

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION Fall 2012 Newsletter

Savannah Reunion Highlights



Getting ready to tour Savannah Here are a few of the attendees waiting for the Trolley to begin our tour of Historic Savannah.



Renewing friendships Several of the ladies share memories and deciding where to have lunch and the Trolley Tour is ready to leave.

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USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION

Savannah Reunion

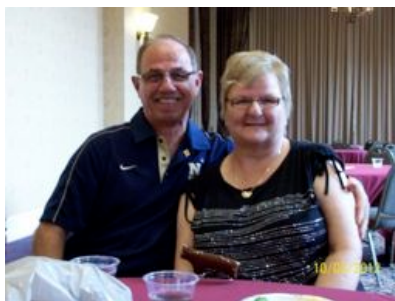
Highlights



Carl Helke was actually the last shipmate to leave BRISTOL in 1971. Carl was part of the decommissioning crew removing all of the stuff that goes into a ship. As you see, Carl saved some goodies



Battle lantern above and below shows Ed Lynch donning flotation device.



Sam "Fonz" Dalfonzo used to work for Mike Murphy pictured top and sitting with Sam's wife, Gerry in the hospitality room. Sam and Gerry stopped in for five minutes on their way to a golf outing. Three hours later they finally got a chance to go. Sam has some real good tid bits for future newsletters. He promised to send them to me.

Messages

Ed :

Sorry I could not attend the reunion . I am going to visit my son in Florida for the entire winter . I would like to say hello to all the members who are there with you . Again sorry I could not attend . Hope everyone has a great time . Talk at you soon .

Your old shipmate :

Joseph (Joe) Lutrario

Last minute cancellations

Bob Burns had to be hospitalized in Savannah for emergency surgery. Although unable to attend, Bob was doing well post surgery.

Doug Lippert undergoing treatment for prostate cancer.

John Edelin's wife, **Gloria**, broke her hip.

Don Tanner, Rich Brusky, Leroy Patterson, and Rich Kolady were not able to attend on short notice.

Election of Officers

President: Paul Ratcliffe

1st Vice President: Paul Kallfelz

2nd Vice President: Duane Haugan

Secretary: Marty Walsh

Treasurer: Tony Molnar

Reunion Statistics

Attendees: 69

Shipmates: 39

Travel Farthest: Manny and Delores Calimquim from California

Total Membership: 252

Reunion 2013 - Nashville, TN

Reunion 2014 - Branson, MO

Marty Walsh Message:

I would like to thank Paul Ratcliffe for the gifts of a bar of Bacon Soap and a tube of Bacon Flavored Tooth Paste while we were at the Savannah Reunion.

Paul was mindful of my addiction to Bacon and quite thoughtful in his gift selection. I used both the bacon soap and tooth paste as soon as I returned home from the reunion.

I went for my usual early morning walk right after using both gifts and was alarmed when I noticed that I was being shadowed by 2 Coyotes and a Wolverine. Obviously the critters had not eaten their "bacon" flavored breakfast yet which forced me to run real fast to get home. The afore mentioned animals are not indigenous to my neighborhood so it is possible that Paul "the joker" picked them up in the wilds of Pennsylvania and then let them loose near my home. I waved a large 8x12 glossy photograph of President Radcliffe out the front door of my home and the 3 critters wagged their tails which only confirms my suspicion that the Pennsylvanian was responsible for the cruel joke.

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Plank owner, Wally Dann dancing with his daughter. That's Lenny Hodgins in the background.

Editorial Commentary about our officers

by Ed Lynch

We have been very fortunate to have shipmates who express the desire to serve us as our officers. Aside from all of the routine "stuff" that our officers perform during the year, there is the most important work that they busy themselves with at reunion.

Let's start with all of the "stuff" that makes the reunions what they are. Who do you think takes care of getting the signs, flags, and other decorative material to the reunion. Think about it. When Doug Lippert got sick, Marty Walsh drove from Suffolk County, Long Island, NY, to Doug's house in North Reading, MA. That's over 275 miles and about a six hour journey. Then Marty has to bring all of that stuff to the reunion site. Don and Judy Marcus bring a bunch of stuff also - all to make the reunion great (Judy does the driving).

Aside from bringing stuff to the reunion. Marty, et al, recon the restaurants in the area. Remember that he is not using association funds to do the recon.

Our Treasurer does a little more than holding onto the money. Our Treasurer maintains a database of the membership. He updates the other officers and the newsletter editor as necessary. He collects membership dues at the in processing of our members as they arrive at the reunion site. After the reunion, Tony Molnar mails dues letters to those members who did not attend the reunion. If this is not enough for him to do, he also coordinates the table assignments that the members request for the banquet and dance.

If you haven't been to a reunion in a while or ever, did you notice how the Memory Book gets done. Our Second Vice President, Duane Haugan, volunteered years ago to put together the Reunion Memory Book. This is because the pros we used to use screwed things up. Duane exhibits infinite patience while "shooting" the attendee formal photos. Remember! It's his reunion also. It seems that our officers are at work all the time during the reunion.

Our Secretary, Marty Walsh, has the responsibility to reproduce and distribute the minutes of the previous business meeting to our members. Wouldn't you know that someone mistakenly took Marty's notes at our business meeting. It's a good thing that Marty can fall back on the digital recorder.

Our Chaplain, Walt Marczak, not only performed the duties of Chaplain, he also sold 50/50 tickets during the reunion. Floyd "Wee Wee" Van Wie sold the prize table tickets. Not an easy job without his running mate, Dandy Don Tanner, who was not able to make it this year. Ticket sales keep the organization funded. It keeps the membership dues at \$15.00. The funding provides the hospitality room with food and drink during the reunion period.

Our officers changed the routine that we have become used to. Instead of picking the winners of the gift table on the night of the banquet, the officers decided to pick the gift table winners the night before at the Pizza and Sub Party. Great idea! Anne and I love to dance. There was plenty of dance time (had to take 2 Tylenol when we eventually got off the dance floor - my knees always hurt after doing "The Twist").

We have a new First Vice President, Paul Kallfelz, replacing Paul Ratcliffe who is now our President. Paul Ratcliffe stepped up when Doug Lippert had to step down due to illness.

Jeri Glass, our professional reunion coordinator, did another superb job. She never stops working either. Our officers use the services of The Reunion BRAT and Jeri is part of that organization. We will be using the BRAT next year and hope to have Jeri coordinate on site if she is available.

Raffle Table Donors

50/50 winners, \$50.00 cash

1. Bob Fink
2. Peggy Murphy
3. Doug Hardesty
4. Carl Helke
5. Dolores Calimquim
6. Walter Marczak

Raffle Table Donations

1. Floyd Van Wie - 2 S.U. Shirts, 1 blue shirt, 1 gray sweat shirt.
2. Tony Molnar - 3 Bristol License plate Frames
3. Don & Judy Marcus - 2 U.S. Flags, 3x5
4. Duane Haugan - 2 Bristol Photos & 2 Navy DVD's
5. Herb & Edie Ross - Wave Blender, Drink Glasses
6. Doug & Linda Hardesty - 4 bottles of wine, 1 scented candle
7. Len Hodgins - Wall Clock
8. Ed & Anne Lynch - \$25.00 JCP Gift Card, Sarah Palin "America By Heart", William Doyle "A Soldiers Dream"
9. Peggy & Mike Murphy - 2 Navy BallCaps, Navy Flag, License Plate Holder, Polo Shirt
10. Bob Fink - \$50.00 Lowes Gift Card
11. Bob & Barbara Burns - Books and DVD's
12. Walter & Cindy Marczak - Wounded Warrior Framed Poster, signed by 5 living presidents
13. Jerry McCall - Glove & Cap
14. Joyce & Paul Kallfelz - 2 American Flags 3/5, 2 hand knitted purses
15. Paul & Diane Ratcliffe - 2 \$25.00 Olive Garden Gift Cards
16. Mary Riddle - 3 boats
17. Pete & Rose Zingarella - 1.75L Smirnoff Vodka
18. Dolores & Manny Calimquim - 4 Bags
19. Pam & Bill Hollenbach - Travel Clock
20. Marty & Katherine Walsh - 2 bottle wine
21. Rich Kolady - Naval. Ace Hoodie
22. Bernie O'Connor - Brandy

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Shipmates reunite



Pictured left is Joe Lutrario and Roger Valentine who were able to turn that Class C beef into something really edible. Joe worked for Roger while serving in Bristol. Joe took these photos at the Roger's home in Alabama. The photo at right is Roger's wife of 57 years.



Bob Lang Remembers

Contributed by Tony Molnar via an email to me.
Ed

I just had an interesting exchange with Bob Lang, it is shown below.

I thought his remarks might be of interest to other shipmates and he has said that would be fine with him. So if you want to include it, that would be nice.

I did forward his comments about George Mc Dermott to Lois. Hopefully he just had the wrong address.

Tony

From: Alibobl@aol.com
Sent: Thursday, September 06, 2012 3:21 PM
To: tmolnar1@earthlink.net
Subject: Re: Reunion

Tony

Thanks for sending the list of plank-owners. Last year I tried to contact George at the nursing home, but didn't get through. I also tried to E-mail Lois without success. I used the E-mail address she provided. No luck on the phone call. I guess she had changed the numbers. I know George always enjoyed my jokes. When I saw him at each reunion he would remind me by citing the punch lines. One other amusing item was that he was always asking me "Bob, where is my wife?" Lois always seemed to get a kick about that. Most of the times she was only 50 or 60 ft. away.

I hope George is doing well. If you contact him or Lois, please give them my regards. Also, no problem with the submission to the newsletter: Bob Lang
In a message dated 9/5/2012 1:10:31 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time, tmolnar1@earthlink.net writes:

Bob

Sorry to hear that you can't make it.

There are 11 plank owners that are still members of the Association. Wally Dann and Shorty Brannon attended the reunion in Dallas and Wally is scheduled to be with us in Savannah.

I know that George Mc Dermott is in a nursing home.

I enjoyed your e mail and would like to send it to Ed Lynch for inclusion in the next newsletter. If you don't want me to do that, let me know but I think there are a bunch of guys who would really enjoy it.

Stay well
Tony

- Plank Owners as of 9/4/12
- 1 Brannon, Roy (Shorty)
 - 2 Cullum, Ralph
 - 3 Dann, Wallace
 - 4 Dobbins, William
 - 5 Duncan, John
 - 6 Hardt, John
 - 7 Lovell, Jim
 - 8 McDermott, George
 - 9 Peterson, Leroy
 - 10 Rankin, Wallace
 - 11 Whigham, William

From: Alibobl@aol.com
Sent: Wednesday, September 05, 2012 :10 AM
To: tmolnar1@earthlink.net
Subject: Reunion

Hello Tony,

Sorry I won't be attending the reunion this year, due to a couple of health problems which preclude travel. Also due to a lack of funds. The new central air conditioner system installed in June was necessary to replace the

system that quit. And, property taxes took a toll on the bank account.

It looks like our shipmates are passing away a fast rate. How many plank-owners do you know about are left? I went aboard the Bristol well after the shakedown so I'm not considered a plank-owner. When the reunions were on the East Coast, I drove Henry Supinski to the location. He would pay for the gas, so it was a good arrangement and he would sleep most of the trip.

In July I turned 85 and I think back to the time to Ed Lynch for inclusion in the next newsletter. I was just 17, being assigned to the "O" division. As Seaman 2C. I met my immediate supervisor, Buck Reardon GM2C. He started teaching me how to perform maintenance on the 40MM and 20MM mounts. It was a very messy job, especially with all the grease. After awhile I got to enjoy the work

During the first reunion I met Buck once again. He told me he had a notebook he kept while he was training me where he had all the assignments he had given to me. He told me he would give that notebook to me on the next reunion. Unfortunately, he passed away before that next reunion. That book would have been great, because there are a lot of things I can't remember doing. Give my regards to everyone.

Bob Lang
Alibobl@aol.com

George McDermott, a Plank Owner, is a resident of Illinois Veterans Home - Manteno. there at this address:

**George McDermott
Illinois Veterans Home
Room 231
1 Veterans Drive
Manteno, IL 60950-9466**

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Shipmate Milt Larkin awarded Bronze Star Medal with combat “V”

We went out on a morning patrol, 17 March 1968. The patrol consisted of two Patrol Boat River (PBR). We went to our station. The Patrol Officer on the other PBR stopped a Water Taxi to check for contraband. The Patrol Officer told me to take my boat on up the junction where another canal joins the river and wait, but don't go around behind the island to get there. So, I did.

When I arrived at the location where I was told to go, my boat was out of sight of the Patrol Officer's PBR. I cut my engines to clean out some debris that had accumulated in the pump intakes and miscellaneous adjustments. I was sitting in the Coxswain area keeping a lookout when I saw the boat with the Patrol Officer coming from around the island that he told me not to go. About that time, I saw a flash on one bank and an explosion on the other bank of the river. Then I heard gun fire. I told my engineer to put the covers back on the pumps as we had to go because the Patrol Officer's boat had been hit with a rocket and gun fire. I told

my forward gunner to keep the area suppressed with gun fire as we were going to pull the Patrol Officer's boat out. I told my engineer to get a fire extinguisher to put out the fires on the Patrol Officer's boat. I told my other crew to stand by with a line to tow the Patrol Officer's boat out of the kill zone.

As we approached the Patrol Officer's boat, I could see the Patrol Officer sitting down in the area of the door going into the cabin and he was crying. I could see the rest of the crew as one was using the forward guns. As I came along side, the Patrol Officer jumped up and tried to jump onto my boat and almost knocked my two crewmen down. My men were able to secure the tow rope to the other boat and extinguish the fires. I pulled the Patrol Officer's boat out of the kill zone while my crew checked the other boat crew for injuries. The Patrol Officer's gunner had burns to his hands and problems with his ears.

We radioed base and told them what had happened. Base told me to return to base with boat in tow.

Subsequently, I was made a Patrol Officer.

Milt Larkin retired from the navy as a Senior Chief Petty Officer.

Let's not forget our shipmates who served in Vietnam who are now suffering the aftermath of exposure to Agent Orange. I was fortunate to have had spoken with one of our shipmates who is now undergoing the horror of such an exposure. He had to leave the reunion early on Sunday due to some bleeding associated with surgery to his legs. I have to admire his stoic acceptance of his

condition. God bless him and keep him in the palm of his hands.

I don't know that I could be as brave. I pray that he will be well and be able to enjoy the remainder of his vacation with his wife and children in Myrtle Beach.



Band of Brothers

Contributed by Earl "Charlie" Weaver

You may have served in Combat or in non-combat.

You may have retired out or you may have served for a short time.

You may have been a draftee or a volunteer.

You may have served in the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force, Coast Guard or the Merchant Marines,

BUT YOU SERVED. YOU DID YOUR JOB HONORABLY and for that I am PROUD to call you Brother.

You may have served during WWII, Korea, Vietnam, Persian Gulf, Iraq or Afghanistan, but you served, you did not run.

You have a Discharge Certificate with those words "HONORABLY DISCHARGED" two of the most noble words in the world.

Again I am proud to know each and every one of you.

Today is Band of Brothers' Day; send this to all your brothers, fathers, sons and fellow veterans you know. Happy Brothers' Day!

To the cool men that have touched my life: Here's to you! I was never a hero, but I am thankful and proud to have served among them.

A real Brother walks with you when the rest of the world walks on you.

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[Open full screen](#)



Neil Armstrong Buried at Sea -- all photos: NASA/Bill Ingalls



June Hoffman, sister of the late Neil Armstrong and Armstrong's sons, Eric "Rick" Armstrong, center, and Mark Armstrong look out from the USS Philippine Sea (CG 58) as it departs Mayport, Fla. for the burial at sea service for Armstrong, Friday, Sept. 14, 2012.



Members of the Navy prepare for the start of the burial at sea service for Neil Armstrong aboard the USS Philippine Sea (CG 58), Friday, Sept. 12, 2012, in the Atlantic Ocean.
 Armstrong, the first man to walk on the moon during the 1969 Apollo 11 mission, died Saturday, Aug. 25. He was 82.



Neil Armstrong Buried at Sea
Members of the US Navy ceremonial guard hold an American flag over the cremains of Neil Armstrong, Apollo 11 commander and the first person to walk on the moon, during a burial at sea service aboard the USS Philippine Sea (CG 58), Friday, Sept. 14, 2012, in the Atlantic Ocean.



Service
Members of the US Navy are seen during the burial at sea service for Neil Armstrong.

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Reading

Carol Armstrong, wife of Neil Armstrong, Eric "Rick" Armstrong, son of Neil Armstrong, June Hoffman, Neil Armstrong's sister, and other family members are seen bowing their heads during the Armstrong burial at sea service.



Family Flag

US Navy Captain Steve Shinego, commanding officer of the USS Philippine Sea (CG 58), presents the US flag to Carol Armstrong following the burial at sea service for her husband.



Carol Armstrong, wife of Neil Armstrong, Eric "Rick" Armstrong, son of Neil Armstrong, and other family members are seen bowing their heads during the Armstrong burial at sea service.



Final Salute

Members of the US Navy salute in honor of Apollo 11 astronaut Neil Armstrong during his burial at sea service aboard the USS Philippine Sea, Friday, Sept. 14, 2012.

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Navy Force Chaplain, Capt. Donald P. Troast, CHC, USN speaks during a burial at sea service for Neil Armstrong.



Family members and members of the US Navy are seen during the burial at sea service.



A US Navy firing squad fires three volleys.



US Navy personnel carry the cremains of Apollo 11 astronaut Neil Armstrong.



US Navy Lieutenant Commander Paul Nagy, USS Philippine Sea, and Carol Armstrong, wife of Neil Armstrong, commit the cremains of Neil Armstrong to sea during a burial at sea service.

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US Navy Captain Steve Shinego, commanding officer of the USS Philippine Sea (CG 58), comforts Carol Armstrong, wife of Neil Armstrong, after she committed Armstrong's cremains to sea.



The American flag on the USS Philippine Sea (CG 58) is seen at half-mast during a burial at sea service for Apollo 11 astronaut Neil Armstrong.



**Neil Armstrong Burial at Sea: Taps
Chief Musician for the United States Navy Band, Gunnar Bruning, plays taps during the burial at sea**

Charmin' Chuck *Contributed by Earl "Charlie" Weaver*

Charmin' Chuck was one of those guys that other people thought was weird or strange. He often frightened little children. It's not that Chuck tried to be that way, it just happened. Only those that made the effort knew differently.

Chuck had every right to be whatever he chose to be. He was a SEAL, not just a SEAL, but a member of SEAL Team One. He served more time than most in Viet Nam. Chuck did not talk very much about his war experience, a trait found most often in veterans who were really in the shit. Only when he was in the company of those he truly felt comfortable with would he share a little something. One day he and another Brother were comparing stories about a time and place when they realized that Chuck was

part of a Team inserted by submarine that the other was a crew member on. Another time as a former gunship pilot described a friendly fire incident he was involved in, Chuck leapt to his feet shouting "I was there! You are the one that shot me in the ass, you bastard!"

Charmin' Chuck not only survived Viet Nam, he also made it through years of homelessness and drug and alcohol abuse. He found a world that accepted him and encouraged him to be himself and to be happy. The end came when he was struck by a falling tree limb. He deeply touched more than a few of us. Of all the men who went to Viet Nam, there are only a third of us left. His departure has left a deep hole, as have others recently.

Charles "Charmin' Chuck" Turner will be interred at Arlington, an honor reserved for very few.

Mansfield woman's search yields link to her father

By Steve Powers
Staff Writer

What Carol Jumper Mercer of Mansfield wanted when she started her search for a link to her father was something she couldn't have asked for in the American Overseas Army. When she found the connection between her father and the general John D. Quinn in the Overseas Army, she was looking for a link to her father's life in the Overseas Army.

When she found her father's name in the Overseas Army, she was looking for a link to her father's life in the Overseas Army.

"The fact that he had been overseas was not the only thing that made me feel like I was looking for a link to my father's life in the Overseas Army."

She started her search in the winter of 1980 and it wasn't until she found the link to her father's life in the Overseas Army that she knew she had found what she was looking for.

MILITARY

...and then there was the fact that she had found a link to her father's life in the Overseas Army.

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Editor's Note:

Thanks to Clayton Hall's donation of the newspaper articles that he saved way back in 1947, of Bristol's participation of the repatriation of our war dead, we have another article supplied by the daughter of one of those war dead. Carol Jumper Mercer, the daughter of PVT Isaac Wilmer Jumper, one of those war dead, wrote the following:

My father, Pvt. Isaac Wilmer Jumper was killed in the Bambusch Woods on 17 January 1945, sixty-one years ago today. This day we celebrate his life on the anniversary of his death. I have had the privilege to visit the battlefield two times. My family has stood amid the foxholes in this very sacred place. The first time was in March 2001 when the ground, the trees and most importantly the foxholes were covered in white snow. God

allowed me to see the woods as my dad and relationship that we never had because of the other soldiers saw it, not four feet of snow his death. and not the severe coldness, but the overall whiteness. To me it was like stepping back into time. The second time in June 2003, I was heart-broken when I stood in the midst of the woods, and the trees were being cut down. There was a real sadness in my heart to see this battlefield and woods forever changed. The Bambusch Woods were a living monument to those heroic American soldiers like my father who sacrificed their lives for freedom.

I am sending you a photo of my father so that you can see "my hero". He was only twenty-two years old and the father of a four year old daughter. He enjoyed life and never met a stranger. He was very tender hearted and always tried to help people in need. He was a good father and husband and I miss the



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Snowfall greeted the Mercer family as they crossed a lonely field approaching a wooded area where Isaac Jumper died in the Battle of the Bulge. At left, Jumper's daughter, Carol places a small American flag near what was likely remnants of a foxhole in the Bambausch Woods, where, almost 60 years before, the bloodiest battle in World War II's European theater took place.



At left, Carol Mercer and Mathilde Schmetz, who with her husband are the curators of the "Remember Museum," in the Thimster-Clemon, Belgium, look at the display of pictures of soldiers who fought in the Battle of the Bulge, including her father, shown at the upper right.

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Carol Mercer and her daughter, Debbie Kline, tour the Fort Breendonck National Memorial in Antwerp where Belgian resistors were chained and in some cases, shot to death.



A "family" photo was a must during the touring of the principals of Mercer's journey. From left standing are Debbie Kline, Jumper's daughter; Mathilde and Marcel Schmetz, Remember Museum owners; Jumper's granddaughters Jeanne Mercer and Deane Feracci; Carol Mercer; Mercer's stepson, Joey Feracci and Nanette Job, a friend of the Schmetzes. Kneeling are Joseph Klenyan and Roger Job. The child is Nicholas Mercer, Jumper's great-grandson. This photo was taken at the fort Breendonck National Memorial.

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Mercer is shown at Henri-Chapelle Cemetery where her father, now interred in Quinlan, TX, was originally buried. With her is her son-in-law, Joey Feracci, right, and the cemetery's caretaker, Gerald Areseault.



Left is American photographer Virginia Mayo, right, who is assigned to the Associated Press Brussels bureau, with "Nina", an interpreter. Mayo met the Mercers at the Remember Museum to provide photos for the AP and the Herald Banner. At right is a photo taken of Mercer (on the right) and her cousin, Shirley Ann Cecil, at family home on West Lee Street just months before her father was killed.



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Top left photo shows where Pvt Jumper and his squad were billeted prior to the Battle of the Bulge. Photo at right shows the shop as it appears today. Photo below taken by Pvt Jumper of the children of the village where F Company were billeted. Coincidentally, Joseph Kleynen, in the photo, contacted Carol's Mother after seeing articles about the research. Photo right: Marcel Schmetz, Joseph Kleynen, and Mathilde Schmetz taken on the day that the connection was made.

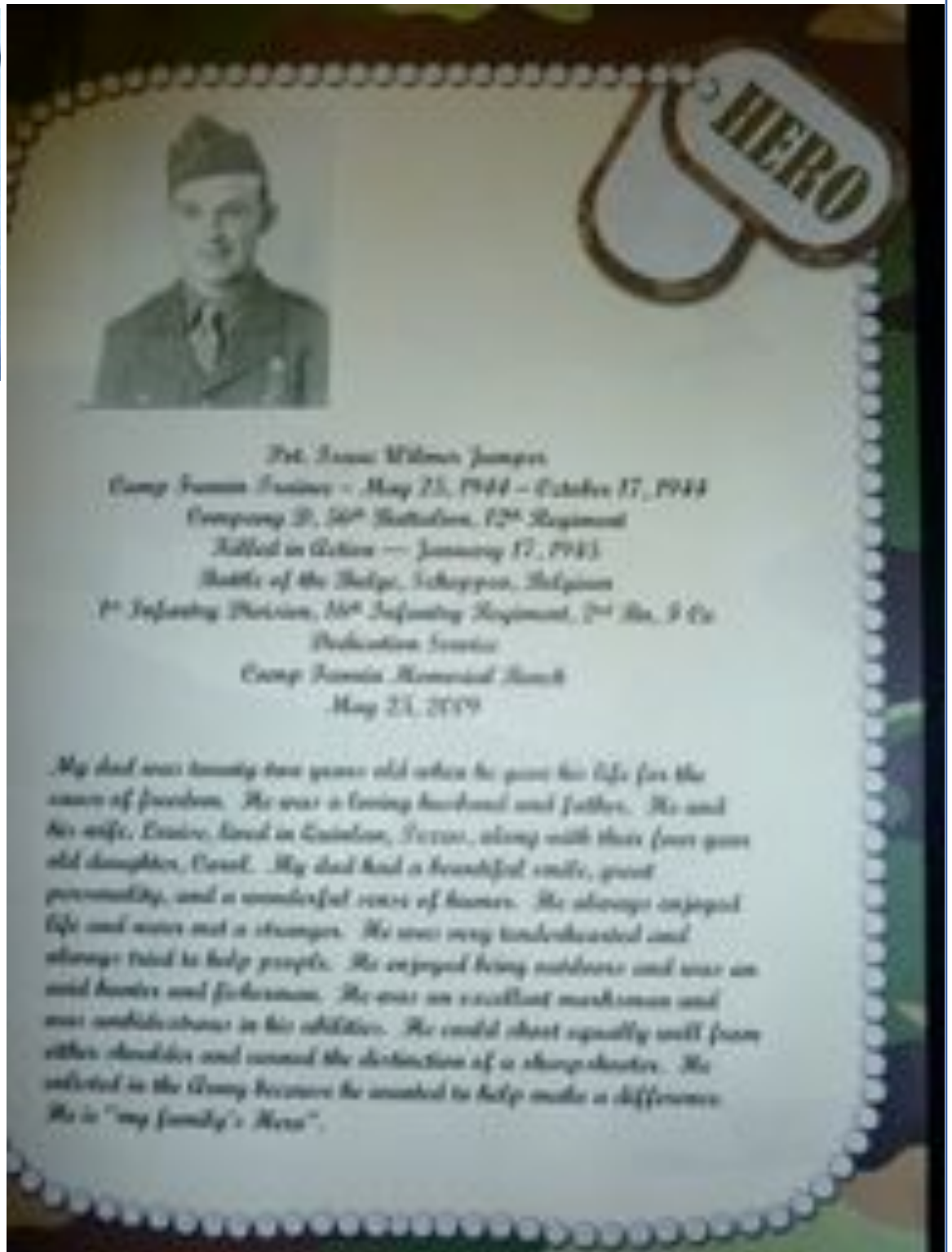


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Photo top left: Carol Jumper at age 4. Bottom left: Carol Jumper Mercer as she appeared at her father's gravesite in 1947.

This was the handout given to everyone attending the dedication service at my Dad's Bench Dedication on May 25, 2009.



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COFFEE FILTERS

Who knew! And you can buy 1,000 at the Dollar Tree for \$1.00, even the large ones.

1. Cover bowls or dishes when cooking in the microwave. Coffee filters make excellent covers.

2. Clean windows, mirrors, and chrome... Coffee filters are lint-free so they'll leave windows sparkling.

3. Protect China by separating your good dishes with a coffee filter between each dish.

4. Filter broken cork from wine. If you break the cork when opening a wine bottle, filter the wine through a coffee filter.

5. Protect a cast-iron skillet. Place a coffee filter in the skillet to absorb moisture and prevent rust.

6. Apply shoe polish. Ball up a lint-free coffee filter.

7. Recycle frying oil. After frying, strain oil through a sieve lined with a coffee filter.

8. Weigh chopped foods. Place chopped ingredients in a coffee filter on a kitchen scale.

9. Hold tacos. Coffee filters make convenient wrappers for messy foods.

10. Stop the soil from leaking out of a plant pot. Line a plant pot with a coffee filter to prevent the soil from going through the drainage holes.

11. Prevent a Popsicle from dripping. Poke one or two holes as needed in a coffee filter.

12. Do you think we used expensive strips to wax eyebrows? Use strips of coffee filters..

13. Put a few in a plate and put your fried bacon, French fries, chicken fingers, etc on them.. It soaks out all the grease.

14. Keep in the bathroom. They make great "razor nick fixers.."

15. As a sewing backing. Use a filter as an easy-to-tear backing for embroidering or appliquéing soft fabrics.

16. Put baking soda into a coffee filter and insert into shoes or a closet to absorb or prevent odors.

17. Use them to strain soup stock and to tie fresh herbs in to put in soups and stews.

18 Use a coffee filter to prevent spilling when you add fluids to your car..

19. Use them as a spoon rest while cooking and clean up small counter spills.

20. Can use to hold dry ingredients when baking or when cutting a piece of fruit or veggies. Saves on having extra bowls to wash.

21. Use them to wrap Christmas ornaments for storage.

22. Use them to remove fingernail polish when out of cotton balls.

23. Use them to sprout seeds. Simply dampen the coffee filter, place seeds inside, fold it and place it into a zip-lock plastic bag until they sprout.

24. Use coffee filters as blotting paper for pressed flowers. Place the flowers between two coffee filters and put the coffee filters in phone book.

25. Use as a disposable "snack bowl" for popcorn, chips, etc.

26. Great in the tool room when separating nails and screws then use in to bottom of containers to remove moisture and prevent rust.

OH YEAH THEY ARE GREAT TO USE IN YOUR COFFEE MAKERS TOO



Did you know that drinking two glasses of Gatorade can relieve headache pain almost immediately-without the unpleasant side effects caused by traditional pain relievers?



Did you know that Colgate Toothpaste makes an excellent salve for burns?



Before you head to the drugstore for a high-priced inhaler filled with mysterious chemicals, try chewing on a couple of curiously strong Alka-Seltzer Peppermints. They'll clear up your stuffed nose.



Achy muscles from a bout of the flu? Mix 1 tablespoon horseradish in 1 cup of olive oil. Let the mixture sit for 30 minutes, then apply it as a massage oil for instant relief for aching muscles.



Sore throat? Just mix 1/4 cup of vinegar with 1/4 cup of honey and take 1 tablespoon six times a day. The vinegar kills the bacteria.



Cure urinary tract infections with Alka-Seltzer Just dissolve two tablets in a glass of water and drink it at the onset of the symptoms. Alka-Seltzer begins eliminating urinary tract infections almost

instantly-even though the product was never advertised for this use.

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Honey

remedy for skin blemishes.... Cover the blemish with a dab of honey and place a Band-Aid over it. Honey kills the bacteria, keeps the skin sterile, and speeds healing. Works overnight.

Prices have gone up. *Contributed by Gary Johnson*

AUTOMOTIVE REPAIR AD IN 1928...SENT ON A PENNY POSTCARD



Listerine therapy for toenail

fungus: Get rid of unsightly toenail fungus by soaking your toes in Listerine Mouthwash. The powerful antiseptic leaves your toenails looking healthy again.



1914 Model T Ford



Easy eyeglass protection... To

prevent the screws in eyeglasses from loosening, apply a small drop of Maybelline Crystal Clear Nail Polish to the threads of the screws before tightening them.



Cleaning liquid that doubles

as bug killer... If menacing bees, wasps, hornets, or yellow jackets get in your home and you can't find the insecticide, try a spray of Formula 409.. Insects drop to the ground instantly.

May 31, 1927 the last Ford Model T rolled off the assembly line. It was the 1st affordable auto, due in part to the assembly line process developed by Henry Ford. It had a 2.9 liter 20 hp engine and could travel at speeds up to 45 mph. It had a 10 gal fuel tank & could run on kerosene, petrol or ethanol, but couldn't drive uphill if the tank was low because there was no fuel pump; people got around this design flaw by driving up hills in reverse. Ford believed the man who will use his skill & constructive imagination to see how much he can give for a dollar instead of how little, is bound to succeed. Model T cost \$850 in '09 & as efficiency in production increased, the price dropped. By '27 you could get a Model T for \$290.

"I will build a car for the great multitude. It will be large enough for a family, but small enough for an individual to run & care for. It will be constructed of the best materials by the best men to be hired, after the simplest design modern engineering can devise. But will be low in price so no man making a good salary will be unable to own one & enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces."

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You can freeze cupcake batter for later use.

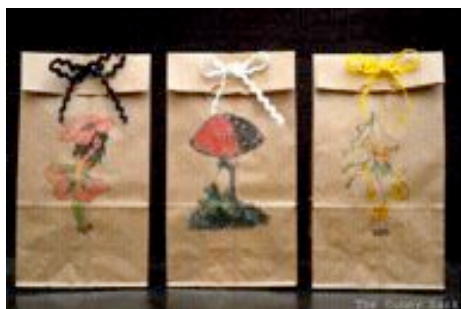


A dry erase marker can be used on most desk tops.



If you break your blender jar you can replace

it with a mason jar.



You can run a paper bag through your printer.



You can mail anything that will take a stamp and weighs less than 13 ounces without a box?



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Navy christens last of 3 ships honoring 9/11 sites

The USS Somerset — the last of three Navy ships named for 9/11 attack sites — was christened Saturday, July 28, in honor of the passengers and crew of the plane that crashed before terrorists could reach their intended target.



Mary Jo Myers, wife of retired former Joint Chiefs of Staff Gen. Richard Myers, breaks a champagne bottle during christening ceremonies for the USS Somerset at the Huntington Ingalls Industries Shipyard in Avondale, La., Saturday, July 28, 2012. It was the last of three Navy ships named for 9/11 attack sites, christened Saturday in honor of the passengers and crew of the plane that crashed short of the terrorists' intended target after passengers stormed the cockpit. (AP Photo/Janet McConnaughey)

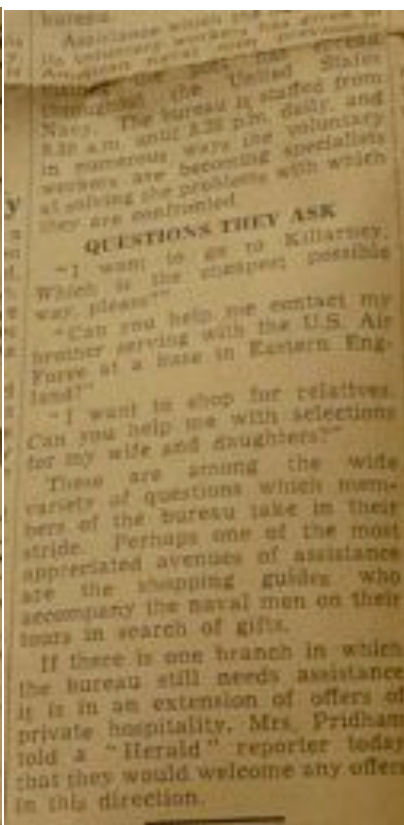


Dignitaries walk back to the dock after christening the USS Somerset at the Huntington Ingalls Industries Shipyard in Avondale, La., Saturday, July 28, 2012. It was the last of three Navy ships named for 9/11 attack sites, christened Saturday in honor of the passengers and crew of the plane that crashed short of the terrorists' intended target after passengers stormed the cockpit. (AP Photo/Gerald Herbert)

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Newspaper article describing visit of US Destroyers to Cork, Ireland. Photos right: Blarney Castle, Marvin atop Blarney Castle and Marvin kissing the Blarney Stone.



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Marvin Marsh captured these photos of the radio gang while serving in BRISTOL 1955-1957

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JAWS



Radio Gang



Radio & Radar Gang



Marvin's grandfather worked on the Panama Canal during its construction from 1911-1913. Photo top left shows BRISTOL in Panama Canal.

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My three sons. Photo on left are Marvin's three sons who are now Navy retirees. How proud Marvin must be of his sons.

Bottom left: Caption reads "Bar Hoppers".

Bottom Right: Change of Command ceremony, 23 January 1956, E.A. Hemley relieves F.J. Gorczyk



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Our thanks to Marvin Marsh for saving this memorabilia.

The Classic B-17 Gas Station

Contributed by Earl "Charlie" Weaver



He asked which one was his and they said take whichever you want because there were miles of them. He didn't know how to fly a 4-engine airplane so he read the manual while he taxied around by himself. They said he couldn't take off alone so he put a mannequin in the co-pilot's seat and off he went.



He flew around a bit to get the feel of it and when he went to land he realized he

needed a co-pilot to lower the landing gear. He crashed and totaled his plane and another on the ground. They wrote them both off as "wind damaged" and told him to pick out another. He talked a friend into being his co-pilot and off they went.



They flew to Palm Springs where Lacey wrote a hot check for gas. Then

Shortly after WWII a guy named Art Lacey went to Kansas to buy a surplus B-17. His idea was to fly it back to Oregon, jack it up in the air and make a gas station out of it. He paid \$15,000 for it.

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they headed for Oregon. They hit a snow storm and couldn't find their way, so they went down below 1,000 feet and followed the railroad tracks. His partner sat in the nose section and would yell, "TUNNEL" when he saw one and Lacey would climb over the mountain.



They landed safely, he made good the hot check he wrote, and they started getting permits to move a B-17 on the state highway. The highway department repeatedly denied his permit and fought him tooth and nail for a long time, so late one Saturday night, he just moved it himself. He got a \$10 ticket from the police for having too wide a load.



Did you know? *Contributed by George Fischer*



You can flip a toaster on its side and grill cheese in it.



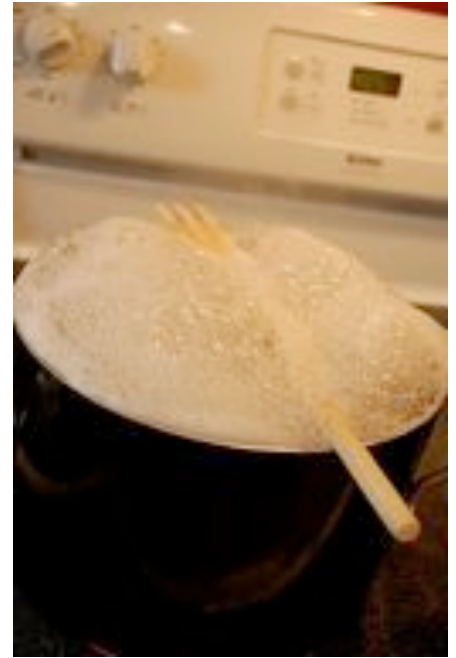
Reynolds Wrap has lock in taps to hold the roll in place!



The color on the bread tab indicates how fresh the bread is. And those colors are in alphabetical order: b, g, r, w, y.



You can divide and store ground meat in a zip lock bag. Just break off how much you need and keep the rest in the freezer for later. So much easier than dividing and individually wrapping each pound or half pound.



If you place a wooden spoon over a pot of boiling water, it won't boil over.



Marshmallows can cure a sore throat. Perfect for kids who don't like medicine!!



Stuffing a dryer sheet in your back pocket will repel mosquitoes.

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Cereal canisters make the perfect trashcan for your car.



Medicine cabinets are NOT the safest place for medicine.

Save Your Berries...

Wash them with vinegar. When you get your berries home, prepare a mixture of one part vinegar (white or apple cider probably work best) and ten parts water. Dump the berries into the mixture and swirl around. Drain, rinse if you want (though the mixture is so diluted you can't taste the vinegar,) and pop in the fridge. The vinegar kills any mold spores and other bacteria that might be on the surface of the fruit, and voila! Raspberries will

last a week or more, and strawberries go almost two weeks without getting moldy and soft. So go forth and stock up on those pricey little gems, knowing they'll stay fresh as long as it takes you to eat them.



You can freeze cupcake batter for later use



You can run a paper bag through your printer.



A dry erase marker can be used on most desk tops.



You can mail anything that will take a stamp and weighs less than 13 ounces without a box?



If you break your blender jar you can replace it with a mason jar.

Use a (clean) dustpan to fill a container that doesn't fit in the sink.

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Place a rubber band around an open paint can to wipe your brush on, and keep paint off the side of the can.



Use a staple remover to save your fingernails when trying to add things to your key ring.

Put wooden spoon across boiling pot of water to keep from boiling over.



Use bread clips to save flip-flops with split holes.



How to put shoes in the dryer



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Use sunglasses or a small convex mirror to avoid people sneaking up on you while



How to keep the straw from rising out of your soda can



Use a microfiber cloth to prevent frost from forming on the windshield.



Use a Comb to Keep a Nail Steady for Hammering



Use a post it note to catch drilling debris.



Interesting History.

They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot.

And then once it was full it was taken and sold to the tannery...if you had to do this to survive you were "Piss Poor".

But worse than that were the really poor folk who couldn't even afford to buy a pot...They "didn't have a pot to piss in" and were the lowest of the low.

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature Isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be.

Here are some facts about the 1500's:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and they still smelled pretty good by June. However, since they were starting to smell, Brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had

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the privilege of the nice clean water. Then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies.

By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the Bath water!"

Houses had thatched roofs-thick straw-piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof.

When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying, "It's raining cats and dogs." There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, "Dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing.

As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance-way. Hence: a thresh hold.

(Getting quite an education, aren't you?)

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme: Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old. Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could, "bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and chew the fat.

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes, for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous. Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or the upper crust.

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around

and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom; of holding a wake.

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift) to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be saved by the bell or was "considered a dead ringer.

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

So get out there and educate someone! ~~~

Share these facts with a friend. Inside every older person is a younger person wondering, 'What the heck happened?' We'll be friends until we are old and senile. Then we'll be new friends. Smile, it gives your face something to do! Soon we'll all be Piss Poor.

Zip Lock Baggies.....who knew? *Contributed by Joe Kelsey*

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Various comments when you Google this,, worth a try now that summer is in the air !

[ZIP LOCK BAG - Good tip!](#)

We went with friends to a restaurant on Sunday for lunch and sat in the patio section beside the store. We happened to notice zip lock baggies pinned to a post and a wall. The bags were half filled with water, each contained 4 pennies, and they were zipped shut. Naturally we were curious! The owner told us that these baggies kept the flies away! So naturally we were even more curious! We actually watched some flies come in the open window, stand around on the window sill, and then fly out again. And there were no flies in the eating area! This morning I checked this out on Google. Below are comments on this fly control idea. I'm now a believer!

[Zip-lock water bags](#)

#1 Says:

I tried the zip lock bag and pennies this weekend.. I have a horse trailer. The flies were bad while I was camping. I put the baggies with pennies above the door of the LQ. NOT ONE FLY came in the trailer. The horse trailer part had many. Not sure why it works but it does!

#2 Says:

Fill a zip lock bag with water and 5 or 6 pennies and hang it in the problem area. In my case it was a particular window in my home. It had a slight passage way for insects. Every since I have done that, it has kept flies and wasps away. Some say that wasps and flies mistake the bag for some other insect nest and are threatened.

#3 Says:

I swear by the plastic bag of water trick. I have them on porch and basement. We saw these in Northeast Mo. at an Amish grocery store & have used them since. They say it works because a fly sees a reflection & won't come around.

Potato Chips - Precious

Contributed by Ray Storey

Take 60 seconds to read this wonderful story. It will give you time to settle your brain, gather your thoughts, calm down and finish your week off on a positive note.

Potato Chips

A little boy wanted to meet God. He knew it was a long trip to where God lived, so he packed his suitcase with a bag of potato chips and a six-pack of root beer and started his journey.

When he had gone about three blocks, he met an old man. He was sitting in the park, just staring at some pigeons. The boy sat down next to him and opened his suitcase. He was about to take a drink from his root beer when he noticed that the old man looked hungry, so he offered him some chips. He gratefully accepted it and smiled at him.

His smile was so pretty that the boy wanted to see it again, so he offered him a root beer. Again, he smiled at him. The boy was delighted!

They sat there all afternoon eating and smiling, but they never said a word.

As twilight approached, the boy realized how tired he was and he got up to leave; but before he had gone more than a few steps, he turned around, ran back to the old man, and gave him a hug. He gave him his biggest smile ever..

When the boy opened the door to his own house a short time later, his mother was surprised by the look of joy on his face. She asked him, "What did you do today that made you so happy?"

He replied, "I had lunch with God." But before his mother could respond, he

added, "You know what? He's got the most beautiful smile I've ever seen!"

Meanwhile, the old man, also radiant with joy, returned to his home. His son was stunned by the look of peace on his face and he asked, "dad, what did you do today that made you so happy?"

He replied "I ate potato chips in the park with God." However, before his son responded, he added, "You know, he's much younger than I expected."

Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around. People come into our lives for a reason, a season, or a lifetime! Embrace all equally!

Have lunch with God.....bring chips.

Send this to people who have touched your life in a special way. Let them know how important they are. I did!!!!

God still sits on the throne. You may be going through a tough time right now but God is getting ready to bless you in a way that only He can.

Keep the faith!

This prayer is powerful, and prayer is one of the best gifts we receive. There is no cost but a lot of rewards. Let's continue to pray for one another.

Father, I ask You to bless my friends, relatives and e-mail buddies reading this right now. Show them a new revelation of Your love and power. Holy Spirit, I ask You to minister to their spirit at this very moment. Where there is pain, give them Your peace and mercy. Where there is self-doubt, release a renewed confidence through Your grace. Bless their homes, families, finances, their goings and their comings. In Jesus' precious name, Amen.

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Traveling Angels *Contributed by Mike Murphy*

Two Traveling Angels..... this one will make you think twice!!!! ..

Keep reading to the bottom of the page -- don't stop at the feet (You'll see).

Two traveling angels stopped to spend the night in the home of a wealthy family.

The family was rude and refused to let the angels stay in the mansion's guest room.

Instead the angels were given a small space in the cold basement.

As they made their bed on the hard floor, the older angel saw a hole in the wall and repaired it.

When the younger angel asked why, the older angel replied,

"Things aren't always what they seem"

The next night the pair came to rest at the house of a very poor, but very hospitable farmer and his wife.

After sharing what little food they had the couple let the angels sleep in their bed where they could have a good night's rest.

When the sun came up the next morning the angels found the farmer and his wife in tears.

Their only cow, whose milk had been their sole income, lay dead in the field.

The younger angel was infuriated and asked the older angel how could you have let this happen? The first man had everything, yet you helped him, she accused.

The second family had little but was willing to share everything, and you let the cow die..

"Things aren't always what they seem," the older angel replied.

"When we stayed in the basement of the mansion, I noticed there was gold stored in that hole in the wall.

Since the owner was so obsessed with greed and unwilling to share his good fortune, I sealed the wall so he wouldn't find it."

"Then last night as we slept in the farmers bed, the angel of death came for his wife I gave him the cow instead.

Things aren't always what they seem."

Sometimes that is exactly what happens when things don't turn out the way they should. If you have faith, you just need to trust that every outcome is always to your advantage. You just might not know it until some time later...

Oooo
Some people ()
come into our lives) /
and quickly go.. (/

oooO
() Some people
 \ (become friends
 \) and stay awhile...

leaving beautiful Oooo
footprints on our ()
 hearts...) /
 (/

oooO
() and we are
 \ (never
 \) quite the same
 because we have
 made a good
 friend!!

Yesterday is history.
Tomorrow a mystery.
Today is a gift.
That's why it's called the present!
I think this is special...live and savor every

moment... This is not a dress rehearsal!

(\ /)
(\ _ /)
(\ 0 /)
(/ \) TAKE THIS LITTLE
ANGEL
(/ \ \) AND KEEP HER CLOSE
TO YOU / \ SHE IS YOUR
GUARDIAN ANGEL
() SENT TO WATCH
OVER YOU

THIS IS A SPECIAL GUARDIAN
ANGEL... YOU MUST PASS THIS ON
TO 5 PEOPLE
WITHIN THE HOUR OF RECEIVING
HER,

IF YOU HAVE PASSED HER ON, SHE
WILL WATCH OVER YOU
FOREVER...
IF NOT, HER TEARS WILL FLOW

Now don't delete this message, because it comes from a very special angel.

- Right Now -
- somebody is thinking of you.
- somebody is caring about you.
- somebody misses you
- somebody wants to talk to you.
- somebody wants to be with you.
- somebody hopes you aren't in trouble.
- somebody is thankful for the support you have provided.
- somebody wants to hold your hand.
- somebody hopes everything turns out all right.
- somebody wants you to be happy.
- somebody wants you to find him/her.
- somebody is celebrating your successes..
- somebody wants to give you a gift.
- somebody thinks that you ARE a gift.
- somebody loves you.
- somebody admires your strength.
- somebody is thinking of you and smiling.
- somebody wants to be your shoulder to cry on. **SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU TO SEND THIS TO THEM** Never

takeaway anyone's hope. That may be all they have.

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Vet Caps and Morons *Contributed by Earl "Charlie" Weaver*

A few days ago my best friend from high school sent me a 'Viet Nam Veteran' cap. I never had one of these before, and I was pretty hyped about it, especially because my friend was considerate enough to take the time to give it to me.

Yesterday, I wore it when I went to Walmart. There was nothing in particular that I needed at the world's largest retailer; but, since I retired, trips to Wally World to look at the Walmartians is always good for some comic relief. Besides, I always feel pretty normal after seeing some of the people that frequent the establishment. But, I digress...enough of my psychological fixations.

While standing in line to check out, the guy in front of me, probably in his early thirties, asked, "Are you a Viet Nam Vet?" "No," I replied. "Then why are you wearing that cap?" "Because I couldn't find the one from the War of 1812."

I thought it was a snappy retort. "The War of 1812, huh?" the Walmartian queried, "When was that?" God forgive me, but I couldn't pass up such an opportunity. "1936," I answered as straight-faced as possible. He pondered my response for a moment and responded, "Why do they call it the War of 1812 if it was in 1936?" "It was a Black Op. No one is supposed to know about it." This was beginning to be way fun! "Dude! Really?" he exclaimed. "How did you get to do something that COOOOL?" I glanced furtively around me for effect, leaned toward the guy and in a low voice said, "I'm not sure. I was the only Caucasian on the mission." "Dude," he was really getting excited about what he

was hearing, "that is seriously awesome! But, didn't you kind of stand out?" "Not really. The other guys were wearing white camouflage." The moron nodded knowingly.

"Listen man," I said in a very serious tone, "You can't tell anyone about this. It's still 'top secret' and I shouldn't have said anything." "Oh yeah?" he gave me the 'don't threaten me look.' Like, what's gonna happen if I do?"

With a really hard look I said, "You have a family don't you? We wouldn't want anything to happen to them, would we?" The guy gulped, left his basket where it was and fled through the door. By this time the lady behind me was about to have a heart attack she was laughing so hard. I just grinned at her.

After checking out and going to the parking lot I saw Dimwit leaning in a car window talking to a young woman. Upon catching sight of me he started pointing excitedly in my direction. Giving him another 'deadly' serious look, I made the 'I see you' gesture. He turned kind of pale, jumped in the car and sped out of the parking lot.

What a great time!

Tomorrow I'm going back with my Homeland Security cap.

Whoever said retirement is boring just needs the right kind of cap!

Navy Renders Honors at Funeral of Ernest Borgnine *Contributed by Earl "Charlie" Weaver*

<http://www.military.com/daily-news/2012/07/17/navy-renders->

[honors-at-funeral-of-ernest-borgnine.html](#)

Jul 17, 2012

Navy News| by Mass Communication Specialist 1st Class Christopher Okula

LOS ANGELES -- A U.S. Navy honor guard paid tribute to the late actor Ernest Borgnine with a full-honors military sendoff at Forest Lawn Memorial-Park and Mortuaries cemetery in Hollywood, Calif., July 14.

The honor guard honored Borgnine's lifetime of service and contributions to the Navy and its cause.

"Ernie, as you may know, loved and adored the Navy, and the sea, and all of you," said Tova Traesnaes Borgnine, the late actor's wife. "I know Ernie's looking down on us right now and blessing all of you and all of your fellows across the world for all you do for our country, for our people, and especially for us today."

After serving in the Navy for ten years, Borgnine left the service at the end of World War II as a Petty Officer 1st Class. Ten years later, he won an academy award for his performance as the lead in "Marty." He went on to star as the title character in the hit '60s sitcom "McHale's Navy." In 2004, then-Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy Terry D. Scott awarded Borgnine with an honorary advancement to chief petty officer.

"When Ernie was promoted to honorary chief ... there was never, of all the honors - even Ernie's academy award - never anything that meant as much to him," said retired U.S. Navy Capt. Kathi Dugan, one

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of Borgnine's closest friends. "He had tears in his eyes."

When Borgnine was making his final arrangements, requesting military honors at his funeral was definitely his idea, said Dugan.

Dugan quoted Borgnine as saying, "I don't know if I've earned [a military funeral], but I can't think of a more appropriate way for me to leave this world than with my Navy men and women."

The Navy portion of the ceremony was organized by Builder 2nd Class Marco Valdovinos, the funeral honor guard district coordinator attached to the Navy Operational Support Center in Moreno Valley. Valdovinos says that his 30-member contingent of Reserve Sailors have officiated at more than 1,450 ceremonies this past fiscal year.

"This veteran has a great history of contributions to our community, to our nation and to the service," Valdovinos said. "To me, it's a tremendous honor. There's nothing greater for me, to be able to serve in this capacity. To render one final salute to our fallen veteran - it is just great."

Borgnine thought so highly of the Navy that he asked in his will that attendants to his funeral donate to the Navy and Marine Corps Relief Society in lieu of bringing flowers.

One attendant from the press donated a thousand dollars that day.

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Losing Your Marbles *Contributed by Earl "Charlie" Weaver*

"The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings. Perhaps it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable.

A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the basement with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning turned into one of those lessons that life seems to hand you from time to time.. Let me tell you about it.

I turned the dial up into the phone portion of the band on my ham radio in order to listen to a Saturday morning swap net. Along the way, I came across an older sounding chap with a tremendous signal and a golden voice. You know the kind, he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business. He was telling whoever he was talking to something about a thousand marbles. I was intrigued and stopped to listen to what he had to say.

"Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you well, but it's a shame you have to be away from your home and family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work 60 or 70 hours a week to make ends meet. Too bad you missed your daughter's dance recital."

He continued, "Let me tell you something, Tom, something that has helped me keep a good perspective on my own priorities." And that's when he began to explain his theory of 'a thousand marbles!.' "You see, I sat down one day and did a little math.

The average person lives about 75 years. I know some live less and some longer, but average, 75. I multiplied 75 x 52 and I came up with 3900, which is the number of Saturdays the average person has in their entire lifetime."

"Now stick with me, Tom. I'm getting to the important part. It took me until I was 55 years old to think about all this in any detail," he went on, "and by that time, I had lived 2800 Saturdays. I got to thinking that if I lived to be 75, I only had about 1000 of them left to enjoy."

"So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to round up 1000 marbles. I took them home and put them inside a large, clear, plastic container right here next to my gear."

"Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away. I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focused more on the really important things in life.

There's nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help set your priorities straight."

"Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign off with you and take my lovely wife out to breakfast."

"This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure if I make it until next Saturday, then I have been given a little extra time. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time." "It was nice to meet you again here on the band, 75 year old man. This is K9NZQ clear and going QRT...good morning!"

You could have heard a pin drop on the band when this fellow signed off. Guess

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION

he gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to work on the antenna that morning, then planned to meet up with some friends to work on the next club newsletter.

Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. "I'm taking you and the kids out to breakfast." "What brought this on," she asked with a smile. "Oh, nothing special. It's just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at a toy store while we're out? I need to buy some marbles."

Give your troubled child a hug...your beautiful wife a compliment...and your aging mother or grandmother a phone call. They will all appreciate the moment, and it will be long lasting.

Be careful out there...we are all losing our marbles."

←-----→

Email from Marge Steiner

From: "marge68@juno.com"
<marge68@juno.com>
Date: June 3, 2012 11:15:16 PM EDT
To: edwardclynch1@verizon.net
Subject: Re: Summer newsletter

Thanks for all your work. Will do. Am in the process of moving to Quarryville Retirement Community in Pa. where I would be closer to my daughter and granddaughters but unfortunately not too close as she and Dave and family live 30 miles out of Philly and this nice center is in Lancaster County but is 8 hours

closer than before or at present. I love Ohio am a true Buckeye and hate to leave Paul's memories but this big house becoming too much since Paul died 5 years ago. Still have fond memories of Nashville and Bristol folks.

My boys live in Fla. and St. Louis and a Fla state grad granddaughter is working in Dallas. My oldest grandson very athletic and just named All - Missouri first team, one of 2 juniors on the first team small school division. In two years he'll be college bound as will another granddaughter and so we will cover the USA.

←-----→

Email from Dave "Guns" Lincoln

From: "David Lincoln"
<dlincoln307@comcast.net>
Date: June 9, 2012 12:19:23 PM EDT
To: "bristolnews ed lynch"
<edwardclynch1@verizon.net>
Subject: SEA STORY

GUARDING OUR SHORES

In the late Spring of 1954 (or maybe it was 1955- but who cares), DD 857 had finally had the port shaft repaired (re-installed) at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. I would think the staffers at DESLANT were wondering just what to do with this asset, with the rest of her division (DESDIV 122) still over in the Med.

"A ha...we'll send DD857 to the Caribbean and have her run a blockade to prevent arms from being landed to support the Sandinistas"

Hot ???? Was it ever !!. We would "steam" at 6 knots, back and forth with the sun frying eggs on the deck by the torpecker tubes. (It so happens my "stateroom" was directly below, and turned into an excellent oven)

Once every couple of days , we would spot a tramp steamer. It would be down to the gunnels, and "obviously" a hot prospect. Going alongside we would hail.. "Heave to, or we will take offensive action " "What is your cargo "? " Bananas" /"coffee"/ "fertilizer", would come the reply .

Radio to the HQ in Panama, "What action should we take?"

"Let them proceed , we (you) have no authority to take offensive action ."

One might wonder ...just what the devil were we there for, if not to stop suspicious vessels, and board them to inspect the "bananas"??Your tax dollars at work, and another effective deployment by DESLANT.

But at least we didn't do any damage to DD 857, and were able to make it back to Newport about the time that DESDIV 122 returned from the Med.

That six months was (indeed) one of the "highlights" of my three years on the Bristol

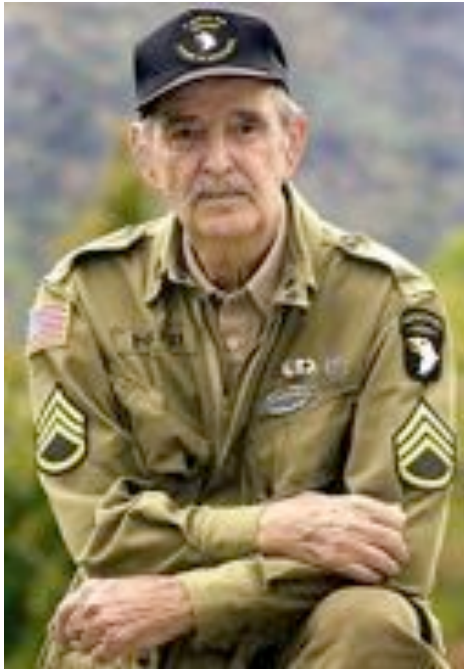
D. Lincoln, aka "Guns"

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION

Thanks "Shifty"

Contributed by Earl "Charlie" Weaver

This requires no comment from me



"Shifty" By Chuck Yeager

Shifty volunteered for the airborne in WWII and served with Easy Company of the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, part of the 101st Airborne Infantry.

If you've seen Band of Brothers on HBO or the History Channel, you know

Shifty. His character appears in all 10 episodes, and Shifty himself is interviewed in several of them.

I met Shifty in the Philadelphia airport several years ago. I didn't know who he was at the time. I just saw an elderly gentleman having trouble reading his ticket. I offered to help, assured him that he was at the right gate, and noticed the "Screaming Eagle," the symbol of the 101st Airborne, on his hat. Making conversation, I asked him if he'd been in the 101st Airborne or if his son was serving. He said quietly that he had been in the 101st. I thanked him for his service, then asked him when he served, and how many jumps he made.

Quietly and humbly, he said "Well, I guess I signed up in 1941 or so, and was in until sometime in 1945 ..." at which point my heart skipped. At that point, again, very humbly, he said "I made the 5 training jumps at Toccoa, and then jumped into Normandy . . . do you know where Normandy is?" At this point my heart stopped. I told him "yes, I know exactly where Normandy is, and I know what D-Day was." At that point he said "I also made a second jump into Holland, into Arnhem." I was standing with a genuine war hero ... and then I realized that it was June, just after the anniversary of D-Day.

I asked Shifty if he was on his way back from France, and he said "Yes... And it's real sad because, these days, so few of the guys are left, and those that are, lots of them can't make the trip." My heart was in my throat and I didn't know what to say. I helped Shifty get onto the plane and

then realized he was back in coach while I was in First Class. I sent the flight attendant back to get him and said that I wanted to switch seats.

When Shifty came forward, I got up out of the seat and told him I wanted him to have it, that I'd take his in coach. He said "No, son, you enjoy that seat. Just knowing that there are still some who remember what we did and who still care is enough to make an old man very happy." His eyes were filling up as he said it. And mine are brimming up now as I write this.

Shifty died on Jan. 17 after fighting cancer. There was no parade. No big event in Staples Center. No wall-to-wall, back-to-back 24x7 news coverage. No weeping fans on television. And that's not right! Let's give Shifty his own memorial service, online, in our own quiet way. Please forward this email to everyone you know. Especially to the veterans. **Rest in peace, Shifty.**

Chuck Yeager, Maj. General [ret.]

P.S. I think that it is amazing how the "media" chooses our "heroes" these days...

Michael Jackson & the like!

"SHIFTY" - an incredible American hero SHIFTY DIED JAN 17, 2011.....May God rest his soul. Please do me a favor and pass this on so that untold thousands can read it. We owe no less to our **REAL** heroes....

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION

In Memoriam



**USS BRISTOL DD 857 15TH ANNUAL VETERANS ASSOCIATION MEMORIAL SERVICE
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
THURSDAY, 4 OCTOBER 2012**

Robert Bogart	QM3	50-54
Melvin H Hess	SF3	45-47 (Plank owner)
William G Hillestad	SM2	60-62
William F Levy	GM2	50-54
Edgar T Roesch	ET2	54-57
Raymond Scholl	SN	48-49
Ralph E Snively	HMC	53-55
Henry B Supinski	MM2	45-46 (Plank owner)
Ronald E Zimmerman	BT2	50-54

Richard "Frenchy" Dopyera, BT2, 64-65, 10/7/12

Richard Joseph Dopyera, 72, of Clifton Twp., died Sunday evening at Regional Hospital of Scranton.

Born in Johnson City, N.Y., he was the son of the late Joseph Richard and Jean Rehak Dopyera. He was educated in Binghamton, N.Y., schools and joined the Navy at the age of 17. Later he worked for Con-Edison for 38 years, operating the turbine engines that produced electrical power for New York City. He was a member of VFW Post 5207, Daleville, and American Legion Post 274, Gouldsboro.

Surviving are a daughter, Delena Schaefer and husband, Warren, Canaan, N.Y.; a son, Joseph and wife, Anna, Brooklyn, N.Y.; his ex-wife, Phyllis, with whom he remained close; his companion, Millicent Luft; his close friends, Dennis and Marjorie Eddy, Gouldsboro; and his grandchildren, Nicholas and Paul Dopyera; and Matthew and Haley Schaffer.

He was also preceded in death by a sister, Jean Cook.