

USS BRISTOL DD857 VETERANS SUMMER 2021 NEWSLETTER

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LETTER FROM YOUR PRESIDENT –

Shipmates:

Thankfully we have gotten through a most difficult time in the history of our Nation and the world and I hope everyone is well and not hurting from Covid – 19. Let us look forward to better things now that the summer is almost upon us and all the restrictions we were going through are letting up.

That leads us to our 22nd reunion. I hope everyone has received their package from The Brat. This is our last reunion which will be held In Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. The dates are October 25th through October 29th. The hotel is located right on the oceanfront

and has been completely renovated. It is a beautiful hotel with a large outdoor gathering area and swimming pool. It is an ideal location for getting together with your fellow shipmates to shoot the breeze and enjoy the sun. Please, make your reservation which can be cancelled if necessary, and also register with The Brat. It is important to register with The Brat so they can get a count for the activities. The Board and I have worked very hard to provide you with a memorable reunion and we hope to have a great turnout. Please, stay safe and get your shots and I hope to see you in Myrtle Beach. Paul Ratcliffe, EM2,

Medal of Honor Awarded

After years of procedural hurdles, Iraq War hero Alwyn Cashe cleared to posthumously receive long-overdue Medal of Honor By M. Todd Hunter Every American armed conflict seems to have at least one service member whose battlefield heroics are known to an entire generation of warfighters, but who—for one reason or another—many feel has not received proper recognition for those actions. For the post-9/11 generation of veterans, that hero is Sgt. 1st Class Alwyn Cashe. On Oct. 17, 2005, while on his second combat deployment to Iraq since the 2003 invasion, the Bradley Fighting Vehicle he was in ran over an improvised explosive device in the city of Daliaya. The blast ruptured the Bradley's fuel cell and spread gasoline throughout the vehicle's hull, completely disabling it and engulfing it in flames. Cashe, who was manning the turret, was only slightly injured but drenched in fuel. As soon as the Bradley screeched to a halt, the vehicle and its crew began taking incoming fire. Seeing the driver was on fire, Cashe climbed out of the gun turret to pull him out of his hatch. After extinguishing the driver's flames and pulling

him to safety, Cashe returned to the vehicle to get the six other soldiers and their Iraqi translator out of the firestorm inside the payload compartment. That's when Cashe caught fire himself. Cashe returned to the Bradley multiple times to make sure every soldier was pulled out alive, ignoring the flames as they burned away his personal protective equipment. Though his uniform was melted to his skin, he refused treatment until all of his soldiers were taken and cared for first. Eventually, medical personnel at Balad Air Base were able to begin treating his extensive injuries. "The surgeons worked for hours on his wounds, and we worked for hours in the intensive care unit to stabilize him for transport. In the end, damage to his lungs made him too sick to be safely transported by plane to our hospital in Germany and then on to a burn center in San Antonio," then-Maj. Mark Rasnake, an Air Force infectious disease specialist, wrote in a letter home to Cashe's family. "Our air evac team loaded him into the plane for the six-hour flight to Germany. They had to deliver every breath to him during that flight by squeezing a small bag by hand." By the time Cashe reached Germany

for additional treatment, 72% of his body was covered in second- and third-degree burns. He was then transferred to Brooke Army Medical Center in Texas before succumbing to his injuries there on Nov. 8, 2005, leaving behind a wife, two daughters and a son. He was 35. "My brother told me an officer once asked him why, when they were in a danger zone, he was always out front," his brother, Karlos Cashe, said during his funeral, according to The Orlando Sentinel. "He told me that he said, 'I'm at peace with myself and God, and some of these other guys might not have reached that point yet.' That was my brother." Four of the soldiers he saved that day ultimately succumbed to their injuries as well, but for his actions, Cashe was posthumously awarded the Silver Star and Purple Heart. Many of those who were privy to the facts of the attack felt Cashe was deserving of the Medal of Honor, but Army officials contended at the time that his actions did not meet the active combat criterion in order for it to be awarded. Initial reports did not include the detail of incoming enemy gunfire. But after those facts came to light, Cashe's battalion commander, then-Col. Gary Brito, launched a campaign to have

his award upgraded to the Medal of Honor. That nomination was submitted to the Army in May 2011 but seemingly got lost in Pentagon bureaucracy, as can often happen in the extensive Medal of Honor recommendation process. One such hurdle included a five-year procedural limit on awarding the medal. Meanwhile, Cashe's many advocates continued pushing for an upgrade until, in August 2020, then-Defense Secretary Mark Esper completed his review of the case and wrote a letter to lawmakers indicating he would support such an upgrade and requested Congress to pass legislation that waived the five-year limit. Reps. Stephanie Murphy and Michael Waltz of Cashe's home state of Florida, as well as Rep. Dan Crenshaw of Texas, then took action by introducing the individual waiver legislation. "For well over a decade, there has been a painstaking effort by Cashe's family, friends, and former comrades to have his Silver Star upgraded to the Medal of Honor, which is clearly justified by the facts of this case," Murphy said in a statement about the bill. "My colleagues and I are working together to remove the one remaining technical obstacle

that stands in the way of this incredible soldier receiving the recognition he earned." In September 2020, the legislation was approved and later signed into law, clearing the way for Cashe to receive the Medal of Honor. However, an additional measure to award the medal must still be submitted by the Department of Defense and approved by the president to finalize it. If the move is made, Cashe would become the first African American to receive the Medal of Honor for actions in Iraq or Afghanistan. "Everybody that has been on this path and remained faithful helped us learn about a different side of my brother," Kasinal White, Cashe's sister, said at a press conference when the legislation was approved. "We knew his positive and generous side, but we didn't know about his military side and what he did. "They've given us pictures we probably never would have gotten." And once he is awarded the Medal of Honor, Cashe's picture will hang in the Pentagon's Hall of Heroes, immortalized among post-9/11 veterans and generations of American warfighters to come.

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REMEMBER, GROWING OLDER IS MANDATORY. GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL.

"An 87 Year Old College Student Named Rose

The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we didn't already know. I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I turned round to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being. She said, "Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I'm eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?" I laughed and enthusiastically responded, "Of course you may!" and she gave me a giant squeeze. "Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?" I asked. She jokingly replied, "I'm here to meet a rich husband, get married, and have a couple of kids..." "No seriously," I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age.

"I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one!" she told me. After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake.

We became instant friends. Every day for the next three months, we would leave class together and talk nonstop. I was always mesmerized listening to this “time machine” as she shared her wisdom and experience with me.

Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she easily made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I’ll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and stepped up to the podium. As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped her three by five cards on the floor. Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and simply said, “I’m sorry I’m so jittery. I gave up beer for Lent and this whiskey is killing me! I’ll never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know.”

As we laughed she cleared her throat and began, “We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing. There are only

four secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success. You have to laugh and find humor every day.

You’ve got to have a dream. When you lose your dreams, you die. We have so many people walking around who are dead and don’t even know it! There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up. If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don’t do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight.

Anybody can grow older. That doesn’t take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding opportunity in change. Have no regrets. The elderly usually don’t have regrets for what we did, but rather for things we did not do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets.”

She concluded her speech by courageously singing “The Rose.” She challenged each of us to study the lyrics and live them out in our daily lives. At the year’s end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago. One week after graduation Rose died

peacefully in her sleep.

Over two thousand college students attended her funeral in tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example that it’s never too late to be all you can possibly be. When you finish reading this, please send this peaceful word of advice to your friends and family, they’ll really enjoy it!

These words have been passed along in loving memory of ROSE.

REMEMBER, GROWING OLDER IS MANDATORY. GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL.

We make a Living by what we get, We make a Life by what we give.”

.....
Pioneering Women



St Teresa of Calcutta practiced giving.



Women in the U.S. Navy

The first women to serve in the U.S. Navy were nurses, beginning with the “Sacred Twenty” appointed after Congress established the Navy Nurse Corps on 13 May 1908. The first large-scale enlistment of women into the Navy met clerical shortages during World War I, and the second came months before the United States entered World War II. President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Public Law 689 creating the Navy’s women reserve program on 30 July 1942, which paved the way for officer and enlisted women to enter the Navy. On 22

February 1974, the Navy designated the first woman as an aviator. On 7 March 1994, the Navy issued the first orders for women to be assigned aboard a combatant ship, [USS Dwight D. Eisenhower \(CVN-69\)](#). Today, women serve in every rank from seaman to admiral and in every job from naval aviator to deep-sea diver.



Women in Naval History Timeline Graphic

Significant Dates and Historical Events for Women in the U.S. Navy

- [Answering the Call: Civil War to World War II](#)
- [New Opportunities, New Achievements: Postwar Years to 1990s](#)
- [Leadership in the Modern Navy: 21st Century](#)
- [Twenty-five Years of Women Aboard Combatant Vessels](#)

Women Trailblazers

- [The Navy's First Enlisted Women: Patriotic Pioneers](#)
- [First African American Female Officers](#)
- [First Female Flag Officer: Rear Admiral Alene B. Duerk, NC, USN](#)
- [Making Dreams Come True](#)
- [Navy Women of Courage and Intelligence](#)
- [Captain Rosemary Mariner, USN](#)

Select Ships Named in **Honor of Notable Women**

- [Dorothea L. Dix \(AP-67\)](#)
- [Elizabeth C. Stanton \(AP-69\)](#)
- [Florence Nightingale \(AP-70\)](#)
- [Gabrielle Giffords \(LCS-10\)](#)
- [Higbee \(DD-806\)](#)
- [Hopper \(DDG-70\)](#)
- [Pocahontas \(Screw Steamer\)](#)
- [Pocahontas \(SP-3044\)](#)
- [Pocahontas \(YT-266\)](#)
- [Roosevelt \(DDG-80\)](#)
- [Susan B. Anthony \(AP-72\)](#)

Deepest-Ever Shipwreck Dive Locates Navy Destroyer That Sank During Epic WWII Battle

Gina Harkins



The USS Johnston off Seattle or Tacoma, Washington, Oct. 27, 1943 (Roger Dudley/U.S. Navy)

Two former [Navy](#) officers have located wreckage of a U.S. ship that sank in the Philippine Sea 76 years ago in what's being hailed the deepest shipwreck dive in history.

A large section of the USS Johnston, a Fletcher-class destroyer, was found 21,180 feet beneath the surface, Caladan Oceanic and the Naval History and Heritage Command announced Thursday. The ship sank off the coast of Samar Island on Oct. 25, 1944, during World War II's Battle of Leyte Gulf, an intense struggle with Japanese forces that heavily outmatched the Johnston's crew.

It's believed that portions of the wreck were discovered in 2019, when a remotely operated vehicle found pieces of a Fletcher-class destroyer

on the edge of an undersea cliff. Most of the ship was beyond the vehicle's 20,000-foot depth limit though, and researchers weren't sure if the parts belonged to the Johnston or another destroyer, the Hoel, which was lost in the same battle.

Now the bulk of the Johnston has been discovered, including its bow, bridge and midsection, with the hull's "557" clearly visible, researchers said in a news release.

"The image is impressive and we look forward to seeing the rest of the data collected during the expedition because the story of the Fletcher-class destroyer USS Johnston (DD 557) and her crew is a perfect example for modern Sailors of the honor, courage, commitment, and valor of their predecessors from the Greatest Generation," retired Rear Adm. Sam Cox, Naval History and Heritage Command's director, said in a statement.

The mission was funded by retired Navy Cmdr. Victor Vescovo, Caladan Oceanic's founder. Vescovo piloted the submersible in two eight-hour dives -- the deepest wreck dives, manned or unmanned. The submersible is highly maneuverable, doesn't need to be tethered to anything on the water's surface and has no

depth limitations. It can carry two occupants to analyze wrecks and is equipped with high-definition and 4K cameras.

"I believe it is important work, which is why I fund it privately and we deliver the material to the Navy pro-bono," Vescovo said in a statement.

The retired commander worked closely with Naval History and Heritage Command to ensure steps the site was preserved as respected since it's the final resting place for 186 fallen members of the Johnston's 327 crew members.

No human remains or clothing were seen during the dives and nothing was taken from the wreck, according to Caladan Oceanic.

The dive plans were developed based on research from retired Lt. Cmdr. Parks Stephenson, a naval historian, who studied the position of the wreck. He used data from U.S. and Japanese accounts of the battle.

"This was mortal combat against incredible odds," Stephenson said of the Johnston's actions during the Battle off Samar.

The crew was led by Cmdr. Ernest Evans, a Native American from Oklahoma, who was lost with the ship and was later posthumously

awarded the [Medal of Honor](#). Evans unhesitatingly joined his crew to provide fire support as the ship faced torpedo attacks and shelling from the Japanese.

When the ship lost engine power and communications, he shouted orders through an open hatch to men turning the rudder by hand and "battled furiously until the Johnston, burning and shuddering from a mortal blow, lay dead in the water after three hours of fierce combat," Evans' Medal of Honor citation states.

Surrounded by enemy ships, Evans eventually gave the order to abandon ship. The destroyer eventually rolled and began to sink.

Cox said the fight the crew displayed serves as a brutal reminder to today's sailors about what might one day be asked of them.

"The wreck of Johnston is a hallowed site," Cox said. "I deeply appreciate that Commander Vescovo and his team exhibited such great care and respect during the survey of the ship, the last resting place of her valiant crew. Three other heroic ships lost in that desperate battle have yet to be found."

-- Gina Harkins can be reached at


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Follow her on Twitter [@ginaaharkins](https://twitter.com/ginaaharkins).



USS Johnston underwater (Caladan Oceanic)



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 **A Salute to First Sergeant Samuel Turley Hero of the 761st Tank Battalion**



First Sergeant Samuel J Turley, of Hennepin County, Minnesota, was a member of the 761st Tank Battalion.

During the approach to Morville, France on November 9th, Charlie

Company's tanks got blocked by an antitank ditch measuring 15 feet wide and at least 4-ft deep. The trench was rigged with steel spikes and landmines. The 761st was exposed to heavy artillery fire and a number of tanks were hit.

Despite this devastation the Black Panthers did not give up the fight. These brave men left their damaged tanks and headed toward the rear, helping each other, dragging or carrying wounded tankers and infantrymen to safety.

First Sergeant Sam Turley's tank was one of the first hit. Realizing that the soldiers trapped in the ditch were doomed unless they escaped right away, Turley ran up and down the ditch shouting for soldiers to head uphill toward higher ground where they might find cover. The last anyone saw of Turley, he had jumped out of the ditch to provide covering counterfire for the escaping soldiers. He stood tall behind the ditch, ammo belts thrown over his shoulders, machine gun held close to his hip to absorb its recoil. Turley continued to shoot until German counterfire ultimately caused his death from a direct hit from an 88mm shell. He gave up his life to save the lives of

many of his brothers in arms during this harrowing attack..... A True Hero.

Samuel J Turley lies in rest at Plot C Row 12 Grave 20, Lorraine American Cemetery, St. Avold, France. This is an American Battle Monuments Commission location.

First Sergeant Turley was posthumously awarded the Silver Star for his heroic actions. He was also a recipient of the Purple Heart. Lest We Forget.

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The Crackerjacks

The US Navy "Crackerjack" uniform is a historic tradition unlike any

other military uniform. For the most part it dates back to the early 19th century, and even the peacoat is of a style which would have been familiar during the War of 1812. The broad collar on your jumper is there to protect it from the tar you use to keep your fashionable pony tail in place, and you can easily roll up your bell bottoms to scrub the decks. If the ship heels over too far in a high wind and you fall overboard, you can easily remove those bell bottom trousers, knot the legs, and have yourself a floatation device.

Being a sailor, you have already mastered undoing those 13 buttons on your 'broadfall', which is the name of that flap covering your crotch, so you have no problem removing those trousers in an emergency . . . or any other opportune moment. The 13 buttons? They're there because the earlier 7- button style was inadequate. They have nothing to do with the original colonies . . . I mean, who would celebrate the birth of our nation from THAT angle? And if you want a perfect and comfortable fit with your bellbottoms, the manufacturer in his foresight has added a lace-up at the back of the trousers for just such a reason.

If you have put too much tar on your pony tail, you can use the black neckerchief to wipe some of it off, after all, that's what it's there for. Having a shipmate help you out of your tailored jumper, or asking him to hold your jumper's collar down so you can don your peacoat, all promote good will aboard ship, whether it be a 24-gun man o' war, or an Aegis destroyer.

The 'dixie cup' cap until recently was unique to the US Navy, and is of the the most durable and serviceable material available, and has been used since the late 19th century. And everyone knows at a glance exactly who those men in blue are, and a sailor from the 21st century in his dress uniform would be recognized in the 1800s as a shipmate, and a 19th century swabbie could do the same today.

I believe that our naval traditions must be preserved, and that the "crackerjack" uniform should stay for at the very least another century. It's a tradition that instills pride in an individual, and a uniform that had introduced a young nation and her flag to the world. An American sailor's swagger is due in large part to that uniform.

.....
"I WAS A SAILOR ONCE"

- I liked standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe.

- I liked the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, harsh, and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

- I liked Navy vessels - plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers.

- I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Yorktown, Shangri-La, Coral Sea, Canisteo, Antietam, Essex, America, FDR, Intrepid, Wasp, Valley Forge - memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome.

- I liked the lean angular names of Navy "Tin-Cans" and escorts, mementos of heroes who went before us; and the others - San Jose, San Diego, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago, Oklahoma City, named for our cities.

- I liked the tempo of a Navy band, liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port.

- I even liked the paperwork, on-loads, vert-reps,, un-reps, ammo loads, and all hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

- I liked sailors from all parts of the land, farms, small towns, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life.

- I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me - for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word,, they were "Shipmates", then and forever.

- I liked the surge of adventure in my heart when the word was passed: "Now Hear This, Now hear This", "Now station the special sea and anchor detail, All hands to quarters for leaving port," and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pierside. The work was hard and dangerous, the going rough at times, the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the "all for one and one for all" philosophy of the sea was ever present.

- I liked the fierce and dangerous activity on the flight deck of aircraft carriers, earlier named for battles won: Enterprise, Independence, Boxer, Princeton and oh so many more. Some lost in battle and some, sadly, many scrapped.

- I liked the names of the aircraft and helicopters; Spad, Skyraider, Corsair, Hell-Cat, Crusader, Willie-Fudd, Intruder, Sea King, Phantom, Skyhawk, Huey, Demon, Hupp, Skywarrior, Banshee, Widow-Maker, and many more that bring to mind offensive and defensive orders of battle.

- I liked the excitement of an alongside replenishment as my ship slid in alongside the oiler and the cry of, "Standby to Receive Shotlines", prefaced the hard work of, rigging spanwires and fuel hoses, echoed across the narrow gap of water between the ships and welcomed the mail and fresh milk, fruit and vegetables, that sometimes accompanied the fuel. Sometimes we'd Hi-Line the "Chaplain", back and forth in the "Bo'sun Chair". Oh, and I always liked when they would Hi-Line those big brown boxes, that contained the New Movies. Then in-port, we'd have a working party to set up those old folding chairs so, we could watch those movies in

hangar bay #1 in port, or down on the Mess Decks. Sometimes we'd even get a treat of popcorn.

- I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night. I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness - the Masthead and Range Lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises, large and small, that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

- I liked quiet mid-watches with the aroma of strong coffee - the life blood of the Navy permeating everywhere. The smell of the Chipped-Beef or SOS being cooked for breakfast. And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

- I liked the sudden electricity of "General Quarters, General Quarters, All Hands Man Your Battle Stations", followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of

watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a "Weapon of War" - ready for anything. And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

- I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men who made them.

- I liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Burke.

- A sailor could find much in the Navy: Comrades-in-Arms, Pride in Self and Country, Mastery of the Seaman's Trade. An Adolescent would find Adulthood.

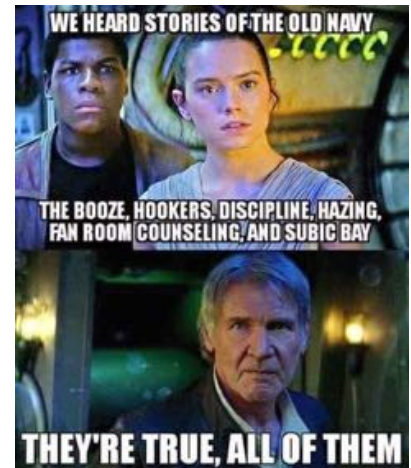
- In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea,, we still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of Signal Flags snapping at the Yard-Arm, a recall of hearty laughter in the Chief's Mess and Mess Decks.

- Having gone ashore for good,, we grow humble about our Navy days, when the seas

were a part of us and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

- Remembering this, We Stand Taller and say, "I WAS A SAILOR ONCE."

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Thought you might be interested in these observations from our youth... Gary Hulst

Special Group / Born Between 1930 - 1948. Today, they range in ages from 73 to 90. Are you or do you know someone "still here"?

Interesting Facts for you.

You are the smallest group of children born since the early 1900's.

You are the last generation climbing out of the depression who can remember the winds

of war and the impact of a world at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.

You are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves.

You saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans.

You saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available.

You can remember milk being delivered to your house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the porch.

You are the last to see the gold stars in the front windows of grieving neighbors whose sons died in the war.

You saw the 'boys' home from the war, build their little houses.

You are the last generation who spent childhood without television; instead, you imagined what you heard on the radio.

With no TV until the 50's you spent your childhood playing outside.

There was no little league. There was no city playground for kids.

The lack of television in your early years meant, that you had little real understanding of what the world was like.

On Saturday afternoons the movies gave you newsreels sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons.

Telephones were one to a house, often shared party lines and hung on the wall in the kitchen (no cares about privacy).

Computers were called calculators and they were hand cranked.

Typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage and changing the ribbon.

'INTERNET' and 'GOOGLE' were words that did not exist.

Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and the news was broadcast on your radio in the evening.

As you grew up the country was exploding with growth.

The government gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. Loans fanned a housing boom. Pent up demand coupled with new instalment

payment plans opened many factories for work.

New highways would bring jobs and mobility.

The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics.

The radio network expanded from three stations to thousands.

Your parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war and they threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined.

You weren't neglected, but you weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad you played by yourselves until the street lights came on They were busy discovering the post war world.

You entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where you were welcomed, enjoyed yourselves and felt secure in your future though depression poverty was deeply remembered.

Polio was still acrippler.

You came of age in the 50's and 60's. You are the last generation to experience an

interlude when there were no threats to our homeland. The second world war was over and the cold war, terrorism, global warming and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with unease.

Only your generation can remember both a time of great war and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. You grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better...

You are "The Last Ones." More than 99 % of you are either retired or deceased and you feel privileged to have "lived in the best of times!"

.....
50 Year Old Marine Boot



The average age of a United States Marine Corps recruit is 21 years old. When Paul Douglas enlisted in 1942, he left behind his wife, child, and

career and reported to Marine Corps Recruit Depot Parris Island at the ripe age of 50.

Even though thousands of visitors have walked the halls of the Douglas Visitor Center, very few know the story of the man behind the namesake, who became the oldest recruit in the history of Parris Island.

Born in 1892, Douglas embarked on a career as an economics professor, teaching at multiple universities across America from 1916-1942. In 1939 Douglas ran for Chicago City Council and won.

By 1942, Douglas had made many acquaintances in high places; namely Frank Knox, an associate he befriended during his tenure at the Chicago Daily News who later became Secretary of the Navy. With a little help from Knox, Douglas enlisted in the United States Marine Corps as a private, five months after the attacks on Pearl Harbor, as the country was plunged into a second world war. Douglas had wanted to see combat and fight for his country, so with his connections in the naval service the Marine Corps became the most logical choice.

Now the 50-year-old famed economist, professor and

politician found himself at the command of drill instructors whom he was old enough to have fathered. After completing boot camp, Douglas proudly wrote "I found myself able to take the strenuous boot camp training without asking for a moment's time out and without visiting the sick bay."

After impressing his command during boot camp, Douglas was assigned to the personnel classification section on Parris Island. With influence from his connections in the Roosevelt administration, three weeks later he passed a test to be promoted to corporal, and one month after that, staff sergeant. Following a recommendation from his commanding officer (and a strong recommendation from his old friend Frank Knox,) Douglas was commissioned as a captain in the Marine Corps, after seven months as an enlisted Marine.

During the battle of Peleliu, while serving as the division adjutant to 3rd Battalion, 7th Marines, Captain Douglas made trips to the front lines to evacuate the wounded and dead men. During one of these trips Douglas saw that the men were in desperate need of flamethrower and rocket

launcher ammo. He swiftly returned to the rear and hand-delivered the men the ammo under heavy mortar and small arms fire. For these heroic actions, Douglas would be awarded the Bronze Star medal. Later into the campaign at Peleliu, Douglas came under fire and was hit by a piece of shrapnel, for which he received his first Purple Heart medal.

Douglas went on to serve in the battle of Okinawa, often being remembered by Marines for running around the battlefield with the vigor of a much younger Marine. He was promoted to major during the battle of Okinawa. Pfc. Paul E. Ison stated that it was after the major had pulled his demolition team aside to assist in resupplying ammo to the front lines that he noticed Douglas had been injured.

Douglas had been hit by a machine gun in his left forearm and was evacuated by the men that he had dedicated his life to serving. After being hit, he proceeded to use his uninjured hand to take off his major rank insignia so that he wouldn't receive special attention.

Ison said, "If I live to be 100 years old I will never forget this scene. There, lying on the

ground, bleeding from his wound was a white-haired Marine major. He had been hit by a machine gun bullet. Although he was in pain, he was calm and I have never seen such dignity in a man. He was saying "Leave me here. Get the young men out first. I have lived my life. Please let them live theirs."

Douglas expressed passionate interest in returning early to his men to continue serving on the front lines. He was hospitalized in San Francisco and subsequently moved to Bethesda, Maryland where it took more than 14 months to be dismissed from the hospital and was medically retired from the Marine Corps, only regaining partial use of his left hand.

Noting his unusual bravery, an officer who served under Douglas said "No one could keep the major out of the front lines. He loves his boys and was right in there with them all the time."

In his command it had been a normal sight to see Douglas waiting in the back of the chow hall line while fellow officers skipped to the front of the line, picking up garbage so that young Marines wouldn't have to, and anything else he could do to assist the men

under him. All accounts of men who served with him said that he was greatly admired by his Marines.

Commenting on the importance of honoring Douglas and his actions through dedicating a building to him, Dr. Stephen Wise, the director of the Parris Island History Museum stated "It's important to remember Marines who made an impact and influenced the Marine Corps in a positive direction. Douglas was the oldest individual to go through Parris Island, he could have stayed safely on ship and he chose not to; we want people to remember these men and their actions."

Because of his brave actions under fire and unselfish service he was promoted to lieutenant colonel a year after he retired in January of 1947. After returning to Chicago as a war hero, Douglas won his spot as Illinois state senator in 1949. When running for senator the opposing candidate refused to debate him, so Douglas sat down and debated an empty chair, switching chairs and answering for his opponent. He was noted for his support of Dr. Martin Luther King's civil rights movement and advocating for just treatment

of Americans. He served in that position for 18 years until retiring at 74 years of age.

In 1977, Parris Island visitor's center was named in Douglas's honor. His wife, Emily Douglas spoke to the tribute Parris Island had bestowed upon her late husband.

"Later in his life many honors came to my husband. But there is none that would have so touched him, made him so astonished as well as thrilled, as having his name associated here at Parris Island."

Even in public office Douglas continued to advocate for the Marine Corps, and proudly kept the Marine Corps standard displayed in office.

"All of us have standards by which we measure other men. Paul Douglas is one of the finest, bravest and truest men that I have known during my lifetime. It was an honor to have been associated with him, to have shared danger with him and to have observed his nobility of character when he was wounded and asked to be left behind so that younger men might live."

-PFC. Paul E. Ison

(U.S. Marine Corps story and photo colorization by Cpl. Shane Manson)

Information and photos courtesy of the Chicago History Museum and the Parris Island History Museum

Humor

Contributed by Earl "Charlie" Weaver

R E T A R D E D GRANDPARENTS - (this was actually reported by a teacher)

After Christmas, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent their holiday away from school.

One child wrote the following:

We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa.

They used to live in a big brick house but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Batemans Bay where everyone lives in nice little houses, and so they don't have to mow the grass anymore!

They ride around on their bicycles and scooters and wear name tags because they don't know who they are anymore.

They go to a building called a wreck center, but they must have got it fixed because it is

all okay now. They do exercises there, but they don't do them very well.

There is a swimming pool too, but they all jump up and down in it with hats on.

At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape. Sometimes they sneak out, and go cruising in their golf carts!

Nobody there cooks, they just eat out.

And, they eat the same thing every night --- early birds.

Some of the people can't get out past the man in the doll house. The ones who do get out, bring food back to the wrecked centre for pot luck.

My Grandma says that Grandpa worked all his life to earn his retardment and says I should work hard so I can be retarded someday too.

When I earn my retardment, I want to be the man in the doll house. Then I will let people out, so they can visit their grandchildren.

PRICELESS!

Remember to send this to all your "retarded grandparent" friends and give them a laugh too!!

In Memoriam

Charles “Hoagie” Clark

“Hoagie was a long time member of the Association and had served as Vice President. Along with his wife Shirley, who was the Bristol historian for many years, they were very loyal members. “ Tony Molnar

He will be honored at our reunion in Myrtle Beach in October.

Charles' Obituary

Charles Lee Clark, 90, husband of Shirley Ward Clark, passed away May 19, 2021. Born March 25, 1931 in Mercer County, KY, he was the son of the late Neff Clark and Bertie Jones Catlett.

Charles served his country in the U.S. Navy aboard the USS Bristol DD857 with service during the Korean War. He was the owner and operator of Clark's Refrigeration & A.C. for 45 years in Lawrenceburg and retired from the Federal Government after 30 years. A member of the Lawrenceburg First Baptist Church, Charles was a lifetime member of the VFW #6935 in Harrodsburg, a lifetime member of the DAV, a member of the American Legion Post #34 in Lawrenceburg, a 50 year member of the St. Johns Masonic Lodge in Salvisa, a member of the USS Bristol DD857 Veterans Association, and became a KY Colonel under former Gov. Julian Carroll.

Including his wife of 58 years, Shirley, he is survived by his children, Lee Ann Clark and David Clark, both of Lexington. He was preceded in death by eight siblings, Neff Clark, Jr., Richard Clark, Thomas Clark, Lois Beshear, Nellie VanMeter, Betty Yeaste, Blanch Jacobs, and Flonnie Cole.

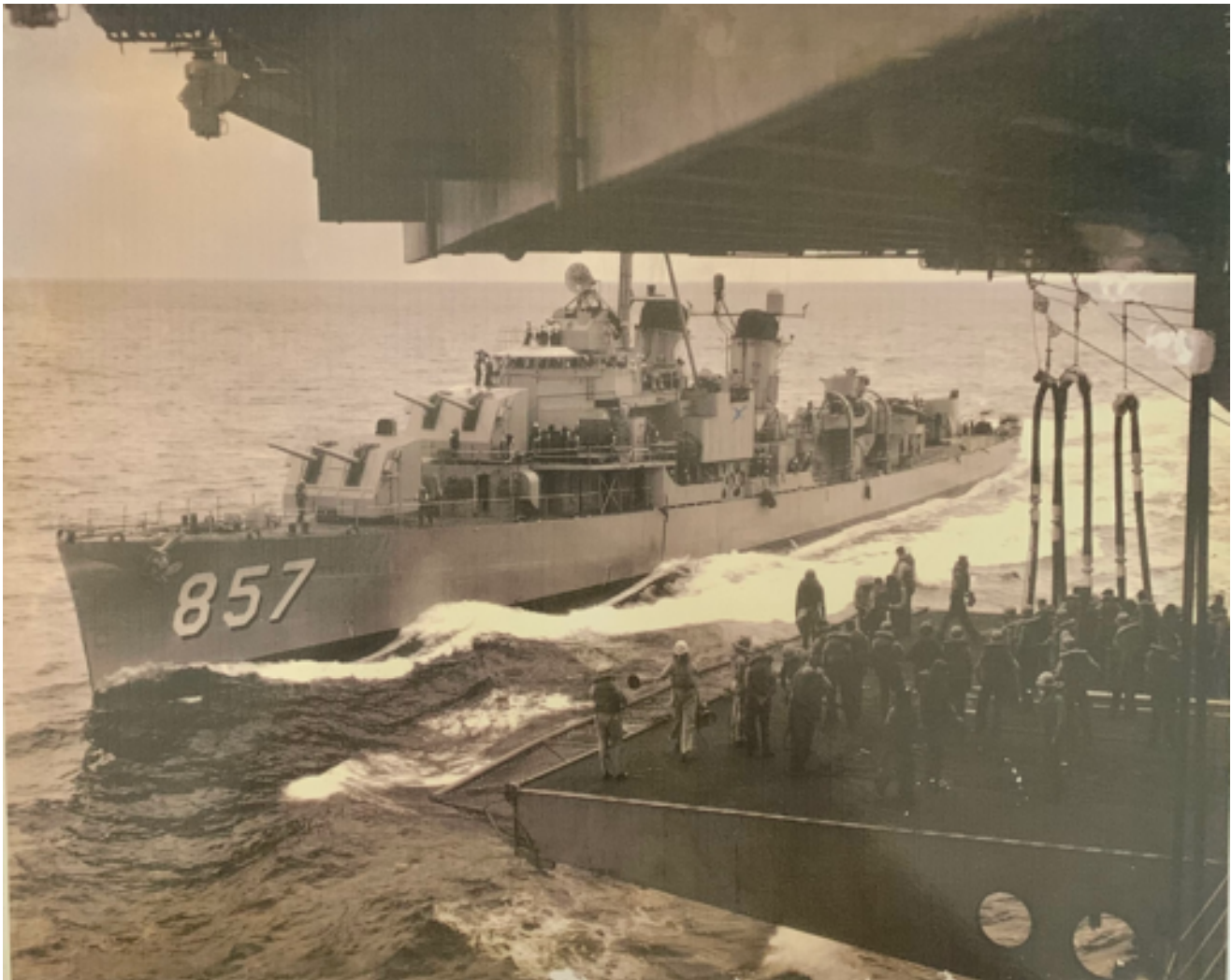
Public visitation will be held from 12 noon – 1 PM Monday, May 24th at the Ritchie & Peach Funeral Home. A private graveside service will follow at the Kirkwood Cemetery in Mercer County with military honors. Dr. Bob Ehr and Bro. Roy Temple, Jr. will officiate the service.

Memorials in memory of Charles Clark are suggested to Sunrise Children's Services, P.O. Box 1429, 300 Hope Street, Mt. Washington, KY 40047.

William E Gall

I'm sorry to report that Shipmate William Gall, ET2, 1949-1951 passed away in February 2021. I was not able to find an obituary for him.

He will be honored at the Memorial Service on October 29 at the reunion.



BRISTOL coming alongside USS AMERICA
CVA66 refueling.