



USS BRADLEY ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

Vol. 2 – No. 4 Early Summer 2003
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USS BRADLEY ASSOCIATION REUNION, October 7-10, 2004, Hanalei Hotel Headquarters, San Diego, California. Be There! You need to be registered with the association to receive reunion mailings. E-mail/call me at: bgottsch@optonline.net or (845) 634-3993

HAVE YOU RETURNED YOUR REUNION QUESTIONNAIRE? EVERY REGISTERED MEMBER SHOULD HAVE RECEIVED A MAILING FROM ML&RS, EXPLAINING PROGRESS TO DATE AND INSTRUCTING EVERYONE TO COMPLETE THE QUESTIONNAIRE. ML&RS WILL PUBLISH A BOOK: *SENTIMENTAL JOURNAL* BASED UPON THE DATA RECEIVED FROM ALL OF US. IT WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE REUNION. TO BE INCLUDED YOU **MUST RETURN THE SURVEY FORM!**

“I REMEMBER...”

Traveling on the bus each morning back and forth from the barracks to the ship while it was being completed after commissioning and having to listen to MM3 or EM3 Charlie Van Der Beek’s classical music on the radio and him complaining about the Beatles “trying to tell us there were 8 days in a week”. Oh how he hated the modern music.

RM1 John Collins disappearing within his raincoat on trying to get “ready” for a new day.

Hunter’s Point was surrounded by a Ghetto and to go on liberty you had to travel through it each way. That was a trip in itself. One evening on 16th Street, (I Think), I walked into a bar and suddenly realized I was the only Asian (CaucAsian that is) in the bar. This was Indian territory I came to find out. I am in uniform and pretty soon the you know what hit the fan. Fortunately for me, one of the Indian’s in there was also a Navy man and he got me out of there “with my scalp”. Fun times.

The first day the Bradley went to sea for sea trials after leaving the yards. It was horrible. I had “imbibed” far too much the night before and since the Brad had virtually nothing on board in the way of equipment, our breakfast was catered on the mess decks prior to getting underway. I figured one way to “get well” quickly would be to have a big breakfast so I ate heartily. Every thing was great until we passed the Golden Gate Bridge. With virtually no equipment and/or crew on board, coupled with trough waters, we were like a virtual “cork in a bathtub”. Over 90 percent of the crew got seasick ad most ALL

civilians too. There were many more civilians on board at this time than sailors. Everyone was running around trying to find their own little place to talk to the Irishman. People on the bridge all seemed to have their own private bucket to fill. Smart butt me, still somewhat hung over, was running all over the ship laughing at all the seasick people and making fun of them. Heck, I was feeling great. About noon, I was out on the main deck talking to RMC John Dennis looking out at the heavy waves when I realized he wasn't looking so good. So I asked him, Chief, you sick?" He kind of nodded and proceeded to throw up on himself. Just a little, but there it was on his jacket. Well that was all I needed, instant seasickness for the smart butt. I headed below decks and found the Chief's head completely empty and started unloading in there. Suffice to say I joined the rest of crew for the remainder of the time at sea and we all stayed sick until we passed back under the Golden Gate Bridge. From, nobody ever found the Chief's head so I was safe from their "paybacks".

Our first trip to Bremerton shipyard. I think that should be spelled Brainmerton shipyard. It rained every day we were there. One of the weirdest laws they had at that time, and still may for all I know, is you could not take your beer with you if you wanted to move from the bar to a table or any place within the bar for that matter. The bar maid had to take it for you. Stupid rule but they enforced it rigidly.

During one of our stays in the Long Beach shipyard, I had been feeling pretty good at the Acey-Ducey Club (anyone remember those ???Hahaha). Seems this particular night they were having a dance contest sponsored by San Miguel beer. To make this short, I won the contest and was presented with a full case of SM beer. Drunk as a skunk, I carried this case of beer all the way back to the ship and asked the OOD if I could leave it at the Quarterdeck until I got up the next morning (Saturday) when I would take care of it. However, the OOD on the morning watch, who shall remain unnamed, sent the messenger down to wake me up and ask me if the Chief's could have the beer and put it in the Chief's mess. I said NO and tried going back to sleep. The messenger left and returned almost immediately and told me Chief **^##%\$^** was ordering me to get up there and take care of the beer. Hung over and still tired, I threw on some clothes, walked up to the quarterdeck, grabbed the case of beer, walked over to the side of the ship and tossed it all into the water and then went back to bed. Never did care for Torpedoman Chief's after that.

The first time we won a green C. Seemed like BATAW (Bradley, Any Time, Any Where – our earliest unofficial motto) was winning all kinds of E's and O's and C's. What a crew. How we did it using "Mighty Mites" (newest teletype machines) I will never know.

Kaohsiung being named by the crew as our unofficial favorite port for R&R. It was there I fell in love every night and fell out of love every morning. It was also there the only time I was UA. The XO had been telling everyone he was probably not going to give overnight liberty on our last night in port. I had taken seven days leave that expired on the last day. While at our ship's party, and heavily embalmed with libation, I asked the Xo if he was going to give overnight's on the last night. Of course, everyone wanted to hear his answer. He responded with, "I don't know yet" to which I replied, "Well I don't care if you are giving it or not, I am taking it. And as far as I'm concerned, when we leave here you can take my overnight pass and stick it up your (encryption device takes over here)" Dumb thing to say. As it so happened, he did not grant over night liberty on the last day. I checked in off leave and went on liberty and did not come back until around 0500. SKC Rodriguez was the OOD and while Stood around waiting to be written up, he asked if I needed anything. I told him I was waiting to be placed on report. He said he thought I was on leave but then just told me to go to bed. Would you believe, two days later, while at sea, Chief Rodriguez came into the first class mess with a report chit and told me he had to put me on report. Seems the XO had personally gotten up and went to Operations compartment to see if I was aboard. Even finnier, when I went to XO's mast, despite my Commo and Chief standing up strongly for me, he said, "I am not forgetting what you said at the party." My punishment – he took away my overnight liberty card and that was it. He did say I could put in for overnight liberty on a case by case basis. I tried it once in Hong Kong and PN1 Moses came down to the first class mess that afternoon laughing his head off. He said the XO had blanket approved all the chits in the morning and then came running down to his office an hour later, went through the chits, found mine and disapproved it! Oh well.

Buying orange plastic looking 33 1/3 lp's in Kaohsiung of the top hits of the time. And then having to throw them over the side or hide them before Customs made their checks prior to returning to the States. They were just so cheap.

Standing in line at the EM Club in Kaohsiung waiting to buy some NT, New Taiwanese Dollars. We could buy 40 NT for one US buck. Ten dollars was a big night on the town. The guy in front of me was also a radioman off one of the LST's that were doing all the dangerous duty up river in Vietnam. Two of them had been bombed with several casualties within the last couple of weeks. When he got to the window, he bought 400 US dollars worth of NT. I said, WOW, How long you gonna be in port here, a month? He said, "Nope, we are leaving in the morning to go back on station up the river and I am going to make sure I have a good time." He asked me to join him but I passed. Dummy me again.

On our maiden cruise, we headed for Yokosuka after having spent a week in Honolulu. Three days out of port and we get ordered to head for the Sea of Japan in support of the rescue effort of the USS Pueblo. I hadn't been to Yokosuka since 59 and was really looking forward to it. You have seen the pictures or the snow and the snowmen on deck while on station; an amazing sight. We never did make it to Yokosuka that cruise.

During this six and a half month cruise, we spent a total of 29 days in port, 7 of which were Honolulu and 5 in Guam. Seems like we were always being pulled out to take over someone's commitments. This is where we picked up the tag, BATAW, Bradley, Any Time, AnyWhere. We made all our commitments and those of several others. Then came that ferocious storm around the Philippines as we all tried to meet up with our group in preparation for our trip back home. The old WWII ships just kept plodding along right through that storm but whether it was because of our unusually big sonar dome or who knows what, whenever we tried, the old Brad would shake and shiver like she was about to die. Each time we had to run back and hide in the Gulf of Tonkin. After three attempts, we were finally ordered to meet the group in Guam. From that time until she was called the "bad Brad", we were known as "Bradley, Any Time, Any Where, Weather Permitting."

Being on the signal bridge in the Sea of Japan during heavy snowfall. I was helping one of the SM's receive a message by flashing light. He even let me send one. Never did learn how to read semaphore though. Realized at that time I had picked the correct rating to be in. SM1 Monnett had a great group of signalmen though.

While we were in Guam, on our way home, one of the QM's went Nutso one night. He came back to the ship "embalmed" and standing by the scuttlebutt in the berthing compartment, decided he had to take a leak. I wake up hearing "water" pouring all over the floor. Someone yelled to ask him what the heck he was doing and all of a sudden he dashed up the ladder, went to the quarterdeck, yelled at the OOD (who just happened to be his QM1 boss) that he could not wait any longer to get home and actually dove off the side of the ship and was going to try to swim home. The OOD actually dove in after him and brought him back to the ship. Next day he said he had no recollection of any of it. What a crew.

Playing of the Lone Ranger's theme song whenever we would pull away from refueling. I even think someone passed the word topside that the "bowling alley would be closed during refueling" one time.

Rough seas out to prove our vertical fin stabilizers were a joke. Seas won.

Getting color television set of the mess decks after being appointed Welfare and Rec chairman. Crew was happy.

Thanksgiving Dinner and the menus the cook's put out with them. I was reading the menu and eating some turkey. I read on the menu, "Roast Young Tom Turkey." My response...this one must have lied about its age. But food on the Brad was above average at all times. CS1 James really cared what the crew thought about the food.

Poker games down in the ET shop. Major source of income for liberty. Shhhh. Wouldn't want Mr. Menikheim to find out.

Cutthroat Pinochle games where I would win all of Paul Gross' money.

That STG1 Bob someone who always had a positive attitude and a smile on his face. I doubt this guy ever had a sad day in his life. Always saying something to make us laugh during meals.

Ship's parties at Admiral Baker field. Let me see now, I do remember the beer kegs and there was the, uh, the uh, well I know there was something else.

Storms, Liberty, Teamwork, Underway, Chow, Ports of Call, and Captain Bill "Fish" Whaley. What a ship.

RMC Bob "Stan" Stanton

LOST SHIPMATES

We seem to have lost contact with several **BRADLEY** shipmates. When all the association has is an e-mail address on a former crewmember it seems too easy to loose contact. If you know how we could contact any of these guys please let your editor know. We'd like to make sure they get their reunion mailings.

ALSO...if you still haven't sent in your address, telephone number, dates aboard and rank/rate while onboard **BRADLEY**, please forward that information to me as soon as possible. We don't want any shipmate "missing movement"! We'd also like to have every association member, who hasn't done so as yet, complete the membership forms on the website and mail them to me. Thanks for your help!

Bill Billings (75); Frank Drdek (67-70); Michael Eberhardt (72-74); Dennis Faricy (71); John Galle (83-84); Leroy Grady (72-74); Steve Green (72); Edward Joyner (68-72); Robert Kiesel (68-71); Gary Leifur (71-72); Brian Mark (75-81); Doug Sjoberg (68-70); and Phil Simonis (74).

BRADLEY'S BEGINNINGS

My name is **James F. Bundrick**. I reported to San Francisco Naval Shipyard as YN1 on 30 September 1964, for Temporary Duty in connection with Fitting-Out **BRADLEY** (DE-1041) at Bethlehem Steel Company, San Francisco, California. Upon arrival at the Shipyard, the Personnel Officer had me stay there to handle personnel records of newly arriving crew assigned to **BRADLEY**. After the PCO and PXO arrived, I would report to Bethlehem Steel Co., the construction site, to start organizing the gigantic amount of Notices and Instructions of the various commands we would be serving under in the Operational and Administrative phases. The PCO and PXO arrived approximately two weeks later and I reported to the construction site and began the challenging task ahead. There were approximately 3 locking file cabinets filled with classified material to handle as well as about 15 boxes of other directives and correspondence to be sorted and complied with. Lieutenant Howard J. Squires (the PXO) and I commenced a task all newly commissioned vessels undertake. Our workdays were about 12 hours long, which usually included Saturdays. We receive much appreciated assistance from other members of the Nucleus Crew at the construction site in sorting and filing the numerous directives pertaining to the various ship departments. The members of the Nucleus Crew were some of the finest shipmates I had the opportunity to serve with during my 20year career. Most were recent graduates of the Navy's highest technical schools offered for the sophisticated equipment installed in the newest class Destroyer Escorts. All were truly great shipmates and friends.

The **GARCIA** was under construction at the same time as **BRADLEY**. **GARCIA** was much further along in construction, so a lot of items to be built in **BRADLEY** could be observed in **GARCIA**, **which** gave **BRADLEY** personnel an opportunity to request a “change” in **BRADLEY** if the procedure did not perform as expected. I was given a dimension (the size of the Ship’s Office) and various cutouts of desks, file cabinets, etc. to try and fit them in the space denoting Ship’s Office. The office was laid-out on board **GARCIA** as well as **BRADLEY** according to my design. There was no space left for the mimeograph machine so I persuaded the Prospective Commanding Officer (CDR R.H. Robeson) to give up the CO’s Storeroom for the Memo Room. He relented with the provision that the deck be tiled. YN3 Connelius and myself quickly learned tiling.

Builder’s Trials and Sea Trials were a thing of beauty. It was not necessary for me to attend them, but CDR Robeson could justify my presence with a notepad in hand in case he had any comments to be presented to the Builder or Resident Supervisor of Shipbuilding resulting from the trials. When the ship got underway for trials, the Shipyard provided a caterer for chow. These providers brought along some of the finest chow we had seen on board a Navy vessel. I believe it was enough food on board to feed at least 50 people. I don’t remember the number of people from the yard (civilians) or the number of **BRADLEY** crew that went on the trials, but we always returned to port with an ample supply to probably feed 400 more. The civilians were to operate the ship and put her through its paces and the Navy crew was to observe how all the machinery and equipment operated. Once the ship cleared the Golden Gate Bridge, the ground swells became fierce. Most of the civilians became seasick and the Navy observers had to operate the ship rather than observe. If you passed a head, there would be civilians sitting down with their heads in 5-gallon buckets that had been spread throughout the ship for butt kits. The ones that weren’t in the head were lying on the decks in some of the berthing compartments. (There were no mattresses on board until the ship was commissioned.) To make a long story short, the Navy personnel really enjoyed the sea and builders trials because of the wonderful chow the civilians couldn’t eat.

Our first personnel inspection – CDR Robeson had just received one of the newest portable cassette recorders and wanted me to use it for recording his comments during the inspection. He conducted a very thorough inspection that probably lasted about 45 minutes for a very small crew. After the inspection, he told me to type up his comments (constructive criticism) and bring them to his stateroom to sign and then distribute them to the various departments. Much to my surprise, I had not recorded anything. Guess what – there were no batteries in the recorder. I thought he had installed batteries and tested the unit. After reporting to his stateroom and informing CDR Robeson of OUR dilemma, he thought I had inserted the batteries and tested the recorder. Until I left the ship that was the only inspection he conducted without any comments. (We never used the cassette recorder again.)

Temporary family housing at San Francisco Naval Shipyard (Hunter’s Point) consisted of Quonset huts. According to family size, you were assigned (if available) a two or four bedroom hut. Then we were assigned a whole hut – consisting of two living rooms, two kitchens, two baths, and four bedrooms. They were pretty nice and completely furnished. All you needed was food. Once a week you would turn in dirty linen and then be issued all clean. Quite a few shipmates lived in the Quonset huts and some lived off base in civilian units. The ones living on base became very close and socialized as much as free time permitted. (My family lived in the Quonset huts for 14 months.) We had a few musicians in our group so occasionally we gathered at my hut and picked and grinned (Bill Stafford, Bob Leonard & Bob Wagner) we usually had another roomful of listeners. (Sorry if I slighted anyone.) We also had a few get-togethers with various families bringing their favorite food. (Potluck) We became a very close-knit group by the time **BRADLEY** was commissioned and we all moved from San Francisco to our homeport in San Diego. After moving south, some of us did remain fairly close and shared rides to work with each other. (Doc Walker, John Giersch, Bob Quinn and me occasionally.) We lived in the Spring Valley area. When John Giersch or I drove, the rest were pretty nervous. John drove a new Hemi Super Bee Plymouth and I had a new GTO Pontiac. (Muscle cars indeed) These were not two-car family days.

Back to San Francisco NSY – Construction of **BRADLEY** continued on at a seemingly slow pace. These were numerous delays in construction due to various crew changes in design, availability of parts, and cost over runs, but the commissioning day was slowly becoming a reality. It was my responsibility to elect all

the typewriters for the ship. I called all vendors in the Bay Area and had them deliver a sample typewriter to Bethlehem Steel Co. so that anyone that typed could provide recommendations for their selection. I got to select my first electric typewriter. The IBM vendor demonstrated the new, at the time, Selectric typewriter. I will never forget him saying that regardless the amount of the list the ship took, his typewriter would continue to type without missing spaces. He stated that even if the ship turned completely over, the IBM would continue typing. My comment was at that time, to continue typing would be my least of worries if the ship capsized.

After the Navy accepted **BRADLEY**, she was moved from Bethlehem Steel Company to San Francisco Naval Shipyard. At this time the task of provisioning the ship took place with practically an all hands evolution continuing for many days. All the spare parts, food, fuel, paper, files and records, mattresses, blankets and pillows and assorted linen plus many other items I can't remember, and **PEOPLE**. (Almost forgot that the Sonar Gang loaded about a ton of fuses.) Ask any of the plank owners and they will tell you about the abundant supply needed on board. It was quite a sight watching all the officers and enlisted moving their belongings and personal effects on board. As each of us approached the ship tied up to the dock, there was a great feeling of pride in being assigned to her. She looked great floating there without all the scaffolding and burn marks of the welding crews, but shining and beautiful in her spotless coat of haze gray paint. We could hardly wait for commissioning and getting underway for all the drills and other evolutionary events associated with shakedown and battle preparedness.

Finally, 15 May 1965 arrived with rain in the early morning; but that did not deter all the official dignitaries, honored guests, friends and families of all concerned from attending and the Commissioning Ceremonies were completed as planned. After the Executive Officer, LT Howard J. Squires Set the Watch, we were officially an entity of the United States Navy, proud of our heritage, a fighting ship and honored to be taking our place among the many other ships of the Pacific Fleet. **TO BE CONTINUED...**

BRADLEY SHIPMATES

WELCOME ABOARD! It's now been several months since we've updated the list of shipmates now aboard the association. Check earlier newsletters for other names and dates aboard.

Dennis Ambriole (67-69); Jim Auld (71-74); Scott Bethmann (82-85); Ben Berg (81-83); Bob Borden (65); Kevin Bradley (80-83); Elwyn Briggs (81-84); Brian Brisky (87-88); Martin Bourque (77-80); David Burgmeier (78-83); Philip Burgower (67-68); Bill Caffrey (71-75); Lee Choate (76-80); Howard Cummings (67-69); John Dennis (65); Jeffrey Denton (84-85); Tony Di Censo (75-79); Chris Dollar (85-88); Steve Donovan (72-74); Lester Dronick (77-83); Donal Frigerio (78-80); Ronald Gagliano (65); Bob Geib (73-78); Robert Gehringer (70-73); Tim Goiburn (82-85); Edward Golemme (77-79); Paul Gross (65-68); Gerald Gomes (68-70); Donald Horner (64-66); Karl Heuer (70-72); Robert Jones (72-75); Steve Karr (67-69); Zoltan Koi (66-67); Ralph Koonce (65-67); John Leith (65-66); Theodore MacVeigh (80-83); James Markey (81-85); Thomas Malone (67-69); Ronald May (81-84); Tom McElwayne (72-76); Jerry Menikheim (66-68); Harry Middletin (70-71); Michael Moravek (82-86); David Nagy (73-76); Scott Niziolek (80-84); Joe O'Rourke (?); William Palmer (67-68); Michael Payne (65); Christopher Perry (77-80); Michael Prime (69-71); Vernon Quimayousie (82-84); James Radek (65-67); Robert Robeson (64-66); Bradley's First CO; Bill Smith (65-67); Thomas Soles (66-68); Howard Squires (65-66); Bradley's First XO; Larry Stage (81-82); Steven Troike (70-72); James Two Bulls (79-82); William Whaley (66-69); Bradley's Second CO; Joseph Virdrine (64-66); Bob Yeaman (72-74); and James Zigrosser (69-71).

Keep those articles coming. This is our first six page newsletter!