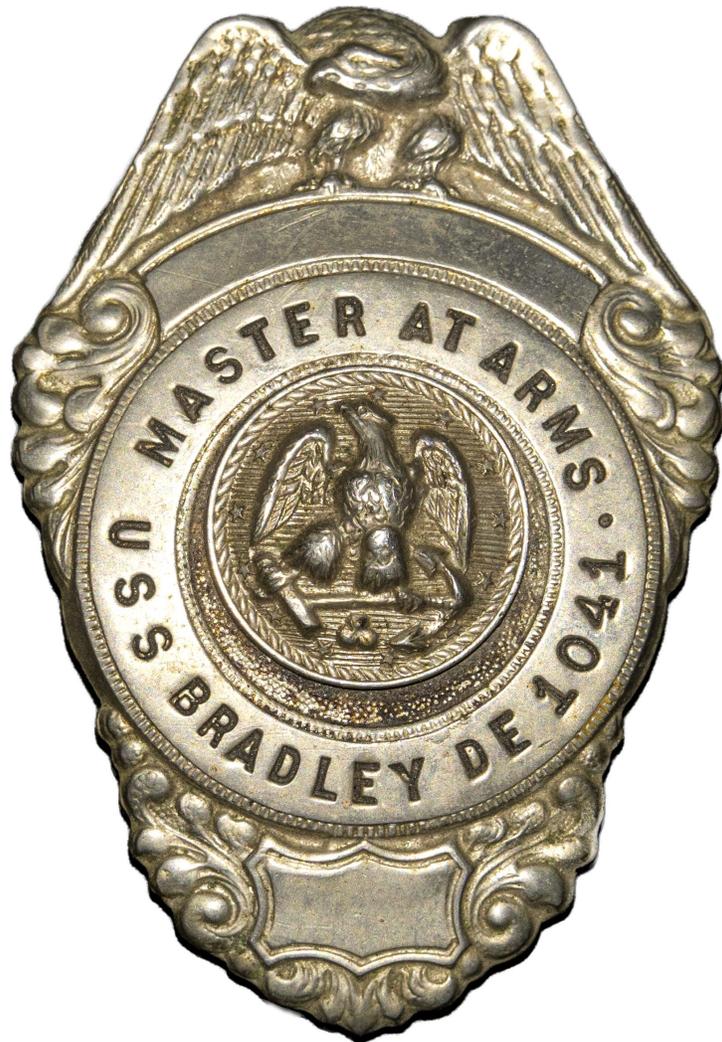


# USS BRADLEY ASSOCIATION

*Founded July 6, 2002*

November 2022  
**NEWSLETTER**



## President's Message

Hello shipmates - I hope everyone is doing well. Sad to say that winter is upon us and we've already had the first snow in Reno. It seems like we went from fire season to cold weather overnight. I've winterized my classic cars and put them away until car season starts again.

Bill Johnson, Bill Barrett and I have started to work on the 2024 reunion to be held in Annapolis, MD. I'm looking forward to visiting the yard. We will keep you updated as plans progress. I hope to see more crew members show up: Skip, Ernie, Jerry, Bill – it'll be a good time! And I also hope to see crews from before and after I served on the Bad Brad.

The holidays are coming fast - Thanksgiving is one of my favorites. I remember having dinner on board the Bradley at Thanksgiving - good job Mr. Todd! And let's not forget Veterans Day!!

Those that went to the reunion in New Orleans might remember that I discovered my dad's B17 was in the World War II Museum! Well, I looked through a box of photos and found a picture of him standing underneath the cockpit with the original nose art (see his photo below).

I promised Bill to keep this short, so I want to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Good New Year.

Finally, we say goodbye to Al Hughey as he and his wife go on to new adventures. It was great to meet you both and thanks to Al for keeping the Missing Man table at our reunions.

Bob Planeta

As I work on this newsletter, yesterday was Veterans Day, and 80 years ago this past June the Battle of Midway took place.



Midway June 2012 (from Google Earth)



Midway May 1974

## South China Sea Typhoon

By BM2 (SW) Mike Moravek

*(Note: I looked through old newsletters and couldn't find that this had been previously printed – Bill Johnson)*

It was October of 1982. I was making my first WESPAC cruise. I was a deck Seaman. Enroute to the Philippines, we were diverted to attempt to avoid a large tropical depression forming ahead of us. We headed northwest into the South China Sea, but avoiding the storm was harder than they thought. It grew into a full-fledged typhoon and was moving faster than we were, at 20 knots.

I thought it was pretty strange how fast the storm enveloped us. The seas were glassy and smooth when I got off the bridge watch at 1600, but by midwatch Our Lady the Sea seemed pretty pissed off. By sunrise, the seas were cresting at 60 feet with sustained winds of 80 knots plus. Green water slammed into Mount 51 five feet higher than the mount itself. I don't mind saying this, but I was scared out of my mind! But fear isn't something you can keep at a high level for three days, which is how long the storm lasted. So, I did the best I could to keep my feet, deal with the fact that all meals consisted of hot-dogs because that was the entire galley could put together and sleep as best I could.

All nonessential work was secured along with the weather decks. The only places to see the storm raging outside were on the bridge and in the helo hanger control booth. Both places got a lot of visitors. It got so bad that Capt. Twardy allowed the helo hanger door to be opened a bit so we could all watch the violence unfold.

I also learned that the term "Secured for Sea" could be fairly relative. If it wasn't bolted, chained, or welded down it was loose and rolling around. But even welds didn't mean "Secured". The mooring line reel mounted to the forward bulkhead of the helo hanger broke loose and was thrashing the aft gun deck. Stanchions, lifelines, small boat gear boxes, and ladders to the Stack Deck was being pummeled. It had to be either secured or tossed overboard. BMC Hancock entered the Bos'n locker where several of us had set up cargo nets to use as hammocks to sleep in and asked for volunteers to wrestle a soaking wet, thousand-pound line reel tangled in lifelines and secure it. The option of jettisoning it overboard was rejected when it was realized that it would have to get down to the main deck and over the lines. Too dangerous for men and equipment. So "Tie it Down" was the order. BM1 Ross, a huge Samoan (like there's any other kind), myself and two other "apes" jumped at the chance to go topside and battle the dual threat of Mother Nature and a mindless steamroller.

We geared up with Kapok's, safety harnesses, helo deck helmets and as much heavy line as we could carry. We opened the hatch onto the gun deck from the helo hanger mezzanine and stopped and looked at each other. Wind carried spray was breaching the stack and it was simply roaring. The Conning Officer had the ship dead into the waves and most of the ship's movement was limited to heavy pitching, but every once in while there would be these smaller rouge waves, in the 20-to-30-foot range, that would hit us on the port quarter from about 3-0-0 degrees and roll us to starboard a good one. This complicated the task by making it more difficult to anticipate where the line reel was going to end up next.

Luckily, the line reel was forward of the mount when we opened the hatch. Ross and I had our lifejackets and safety harnesses on. The two other guys secured a line to the "D" ring on the back and BM1 lead the charge. He had about 75 feet of line with an eye in the end. The line was passed through the eye to form a lasso of sorts. I was similarly equipped. We boldly walked around the gun mount from the starboard side just as the line reel was rolling aft. It struck the gun just under the barrel that was pointing forward when Ross jumped at it with total determination in his eyes. At this point I thought he had lost his mind because he moved to stand right in front of the reel to get a loop over the shaft running down the center of the reel on the opposite side from where we approached. But he hooked the shaft and ran back to my side of the mount letting out slack in the line as he came. He wrapped the standing part of the line to one of the projections on the front of the mount, a view port hatch, I think, and told me to get over on the other side and secure the reel from that side as best as I could.

To make a long story short, the gun mount ended up looking like it had a large growth coming out of it and that it was heavily bandaged. We must have used 2000 feet of line to secure that reel to the mount! The whole episode couldn't have lasted more than 10 or 15 minutes, but it seemed like hours. The sea, the wind and the danger involved created a fear and excitement that is permanently etched in my memory.

As we got back inside, our safety line handlers told us they just heard that a safe had broken loose from a space just forward of the PN's office, but by the time we got there others had mostly handled it. It had broken right through the main deck passageway bulkhead and was caught in the debris. We helped secure it.

But that was not the end of the drama. The next day after lunch, I went up to the bridge to check out the latest conditions. Sleep was difficult because the only way you could stay in your rack was to lie on your stomach and drape your arms over each side to help stabilize your position. Anyway, I stood on the bridge right behind the helmsman with both hands hanging on to the cable stretched across the overhead for just that purpose. The seas were bad. Real bad.

As I stood there watching the weather, a huge rouge wave came out of nowhere and slammed us hard in the port quarter. It was a long roller and it pushed us to starboard so far that both of my feet left the deck and were dangling toward the starboard side bridge wing. I looked down my legs and could see the conning officer on the wing looking like he was getting ready to be swept over the side as the ship rolled over on top of him.

A couple of things happened very quickly at this point. First, I looked up at the inclinometer and saw the bubble go all the way to 56 degrees! Then I looked at Mount 51. I wasn't a gunner's mate, but I was part of the gun crew and knew that the mount was pretty much held on by gravity with a couple of free clamps attached to it to prevent it from rolling off the deck in high seas. I don't remember the actual rating, but the mount was only supposed to survive a 45-degree or so roll before the clamps failed. I distinctly remember hearing a deep boom when the clamps caught the turret ring as the gun lifted, and an even louder bag once the ship righted it and the mount came crashing back down. Had that mount broke off it would have been the end of us for sure!

(Note: I figure that there may be someone out there that will think this is just an exaggerated sea story but I'm still in contact with Bill Everhart, the helmsman that day, and he can verify my statements).

One other point of mention, the reel-roping incident was quite the talk around the mess decks. It was seen by the senior petty officers in deck as a brave deed and scored me more than a few "atta boys". But that kind of talk only emboldened me to pull a stupid stunt. My buddy "Scotty" and I were talking about how neat it was to be outside on the weather decks, on a ship, during a typhoon and how much we wished we had taken some pictures. So we hatched a plan to go topside and do just that. We geared up in the helo hanger and went out on the fantail, cameras in hand. Scotty tied himself off to a cleat near the stern and would jump up in the air as the stern would drop when the ship was climbing the face of the next oncoming crest. I've got a picture of him 7 or 8 feet clear of the deck (I'll bring them to the reunion). The really weird thing about that trip outside was when the ship would clear the top of a crest and start down the other side, the prop would leave the water. As the blades made contact again with the water, the only way I have been able to describe that sound is - unholy! Very spooky.

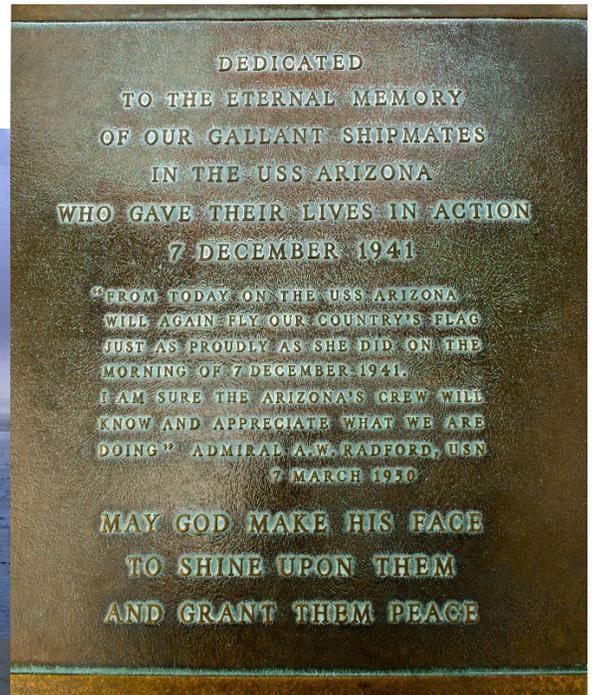
Of course, being stupid little deck-apes, we forgot that the helo hanger control tower was filled with looky-loos, and we were only a few minutes on deck before the MAA came and busted us for being topside, something we were ordered not to do.

It's true that one "ah shit" will erase a hundred "atta boys", but it was worth it.

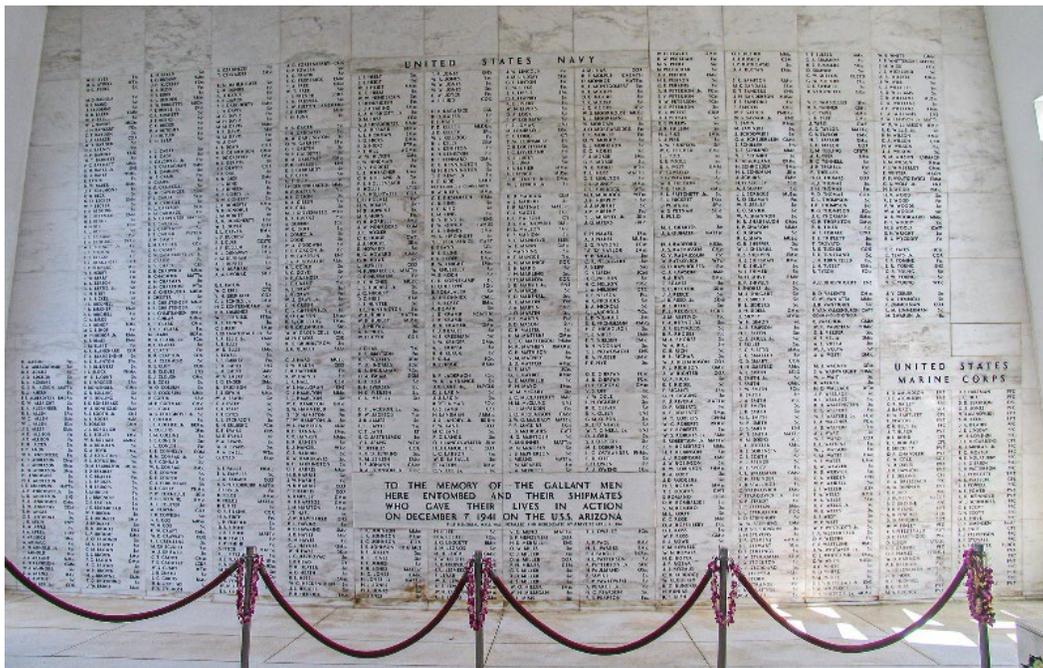
BM2 (SW) Mike Moravek  
USS Bradley FF-1041  
1982-1986



Pulling into Pearl Harbor headed home from WestPac - May 1973



Pearl Harbor today



ALASKA CRUISE

*From Sheryl Watkins:*

Good news! For those who were interested in the cruise but cautious of Canada's vaccine mandate, that mandate has been dropped! Hope this will tip the scales for a few of you.

In Jacksonville, several shipmates and wives expressed an interest in taking a cruise. **While not an official Bradley Association event** travel agent Wendy Campbell (daughter of Mike and Barbara Davis) has booked a 2023 Alaska cruise for those shipmates who are interested.

The beautiful Carnival Spirit will depart Seattle on May 16 for a 7-day round-trip cruise to Tracy Arm Fjord, Skagway, Juneau, Ketchikan, and Victoria. Pricing varies depending on cabin (interior, ocean view, balcony, etc.) and number of guests per cabin, but start at under \$2,500 per couple, including meals, entertainment, taxes, and gratuities.

Additional details are posted on the USS Bradley Association Facebook page (<https://fb.me/e/9MwsHgrAL>). Not on Facebook? Email [wendy@goelite.travel](mailto:wendy@goelite.travel). **Again, this is not an official Bradley Association event**, but it'll give us plenty to talk about in Maryland.

*Additional info from Wendy Campbell as of 11 Oct. 2022:*

You might say that balcony cabins for 2 are now sold out (that doesn't mean they won't be available at a later date if people cancel). There are still plenty of cabins left for 3 or 4 people. There's only 1 ocean view left, and several interior cabins left (for 2 people). It's best to book sooner rather than later because the lifting of the mandate really encouraged lots of people to book. Also, the ship is almost full so the prices will continue to rise.



## SHIP'S ALBUM

# FIRST

**T**HE DESTROYER escort USS *Bradley* (DE 1041) has proved the value of her new design during the ship's first deployment in the Western Pacific. She's now back in the U.S.A.

*Bradley*, sailing out of San Diego, is equipped with modern sonar equipment for detecting and attacking enemy submarines. Although classed as an escort, she was performing fire support missions in the Republic of Vietnam.

*Bradley* also serves as plane guard when operating with aircraft carriers. Formerly, escort vessels were never assigned this duty because of their low maximum speed.

Air-conditioned throughout, *Bradley* is comfortable even in tropical weather.

"There's no question about it, my men can put out a much more sustained effort because of the high habitability of this ship," says her CO, Commander William S. Whaley.

Along with highly sophisticated antisubmarine weapon systems, *Bradley* is also armed with conventional five-inch guns. Her fire support in the II Corps area of the Republic of Vietnam was so accurate that ground units made special requests for the ship to remain in the area.

"We've had some Army artillery spotters aboard and got to know some of them," said Lieutenant James M. Hamrick, the ship's executive officer.

"We developed personal friendships with them—something more



# TOUR

than a strange voice over the radio requesting support," he added.

One reason for the over-all effectiveness of *Bradley* is her new propulsion plant.

"We've had no machinery casualty reports in the three months of full operational commitments," said the ship's engineering officer Lieutenant R. M. Zetterberg. Casualty reports are a fairly reliable guide to the efficiency of an engineering plant.

The DE burns JP-5 distillate fuel instead of conventional fuel oil, and boiler maintenance is considerably less. Equipped with two boilers instead of four as found on older ships, *Bradley* has 10 per cent higher efficiency in a plant 50 per cent smaller than normal.

*Bradley's* success in her first operational role was not all due to being a new ship with the latest gear. It takes men to work the engine room, steer the ship and man the guns.

—Story and photos by  
William M. Powers, PHC, USN.



APRIL 1967

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USS BRADLEY Assoc.  
P.O. BOX 50333  
Eugene, OR 97405

Plaque inlaid in the  
deck of the USS  
Missouri - BB 63



*In case you can't  
read the plaque, it  
says:*

USS MISSOURI  
OVER THIS SPOT ON  
2 SEPTEMBER 1945  
THE INSTRUMENT  
OF FORMAL  
SURRENDER OF  
JAPAN TO THE  
ALLIED POWERS  
WAS SIGNED THUS  
BRINGING TO A  
CLOSE THE SECOND  
WORLD WAR  
—  
THE SHIP AT THAT  
TIME WAS AT  
ANCHOR IN TOKYO  
BAY

**As our Association President Planeta mentioned above, we hope to soon have more info on our next reunion, to be held at Annapolis Maryland in Spring (likely April or May) 2024. Keep a weather eye peeled!**