing from left to right are George Fischer, Mike Murphy, Ed Lynch, and seated are Roland Hernandez and Lenny Hodgins.



Photo above shows the window in the Texas Schoolbook Depository where the alleged sniper positioned himself for the shot on President Kennedy



Duane and Kathy Haugan get a chance to dance. While below Tony Molnar (jacketless) and Paul Ratcliffe (with jacket) gets out there for a line dance. Many of the men removed their jackets for the dance floor was a "hot" place to be



Here is Duane Haugan doing his photo master aboard tour bus of Dallas. I wanted to make sure that our official photographer gets into the photo.



Joe Lutrario and Julie on the dance floor.



Above our tour group visits Dealey Plaza where President Kennedy was assassinated.



Lenny Hodgins and Julie, Spike Moynihan and Marian.



Above more of our shipmates join in the fun on the dance floor. Don "Seaweed" Marcus and Lenny Hodgins are on the ends.

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Don and Judy Marcus foxtrot the night away. Incidentally, Don made a tremendous contribution to our next newsletter. Also, Clayton Hall donated his original copy of the New York Daily News edition of 27 October 1947. USS BRISTOL (DD-857) escorted our World War II dead. Uncle Ray, who donates potato chips, etc to our reunion hospitality room, also puts chapters printed on the bags. The next newsletter will have chapters 12 & 13.



Tony and Maureen Molnar enjoying the dance floor.

Our Reunion Coordinator

Since the beginning of our association, coordinating a reunion is a massive task. Jerry McCall and Clyde Riddle, RIP, and their wives, Joan, and Mary made all of the arrangements. They made many trips to see the venues where we held our first two reunions (Pittsburgh and Fall River). At our Fall River business

meeting, the membership voted to turn over coordination to a professional reunion coordinating company. Our officers at the time made arrangements with The Reunion BRAT and have been using their services since. There was only one reunion, I believe, where our on site coordinator was not Jeri Glass. We have been fortunate to have Jeri who works tirelessly and seamlessly to make our reunion memorable.

The Hilton Garden Inn Dallas, Fort Worth Airport South, Irving, TX, is a superb facility. The hotel staff are top notch. Speaking for Anne and me, our accommodations were excellent. The hotel provided a shuttle service to anywhere within 5 miles free of charge. There was a group of us who wanted to attend Mass on Saturday afternoon before the banquet. No problem! The desk folks told us to be at the front desk 10 minutes prior to departure, which we were. The staff shift changed and the new crew did not know of our request. The hotel's driver was collecting a customer at the railroad station some 15 minutes away. This would make us late for Mass. Still no problem! The desk agent summoned a member of their maintenance staff to double as our driver in their back up mini bus. Off to Mass we went, and collected us when Mass ended - -what a place!

Jeri Glass gave us a vignette about interviewing Senator John McCain, R-AZ. Jeri lives in Arizona and has a internet radio show on BRATCON Radio. Jeri is an AF BRAT and was an Army spouse, a double dipper! She grew up in Germany in the '60s & early '70's and then did Army time in Southeast Asia (India, Thailand, Nepal & Bangladesh). She is a Military Reunion planner, the Director of the Berlin Brats, (Berlin American High

School's Alumni Association) and also serves as the 1st Vice-President of Overseas Brats, an association of all Brats-all schools-all years. The first Brat to serve on the board of the American Overseas School Historical Society (AOSHS). A former "bean counter," Jeri lives in the Phoenix, AZ area.



Jeri probably has more overseas "sea duty" than many of us. I know that she has more time than I.

Jeri Glass has been our on site coordinator for a long time. She works tirelessly to make our reunion memorable. Jeri just makes things happen and she always does things with a great big smile. No task is too difficult. Taking care of the hospitality suite is a task in itself. You may wonder how she does it all by herself.

I believe it was Jeri's luck this year to win one of the \$50.00 50/50 prizes.

Let's hope that we can all get together in Savannah, GA, next year. Anne & I went there for our 35 wedding anniversary. We just loved that trip. Marty Walsh and Duane Haugan may have to wait on a long cue for Paula Deane's place.

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Ports of Call

Fort Lauderdale

Lenny Hodgins, ETN2, 64-66, reports that he and a group of shipmates try to meet some of those college lovelies who are enjoying the beach during spring break. Well, the Hodgins group buy bathing suits and flip flops and do a quick change into swim gear. But wait! What do we do with our sharply pressed white uniforms? The group buries the uniforms in the sand stupid.

After a rollicking great day, the Hodgins group return to where they had buried the uniforms. After some frantic searching of the area where they thought that they had buried the uniforms, lo and behold - no uniforms. What do we do now? The only thing they could do - return to the ship (in bathing suits and flip flops).

The ship was moored starboard side to the pier in Port Everglades. The taxi left the group at the pier and sped off. Now the group had to negotiate the pier crawling with crabs.



These guys made there way back to the prow safely, but now had to face the consequences of showing up out of uniform. The group didn't get in

trouble because the Quarterdeck Watch let the fact that their shipmates didn't uniforms slide.

Glascow, Scotland, 1953

Hi,Ed, I think it was 1953 while we leaving Glasgow, Scotland. The Harbor Pilot backed us into the pier damaging our starboard screw. We were sent to a dry dock at Portsmouth, England for repairs. I think the Navy became upset either by the quality of the food store supplied by the English. or the cost of repairs. My vote goes to bad food. In any case, we had to limp back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for an extended time. Better Liberty in the Big Apple. Dick Cordingley 1951-1955

Port Everglades, FL (1965)

What is it with that starboard screw. We had a pilot aboard as we entered Port Everglades and low and behold we bent the starboard screw on a sand bar mid channel. I was fantail phone talker at the time and we sure did churn up a lot of silt.

Incidentally, we did get that starboard screw replaced during a floating dry dock period in Davisville, RI. The yard birds and Naval Engineers couldn't figure out why the screw wouldn't come off. They suggested blowing it off. One of our senior snipes, "Big Dave" Davis, MM1, LPO of Main Control, suggested heating the screw and freezing the shaft. Oila! it worked!

The Captain, William S Butler, RIP, wanted to get back to Brooklyn so that he could go on Christmas leave. As soon as we could, we got underway to Brooklyn and took the short cut via Long Island Sound and headed down the East River. It was a terribly stormy night that December night in 1965. We were at relaxed Special Sea and Anchoring Detail due to the heavy rain and wind. My spot as Fantail Phone Talker was sticking my head out of the scuttle in the hatch that covered the aft berthing compartment.

We seemed to be going pretty fast down the East River. As we passed under the 59th Street Bridge, I heard the Bridge

Phone Talker (Leading Seaman O'Donnell - remember him?) calling Main Control: "Main Control ... Bridge" "Main Control Aye"... "All ahead 1/3, all stop, all back 1/3, all back 2/3, all back emergency."

Then it happened. We struck the camels, which kept the ship away from the pier, struck the bollards on the pier because the anchor was at the dip. No one got hurt. The deck ape who was supposed to be in the chain locker was having his coffee in the boatswain's locker. He probably would have been killed if he were in the chain locker. I heard the Bridge Phone Talker call the Forecastle Phone Talker about the disposition of the chain locker sailor.



Captain Butler was vindicated by a Court of Inquiry while we got our bow fixed in Bayonne during a two week period including Christmas. The stormy night produced tail winds that pushed Bristol into the pier at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Ed Lynch

Dear Ed,

I'd like to see the 'Ports of Call' that we DIDN' T make.

In January 1954 we left Newport, R.I. and deployed to Northern Europe. After a stop in Plymouth, England we continued on to Derry in Northern Ireland for ops at the Brits ASW training facility. While there the ship encountered an accident involving wire rope being wrapped around the port screw and damage to the

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screw and support strut. I was told by several crew mates that this occurred on a weekend R&R to Glasgow, Scotland, but an article in the Late Summer Newsletter said it took place in Derry. I don't know which is correct since I was on leave at the time visiting my Uncle Jerry in County Kerry, Ireland.

Anyway, instead of continuing on with the rest of our planned cruise and the scheduled ports of call, we spent about six weeks in dry dock in Plymouth, England and then were ordered back to Brooklyn Navy Yard for the required repairs.

I've often wondered what ports we were supposed to visit if the cruise had continued as planned. Hopefully one or more of the crew in the 1953-1954 era will have that info stowed away on paper or in memory.

Incidentally, Ed, on our return cruise from Korea in the spring of 1952, our first port was Hong Kong. Info sheets were passed out telling what there was to see and do while there. One thing was a ferry ride across the harbor to Kowloon on the Chinese mainland. When we got to HK we were told Kowloon was off limits due to unrest and rioting going on. Later on, after passing through the Red Sea and Suez Canal we were supposed to stop at Alexandria, Egypt. Again riots were in progress so we skipped that port and went directly to Naples, Italy.

Hope this helps you stir up memories of ports visited or missed from crewmen who served after I got discharged in July 1954 while the "B" was in Boston Navy Yard.

Paul Moynihan ET-1 '51--'54

Solonika, Greece

HAVE YOU SEEN MY TENNIS SHOES ??

D K O'Connor was a lot of things ..super ship-handler... supportive leader .. old Navy discipline ..precise dresser and ... enthusiastic tennis player.

As a junior Ensign , on my first cruise to the Med, I was given a continuing port-of-call assignment ...playing doubles with Lcdr Harris, Ltjg Thorne and the Skipper.

The hook would barely have taken a to Norfolk. It was March, still winter and strain when , the IMC would sound .. "Now going to pass through Cape Hatteras, Mr Lincoln, lay up to the quarterdeck with known to be a rough spot on the Atlantic. you shore leave ditty bag ".

I will not forget the red clay courts in watching the flashing lights on the Salonika Greece !! They were hot, full of fathometer (and nobody on the bridge divots and messy messy messy on our tennis paid attention to you, after all, they know whites. (Oh Yes, THAT was the ONLY what the depth is after sailing this uniform allowable when you hit the courts section for years, nothing was going to change) with my mind wondering,

"I wonder if it'll be rough, I bet it'll be The normal drill was practiced in real rough, I wonder how real rough will Salokika ... after the tennis, it was "on the be?" double" to the duty jeep and off to a few rounds of local brew .

On the day in question, I was awash When the tug nudged us, it rocked the with red clay , so I decide on a quick douche ship and that was all it took! in the locker room. Half way thru, the I barfed right then and there and we pounding on the door , and hearty verbals, were still tied to the pier! gave me to understand that the duty jeep was holding for the junior Ensign .

Scrambling to follow orders , I dried Another story..... off, dressed and ran to the impatient senior I was assigned to the Bristol, along with officersLEAVING MY TENNIS SHOES Dave Tjornehoj (TJ). We we UNDER THE BENCH. Has anyone seen my re both in the same sonar class and the only two assigned to the same ship.



shoes? -----

Guns Lincoln, DD857. 1952 -55



Have you ever been sea sick?
Contributed by Gary Johnson

I went aboard the Bristol in Feb. 1965. Fresh out of boot camp and sonar school. barely 18 (by 4 months) and had never been on a ship, other than one ride at sonar school for a one day trip. I was green and about to get greener. I was assigned the fathometer for sea detail. Sitting in the chart room with no windows and my mind was wondering what the first trip at sea was going to be like. We were going

I didn't know a tug was going to pull us away from the pier.

When the tug nudged us, it rocked the ship and that was all it took!

I barfed right then and there and we were still tied to the pier!

Well, that's the way my seafaring went while at sea. Never really got "good" sea

Another story..... I was assigned to the Bristol, along with Dave Tjornehoj (TJ). We we

re both in the same sonar class and the only two assigned to the same ship. I got aboard a few days ahead of TJ and picked my rack. A middle one and when TJ came aboard, he chose the rack just below me. Big mistake.....

NY had the 18 year old drinking age so naturally my new shipmates had to take me out on the town and get me initiated. It didn't take much to get me drunk.

My new nickname was "Three beers Johnson.... Drink one, spill one, leave one."

I got back to the ship, TJ was asleep and I hit the rack. During the night, I got sick and just lifted my head and barfed all over my pillow. I flipped it over to the dry side and went back to sleep.

I didn't know it but I also barfed on TJ's head who was just below me. He didn't appreciate that! He didn't move to a different location (another mistake.) While on the trip to Norfolk, I managed to get sea sick again. Barfed on TJ's head again! Then he moved.

Continued on next page

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Still another story....

I didn't develop good sea legs but I could get by unless it got real rough. I think Jim Masarik was the only person who was worse than me at times.....Jim could lose 10 pounds on a rough voyage.

There was one real bad storm at sea, everybody was sick. Even the old-timers!

We asked Jim if he was going up for chow. He gave us the expected answer of no, but there was a chuckle in his no.

We came down after chow, he asked "How was it?" (It was beef stew.) We answered, "it was ok" and then he laughed. Seems when the cook (Sam Shulgold) was making the stew in those big stainless bowls in the galley, Sam got sick and barfed in one of the bowls and as rough as it was, he just stirred it right in. We knew Sam and had to believe he'd do that.

Jim thought it was really funny. Looking back, it makes for a good story and nobody got sick.

Editor's Note: I remember that hurricane very well. After the hurricane, and still feeling a little groggy, I was walking up the port side passing the galley. There, at the rail, was "Frenchy" our CS2. I asked "Frenchy" if he was okay and he answered, "I'm okay but I lost my teeth." I asked where he had lost them and "Frenchy" responded, "I lost them in the soup."

Yes I remember that storm very well take a look at the photo at the right. The 26 ft motor whaleboat was torn off its davits, struck the deck house causing damage to the post office compartment.

I met Sam Shulgold on the subway after I had been separated and we went out to the old haunts down by the Navy Yard. I wasn't a big drinker either Gary. It didn't take much to put me over the edge.



I snapped this photo the morning after the big storm. The Snipes and Deck Apes were pretty busy keeping the ship going. We took "greenies" down the stacks, which caused problems with a couple of the boilers, as I recall. The Deck Apes were replacing all the tiles in the in board passageway, Chief's Quarters, etc.

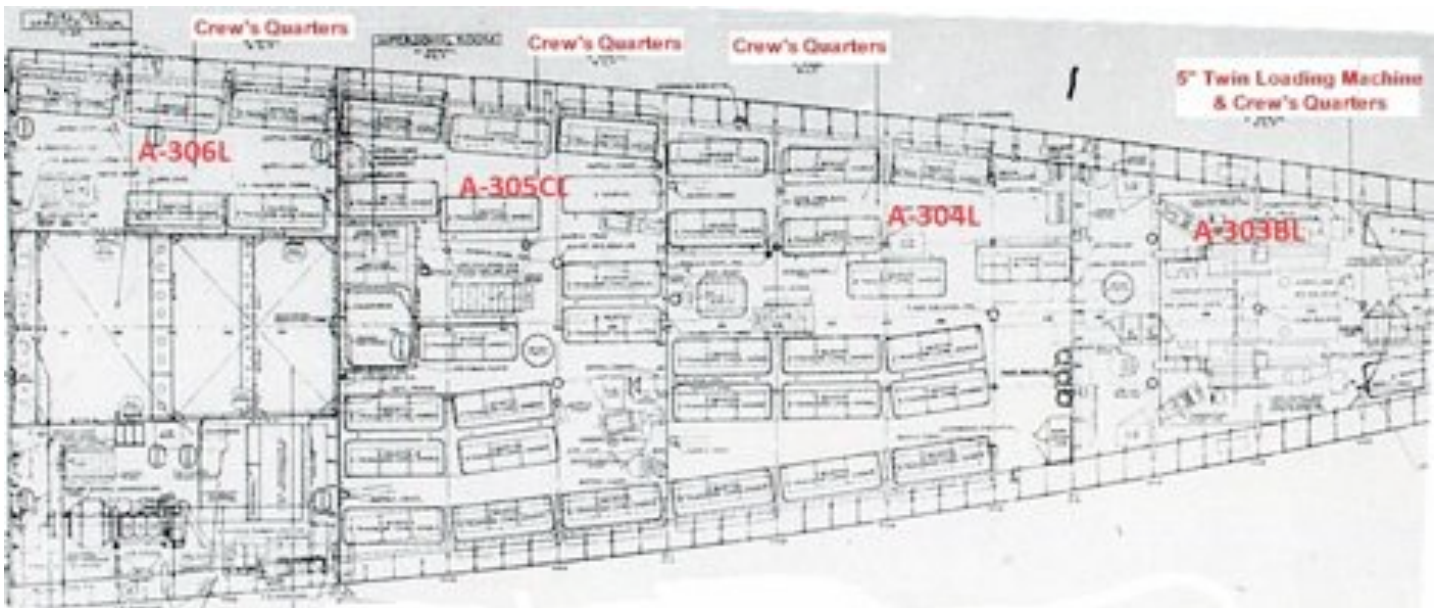
I remember having to strap myself into my rack so that I wouldn't fall out. We took some heavy rolls. It's too bad that I didn't take any photos of my GQ Station. We had salt 2 - 4 inches thick in the Fire Control Director.

I wonder what it was like standing watch on the Bridge?

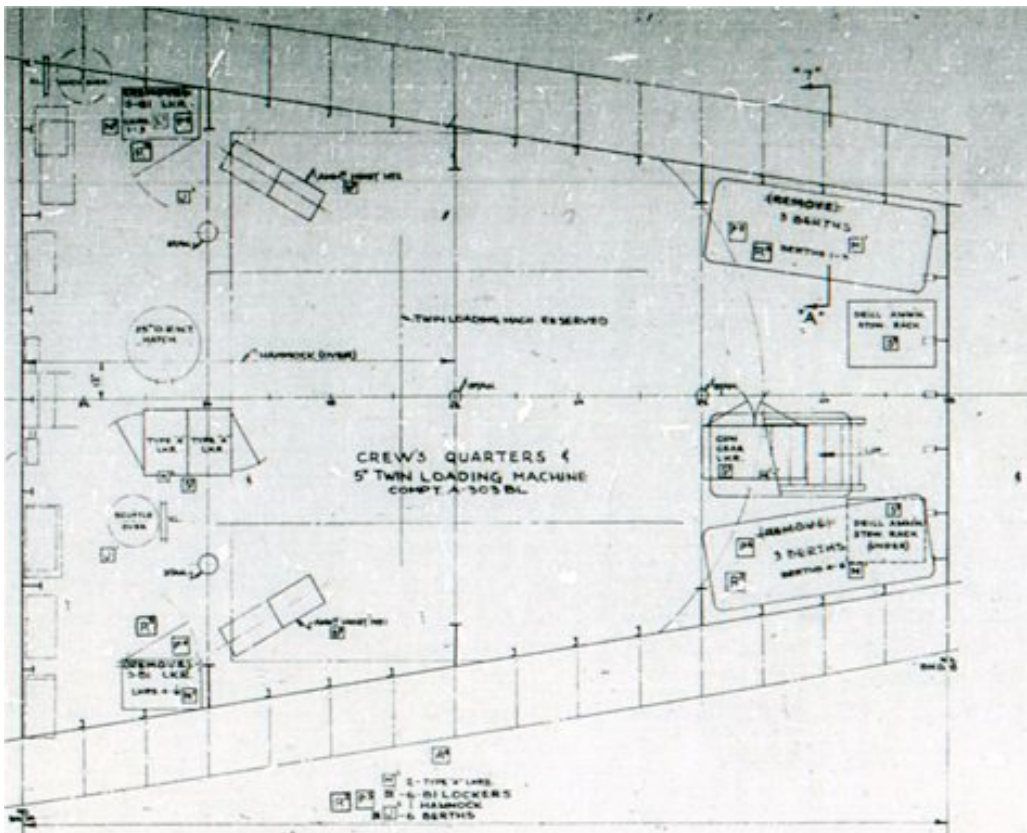
Ed Lynch

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Enlisted Berthing Forward



A-303 BL

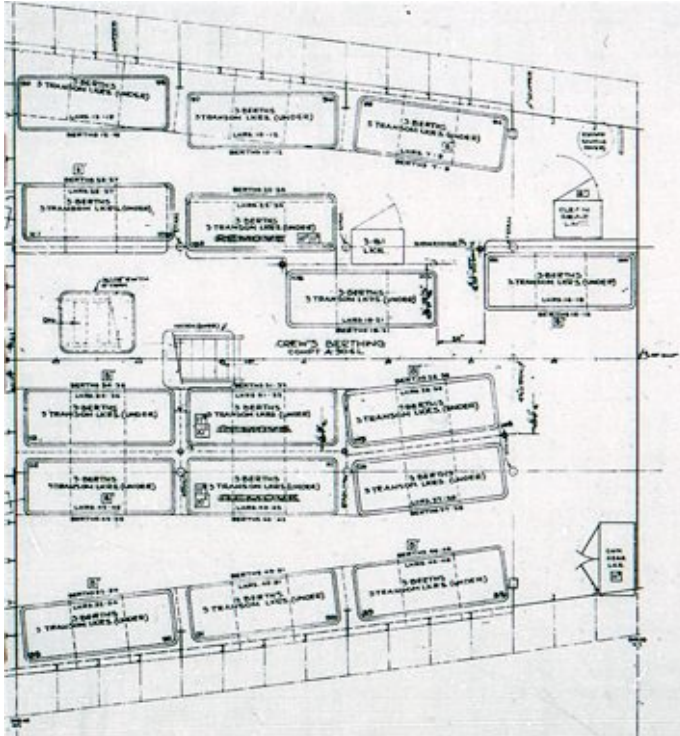


Six bunks for enlisted and one hammock. All bunks are labeled with a number starting here. These are one through six. No photos available for this space.

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A-304 L

This compartment housed bunks 7 through 54.

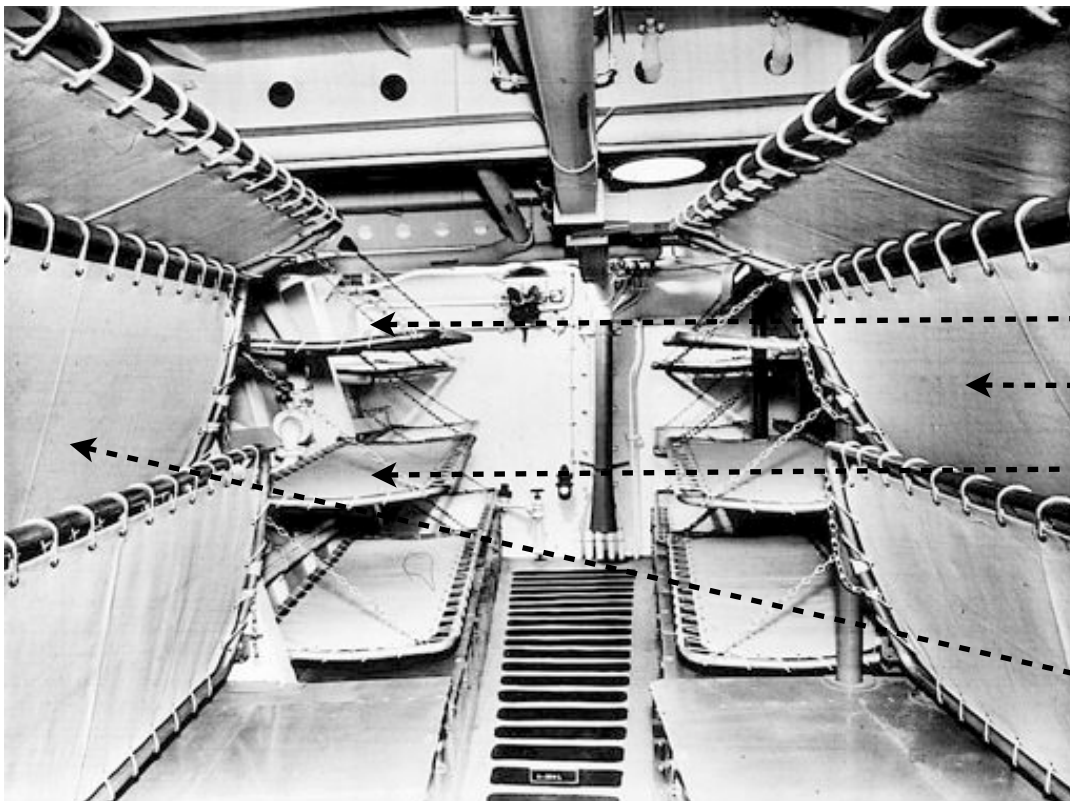


This is the compartment where the Storekeepers, Jonesy, the boss Ship-serviceman, Torpedo-men, Fire Control Techs, and Sonar-men slept.

Do you remember the time that Harold Sheets starched Jonesy skivvies. Boy was Jonesy mad. Jones never found out who starched all of his underwear, which was neatly pressed and folded on his rack. Of course, when Jones returned from leave, Jones had a load on.

The arrow shows where I slept for two years. No air conditioning. We did have fans. Our brothers who were mud Marines please forgive me. John Koltes, our pay master, slept above me.

Remember putting all your stuff in those foot lockers? Some guys had a foot locker and a wall locker. You had to be a boss to get a wall locker.



John Koltes slept here

Jonsey slept here

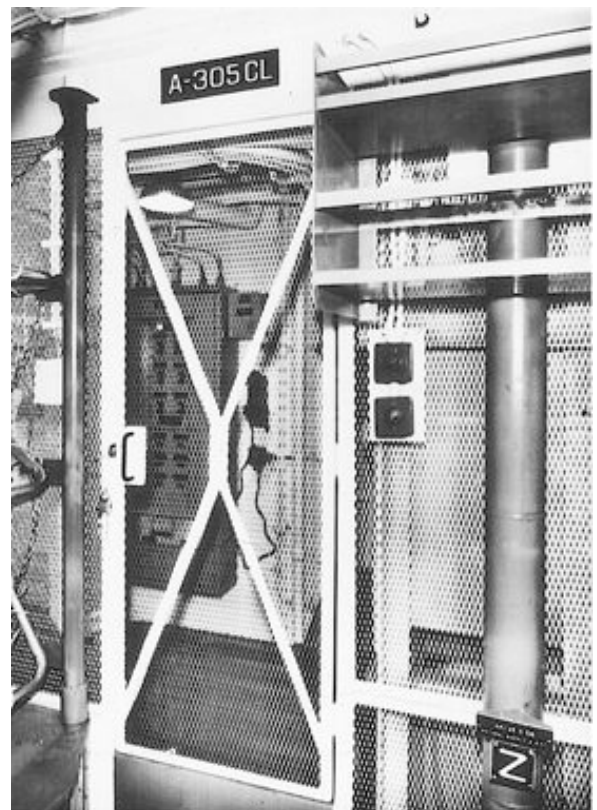
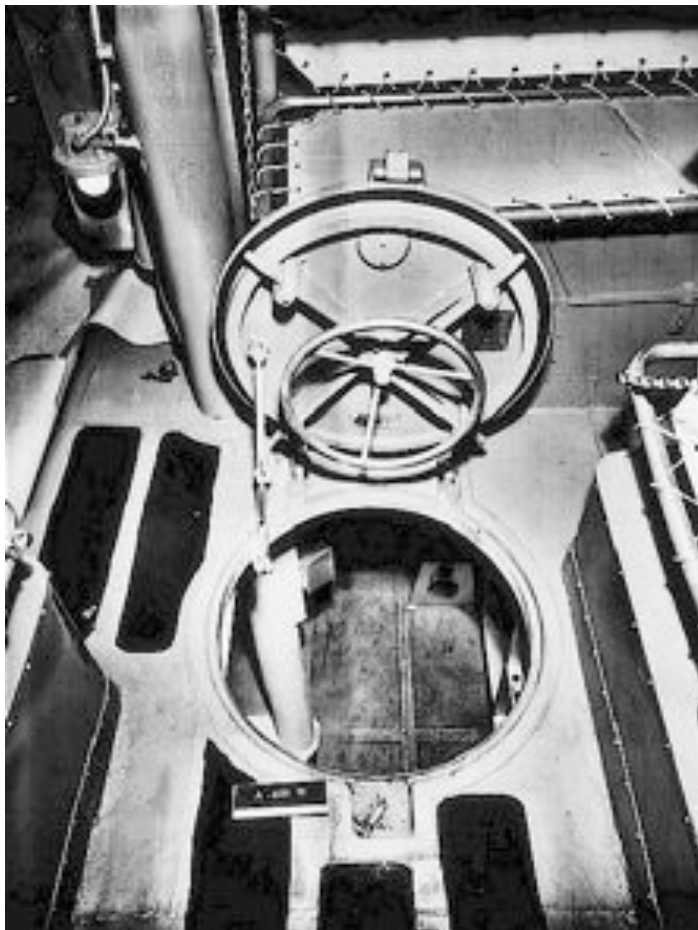
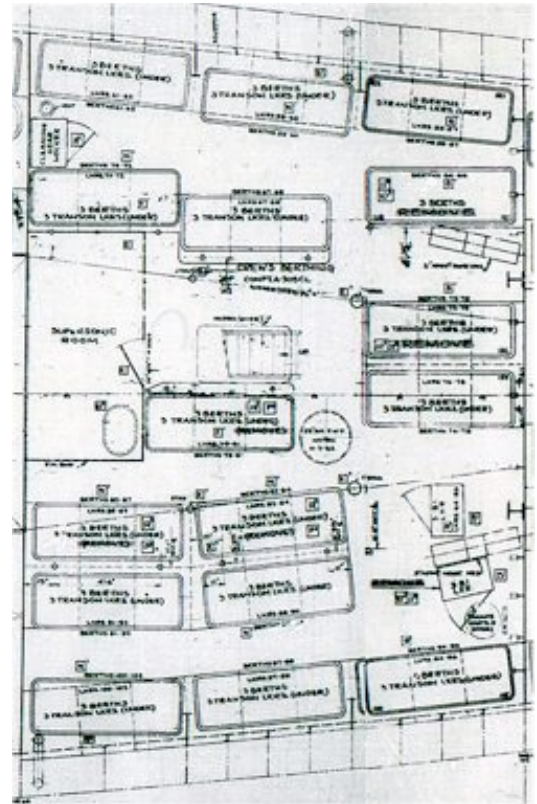
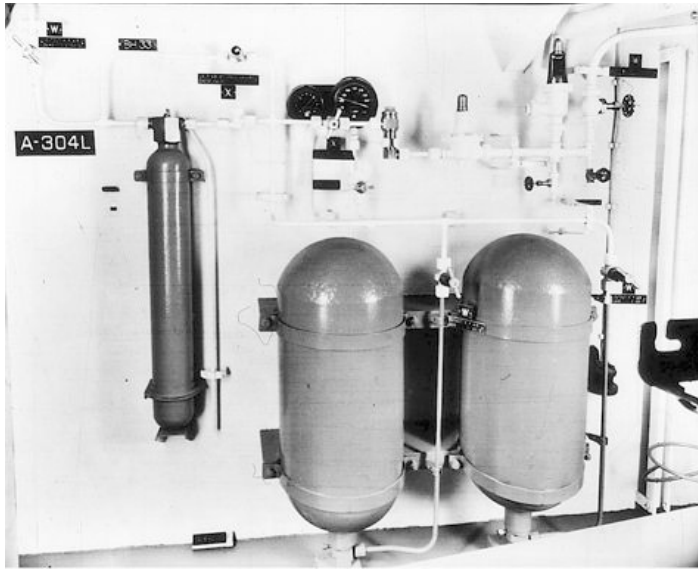
Ed Lynch slept here.

Walt Larimer slept here

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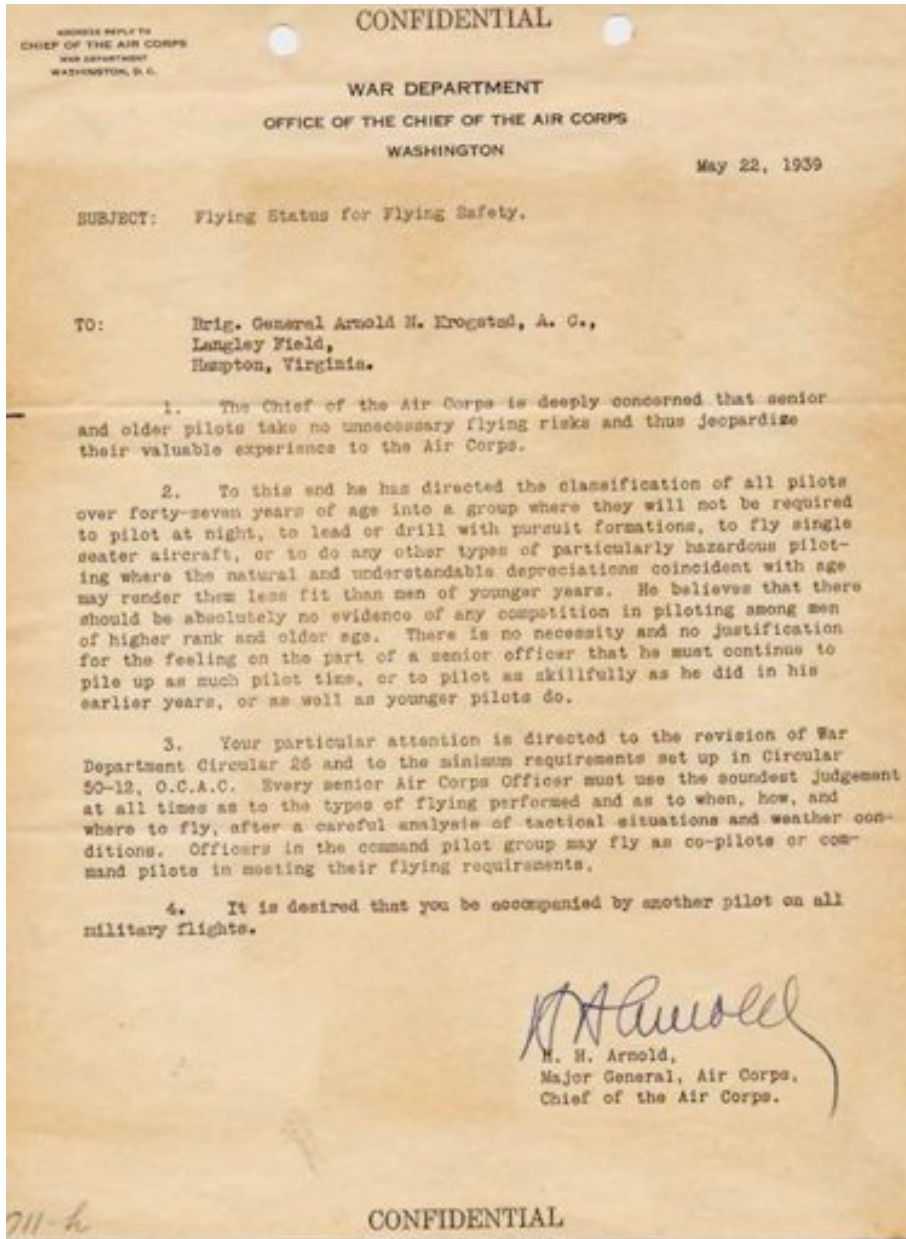
In this room were the high pressure air flasks for torpedo charging and counter recoil for the 5" guns.

A-305 CL



Military/BRISTOL Trivia

Military Trivia contributed by Paul Moynihan



A Thank You to all Vietnam Vets from a Marine in Iraq

A guy gets time to think over here and I was thinking about all the support we get from home. Sometimes it's overwhelming. We get care packages at times faster than we can use them. There are boxes and boxes of toiletries and snacks lining the center of every tent; the generosity has been amazing. So, I was pondering the question: "Why do we have so much support?"

In my opinion, it all came down to one thing: Vietnam Veterans. I think we learned a lesson, as a nation, that no matter what, you have to support the troops who are on the line, who are risking everything. We treated them so poorly back then. When they returned was even worse. The stories are nightmarish of what our returning warriors were subjected to. It is a national scar, a blemish on our country, an embarrassment to all of us.

After Vietnam, it had time to sink in. The guilt in our collective consciousness grew. It shamed us. However, we learned from our mistake. Somewhere during the late 1970's and on into the 80's, we realized that we can't treat our warriors that way. So ... Starting during the Gulf War, when the first real opportunity arose to stand up and support the troops, we did. We did it to support our friends and family going off to war. But we also did it to right the wrongs from the Vietnam era. Not the wrongs of the soldiers but of those that treated them so badly. We treat our troops of today like the heroes they were, and are, acknowledge and celebrate their sacrifice, and rejoice at their homecoming ... Instead of spitting on them.

And that support continues today for those of us in Iraq. Our country knows that it must support us and it does. The lesson was learned in Vietnam and we are all better because of it.

Everyone who has gone before is a hero. They are celebrated in my heart. I think admirably of all those who have gone before me. From those who fought to establish this country in the late 1770's to those I serve with here in Iraq. They have all sacrificed to ensure our freedom. But when I get back home, I'm going to make it a personal mission to specifically thank every Vietnam Vet I encounter for THEIR sacrifice. Because if nothing else good came from that terrible war, one thing did. It was the lesson learned on how we treat our warriors. We as a country learned from our mistake and now we treat our warriors as heroes, as we should have all along. I am the beneficiary of their sacrifice. Not only for the freedom they, like veterans from other wars, ensured, but for how well our country now treats my fellow Marines and I. We are the beneficiaries of their sacrifice.

Semper Fidelis,
Major Brian P. Bresnahan, United States Marine Corps



Brian Bresnahan was a Major in the Marine Corps and is a veteran of Operation Iraqi Freedom. He belongs to several veterans groups, including the American Legion, Families United Mission, and Vets for Freedom. He maintains a weekly blog called [High Plains Patriot](#) and writes for several Nebraska newspapers where he and his family live.

Contributed by Joe Guchek (Philip Springer, of B Company Commander Charles Springer of the 27th Infantry, KIA, DSC)

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Military Trivia continued contributed by Martin Schacht

The USS Bristol to the (Possible) Rescue

station for the trip back. The Faroe Islands? Somewhat bleak, foggy and green....we got our first taste of Danish beer here. As luck would have it, there was a lot more of it waiting for us in Odense.

Odense was much more civil, a real town, more beer, a visit to the zoo to feed pickles to the giraffes and more beer. The giraffes thought they were something else...spit them out readily to our amusement. The USS Bristol was the first American ship to visit Odense in 15 years. The locals were very friendly as I recall and the beer was plentiful and cheap. The language barrier was formidable. I took lots of great pictures with my new 35mm camera, and as I thought, incredible shots at the time. When we returned to Newport, I sent off the film to be developed, and my film rolls were mixed with another Bluejacket's. As a result, I got his pics, he got mine; his pics were of drunken sailors, unknown to me. My pics of the Faroe Islands and Odense, Denmark were probably sold to Life Magazine, well maybe. Beer drinking seems to be the driving theme of this tale, as it is. Recall the drinking age in Rhode Island was 21, most of us were 18 or 19. In Denmark if you could get money up on the bar, you were served.

Soon, always too soon, it was time to head back to sea for return plane guard duty for Eisenhower...but an electrical/electronic gremlin served to cancel the assignment. Once headed out to sea, we couldn't get the sonar to light off. As I recall, Jim Kelly SO2, Tony Szachta SO2 and others worked diligently to get it fixed and up and running....no such luck. Of course we could not ask the ETs or FTs for help, SONAR was OUR domain. The decision was made to head back to Newport but first a stop in Ponta Delgada, the Azores. Here we were to meet up with a fresh supply of spare parts for the sonar. Once safely tucked into our berth at the pier, the Captain declared Port and Starboard liberty for all but the sonar crew. We were to stay aboard until the gear was fixed, as it ultimately was. From what I heard Ponta Delgada was a great liberty, for all but us sonar types. Me, I just watched the repairs being perceived to be somewhat incompetent electronically, or was I?

With our pride damaged a bit from having been unable to complete the plane guard mission, we

set "sail" for Newport RI. Now for a wee vignette. The Bristol was set for a Med Cruise to return in the spring, 1961. My enlistment was up in December, 1960. Having survived an at sea collision aboard the Bristol when we brushed against a 21,000 ton Italian merchantman in the fog off of Block Island, or thereabouts, and as I recall a minor collision with the USS Purdy, and having lost a man at sea in 1957 (Though to have been a possible murder), I felt it would be best if I would depart the Bristol and serve out my time TDY at another billet. Let's not push our luck I thought to myself. After all, my new ship, the USS Grand Canyon only goes out to sea occasionally so the coffee grounds may be dredged out from under the ship.

My job in the Electronic Shack on the Grand Canyon working for one of the best officers in the Navy other than Lt. Dick Stack, was W4 Belles. Allow me to digress for a moment and add some bio on these two gentlemen. Mr. Stack was an Annapolis grad, and had a natural ability to lead and command. He is one of the few people that could say, "OK boys, we are headed off to hell, everyone grab a full 5 gallon gas can, and off we go." All you would hear after that would be a chorus of "Yes, sir!" He treated all with respect, and he got it back in spades.

Mr. Belles had an uncanny ability to project that he believed in all his men. When you worked for Mr. Belles, you just knew that you couldn't let him down, you had to perform the task to the best of your ability. In initial meeting with Mr. Belles after leaving the Bristol for the I don't know about you, but when you list the people in your life that have the most influence on the course you took and the choices you made, 10 most significant people in your life, I'll bet one of your NCO or commissioned officers comes into your head. Grand Canyon, I presented my Service Jacket (My personnel papers). He spent several minutes looking it over, and said, "Why

Continued on next page

*Now this is no sh**, that's how all Sea Stories begin as I recall. Back in the spring of 1960, my last full year in the Navy, and as documented by the CIA Monographs (<https://www.cia.gov/library/center-for-the-study-of-intelligence/csi-publications/books-and-monographs/sherman-kent-and-the-board-of-national-estimates-collected-essays/8summit.html>), "There was to be a gathering at the Summit"--so the world learned late in 1959. The Four, President Eisenhower, Prime Minister Macmillan, President de Gaulle, and Chairman Khrushchev were to come face to face and take up the major problems which troubled the relations between their states. General de Gaulle would be the host; the Elyse palace in Paris would be the place; and Monday, 16 May, would be the day when the principals would meet for their first discussion."*

Stationed across the northern Atlantic at approximately 50 mile intervals, perhaps less as my memory is a bit fuzzy on this, the United States Navy was ordered to station a ship along the flight path of the President, in the event the plane were to go down, for whatever reason. Keep in mind that the Russians had just shot down Francis Gary Powers U2 on May 1st, and they were upset. Not that this was the first flyover, the USA had been sending U2 planes over Russia since the mid 50's. We had the capability to photograph a license plate at 100,000 feet, or so the story goes. The Russian military was embarrassed by every flight, but didn't have the technology with either planes or AAA missiles to knock a plane out of the sky at 100,000 ft.. Apparently Gary Powers had a flame out, descended to within missile range and was shot down, with him surviving and the plane nearly intact. Eisenhower had to tap dance around this incident, which ultimately lead to the early cancellation of the Summit.

The USS Bristol, once Eisenhower had successfully passed over and the initial plane guard exercise was completed, was to head for the Faeroe Islands, a Danish possession, for R&R, and ultimately to Odense, Denmark and lay over (More R&R) waiting to take up our

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son, did you know your your previous officer did not recommend you to take the Second Class test?" "No, sir." I replied. "Well lets just take care of that he said."

In retrospect, I clearly understand why I was not recommended. I had a long term "Short Timers" attitude. I had a bead chain hooked to my key ring that started its life with 504 beads, one for each day left to serve. 504 days is nearly a year and a half. Every morning religiously I cut off a bead.

As I was saying regarding taking the Second Class test, "Mr. Belles, its too late, we are past the cut off point to sign up!" As most of you know, a Chief Warrant has a lot of "juice". When they want something done, it gets done in most ever case. CWO Belles said, "Let me handle that son."

Very shortly thereafter, Mr. Belles told me that it had been arranged, I was to take the test for SO2. How could I not pass that test, so out came the books and I studied diligently. I couldn't let Mr. Belles of myself down. Did I pass? You'll have to keep keep reading! I was assigned to be the first responder to ships whose crews were unable to fix their sonar. Being unable to fix your gear was a really demeaning event. Shortly thereafter, I get my first and only call to a SONAR distressed DE...off to the sonar shack I go and who do I run into, my electronics instructor from Fleet Sonar School in Key West, Chief Necraz (Sp.?). He says, "Schacht, what are you doing her?" "Just doing my job chief, said I. "I have to make an assessment prior to calling in an engineer from Raytheon." "Well OK then, get to it and get out of here, call my Raytheon engineer", he said begrudgingly. He must have assumed the problem was similar to the puzzle of the Gordian Knot.

I chatted briefly with some of the sonar crew. They gave me a few ideas of where the problem could be. Then just for fun, I got out "Big Red", our schematics book with color diagrams of all the circuitry. Out comes my trusty voltmeter, took a few readings, and voila, spotted the problem, a bad tube. (There used to be such a thing as vacuum tubes, before solid state, if you geezers can recall!). I replaced the tube and the sonar fired right up.

Chief Necraz could not believe his eyes. "It's all in a days work, Chief!" I said, as a gathered my gear to go ashore, suppressing a huge grin that was working to take over my 20 year old face.

This was a real miracle. I had never fixed anything electronic before...my usual assignment as a fledgling SO3 was to go up on the hedgehog mount with E3's Ogren, Benson and Levesque and watch them, with coffee cup planted firmly in hand, chip paint and apply red lead and haze gray to the two mounts. The deepest problem I encountered on the 01 deck was to apply a volt meter to the tips of the launching rods over which the hedgehog rockets were placed and check for voltage, a job for a chimpanzee in all candor.

Fortunately, I never got another call to be a hero in my short tenure on the Grand Canyon, 1 for 1, batting 1000!. By the way, In November of 1960 I took the 2nd class exam, and remarkably passed it. The test had a lot of electronic questions...electronics, not my forte. Come 14, December, I was mustered out as a SO2, with my Good Conduct Medal (3 years, 5 months and 10 days of not getting caught)...got into my 1959 Austin Healy Sprite and headed back to my point of enlistment, Los Angeles, CA.

Only once, about 45 days after I was detached, I thought about re-enlisting. That NCO job in the US Navy, at that time, has got to be one of the best jobs in the world. What if I had done 20, or maybe 30 years, and those check started rolling in every month at 37 or 47 years old...hmmmm? We'll never know.

Martin Schacht, September 58 to September 60

Ed -

I can't give you an article now but I can share a comment in reference to the chiefs quarters on 692 dd's.

BRISTOL was the last of the short hull destroyers as we all know.

The chief's quarters were divided into two sections - one forward; one aft. My quarters were in the aft section. I had a lower bunk. It was directly over the opening to fuel oil tanks. Each evening around 2400 the oil king came in and lifted my bunk with me strapped in and took his measurements of the amount of fuel oil on hand.

Since I was about the lightest weighted of the chiefs at 138 pounds, I suspect that this was the reason I drew this bunk. Actually it didn't bother me. On nights when I awoke during this exercise I had a good chat with the oil king and caught up on the latest scuttlebutt. On most nights when I was in my bunk, I slept through. The aft quarters were much better for sleeping than the forward quarters. Even seasoned chiefs became "queasy" after a night of steaming through heavy seas.

Contributed by Wallace Dann

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True story, it happened to me this

past Sunday (March 6th, 2011)! Contributed by Bruce Burnham

Early Sunday morning I got a call from my brother and he said he had just heard from our cousin Sherrie who was coming through Birmingham and wanted to see us on her way though. I have not seen Sherrie in about 8 years. Not since she joined the Air Force, so he said to come over and we would take her out for lunch around noon. So I got ready and was out the door in time to get there about 11:30. I am driving up I-59/20 towards Birmingham and as I am passing through Bessemer I notice someone walking along the Interstate (not hitchhiking just walking). As I pass I notice that it is a man in uniform, the uniform of an American Army soldier. So I pull over and ask if he needs a ride and the first thing he does is reach into his fatigues and produces his honorable discharge papers (DD214) and military I.D. card (he says to put me at ease and to prove that he is who he says he is). So I ask him where he is going. He is on his way to South Carolina. I load his ruck sack into my car and off we go. I tell him I can give him a ride to Birmingham but I will be going north from there and he will be going east. "Roger that Sir, and thank you for the ride" is the reply I heard. I tell him "First of all I thank you for your service to our country, and second, any man in that uniform no matter what his or her age, does not call me SIR". Continued on next page

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We talk for a while and he tells me his story. This man, "First Sgt. Jeffrey Loving, 10th Mountain div." has just returned from his 5th tour of duty, two in Iraq and three in Afghanistan. During which time he was wounded multiple times (and he has the scars to prove it, I saw them). He proceeded to tell me that his wife of 17 years was suppose to pick him up at the airport upon his arrival in Jackson, Mississippi and they were to pack up and move back to South Carolina where he was from. She didn't pick him up. He took a taxi to their apartment and he found out she had cleaned out everything including his bank account, his Harley, and both of his guitars....everything, not even a pair of jeans left! He has no idea where she is, but a neighbor told him, she moved out the night before with her HUSBAND.

(Side note...there is a special place in Hell for people that do this)

He had nothing and only a few dollars to his name and the clothes on his back. (Heck of a note for someone who has just returned from his 5th tour of duty).

I asked him when was the last time you have eaten? "not in the last three days Sir". I said let's get you something to eat then. "No sir, not your problem sir", "uuhhmm, **YES IT IS Soldier**, I am an American, it's my family you protect, it's my country you protect, it's my way of life you protect, I can get you something to eat!!!!" I look at the next exit and see that all that's there is a McDonalds', and ask if that would be ok? "Roger that sir, that would be great, Thank you sir" "Please stop calling me SIR sergeant" however I realize he can't stop, it's who he is. I bought him 5 hamburgers, fries, and a Coke. He went through 2 burgers, the fries and Coke in about 5 minutes, then **asked** if it would be ok if he saved the other 3 burgers for later? "Son, if you are still hungry you eat them and I will get you more for later"

"I can't have you do that sir, if it's ok with you I will just save them". I then

asked how long have you been walking? I started in Jackson, Miss., five days ago. He walked to the state line and someone picked him up and gave him a ride to Tuscaloosa, and he has been walking from there to Bessemer, Ala., where I picked him up (for anyone who doesn't know, that's about 45-50 miles) and he did this with a 50-60lbs. ruck sack on his back. It was about here where I made the statement that I couldn't believe that he, in full U.S. Army uniform, had to walk that far without someone stopping to pick him up? **You will not believe the reply I got!!!!**

"Sir, this is not anyone's problem but mine, but since you asked, I will tell you that not only has no one stopped to give me a ride, but I have had beer bottles thrown at me, I have had garbage thrown at me and have been cursed and been called murderer." "Sir I have never been more ashamed in my life."

I pulled the car over, because I started to cry. He thought I was going to put him out!!!!

I told him, son, don't you EVER feel ashamed to wear that uniform. There may be some in this country that feel that way but son, I am not one of them. It's me that feels ashamed, for the way you were treated. I told him that my father served in the Navy and had 8 tours to Vietnam, that 5 of his 6 brothers all had numerous tours in Vietnam, that my grandfather was a POW in Germany in WWII. I am the one who is ashamed and you son, hold your head high and don't ever feel ashamed.

When was the last time you slept and had a hot shower? He dropped his head and told me his last shower was in Afghanistan, and he had not slept in 3 days. I told him I was on my way to see my brother and cousin in Gardendale and there are some hotels there, I will get you a hotel for the night and you can have a shower.

"NO SIR, I'm not your problem, just drop me off and I will keep walking, but thank you, Sir"

"With all due respect son, I am not asking for your permission, I am simply telling you what I am going to do, you can get some sleep and continue in the morning"

"Roger that sir, and thank you, Sir"

I got him a room at a Days inn in Fultondale, Ala. I made the comment that it's not the Ritz and his reply was priceless..."Sir, for the last 3 months I have slept on the ground in the mountains of Afghanistan where its hot as blazes in the day and freezing cold at night, this is paradise to me SIR, Thank you for your generosity, If you will leave me your name and address, as soon as I get squared way in South Carolina, I will send you money to repay you, I promise."

"Sergeant, you owe me nothing, I am simply repaying you".

I got him squared away and was happy I got to help him out, I am sure he was asleep before I got out of the parking lot. I went to my brothers and my cousin was there and told them

of the encounter with 1st Sgt. Loving, my cousin Sherrie (Sgt. U.S. Air Force) asked my brother to look on the internet and see how much it would be for a bus ticket to South Carolina? we looked and it was about \$70.00. So we devised a plan. We went out to eat like we had planned and we ordered WAY more food than we needed and we boxed up everything we didn't eat (enough to feed 2-3 more people) and as we left the restaurant we

went by the hotel to drop in on 1st Sgt. Loving. Sure enough he was dead asleep, we woke him up and to his surprise we gave him more food (so he didn't have to save the burgers). I introduced him to my brother Steve, his wife Tracey and my cousin Sherrie. Tears welled up in his eyes and he was telling them of his plight and that I had taken good care of him and they should be proud of me, like I had saved his life or something, then out of the blue, my brother handed him a folded up bill and said for him to put it in his pocket. He refused, "No sir, I am not your problem Sir, I can't take it, you all have been so nice and I can't possibly take anything else, but thank you Sir". Steve told him please take it, it's not much but it will help some. He took it and unfolded the bill, it was a \$100.00. WOW, my brother is amazing. He cried, I cried...well we all did. My cousin asked where he was stationed in Afghanistan? He told her (I can't remember the name of the base, wouldn't you know it, in 3 months that is where Sherrie is going? They both were very excited, he was telling her things she needed to

Continued on next page

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do to prepare for and things she needed to take and what not to do and etc...

The rest of us just sit back and watched the two of them in amazement. He was just what she needed, to prepare for her first trip into a hot zone and I think he felt good in being able to help out a fellow soldier. It was great. This went on for about 5-10 minutes and I hated to break it up, but I told him, that I would be coming back at 6:30 A.M. or so and pick him up to take him to the bus station and get him a ticket to South Carolina. The look on his face was AWESOME. (more crying) lots of hugs, (more crying).

1st Sgt. Loving told my family, that when he came back from Afghanistan and his wife was gone he was in despair, and as he was walking from Tuscaloosa to Bessemer, he had lost his faith in America and was losing his FAITH Period. He told my Family..."that I was his Hero". (O.K., more crying)

Not sure anyone has ever called me a hero, and coming from him, I have to tell you it meant something!

So Monday morning, I picked him up some breakfast and I arrived at the hotel to pick up 1st Sgt. Loving, and he told me, "Sir I wish I could have called you to save you a trip, but, I met the man next door in the hotel and he is a truck driver who happens to be heading to, wait for it....South Carolina, not only the state, but to his home town in South Carolina. Can you believe it?"

God works in mysterious ways doesn't He?

He told me that he could never repay what we had done for him, but truth be told, he did more for us than you can imagine.

I didn't write this to pat myself on the back, simply to let everyone know that sometimes a simple ride can be more than a simple ride.

Sunday March 6th, 2011 I met a true American Hero, selfless, kind, dedicated, respectful and humble. A true example of what America is all about. I promise you I got more from meeting him than he got from meeting me.

God Bless America and God Bless our Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and Marines!!!!

The Great Lakes Cruise, August - September 1965

Contributed by Ed Lynch

Remember in our last issue I related what we Storekeepers had to do to get the "stuff" that the St Lawrence Seaway Authority required of a ship of Bristol's tonnage. You remember: we had to get lots of 5" manila line for mooring lines. Well, we also had to get the mundane stuff that the Boatswain's Mates needed (turn buckles, 1" line, 10 thread line, 6 thread line, and, you know, all of that small stuff. Sure I was busy, but the deck apes were busier.

Anyway, the Brooklyn Navy Yard was in the process of closing down back then. Vietnam was getting hot and there were delays to the normal supply system due to orders for Vietnam superseded anything that we might need. Brooklyn Navy Yard Building 77 was the main headquarters building and it had a tremendous supply of marlinspike seamanship stuff on the ground floor. The only way you could get anything from the "Yard birds" was to bribe them with 3 pound cans of coffee. But these days were different. Coffee couldn't get it done anymore. Now we had to really negotiate with real cumshaw.

It was just one of those hot, hazy, Summer days in Brooklyn when I walked up from Pier Charlie to Building 77 to get some turnbuckles, and sundry other items on a long list of stuff the First Division Officer needed to replace all of the life lines on the main deck. I took two 3 pound cans of coffee with me and

gave the list to the Supervisor Yard Bird. He looked at the list, looked at me and laughed. He told me that I would have to get a pair of 10½ regular low quarter shoes along with the coffee. I left the coffee with him and made my way across Flushing Avenue to the Navy Receiving Station. I ventured to the Navy Clothing and Small Stores and bought a pair of 10½ low quarter dress shoes - \$5.00 back then. Shoes in hand, I went back to complete the deal. When I handed over the dress shoes to the boss yard bird, he told me that I could take anything I wanted because it was all going to go into the trash. I took what I could carry and turned it over to the 3rd Class in

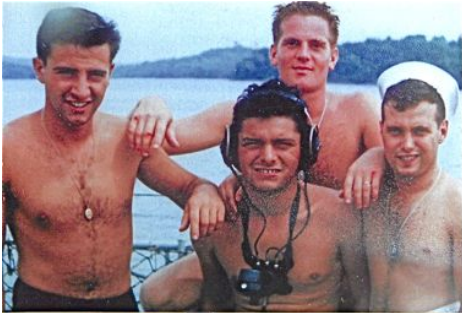


charge of project. I told him what the yard bird had said and we got the duty driver to take us up to building 77 to load up on all the stuff that we could possibly use for next century. Remember, we and five other Tin Cans were making this trip. They had the same requirements that we had. We could use the extra stuff to cumshaw almost anything. They didn't teach you this stuff in Storekeeper School. The deck apes were happy with all of the cumshaw that we swaged from the yard birds. It sure was worth the \$5.00 it took the get the stuff and get the First Lieutenant off our backs.



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Before and After



Do you recognize these guys?

Top photo from left to right: Andy Morabito, Frank DeRiccio, Pete Zingarella standing behind, and Herman Capozzi. Bottom photo: Pete, Paul Ratcliffe, Herman, & Frank. See photo below for Paul with his "gang".



Did you have an AM radio while serving in BRISTOL?

During the bull sessions in the hospitality suite, I was talking with Herb Ross who was a Personnelman and I had to "kick" in \$2.00 for the AM radio in the

Supply Office. Anyway, we both had our radios connected to the main radio antenna aerial that hung over the O1 deck. Well we both got great reception on those little radios. The problem with our hook-up was it caused interference with real navy traffic. We were properly chastised not to connect anything to the aerial again otherwise the folks in Main Radio would send 500 watts of power and probably explode our radios. Herb and I served at different times but sailors behaviors never change

The day George Fischer reported aboard.

BRISTOL was in the yards in Hoboken in November 1963. She had just been transferred to the Reserve Training Fleet. George Fischer was fresh out of Electrician's Mate "A" School and had to report to "USS BRISTOL (DD-857), New York. George was from Missouri. Do you think that he knew his way around New York?

Mike Murphy was the duty EM that day and he took the ship's vehicle to 90 Church St, Hq Third Naval District, to collect mail and movies. Mike met George at 90 Church St and offered to take George back with him. Off they went. Mike offered George a little advice, "Don't unpack your seabag." Mike thought that since BRISTOL was in dry dock, the crew would be billeted in barracks. Not so. George did unpack his seabag and it stayed unpacked for another 3 years.



Who took The Sullivans Flag?

USS THE SULLIVANS (DD-537) was our sister ship for a time before going out of commission. Well, you might think that the guys on BRISTOL were jealous of the crew in THE SULLIVANS because one night the guy named somebody lifted THE SULLIVANS flag and flew it from our flag display. I think that I know who did it, but, I'll never tell.

Richard Warren reports aboard

Richard Warren, QM3, 62-64, reported aboard BRISTOL via high line. BRISTOL was scheduled for underway refueling and that was when Richard was high lined over.

Incidentally, Richard attended his first reunion in Dallas.

Navy Jargon D-I-L-L-I-G-A-R-A

Do I Look Like I Give A Rat's Ass

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Ogdensburg, NY

During the Great Lakes Cruise, August - September 1965, we had an overnight at the City of Ogdensburg, NY. The then mayor of the city was a Naval Reserve officer who did a two week cruise aboard Bristol. The mayor invited all of the ships involved in the cruise to visit his fair city while traversing the St Lawrence River.



Now you might think that this could be a risky affair having about 3,000 sailors stopping at your town for an overnight liberty. Not so. The "fleet" anchored out in the St Lawrence River and the whaleboats ferried us back and forth to the pier where eager town residents collected us in the cars and took us into town. What a great place. The only place that I remember was a place called Oscar's bar and restaurant. I remember having Moosehead Ale and chatting up the locals about our trip. The locals included Canadians who crossed the bridge from Prescott and Johnstown on the Canadian side to drink in New York. At the time, the legal drinking age in New York was 18 while it was 21 in Canada.

One of our Storekeepers (no names to protect the innocent) met a lovely with whom he kept in touch. When he separated from the navy, he told us that he was going to drive up to Ogdensburg on his way home to California.

As I recall, there were no incidents during our visit to the very Northern New York town.

Ed Lynch

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"There are 7 more rounds on the way"
by Ed Lynch

We were out to sea that Saturday with our Selected Reserve Crew. After the Special Sea and Anchoring Detail secured, we went to General Quarters. Captain Butler demanded that all stations be manned and ready in 5 minutes.

We got into position somewhere in the Narragansett Bay Operating Area for a fun day of shooting at aerial targets. Our target for today was a sleeve towed by a P2V.

The P2V would trail a cable followed by a radar reflective sleeve to which, our fire control radar could lock-on. My GQ station was pointer in the Fire Control Director. The procedure was once we got the word that we had an aerial target port or starboard, the Weapons Officer ("Guns") would train the director to the target by maneuvering the bicycle handle joystick. I (the Pointer) would center the target in my sights and depress a pedal switch and announce "Pointer locked on." The Trainer, who sat to my right, would perform the same maneuver. Then, the Radar Operator, who sat at the rear of the director, would do the same thing. The Radar Operator would call out "Radar Operator lock on and tracking."

I forget when the gun mount would be involved. Maybe, when Guns Lincoln reads this, he'll give us a supplement that I'll publish with the next newsletter. Anyway, when the Fire Control Director was locked on and tracking, the gun mount involved would be given the order to load so many rounds of Able Able Common ammo, then given the order to open fire.

The Pointer and Trainer in the meanwhile had to make sure that the Fire Control Radar did not start "climbing" the tow cable. You see, the Fire Control radar "boxed" the target as it tracked. The tow cable from the aircraft tail produced a greater radar signature than the sleeve. As a safety measure, the Pointer and Trainer kept a close eye on the sleeve. The aircraft had an air crew man also keeping an eye on the air burst to make sure that we didn't shoot down the P2V.

I remember hearing Chief Lindsay (our Air Traffic Controller) talking with the P2V about rounds getting too close to the tail and the aircraft ordered a "Cease fire". We did

cease fire, but, Chief Lindsay told the aircraft "There are seven more rounds on the way."

That ended the shooting for the day, at least, aerial target practice. We did deploy our own surface target. It looked like a 15 man lifeboat with added

radar reflective stuff.



So we used it for the remainder of the firing evolution. The aerial target practice was more exciting than the little surface target. In a previous newsletter, I related the story about how Mount 52 scored a direct hit on a surface target towed by a sea going tug.

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**A DESTROYERMAN'S VIEW
FROM BELOW THE
DECKPLATES
MEMORABLE EXPERIENCES
ABOARD THE U.S.S.
BRISTOL DD857
Walter Marczak BTCM USN
(Ret)
1958 - 1965**

I reported aboard the Bristol in 1958, the day she pulled into Pier #1 Newport, Rhode Island, after completing a Mediterranean cruise. Within the hour, I was checked in, assigned a bunk and locker and escorted to the forward fireroom, the hottest place I have ever experienced. My first observation was the large amount of machinery and the old, tired looking "salts" that were dirty, sweaty and ornery. I wondered what I

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had gotten myself into. Little did I know at that point that I would spend the next seven years in that fireroom and on that ship.

During my early indoctrination in the operation of the fireroom, I was introduced to the "bilges", which are the very bottom of the ship, the inside of the ship's hull. The bilges include numerous piping systems through which flows steam, hot water, fresh water, salt water, etc. My daily assignment was to squirm down and clean, scrape and paint those bilges which were rusted, oil coated, and the recipient of anything thrown down there. The "bilge rats" were easily identified by their filthy, oil covered clothing and the steam burns on their arms and body. What did I get myself into? Will I ever work above these bilges?

During my first few months aboard, many of the old timers were leaving the ship and a younger group of sailors were reporting aboard. Jerry Stargel, who was assigned to the forward fireroom, helped me make the transition to shipboard life prior to his transfer and ultimate discharge from the Navy shortly after I reported aboard. Jerry became a police officer and is now retired.

As the days, weeks, months and years passed; the engineering crew had almost a complete turnover, I guess we became those "old salts". The majority of the crew was younger and from the east coast. The engineers became a very close knit group. They were drawn together by pride in the ability to drive the ship. The majority of the snipes did not venture above decks much due to always being short-handed, four on four off watches, and of course the engineering plant that was always operational, in port and at sea. As we worked, trained and learned, the engineering department became top notch. I believe we earned and engineering "E" during this period of time.



Ray Hebron and Walt Marczak enjoy liberty.

A distinguishing characteristic of a typical snipe aboard the **Bristol** was a hard worker involved in dirty, hot work. However, when on liberty the group was hard charging, usually to the first bar closest to the ship. We visited numerous liberty ports both good and bad. Ports were generally evaluated by the proximity of a bar to the ship and the employees within. Some port visits that remain in my memory: (not in any chronological order) Villa France? On the French Riviera for Christmas and New Years (there was not another port call that compared to this one) Naples (Pizza Cotta Peroni Beer) Greece (Ouzo can make you lose your good sense and eye sight) port calls in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf left a lot to be desired. We sailed many times to the Caribbean and Virgin Islands, the water was so clear you could see to the bottom which was very deep. We sailed to the Great Lakes, as a reserve trainer, with port calls in New York and Michigan. We were dispatched to Honduras after a hurricane caused much damage, while anchored off the coast, I recall a first class cook taking soup and sandwiches to survivors using the motor whale boat, I believe Don Tanner was the engineer on that boat. Ocho Rios, Jamaica was composed of red soil, which penetrated our whites. The crew sure looked different leaving on liberty than returning. How about Brooklyn? Need I say more?

We sailed to GTMO several times for refresher training. During training we sailed early in the morning and returned to the piers late in the evening on a daily basis. Except of course, when we had a three day battle problem and remained at General Quarters the entire time. We would lay rags on the deck plates in order to sit, the heat was so intense. But, those experiences drew us closer together. We competed with all the other engineering spaces. After a hard day training at sea, the "cattle cars" would be waiting on the pier to transport us to the Club for their famous 10 cent Bacardi and coke and small pizza. The ride back to the ship in the cattle cars at the expiration of liberty was an experience that will not be forgotten. Years later while stationed at Fleet Training Center GTMO, the cattle cars were outlawed as inhumane and replaced by buses.

During one of our refresher training cruises, we suffered a horrible accident in a gun mount. The Captain ordered all boilers lit and we steamed back to port at flank speed to transfer

the injured sailor. Manny, who was good friends with the injured sailor, relayed this incident in one of his emails.

Although there were many Captains during my time aboard, I remember Capt. Henry Bress aka Hank the Flank. Before Admiral Zumwalt's reforms, Capt. Bress was already implementing many of the ideas the admiral advocated. The Captain was ahead of his time. He met with the crew often and discussed any topic. He kept us abreast of the operation we were involved in as well as taking suggestions from the crew on making things better aboard ship. This was not typical of captains at that time. There was a mutual respect between the Captain and the engineers. He liked to steam a flank speed and we were proud to give him the steam and engine revolutions required to make the speed. I recall a personal incident involving the Captain: we were scheduled to get underway early one morning. I had the fireroom lighting off duties which consisted of lighting fires about two hours prior to getting underway. However, I could not find the lighting off orders, I looked everywhere. I knew a delay in lighting off would probably delay our underway time, and our Captain never was late getting underway. So I lit off the boilers and all went well. After steaming for a short period of time the Chief Engineer and myself were summoned to see the Captain, he asked why I lit off the boilers without orders, I explained that I wanted to make sure the ship was ready to get underway when he wanted to. He looked me straight in the eye, gave me sort of a wink, a slight thumbs up with a smile and said get lighting off orders next time. I recently shared this story with the captain's grandson and he related to me that his grandfather continued to drive his car at "flank" speed but he had not known about his nick name.

I have lasting memories of some of the more difficult jobs that we performed to keep the engineering plant running and safe: PUNCHING TUBES, every 1800 steaming hours, lying on your back in the mud drum with a pneumatic brush. George White and I spent a lot of time punching these tubes especially during extended cruises. *Continued on next page*

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CLEANING FIRESIDES, every 600 steaming hours, in the furnace, scraping the oil deposits off the tubes. I remember John (Buddy Holly) Latyak scraping and singing DUWOP. SETTING SAFETY VALVES, on top of the steam drum, hot as hell, Frenchy Dopyera's specialty. REPLACING A 10 INCH FLEX GASKET outlet from the superheater, this job seemed impossible until it had to be done. LIGHT OFF SUPERHEATERS, with the ship making full speed, I think Floyd Van Wie constructed a torch as large as the Olympic Torch to help accomplish this task. He later became OIL KING. REMOVING THE STACK COVER, remove it in the dark, cold, in Newport prior to lighting of the boilers on a very thin railing. Later replacing the cover when the boilers cooled. Harris Arneson spent some time on that stack as well as Ramon Soto.

In 1958, long before you could purchase espresso type coffee in a fancy coffee house, we had an espresso machine of sorts in the forward fireroom. It was welded to the bulkhead on the lower level. It had a receptacle container on the bottom, two steel rings above and a steam pipe above it. Operation was simple. It required a soft rag from the rag bundle placed between the rings, coffee grounds were added on top of the rag and the steam was turned on. The fresh brewed coffee would drip to the lower pot. We used this pot for several years but ultimately we had to get rid of it after a health inspector "could not believe his eyes" and ordered it condemned immediately. Many of us younger sailors who did not drink coffee soon began. If you were not a coffee drinker, you continued working when a coffee break was called. We all quickly became coffee drinkers.

"How can a crew drink so much bug juice (Kool Aid)?" A comment often heard around the Supply Office by Mr. Goldsmith, Ed Lynch and others. Bug juice was the most effective deck plate cleaner we had. I often wondered how it reacted when we drank it. Several years ago at a restaurant in Norfolk, a young waitress asked Don Tanner and I if we knew what her sailor boyfriend was using bug juice for? She was surprised when we told her we used the same stuff 40 years ago for the same job. Memories.

When I reenlisted aboard the Bristol, I was given a pat on the back and the only upright locker in the compartment. And I was happy and satisfied. A few years later, BT's were designated a critical rate and were given \$10,000 for reenlisting. I never thought much about leaving the ship. I was

comfortable with the engineering plant, we had a great team of guys from all parts of the country and we worked well together. We made our job fun in spite of the harsh conditions which we continually operated under. We also hung around together off the ship. We worked hard on the ship and played hard when we went ashore. And we always supported each other.

The BT detailer finally caught up with me and I was transferred. I was offered a variety of assignments because of the seven years aboard Bristol. I left the ship with mixed emotions. I really did not want to leave the friends that I had been associated with for several years. However, it was time to see more of the Navy. I lasted for 22 years and I have no doubt that my experiences aboard the Bristol and the men I associated with in my early years help mold my life. And, I still drink about 10 cups of coffee every day.

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A Marine's Life Is Celebrated



It wasn't supposed to end this way. But U.S. Marine Cpl. Nicholas S. Ott finally came home today, his body laid to rest as a Mass and burial service celebrated his life.

A Mass for Ott, a Manchester native who was killed on Aug. 10 in Afghanistan, was held Friday at Saint John's Roman Catholic Church in Lakehurst, one day after hundreds of mourners paid their respects during a public viewing at the same location.



Brian George, 38, who served in the U.S. Air Force for 18 years, was one of the many onlookers lining Myrtle Avenue in the borough to say goodbye as Ott's procession exited the church and traveled toward Route 70 on its way to the Brigadier General William C. Doyle Memorial Cemetery in Arnetytown.

The Manchester Police Department Honor Guard stood watch as Ott's casket was brought into the church. Family and friends accompanied the Marine's body into the building as bagpipers played on.

About 45 minutes later, it was time for Ott to travel to his final resting place. Manchester and Lakehurst police, emergency responders, members of the Warriors' Watch Riders and countless vehicles of friends and family formed a procession that accompanied the corporal along the nearly 22-mile journey to the cemetery.

George looked on as they passed by. Even though he had never met Ott, he brought his son Daniel along to celebrate the life of the 23-year-old Marine, the 11th soldier from Ocean County to die since the attacks by Al Qaida militants on the World Trade Center and Pentagon and the failed attempt to crash a plane into the White House.

"It's sad. The United States lost a hero," George said. "It's a sad moment."

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The outpouring of support, which ranged from memorials at Manchester's municipal complex to the streets near the Ott family home, was proof to George that the people of the township appreciate the sacrifice of those in the armed forces.

"It shows that the citizens of Manchester care about their heroes in uniform," he said. "It's very nice to see the support last night at the viewing. His untimely death will not be forgotten."

Ott died while fighting in Afghanistan's Helmand province as part of Operation Enduring Freedom.

Ott will be added to Ocean County's Fallen Soldier Monument as part of the 9/11 remembrance on Sept. 9, two days prior to the 10th anniversary of the attacks on America.

John Budenas, a Toms River man who is a 19-year Air Force veteran, sat with George. The two, like Ott, served in Afghanistan, though they also completed tours of Iraq.

"We didn't know him, but he's our brother," Budenas said.

During Ott's time in the military, he received awards including two Navy and Marine Corps Achievement Medals, the Marine Corps Good Conduct Medal, the National Defense Service Medal, the Afghanistan Campaign Medal, the Global War on Terrorism Expeditionary Medal, the Global War on Terrorism Service Medal and three Sea Service Deployment Ribbons, according to military officials.

Editor's Note:

I have been living in Manchester Township, NJ, since September 2006. I have been volunteering with the Manchester Rescue Squad since January 2001. I did not know Corporal Ott, but I felt like he was a member of our family. Our squad provides emergency medical support during the high school and middle school graduations. I volunteer to cover these events each year. Corporal Ott

graduated from Manchester Township High School in 2006.

God bless him and his family whom we met briefly at Corporal Ott's wake. We thank you for your service.

Navajo code talker Joe Morris, one of more than 400 American Indians who used the language of their ancestors to relay secret battlefield orders during World War II, has died. He was 85. He was one of more than 400 American Indians who used the language of their ancestors to r e l a y s e c r e t



stroke at the Veterans Administration Loma Linda Healthcare System. Navajo code talkers were young Navajo men who used their language to successfully transmit secret communications in every major engagement in the Pacific theater, including Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima. Morris kept secret what he did during his Marine Corps service until President Ronald Reagan declassified the role of the code talkers in 1982. Morris then began giving presentations to schools and colleges. The Navajo dialect never left the Southwest United States and the language was never written down. The Japanese had no way of learning it, and the 9

complicated nature of the language made it difficult for others to learn. Twenty-nine original code talkers were recruited to train another 400 Navajo to work as communicators. Morris was 17 when he joined the Marines. According to his daughter Colleen Anderson he was quite modest about his role in the war and didn't consider himself a hero, she said. "He just wasn't that kind of person. He would say that he didn't do it alone. He would always include (the other code talkers) in presentations," Anderson said. He was buried in Riverside National Cemetery. [Source: Associated Press article 21 Jul 2011 ++]

Col. Van T. Barfoot, 90, Wins Battle Against Virginia HOA to Fly the Flag *Contributed by Gary Hults*

Medal of Honor Recipient Victorious in Battle Against Homeowners Association



On Tuesday, December 01, the Sussex Square homeowners association (HOA) in Virginia threatened legal action against 90-year old Van T. Barfoot if he did not take down his flagpole from his yard by 5 p.m. Friday.

Barfoot noted that there is no provision in Sussex Square's rules that forbids erecting flagpoles. For the Barfoot family flying the American Flag is a cause worth fighting for.

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Why Would Anyone Miss War?

A Marine waits to take psychological tests at the Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center in Twentynine Palms, Calif.

SEVERAL years ago I spent time with a platoon of Army infantry at a remote outpost in eastern Afghanistan, and after the deployment I was surprised that only one of the soldiers chose to leave the military at the end of his contract; many others re-upped and eventually went on to fight for another year in the same area. The soldier who got out, Brendan O'Byrne, remained a good friend of mine as he struggled to fit in to civilian life back home.

About a year later I invited Brendan to a dinner party, and a woman asked him if he missed anything at all about life at the outpost. It was a good question: the platoon had endured a year without Internet, running water or hot food and had been in more combat than almost any platoon in the United States military. By any measure it was hell, but Brendan didn't hesitate: "Ma'am," he said, "I miss almost all of it."

Civilians are often confused, if not appalled, by that answer. The idea that a psychologically healthy person could miss war seems an affront to the idea that war is evil. Combat is supposed to feel bad because undeniably bad things happen in it, but a fully human reaction is far more complex than that. If we civilians don't understand that complexity, we won't do a very good job of bringing these people home and making a place for them in our society.

My understanding of that truth came partly from my own time in Afghanistan and partly from my conversations with a Vietnam veteran named Karl Marlantes, who wrote about his experiences in a devastating novel called "Matterhorn." Some time after I met Karl, a woman asked me why soldiers "compartmentalize" the experience of war, and I answered as I imagined Karl might have: because society does. We avoid any direct look at the reality of war. And both sides of the political spectrum indulge in this; liberals tend to be scandalized that war can be tremendously alluring to young men, and conservatives rarely

acknowledge that war kills far more innocent people than guilty ones. Soldiers understand both of these things but don't know how to talk about them when met with blank stares from friends and family back home.

"For a while I started thinking that God hated me because I had sinned," Brendan told me after he got back from Afghanistan. "Everyone tells you that you did what you had to do, and I just hate that comment because I didn't have to do any of it. I didn't have to join the Army; I didn't have to become airborne infantry. But I did. And that comment — 'You did what you had to do' — just drives me insane. Because is that what God's going to say — 'You did what you had to do? Welcome to heaven?' I don't think so."

If society were willing to acknowledge the very real horrors of war — even a just war, as I believe some are — then men like Brendan would not have to struggle with the gap between their world view and ours. Every year on the anniversary of D-Day, for example, we acknowledge the heroism and sacrifice of those who stormed the beaches of Normandy. But for a full and honest understanding of that war, we must also remember the firebombing of Dresden, Frankfurt and Hamburg that killed as many as 100,000 Germans, as well as both conventional and nuclear strikes against Japan that killed hundreds of thousands more.

Photographs taken after allied air raids in Germany show piles of bodies 10 or 15 feet high being soaked in gasoline for burning. At first you think you're looking at images from Nazi concentration camps, but you're not — you're looking at people we killed.

I am in no way questioning the strategic necessity of those actions; frankly, few of us are qualified to do so after so much time. I am simply pointing out that if we as a nation avoid coming to terms with events like these, the airmen who drop the bombs have a much harder time coming to terms with them as individuals. And they bear almost all the psychic harm.

Change history a bit, however, and imagine those men coming back after World War II to a country that has collectively taken responsibility for the decision to firebomb German cities. (Firebombing inflicted mass

civilian casualties and nearly wiped out cities.) This would be no admission of wrongdoing — many wars, like Afghanistan and World War II, were triggered by attacks against us. It would simply be a way to commemorate the loss of life, as one might after a terrible earthquake or a flood. Imagine how much better the bomber crews of World War II might have handled their confusion and grief if the entire country had been struggling with those same feelings. Imagine how much better they might have fared if there had been a monument for them to visit that commemorated all the people they were ordered to kill.

At first, such a monument might be controversial — but so was the Vietnam memorial on the Mall in Washington. Eventually, however, that memorial proved to be extremely therapeutic for veterans struggling with feelings of guilt and loss after the war.

Every war kills civilians, and thankfully our military now goes to great lengths to keep those deaths to a minimum. Personally, I believe that our involvement in Afghanistan has saved far more civilian lives than it has cost. I was there in the 1990s; I know how horrific that civil war was. But that knowledge is of faint comfort to the American soldiers I know who mistakenly emptied their rifles into a truck full of civilians because they thought they were about to be blown up. A monument to the civilian dead of Iraq and Afghanistan would not only provide comfort to these young men but also signal to the world that our nation understands the costs of war.

It doesn't matter that most civilian deaths in Iraq and Afghanistan were caused by insurgent attacks; if our soldiers died for freedom there — as presidents are fond of saying — then those people did as well. They, too, are among the casualties of 9/11. Nearly a decade after that terrible day, what a powerful message we would send to the world by honoring those deaths with our grief.

Unknown contributor

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Giant Rat Killed With Pitchfork At Brooklyn's Marcy Houses *Contributed by Gary Johnson*

A gigantic, white rat was killed after being speared with a pitchfork at the Marcy Houses in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn.

Jose Rivera, a Housing Authority worker, was clearing a rat hole when three of the mutants popped out, [The New York Daily News reports](#), but he was only able to nab one. It appears to be almost three feet long, including the tail.

Naomi Colon, head of the Marcy Houses Tenant Association, told the News there have been sightings of the humongous rats for at least six years.

Residents described some horrifying confrontations with the rodents to [BlackandBrownNews.com](#):

“In one day eight big size rats were killed,” said a Marcy Houses resident who declined to be named for fear of reprisal from city or property management. They were found in and around the buildings of the Nostrand-Myrtle avenue section of the property and have been seen on the playground. “They come out at night and the daytime,” said another resident who also did not want to provide a name.

Even before the mega-rats appeared, residents say the infestation of average rats was a problem. One resident recently described a frantic scene in which rats began scrambling across the nearby playground: “Adults had to grab children and run because a lot of rats came on the playground. The kids were screaming.”

An expert at the Wildlife Conservation Society [told the News](#) the slain monster was likely a Gambian pouched rat, and was probably an escaped or discarded pet.

Editor’s Note: The Marcy Houses are located in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. BedSty is just a short bus ride from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Thanks to Gary Johnson, I can

remember walking back to the ship from the Flushing and Vanderbilt Ave gate and seeing some big rats scurrying around.

On another note, I remember going on liberty with John Koltos. We were headed out to my Mother’s house in Bay Ridge (a section in Brooklyn just West of the Verrazzano-Narrows Bridge). I had an awol bag full of cigarettes. The civilian guard at the Vanderbilt Ave gate checked my bag and told me that I couldn’t leave with all those cigarettes. Well, my Mother didn’t raise any fools. The guard told me to go back to the ship with the cigarettes.

John and I left the guard shack and planned our strategy. John would just walk out the gate. I would throw the awol bag over the fence. Then, I would walk out the gate. Simple and effective, we got to Bay Ridge without incident.

←-----→

A note from David “Guns” Lincoln

Ed

... a reunion filler ..

When attending the closest reunion to me , in Newport, I was taken by the fact that inspite of the fact that we were all in our 70's, all the former enlisted men kept calling me MISTER Lincoln !!

Give me a break..we are all first name only basis at our age !! But then ... there aren'r that many officers who come to the reunion, so there isn't much chance for practice

In closing ..have a great reunion..my regards to all

Guns Lincoln

ps.. my auto still is known (by the cops) as DD-857 !!!

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Bravo Zulu Shipmate (Well Done)

Pete Earle USMA Class of 1996: A Volunteer at Ground Zero

I was at work in midtown Manhattan (I'm a trader at a hedge fund) watching the events unfold on CNBC; upon hearing that trading was to be suspended for the day, my firm emptied out.

I decided to head downtown to see if I could volunteer my help. As all subways, buses, and taxis had ceased operation, I walked/jogged the fifty some-odd blocks to Canal Street. A huge plume of smoke loomed in the distance as hordes of people briskly made their way past me, away from the demolished financial district and toward home, the bridges, GCS and the Port Authority. On the way, many individuals were crowded around windows showing CNN and other news stations, and many bodegas were hanging out free water to anyone walking/running by.

At Canal Street I asked a few police officers where the volunteer point was, one of whom directed me to 2 Lafayette Square, in front of the downtown courthouse.

The few blocks between Canal and the designated volunteer site were absolutely filled with cops, firemen, National Guardsmen, ATF, NTSB, and other personnel, as well as hundreds of police cruisers, ambulances, tow trucks, fire vehicles, Humvees, etc. At this distance - the plume of smoke was terrifying, huge

and thick, black and gray, blowing toward the southwest of Manhattan.

By now (about 12 noon) drenched with sweat, wearing khaki pants, a blue polo shirt, loafers, and carrying my work bag, I arrived to the volunteer site where about 200-300 people were already standing. The organizers asked us to divide into blood donor, ex-military, and medical groups. I joined the ex-mil crowd whose job, 'search team,' would ostensibly be to locate the survivors and the dead in the blocks around the WTC - not in the actual building debris. We were given dust masks, designated t-shirts, gloves, tourniquet cords, and bottles of water for the trip into "ground zero," as they'd begun calling it. And, while waiting the masses of us (except for "Blood," for donors) were given down-and-dirty first aid lessons. Among the members of the ex-military group were many former infantrymen like myself, but also individuals representing backgrounds ranging from special operations to finance across all service branches, regular and reserve. There were a few Vietnam vets, a few young kids who'd just recently completed their enlistment term, and a USNA grad among us.

We wound up standing in our groups for several hours, as Air Force jets flew overhead, protecting NYC airspace. It's became a little frustrating, as all many of us could think of were the windows of opportunity to rescue some of the critically injured in small pockets that we were losing.

It was nothing if not surreal, the idea of this city - my home area and where I work - requiring military defense. Also, that in this day and age, in this country, that hordes of typically unflappable New Yorkers would have reason to quickly crane their heads up or duck in terror whenever an unusual sound (in this case, that of the roar of fighter jets or fast, low-flying military and governmental helicopters) came from overhead.

At one point as we waited for transportation into ground zero, the wind shifted and a strong gust of the smoke

plume came through 2 Lafayette Square. To say that we were caught off guard and shocked is an understatement; everyone, myself included, was wearing their mask around their neck. Far more than a plume of brown cigarette-styled smoke or even the nasty stench of an oil fire, this smoke was, in a word, noxious: my eyes welled up with tears and clamped shut as if accidentally poked, and some people visibly gagged. After that, even though the smoke thankfully didn't come through the volunteer area again, everyone kept their masks on.

After a few hours, the ex-military group, 100+ of us by my hasty count, got on the buses to go into devastated financial district - it was about 3:00. The leaders of our group, among whom were some police, etc., laid down some ground rules: if you can't take it, get back on the bus - it's not a test or competition; do not tell any survivors of the other bombings or casualty estimates; do not photograph the dead; etc. I was quite sure that at this point, 5 or 6 hours after the collapses, that tourniquets were a foregone conclusion, but hoping that at the very least we might find someone who'd been hiding under a vehicle or perhaps in a stairwell. With that we drove into the damaged area.

I've worked on Wall Street, a good portion of it in the financial district (for a period of time on Broad Street two blocks from the WTC) since 1996, and so I was almost paralyzed with shock at seeing the alien landscape. In fact, I'd come through the WTC on my way uptown in switching from the PATH train to the 1/9 Uptown subway at 7:00am that very morning. Now, the streets, sidewalks, vehicles - everything, in a word - were covered with pulverized concrete, ash, and papers. Excel spreadsheets, brokerage research reports, hand-scribbled Post-It notes, and most heartrending to me, the occasional photo of wives, husbands, or children that had been taped to someone's computer monitor or sat on their desk for weeks, months, maybe years. It was, and is even as I type this, emotionally devastating beyond description. The ash, dust, and concrete ranged from about 1 inch deep 4-5 blocks away to what must have been over two feet

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deep in places, and odd bits of office furniture (wheels to rolling chairs, paper catches from printers, etc.) were scattered around the streets. Flattened vehicles, all four tires flat and with windows devoid of any glass whatsoever lined the streets. Large chunks of concrete, steel, and shards of glass were (perhaps still are, as I write this) also scattered throughout what I can only describe as now an entirely unfamiliar, unidentifiable landscape, as were other, unspeakably awful reminders of the collapse which I simply will not discuss. It was in two words, gruesome and mind-numbing, by far the worst thing I've ever seen in person or in photos, and hopefully the worst I will ever see.

We came to stop at the corner of Greenwich and Jay Street, where we were relegated to a courtyard and told to prepare both mentally and physically (hydrating and resting in the shade) as firefighters, cops, U.S. Marshals, the FBI, ATF, the National Guard, Marine Corps, etc., were feverishly preparing for renewed attempts to search the rubble for survivors, herding the occasional stunned or hiding straggler into the Red Cross area, and towing destroyed vehicles out of the area.

Just as we were starting the grisly task, at about 5:12pm, about two or three blocks away from us a loud crunch gave way as Seven World Trade Center (the building across the street from the towers) collapsed as a result of the heavy damage it had sustained earlier in the day. Because it - a stout, fortress-like building - fell sideways, several streets were blocked, huge clouds of dust kicked up and immediately engineers sought to re-open several routes to the WTC. Sent back to the courtyard, we waited for several hours until word was passed down that with the structural integrity of many other local buildings in question, and with the long night of opening blocked streets ahead, we'd be best off returning tomorrow. I tried to return the next morning, but was turned back by NY/NJ Port Authority Police - they'd had thousands of more volunteers come during the night, more than they could use, and were turning folks back to instead give blood and keep the streets clear.

I personally know two people who worked in the WTC; one emailed me late Wednesday night to say that he was alright, and the other is, at last I heard, still missing. But I also saw total strangers selflessly loaning cell phones to one another to contact their families; some literally giving the shirts off of their backs to workers for bandages; and others of all ages, teenagers and the elderly, bringing personally-owned shovels, flashlights, canned food, and other items downtown for whoever might need them. Also deli owners opening up their bottled water inventories for pedestrians fleeing the city on foot, and so many blood donors that the wait to give was over 5 hours. Chalk a few up there for the brotherhood of mankind, the resilience of America, and reasons why I'm damned proud to be and American and, specifically, a New Yorker. God bless America and freedom loving people everywhere. Peter C. Earle USMA '96

Editor's Note:

I thought it appropriate to recognize those folks who responded to the scene of a horrific attack on humanity. I know Peter Earle's parents, Pete and Elaine. Pete and Elaine are volunteers with Whiting Volunteer First Aid Squad in Manchester Township, NJ.

I am also a volunteer Emergency Medical Technician, but serve with Manchester First Aid and Rescue. Our squad, along with many other volunteer squads responded to mobilization that September ten years ago. I was sick in bed suffering from shingles (herpes zoster). I worked in the South Tower, 2 World Trade Center before retiring.



Photo taken on Saturday, 15 September 2001 at West & Barclay Streets Manhattan just prior to entering the 140 West Street Central Office building.

Regards, Bill Demakakos

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION

U. S. S. BRISTOL (DD-857)

CARE OF FLEET POST OFFI
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

IN REPLY REFER TO:
DD857/WSJ:cjm
Ser: 289
10 July 1964

From: Commanding Officer, USS BRISTOL (DD-857)

To: HERNANDEZ, Roland Gilbert, 511 32 98, EM2, (0000/0000), USN

Subj: Commendation; award of

Ref: (a) BUPERS Manual, Article C-7820

1. The Commanding Officer, USS BRISTOL (DD-857) takes pleasure in commending you for your performance of duty as cited below:

While on board USS BRISTOL (DD-857), at about 1550 hours, 27 March 1964 an accident occurred in the After Engine Room which helplessly grounded your shipmate, Michael J. Murphy, electrician's mate third class, with electrical current. Seeing the plight of your shipmate, who was unable to free himself, or cry for help, you unselfishly and without regard for your own personal safety, took immediate action by diving into the space, down two decks into an area filled with machinery and electrical equipment to knock your shipmate free. This action no doubt prevented Murphy from suffering serious injury.

2. I desire to congratulate you for the exceptional manner in which you reacted to this emergency in the face of great personal danger. This is in keeping with the highest traditions of the Naval Service.

3. A copy of this commendation shall be made a part of your official service record.

/s/

WILLIAM S. JOHNSTON

Editor's Note: Roland Hernandez gave me a copy of his commendation at our reunion in Dallas. Roland, Mike Murphy, and I spoke at length about this event. I guess that God wanted Mike to do good things and that's what, I believe, gave Roland the guts to save Mike from imminent death. Mike is a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus. The Knights of Columbus don't just hand out Fourth Degrees. Mike does many good deeds for the Knights of Columbus. Thank you Roland for being the brave guy you are.

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Mayonnaise Jar & Two Beers..

Contributed by Doug Lipert

When things in your life seem almost too much to handle, when 24 hours in a day are not enough, remember the mayonnaise jar and the 2 Beers.

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him..

When the class began, he wordlessly picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was.

The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with a unanimous 'yes.'

The professor then produced two Beers from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed..

'Now,' said the professor as the laughter subsided, 'I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things---your family, your children, your health, your friends and your favorite passions---and if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house and your car. The sand is everything else---the small stuff.

'If you put the sand into the jar first,' he continued, 'there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life.

If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff you will never have room for the things that are important to you..

Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Spend time with your

children. Spend time with your parents. Visit with grandparents..

Take time to get medical checkups. Take your spouse out to dinner. Play another 18.

There will always be time to clean the house and fix the disposal. Take care of the golf balls first---the things that really matter. Set your priorities.

The rest is just sand. One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the Beer represented. The professor smiled and said, 'I'm glad you asked.'

The Beer just shows you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of Beers with a friend.



Vietnam Veteran makes college football team

Contributed by Bruce Burnham



At an age when many start thinking about retirement, Alan Moore is restarting his football career.

Moore, a 61 year-old Vietnam veteran, will kick this fall for Faulkner University, a small Christian school in Montgomery, Ala., 43 years after his initial college career was cut short by Vietnam. When he takes the field against Ave Maria on Sept. 10, Moore will be the oldest player ever to take the field for a four-year university.

From Los That Sports Blog:

Moore was only able to play his freshman year at Jones County (Miss.) Junior College before heading off to Vietnam for 11 months [in 1968]. Watching a football game in 2009 inspired him to purchase footballs, build goal posts in his daughter's back yard, and practice kicking.

Last year Moore was turned away in an attempt to try out for Jones' team but did end up making the team at Holmes (Miss.) Community College after being referred by the head coach's aunt. Ironically, he made an appearance for Holmes against Jones County.

Moore is the first sexagenarian football player on record at any level. George Blanda was 48 when he retired from the NFL after his career as a quarterback and kicker. In 2004, 39-year-old Tim Frisby successfully walked on at South Carolina as a wide receiver. "Pops" Frisby was also a veteran, spending time as a U.S. Army Ranger in the first Gulf War. Even on television, Gerald "Major Dad" McRaney was only in his 40s when he guest-starred as a veteran giving college football one last shot in the old sitcom "Coach."

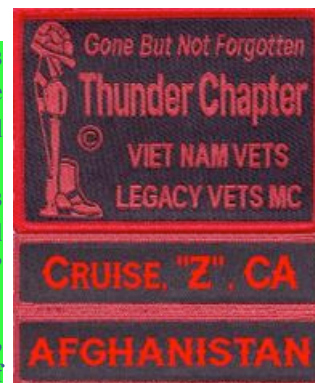
However, Moore still has 13 years to go to top Ken Mink, who was 73 when he played for the Roane State (Tenn.) basketball team in 2008 in the Tennessee Junior Community College Athletic Association. Has there ever been an official verdict on social security as an "improper benefit"?

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION

In Memoriam "Our symbol standing guard"



Did you know that the head stones used in our national cemeteries are made from Vermont marble and made to detail specifications?
 Only the purest white marble is used as head stones for our deceased brothers and sisters. Each head stone is 42" high, 13 " wide, 4" thick.
 Granite Industries of Barry, Vermont, create the head stones. Some of their employees have returned from deployment in Iraq and Afghanistan and know the names of the soldiers for whom they create the head stone.
 Contributed by Joe Guchek



Another Brother in our club killed in combat - I am tired of burying my Brothers !!
 by Earl "Charlie" Weaver

Shipmates Honored at our Reunion

TAPS

Carl Philibar, IC3, 55-57, 2011

*Garland Dalton, RD1, 44-45, 2011
 Plank Owner*

*Leo "Moose" Sangiolo, TM1, 45-46,
 2011, Plank Owner*

Bill Daniels, EM2, 55-58, 2011

*Richard A Witney, GMNR, 59-61,
 2011*

*James W Dunleavy, QM2, 50-53,
 2011*

Editor's Note:

*Jack L Draper, GM3 44-46, 2011
 Plank owner*

At our reunions, the last event, in which we participate, is to bid homage to our deceased shipmates. We conduct the ceremony with the utmost respect to the memory of our fallen shipmates.

Ronald C Hart, FN, 53-55, 2011

John Kobasa, TM2, 51-53, 2011

*James J McDonough, Jr, SK1, 51-52,
 2011*