

USSABALO.ORG

Call Sign: *Clever Boy*

USS Sabalo Association

April 2011

•If you received a hard copy of this Newsletter through the mail, but have access to the internet, please send me an email with your current email address— Printing/Postage is our biggest expense. [Ed]

United States Submarine Veterans, Inc (USSVI) and the U.S. Submarine Veterans of WWII will hold their 2011 National Convention in Springfield, Mo from September 5-11. “Home Port” will be the UNIVERSITY PLAZA HOTEL and Convention Center (1-417-864-7333 or www.upspringfield.com). Alternate “Berthing” is available at the CLARION HOTEL (1-800-756-7318; 1-714-883-6550; www.springfieldclarion.com) or at the DOUBLETREE HOTEL (A Hilton Hotel) (1-800-222-tree; 1-417-831-3131). Rooms are \$99 per night and parking is complimentary. The USS LAPON (SSN661) Sail and Submarine Memorial and Nathanael Greene SSBN 636 Memorials are located in Springfield. The local Veterans of the American Legion, VFW and FRA are also looking forward to welcoming you. Green/Straight Board and Dry Bilges Ronald L. Athey TMC(SS) USN Ret Base Commander, Convention Chairman Ozark-Runner Base USSVI Host Base , 2011 USSVI National Convention There are optional trips to various museum and several to Branson. Green/Straight Board and Dry Bilges, Ronald L. Athey TMC(SS) Base Commander/Convention Chairman Ozark-Runner Base, USSVI Host Base.



[Details/reservations: www.usssvispringfieldmo.com](http://www.usssvispringfieldmo.com)



----- Pride Runs Deep -----

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If you're one of the 100 men who receive Clever Boy thru the Post Office, feel free to send these guys a note of thanks via the Mailbag — they exemplify the spirit of our Brotherhood and deserve our gratitude.



●From the Tomato Basket:

My new year's resolution is broken. I won't be finished with the Sabalo card file input to the database by the time this goes to print. The winter has kept me busy with "other stuff"-- plowing snow; fixing the tractor; plowing snow; hot water heater spit guts; roof leaking due to snow back up and ice jam; and did I mention plowing snow. Ah! the pride of home ownership.

USSVI is holding the National Convention in Springfield, Missouri 5-11 Sep 2011 hosted by the Ozark / Runner Base. The Convention Chairman is Ron Athey TMC(SS) USN Ret. Contact him at his email rondo_94590@yahoo.com or telephone at 1-417-763-0935, or visit the host base web site: <http://www.ussvispringfieldmo.com/>

If you live within driving distance, maybe you should get there and check it out and try a one year membership to see the benefits of belonging to one of the finest service organizations.

Harold Losby ENCS(SS) aboard '65-70 has said he & Shirley'll be there. Any of you who know the "Los" will agree his company will make it worthwhile. Anyone else planning on attending please let me know so I can post your name on the web site and let everyone know who'll be there.

I was elated to see that the namesake of our Base here in Scranton, the USS Scranton SSN-756 was out there lobbing Tomahawks at Colonel Q and his fiends in Libya. Somebody's got to have the fun. We've been down to Norfolk to tour the boat and attend some of their festivities, and had a number of the officers and crew up here to Scranton for some of our picnics and parties. It's great to see that the pride and professionalism of the Submarine Force is still at the highest level.

I am reluctant to report I still do not have new Sabalo patches ready for distribution. The fish on the old patch had been so distorted by the previous iterations that it was looking more like a British bulldog than an Atlantic Tarpon (=Sabalo). A couple of the patch makers who tried redigitizing made the image look really bad. All the makers today use a computer controlled machine for embroidery. Nothing like the old hand made deals from Yokosuka. The solution requires some new art work. Vinny Venezia, a veteran of Sabalo patch art, (see his past work on the web site 'Patches' page) has done something more suitable, and the image is in the process to make it suitable for embroidery. Stitches

can't always be detailed enough to capture what can be done with colored pencils and other media. I do promise to stay on this and have some better news to report shortly.

Ron's not fond of the title of my column; and while thinking about that, I remembered a CO in my previous Base who'd had two boats. He was an East-Coaster. He told me he never relied on the radar. If it was foggy coming back from ops, he would just call Squadron and lie-to until the fog lifted. Talk about fear of running aground. We never did that on Sabalo! I remember when Fred Holcomb grabbed that tomato box with a handle, filled it with goodies (spare electron tubes), and began the ET's legacy as the Easter Bunny's helpers – so because it's the season – Happy Easter out there!

Jeff Owens '67-69, Webmaster

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This Issue:

This issue is printed on my new Brother 9840 color laser printer. For those of you who receive the US PO version thru the mail, this means that you can probably read it in the bathtub without running the colors; for me, it hopefully means that I can print it all at once vs. printing 10 pages, turning them over, printing the other side, and then collating the whole mess; most importantly, I think it will reduce the cost to something below \$1.00 each. By the way, not a penny of your contributions went to pay for the printer—I needed to replace my old one anyway—but it does save me time, and I think it looks much better. Inside are a couple of short items from my favorite submarine NTINS writer, Dex Armstrong, and another by one of our Submarine Service's best historians, Gil Shaddock. I suppose I subconsciously choose these guys because sub vets have come to realize that whatever Gil says, you can believe, and whatever Dex says, you can feel—and together they go a long way toward explaining why our 'pride runs deep.'

Then there's my continuing rant, scattered around the newsletter, about things Washington DC is doing to our Submarine Service, and I hope I've minimized these opinions by digging up a few items of real interest in terms of both history from beneath the surface, and the awesome current technology developing there. In all, I hope I've done a fair job in eliminating the thousands of exciting chunks of data out there that you've already read, or that are of only passing interest to our members—and have kept it interesting.

Re the Tomato Basket: Jeff and Fred managed to get the radar working (again) for a critical two minutes as we turned Sabalo northward into Tokyo Bay after a week with no navigation aids at all. I thought it was a triumphant moment of human skill over antiquated equipment on track and on time, through the fog — right into Yokosuka Harbor — though Jeff modestly calls it hit-and-miss stubbornness. I remember the names we called ET's, along with the *snipes*, *wing-nuts*, and *knuckle-draggers*; but I also remember times when somebody actually made a nut and bolt to replace some that had sheered off a F/M, or made and attached a delicate balancing-pin to the bottom of the gyro onto a place where it was impossible to drill or weld. Whether the Tomato Basket was made of steel or straw, or just existed in the space between somebody's ears, I do NOT *ever* remember failing to accomplish our mission, even as the Nuke Navy had us scratching the bottom of the barrel for spares. "SABALO CAN DO!" was not an idle boast. [Ed]

Note: if the woman who loves you, reads Dex's *The Women Who Loved Us* in pages to follow, you may need to bring her back to earth: Here's help:

Guidelines for Submariners' (sub ma-reen' ers) Wives

Stolen from the Internet, adapted by RonG

1. Submariners are NOT mind readers.
2. Ask for what you want. Let us be clear on this one: Subtle hints do not work! Strong hints do not work! Obvious hints do not work! Just say it!
3. Learn to work the toilet seat. You're a big girl. If it's up, put it down. We need it up, you need it down. You don't hear us complaining about you leaving it down. Be happy that there is no sea-pressure on the other side of the flush.
4. Submarine movies: It's like the full moon or the changing of the tides. Participation is mandatory.
5. Crying is blackmail.
6. *Yes* and *No* are perfectly acceptable answers to almost every question....
7. Come to us with a problem only if you want help solving it... that's what we do. Sympathy is what your girlfriends are for.
8. Anything we said 6 months ago is inadmissible in an argument. In fact, all comments become null and void after 7 Days.
9. Whenever we lost control of our submarine, we were too busy fixing problems to be scared, and afterwards we were proud we'd survived. You're not who we thought we'd married, and we know we're not who you thought we'd be—but, in our experience, terrible mistakes become valuable learning tools at zero bubble (calm-down time).
10. If you think you're fat, you probably are. Don't ask us.
11. If something we said can be interpreted two ways and one of the ways makes you sad or angry, we meant the other one.
12. You can either ask us to do something or tell us how you want it done. Not both. If you already know best how to do it, just do it yourself.
13. Whenever possible, please say whatever you have to say during commercials...
14. Christopher Columbus did NOT need directions and neither do we.
15. Submariners recognize only a few color ranges: Gray #7 thru deck-tile gray, dress blue thru sky-blue, brogan brown thru khaki, red-board thru red-lead, green-board or deck-mat green thru pea-green or zinc-chromate. Peach, for example,

is a fruit, not a color. Pumpkin is also a fruit. Champaign is just expensive beer—not a color for a Cadillac. We do not care what mauve is.

16. If it itches, it will be scratched. We do that.

17. If we ask what is wrong and you say "nothing," We will act like nothing's wrong. We know you are lying, but it is just not worth the hassle.

18. We expectorate to clear our throats. If you swallow your snot like a lady, we will still kiss you (and not react with disgust).

19. If you ask a question you don't want an answer to, expect an answer you don't want to hear.

20. When we have to go somewhere, absolutely anything you wear is fine... Really!

21. Don't ask us what we're thinking about unless you are prepared to discuss such topics as Fairbanks/Morse, chainsaws, Asahi Beer, fishing, hunting, or having sex...

22. You have enough clothes.

23. You have too many shoes.

24. Submariners are in shape. Round IS a shape, and we have spent thousands and thousands of dollars fine-tuning it!

Thank you for reading this. Yes, we know, we will have to sleep on the couch tonight; but did you know submariners really don't mind that? Although we once hated it, we even miss hotbunking.

DOLPHINS ARE SO SMART THAT WITHIN A FEW WEEKS OF CAPTIVITY, THEY CAN TRAIN PEOPLE TO STAND AT THE EDGE OF A POOL AND THROW FISH.

Mail Bag:

• I was only on the Sabalo for a short time coming from the Tilefish 307. Denny Hull ['52-'54] was my close buddy and he served on the Sabalo for some time. I am unable to contact him anylonger, so figure he has passed on. The skipper of the Sabalo called me to his quarters and explained that he could not get me any Schools or rate as they were coming out with a new kind of Submarine. Atomic. He then told me that he could get me an early out. I said that I had bought a new 52 Chevy and what could I do with it. He stated that he would ship it to Treasure Is. and put my Discharge to TI also. So in Jan of 1954, I arrived in TI and drove home to Seattle in the worst Snowstorm I have seen in my life. I then found out that when you buy a new car in Hawaii it has no heater or defroster. I tell you, I dug in my Sea Bag and found my Foul Weather Gear.. A Patrolman in Calif. told me not to stop for anything but Gas and I took him at his word. I outran two Patrolman in Oregon and made it to Seattle in Record Time. Because they called the Korean War a Police Action and not a War, I joined the Seattle Police Department and did Thirty Years. I left as a Detective Sergeant, but in the meantime I was a Dept. Sniper, on the Bomb Squad in the 60s, Tac Squad as both an Officer and Sgt. and rode Motorcycles as both Officer and Sergeant. It was a great Life All Around and I enjoyed every minute of it. Sincerely, James R. Parker SOSN(SS) ['53-'54]. John Dennis Hull is on our mailing list (jdhullo@yahoo.com). Denny: If you're reading this, it's time to muster in and let Jim know you're still kicking. Jim: If you want a phone # for Denny, give me a call. —Jeff]

• Everything's good here [Cedar Hill, TN] right now. We've been fighting breast cancer this past year and have it in remission now. I turned 77 last Nov. and am still getting around pretty good. Good to hear from you. I check the Sabalo pages every once in a while. Your old shipmate, Jim White (EM1(SS) aboard [65-67]

• From reading the October 2010 edition of *Clever Boy* I was saddened to learn of John Crouse's passing. I first got to know John (by letter and phone) about 8 years ago and gained great appreciation for the enthusiastic and dedicated efforts he had been putting into the St. Mary's Submarine Museum outside the King's Bay Submarine Base.

My dad was a WWII submariner who made 13 war patrols in *Thresher* and *Shad*, the latter as CO. After the war, while working on the Navy Staff in Washington, he came into the possession of a set of copies of WWII Pacific Fleet submarine war patrol reports. He stored them in wooden ammo boxes and planned to later write fictionalized submarine stories.

After my father's death, we decided to try to find a home for the 60-year old submarine patrol reports with an interested naval museum. John Crouse responded positively to our inquiry and we packed the reports in a number of cartons and shipped them to the Museum in St. Marys. The reports are now archived there and a small plaque in the reference section acknowledges my father's contribution to the museum.

My wife, Karen, and I visited the Museum several years ago, but John was out of town and we missed meeting him in person. Regards, Larry Julihn, Comm/EMO/Sonar. USS Sabalo ['69-70]

• Irv Humes ihumes@dishmail.net (YN2(SS) aboard [64-65] reports he has had trouble getting the VA to supply him with hearing aids. I know there are a number of you out there with experience in dealing with the VA and some with getting hearing aids. Perhaps you will contact Irv and give him some advice. -Jeff

Wonder What Old Gringo Is Doing

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

Did you ever wonder where old deep-water boat sailors go when they turn in their earthly issue and pick up their orders at St. Peter's receiving station?

We've all heard the Marines Hymn...

"When The Army and The Navy takes a look on Heaven's scenes, they will find the streets are guarded by United States Marines."

So we know that we'll have to deal with jarheads on the gates. Can you imagine spending eternity pulling gate duty? And writing a gahdam song telling the world that that was the extent of your eternal ambition? I guess somebody has to do it... I can hear the boot pushers at Parris Island...

"Listen up now... When you die, we make you an MP and detail you to stand watch on the Pearly Gates to see that those naughty submariners don't steal the gahdam streets."

"Oh goody... Tell me Sarge, do I get to wear my uniform?"

"You sure do... And you get to spend forever and ever, shining your shoes and brass."

"Wow!!"

Just another of the many reasons that submariners wouldn't have made 'worth a damn' Marines. The way I understand it, old worn-out submarine sailors get assigned to Hell but they are given liberty in Heaven... The part of Heaven where all the bars are located and cab fare is free. They don't issue them wings and the bastards hock their harps for beer money.

There is a bar up there called 'The Sterling Dolphin'... A real dump. It's on Admiral Burke Boulevard. Beer's a dime a quart and the furniture is made out of railroad ties. The barmaids are all big busted blondes... Farm girls from Kansas... And they hand out their apartment keys to all the qualified men. Old man Holland... You know, the clown who invented the first smokeboat and went around with that goofy walrus looking mustache and silly bowler hat... Holland plays the piano.

And there's an old Juke Box... With four hundred thousand cigarette burns on the top. It only plays Tommy Cox... And

Glen Miller... Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman... Margaret Whiting... Peggy Lee and Pattie Paige. The walls are covered with old yellowed photos of "E" Boats, "R" Boats... "S" Boats and all kinds of Fleet Boats... Old Tenders, ASRs and Admiral Lockwood.

The head is a mess... Four old air expulsion, 'Freckle Maker' heads... And a urinal trough made out of the air flask of a Mark 14 cut in half... And the walls are covered with the names of angels who come with removable bloomers.

The wall behind the bar has soft pine paneling and thousands of silver dolphins have been pounded into the wood and an old 127 year old E-3 keeps them Brasso'd up.

The pickled hard boiled eggs fall out of the back end of the Golden Goose and they only sell 'Beer Nuts' in fifty pound bags... For two bits. The Shore Patrols are blind and the liberty cards have no time limits.

There's only one thing on the menu, the 'Rig for Dive' Cheeseburger... It's cooked in all that stuff that comes draining out of the George Foreman grill. The name of every sub ever built and their hull numbers are carved in the tops of all the table tops...

At the bar there is a stool that belongs exclusively to Tom Parks... it has '*Old Gringo*' on it in solid gold letters... And late in the evening you can find Old Gringo perched at the bar, tossing down suds and wrapping his arm around the best looking gal in the place. Beer is free for any boat sailor who wears a combat patrol pin.

Old Gringo has a beer mug made out of a 5-inch shell casing with a hatch dog for a handle. The barmaids keep him supplied with hand-rolled Cuban cigars and reports on who's reporting in and when the bus is leaving for hell.

I don't know if that's the way it is... But that is the way it should be. An old hard-core Diesel Boat Sailor should get something like that.

One thing is for *DAMN* sure... Tom Parks isn't standing a damn Gate watch...

You can take that to the bank, Horsefly

Shipmates,

48 years ago: On the morning of April 10, [1963] the Thresher proceeded to conduct sea trials about 200 miles off the coast of Cape Cod. At 9:13 a.m., the USS Skylark received a signal indicating that the submarine was experiencing "minor difficulties." Shortly afterward, the Skylark received a series of garbled, undecipherable message fragments from the Thresher. At 9:18 a.m., the Skylark's sonar picked up the sounds of the submarine breaking apart. All hands were lost--129 lives.

The loss of USS THRESHER was the catalyst that resulted in the founding of U.S. SUBMARINE VETERANS INC.

Shipmates, RIP We have the watch. You will never be forgotten.

John "Gumba" Carcioppolo.



NTINS: The Evolution of a Brotherhood

The Ghost of Submarines Past:

I went aboard USS Razorback at age 17. It was my generation that introduced the admonition not to trust anyone over thirty. I was just barely courteous to the decrepit old First Classes and the Chiefs (there weren't officially any *Senior-* or *Master-Chiefs* then—unless you counted the WWII veterans, who somehow demanded what little respect a well-brought-up kid like me was capable of). These guys liked Tommy Dorsey and Frank Sinatra, for Christ's sake, but even so, I did need their signatures on the Trim and Drain system or their Compartment Rig For Dive check-off sheet, so I wasn't exactly blatant about the fact that I was much smarter than them. I remember as a near-career mess-cook, I'd turn off Elvis whenever I was ordered to, but make sure he or Fats Domino was ready to rock as soon as that particular old-timer left the mess hall—a routine that occurred several times at each meal; it was particularly gratifying because of the irritation it caused. Even on the bow-planes, I'd yammer away about modern technologies like television or the *Trieste* heading for the Challenger Deep, just to let them know how cutting-edge we audacious youngsters really were. It never entered my mind that these guys had been a bit too busy in the early '40's to have amassed my vast technical knowledge. I think there were a lot of brats like me.

Ten years later, as one of five or six Chiefs on the USS Sabalo, I got my comeuppance. I swear those young rascals hid bottles of booze aboard, waited to return from liberty until the last mooring line was singled up, played tag with the Shore Patrol and stole signs from bars ashore; they generally behaved as if they were not only invincible, but were put on earth solely for the purpose of turning my hair gray. I found myself spending as much time worrying about their survival as teaching them the job. I know there were at least five Chiefs like me.

The Ghost of Submarines Present:

I've never read a Skipper's analysis, but it occurs to me to wonder if, today, a Ramage (O'Kane, Cromwell, Dealey, Gilmore or Fluckey or Street, to mention only the MOH winners among the greatest of the Greatest Generation) might not be able to depend on his crew, as he did then, to take the war right into the enemy's front yard. Just reading the MOH citation makes one wonder why in hell a sane person would follow these champions into the midst of the enemy's Kamikaze defenses time and time again; but history shows that the lists of those volunteering for assignment to their boats invariably **grew** every time they returned to port.

At the beginning of the war, sub skippers were told to maintain secrecy, to observe and to report; to *never* engage the enemy unless absolutely necessary. This Washington mind set, in my opinion, served to minimize the effects of faulty torpedoes for far too long, and rewarded the cautious skippers; but gradually, the rogues, these rebels with hot blood, began to emerge with resounding successes that could not be ignored.

I suspect that these rogue Skippers and their men were possessed of the same audacious and invincible self-confidence that I, in my youthful naiveté, had demonstrated and eventually outgrown. I have talked to many young men now in the Submarine Service, and have little doubt that our traditional camaraderie remains intact—in spite of career-ending responses to drinking, smoking, getting a divorce, a drunk-driving ticket or even "inappropriate behavior." My lack of doubt is impossible to explain because these young men inevitably clam up whenever I ask how they feel about the politically-correct disincentives with which they must deal. I often see caution — even a rather nervous self-defense — in their eyes, but there is always a burning acknowledgement that they have accepted doing the submariner's job, in spite of it all. The WWII vets I served with sailed off into the unknown and made themselves heroes; I trained for twenty years for a war that never came, and I see that today's submariners are, once again, carrying torpedoes made in Washington. But no, our Brotherhood has not ended yet.

The Ghost of Submarines Future:

Assign women to submarines? Assign homosexuals, lesbians, transgenders and bisexuals? I think something in my brain just ruptured: I can't think of anything else to say just now.

Virginia And The Eight Towers Of Power

March 11, 2011: Over the last decade, the U.S. navy has been converting its submarine periscopes from the traditional one using lenses and prisms to allow the user in the control room to see what is 10-15 meters above,

at surface level, to all-digital sensors (vidcams, thermal imager and laser range finder) at the top of a telescoping mast that doesn't penetrate the pressure hull. These new "photonics masts" use a standard telescoping masts, and each American Virginia

class SSN carries eight of them. Two of them carry sensors for the usual periscope functions (in case one breaks down). But the other six carry communications or electronic listening devices, or one is a spare for the top-of-the mast modules (some of which can be quickly swapped in or out). Thus an SSN comes to periscope depth (about 15 meters/45 feet beneath the surface) and deploys several masts to see what's out there via the vidcams and electronic eavesdropping. One of the masts can also connect with communications satellites, to send and receive email. This is a big morale booster for the crew.

The new masts make it easier to handle information. Everything picked up by the new system is instantly sent down into the control room using fiber optics. The images, and other information, can be viewed on flat screen displays in the control room, or anywhere else on the sub. This digital data can also be studied in more detail, and enhanced if needed. The Navy is upgrading

existing periscopes on older submarines by putting electronics at the top of a traditional hull-piercing periscope, and replacing the optical components with fiber optic cable. Removing all these mechanically operated optics increases reliability.

The navy is also experimenting with small buoys that can be sent to the surface via a cable (containing a power and fiber optic link with the sub). These buoys can be expendable (used once) or retrievable. Another system in development uses a light sensor on the top of the sub that can, during daylight, capture images of what's on the surface while the sub is at a depth of 60 meters (183 feet).

Meanwhile, the types of sensors carried on the photonics mast continue to improve, both because of improvements in digital cameras and thermal (heat) imagers, and because new types of sensors are being developed.

The Women Who Loved Us

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

There's a lot of stuff written about submarines... The men, the ships, the schools, the equipment, units, piers, locations, bars, hookers, and God knows what else. But, we don't say a helluva lot about those wonderful women who loved us. Believe me, loving a damn diesel boat sailor took one CrackerJack woman... They were, and will always remain among God's most endearingly wonderful creations.

As a linehandler, I was always topside when we came into Pier 22. It could be 0200 in a damn hailstorm and they would be there... Snow... Rain... Hell, rattlesnakes could have been falling from the sky and they would have been there waiting for what? An unshaven, stinking, raggedy-ass idiot, hauling a sack of laundry, reeking of the inside of a seagoing submersible zoo.

They actually couldn't wait to get their arms around the smelly idiots that belched forth from the iron monster just tethered to the pier or bouncing tank tops with some other iron monster moored in the nest.

Hey, you lucky bastards sit back and close your eyes... Think back. Remember the days when the lady out there doing the dinner dishes before she goes upstairs to iron the shirt you'll wear to work tomorrow, was 24? Remember that? Back when you two lived on E-4 pay with sub, sea and foreign duty pay?

In those days, she met you with two-year-old Patrick on her hip, wearing a J.C. Penny sale sundress and a smile that needed yard markers.

Later, when you were sucking snorkel air for a living, she attended parent teacher conferences, school plays, PTA spaghetti dinners, little league games, scout awards banquets and dental appointments without your help. She sat in the emergency room at the Norfolk Naval Hospital and in the principal's office, times when it would have been really great to have you around.

They were saints. Saints who didn't exactly get prize packages. I mean, think back... Marrying a guy who spent most of his time plowing invisible holes in the ocean, wasn't such a great deal. Living on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches until payday... Knitted Christmas gifts... Dropping a busted TV off at the Salvation Army simply because repairs couldn't be fitted in the family budget. Hand me down kid's clothes... Home permanents in lieu of trips to the beauty shop.

Horsefly, do you have any idea what a lucky bastard you are? Do you have any idea how rare it is for a woman to put up with crap like that?

Yes, we were loved by some very special ladies. The 'Welcome home, sailor' with arms around your neck kind. Hell, the way you smelled and looked, you couldn't have paid somebody who didn't love you, to do that.

Remember duty nights when they passed the word, "Lady visitors aboard" and the Duty Officer sent the Below Decks Watch on a Paul Revere run through the boat whispering,

"Murphy's bride is in the Crew's Mess watching the movie.

Watch your gahdam language and if you pass through the compartment don't pat the actresses on the screen, on the ass."

Remember laying in your rack in the Alley and getting a whiff of some 'catch me, rape me' perfume, when some tender young thing dropped down into the boat? One whiff of that perfume and you were rooting through your sidelocker for a set of whites and heading up to Bells.

They actually ordered see through ooh-la-la baby doll nighties they wouldn't have been caught dead in under any other circumstances, to welcome you home.

Submarine sailors are not known for their sensitivity when it comes to selecting cohabitational locations. Pier head parking lot... Kroger's food store parking lot... Driveway at vacationing pal's house... Front seat or back seat, didn't matter. One returning sailor used to toss two dollars worth of nickels in the backyard to keep his kids occupied.

Another first class once took his teenage daughter to the movies to see *'Gone with the Wind'* and then after a raging ten minutes of cohabitational bliss, he and his dear sweet bride fell asleep... And little Trixie watched the whole damn thing twice, because the folks running the theater who knew the family, didn't want her standing out in the rain.

I once saw this TV program about nuke sailors whose wives put perfumed panties in sealed plastic baggies for sailors to tuck under their pillows to remember them by.

You have any idea what that would have caused on a smokeboat? Nocturnal fantasy dreams would have had the place hopping around like fresh-caught fish in the bottom of an aluminum canoe.

They were ours. They will always be ours. Every damn submarine base should have a memorial tribute to the smokeboat sailors' bride... Say, a stature of a beautiful girl in a Robert Hall bargain basement fashion, holding the hand of a grinning bluejacket in acid-eaten dungarees and a frayed white hat.

Ladies, this is for you. God bless you and all you represent. You and you alone made a contribution to this nation's winning of the Cold War only you could have given. It was recognized by every boatsailor who ever stood topside when his boat put her lines over and saw the kind of smile true love puts on a patriotically-inspired, loyal woman's face.

Those of us, not married at the time, learned lessons in what truly counts in a marriage from watching these amazingly wonderful ladies.

Well here's to you ladies. There was no more important part of submarining than being your friend... And being asked home for a home-cooked meal.

Your life was not easy, in fact it was one helluva lot tougher than any starry-eyed bride should have been asked to deal with. But, the reward for your personal hardships and sacrifices will be found in the memories all loyal and faithful women accumulate and in the deep respect by which you are held by the men who stood topside and regarded your \$8.95 sale dress as a gown worn by an angel.

I thought a list men having zip codes near the USSVI reunion in Springfield, Mo might be useful, but I found only one! The problem? 141 of you guys have no Zip Code in our records—which probably means that we don't have your address, date of birth, wife's name, hometown, latest email address, when you were aboard, etc. MAKE MY DAY now, while you're reading your name . . . Post card, email, anything! See Page 12—even if your name's not on this list.

Almeida, Frederick W.	Espana, Francisco J	Horton, Ned R.	McCormick, David P.	Sausman, George R
Barschaw, James T	Etlinger, Richard D.	Houck, Michael J	McLane, A. L.	Schliffe, Jerome M
Beauchamp, D W	Gallant, Thomas Earl	Hughes, Raymond F.	Mengden, Joe	Schwartz, William C
Bulos, Gem	Garrison, Gary G.	Hull, John Dennis	Meyers, Webster W	Scott, Dale Vernard
Burch, Harold Robert	Gavieres, Oscar R.	Hummer, Jay	Mibach, Donald A.	Searles, Rick
Carlson, F. Paul	Giffin, Thomas Leon	Huskey, John Robert	Miller, Arnold	Sedor, Gerald
Cataldo, Salvatore J	Gillen, William Frank	Jackson, Philip K	Miller, Frank Henry	Sette, Carl Joseph
Chase, Terry E	Gilson, Charles T	Jacob, Ulrich Peter	Mullins, Robert L., Jr.	Shailer, John
Coe, George	Gipson, Edward	Jauernig, Carl R	Murphy, V	Simpson, Delmar L.
Colby, Frank Crosby	Golladay, Denny	Jones, Everett	Nelson, Donald R	Sluhan, Alan
Collier, Larry	Gonzales, Pastor B.	Julihn, Larry	Nugent, Francis E.	Slutz, William Keith
Collier, Richard Walter	Gregorio, Rogelio P.	Kaefer, Will	O'Brien, Thomas J	Smith, Kent G.
Contrady, Eugene T	Gregory, Dale I.	Klamm, Leonard C.	Oles, Merton B	Stafford, EM., Jr.
Craig, Murray Julian	Gregory, Walter B.	Kotrola, Joe S. Pivo	Olivier, Leon Joseph	Sullivan, L M.
Crain, William S.	Gressman, Donald R.	Kreuzer, Jim	Organ, Jim	Sutherland, Mark L
Cramer, James Walter	Hachey, Wayne F	LaCoe, Daniel Everett	Orton, Gerald M.	Tinder, John Everett
Crawford, Donald Rex	Hall, Richard Dean	Lamy, Richard J.	Patrick, John L	Wahlenmeyer, Michael
David, Rolando V	Hamilton, CR. II	Lanham, Ronald N.	Piasecki, Frank A., Jr.	Wassberg, William W.
Debick, Thomas A	Hance, Arthur J III	Lasswell, Richard L.	Porter, George	Watkins, Garland A
Demboski, Richard H.	Harris, Wilbur Cook	Leach, Thomas S	Pratt, Gerald L	Wegner, Gordon L.
Denham, William A	Hedges, Donald A., Jr.	LeBlanc, Ronald A	Przbyla, John D. Sr.	Weller, Dennis James
Dergan, Robert L	Heisterman, James J	Loftis, Herman Lee	Quicker, Ronald Ellis	West, Charles B Jr.
Diaz, Lawrence Louis	Heisterman, Terry Lee	Loveland, Kenneth	Ramsey, Brian H	Wetzler, John Garth
Dionisio, David S	Herold, Robert L.	Lyons, Joseph Earl	Redford, Frank C.	Williams, Willie L.
Dolliver, Richard	Hess, Joseph	MacMurray, James P	Reeves, Dennis R	Wood, Verne E.
Douglas, Lawrence H.	Hidde, Rodney	Madsen, Rees Low	Robisch, Herb	
Drost, Louis C.	Hinnefeld, Garrett J	Manning, David H	Rohrer, Daniel F.	
Eddins, Hollis B.	Hoatson, Lee Frank	Marsh, Bob	Ruden, P. M. "Pete"	
Eittreim, Kinley O.	Hoe, Richard Appel	Mau, Herman J. Jr.	Ruybal, George N.	

You've GOT to read this. *Washington Post*

The Arctic Ocean is warming up, icebergs are growing scarcer and in some places the seals are finding the water too hot, according to a report to the Commerce Department yesterday from *Consulafft*, at Bergen, Norway. Reports from fishermen, seal hunters and explorers all point to a radical change in climate conditions and hitherto unheard-of temperatures in the Arctic zone. Exploration expeditions report that scarcely any ice has been met as far north as 81 degrees 29 minutes. Soundings to a depth of 3,100 meters showed the Gulf Stream still very warm. Great masses of ice have been replaced by moraines of earth

and stones, the report continued, while at many points well known glaciers have entirely disappeared. Very few seals and no white fish are found in the eastern Arctic, while vast shoals of herring and smelts which have never before ventured so far north, are being encountered in the old seal fishing grounds. Within a few years, it is predicted that due to the ice melt, the sea will rise and make most coastal cities uninhabitable.

.....
Oops! Never mind. This report was from Nov 2, 1922, as reported by the Associated Press/published in the Washington Post - 88 years ago! From the Blueback Base NL, Venting Sanitary, Inboard

Military indoctrinated on gays kissing, behavior; Materials offer scenarios ...

Rowan Scarborough-The Washington *Times*: *March* 23, 2011.

[I was just about at a loss for words when I ran across this article which convinced me that forcing the California ban on assault weapons onto our military might have been far less harmful than all the stupidities being spawned by DADT]

"Four branches of the military have begun sending training material to 2.2 million active & reserve troops as a prelude to opening the ranks to gays, with instructions on, for example, what to do if an officer sees two male Marines kissing in a shopping mall. Same-sex Training on the repeal of DADT began last month with 'chain-teaching' at the senior levels, and the materials have been made available to Army commanders worldwide, to include those in Iraq and Afghanistan.

.... part of a list of scenarios to help instructors prepare commanders for incidents likely to arise:

"Situation: You are the XO. While shopping at the local mall ... you observe two male Marines in appropriate civilian attire assigned to your unit kissing and hugging in the food court.

...answer: "If the observed behavior crosses acceptable boundaries as defined in the standards of conduct for your unit and the Marine Corps, then an appropriate correction should be made. Your assessment should be made without regard to sexual orientation."

... a lesbian Marine approaches her platoon sergeant and states "she can no longer tolerate her heterosexual roommate."

...answer: "The Platoon Sergeant must take a very active and positive leadership approach with a focus on conflict resolution and professional obligations to uphold the policy."

... "is consensual sodomy still a punishable offense under the Uniform Code of Military Justice?"

Answer: "... private, consensual sexual activity, to include consensual sodomy, regardless of sexual orientation, is a protected liberty under the Fourteenth Amendment."

....: Transgender and transsexual individuals are not permitted to join the Military Services. The repeal of DADT has no effect on these policies."

[Gay is OK, but not transgender or transsexual? I had to consult the dictionary]:

Transgender: 1 - Appearing as, wishing to be considered as, or having undergone surgery to become a member of the opposite sex.

Transsexual: 1. - a person who has undergone a sex change operation; 2. a person whose sexual identification is entirely with the opposite sex

Transvestite: 1. a person who dresses and acts in a style or manner traditionally associated with the opposite sex. .
 2. (Psychiatry) a person who seeks sexual pleasure from wearing clothes that are normally associated with the opposite sex

[Transvestite popped up nearby in the dictionary, but I'm not sure of their status; in fact, Nancy Pelosi's wisdom kept popping up in my brain: "We just need to pass this bill to see what's in it."]

"Training on the repeal of DADT began last month with 'chain-teaching' at the senior levels, and the materials have been made available to Army commanders worldwide, to include those in Iraq and Afghanistan."

" ... commanders cannot rule a bar off limits simply because it caters to gays. Nor ... bar an off-duty homosexual from marching in civilian clothes in a gay-pride parade. Once training is completed this summer, Mr. Gates must certify to Congress that repeal will not hurt readiness before the ban officially ends. Soldiers may not seek an early discharge because they do not want to live or serve with gays



Through the TBT:

The technology on our newest boats is so mind-boggling to us old salts we can't even keep up. Apparently we taught the youngsters how to safely and aggressively keep submarines at the front end of the spear, but technology improvements have made it possible for them to do that with far fewer submarines and submariners than we could ever have imagined.

Feeling feeble and proud at the same time is a confusing state of mind not only for us, but it must also be bothering many old flyboys and soldiers in the same boat with us (so to speak) too.

The USAF now has a MOP (not incorrect terminology for a swab):

"The world's most expensive aircraft [\$2 billion] has a devastating new bomb that may yet end North Korea's [or Iran's] nuclear pretensions. Whiteman Air Force Base in Missouri, is where the B-2 Spirit stealth bombers are based but the B-2 flies combat missions across the planet ...much of the detail of how the B-2 gets to and from its targets, undetected by radar, remains secret...it remains the most capable weapons platform on Earth. ... its unique role - to kick down the door at the beginning of a war, clandestinely taking out radar installations and air-defense batteries and ensuring control of enemy airspace. Unlike other American bombers, the B-2 would do this without being seen by radar.

Brigadier General Robert Wheeler, commanding officer of the 509th Bomb Wing – "...there's virtually no target in the world that we cannot hit, and if the National Command Authority (the U.S. President and Secretary of Defense), in conjunction with our allies, decide that we have to take something out, it's gonna happen - and nobody can stop that.

Back in 1995, the B-2's manufacturer, Northrop Grumman, had offered to build a further 20 B-2s at a 'flyaway price' of \$566 million each. The U.S. government did not take Northrop up on their offer, and the production lines were closed down. Yet the current upgrades show that the B-2 is only perhaps now coming of age. Halting production may come to be seen as one of the shortest-sighted decisions in the history of military aviation.

*... The latest stage of the B-2's evolution will see it carry the new **Massive Ordnance Penetrator (MOP)**. The 30,000 lb precision-guided 'bunker-buster' bomb, 20 ft long, is designed to blast through 200m of reinforced concrete and destroy buried targets.*

Today's smart bombs are guided to targets by GPS and laser targeting, so the mission commander will 'fly' the B-2 by punching target information into the computers, which will then steer the aircraft to the right place from which to launch its weapons at the target.

Meanwhile for the grunt on the ground, a new rifle may make the enemy's tactic of shooting from behind a wall a bit obsolete:

The XM25, from Alliant Techsystems, has been doled out to combat units in Afghanistan earlier this month. The 12-pound, 29-inch system, which costs up to \$35,000 per unit, is so sophisticated that soldiers are proficient users literally within minutes.

Now the enemy can run, but he can't hide.

The XM25 Counter Defilade Target Engagement System, a high-tech rifle that can be programmed so that its 25-mm. ammunition detonates either in front of or behind a target, meaning it can be fired just above a wall before it explodes and kills the enemy.

It also has a range of roughly 2,300 feet -- nearly the length of eight football fields -- making it possible to fire at targets well past the range of today's rifles and carbines. . . a "game-changer" that it'll lead to new ways of fighting on the battlefield...we take away cover from [enemy targets] forever. The only thing we can see [enemies] being able to do is run away... much easier for U.S. troops to put them in their sights, either with XM25 or another direct-fire weapon.... and our soldiers can stay behind sandbags, walls or rocks, which provides them protection from fire."

Once the round leaves the barrel, a computer chip inside the projectile communicates exactly how far it has traveled, allowing for precise detonation behind or ahead of any target.

...the time it takes to laze, aim and fire the weapon, the round will reach its target in a "second or two," meaning the entire process from aiming to direct hit lasts less than 10 seconds, compared to 10 minutes or longer for traditional mortar fire.

SCENARIO:

-- A patrol encounters an enemy combatant in a walled Afghan village who fires an AK-47 intermittently from behind cover, exposing himself only for a brief second to fire.

-- The patrol's leader calls for the XM25 gunman, who uses the weapon's laser range finder to calculate the distance to the target.

-- He then uses an incremental button located near the trigger to add 1 meter to the round's distance, since the enemy is hiding behind a wall.

-- The round is fired, and it explodes with a blast comparable to a hand grenade past the wall and above the enemy.

... the Army plans to purchase at least 12,500 XM25 systems beginning next year -- enough for one system in each infantry squad and Special Forces team.

USS TILEFISH (SS307) KOREAN WAR INCIDENT

The submarine force is unique in that all personnel are volunteers. This is one of the reasons this duty is so enjoyable. In our day to day contact and work we associate with highly educated, motivated men who always put forth their best effort. This story which occurred off Japan during the Korean War on the USS TILEFISH will give you an insight into the kind of men we have in the submarine force.

On this occasion TILEFISH, which was a World War II class submarine not even fitted with a snorkel, was proceeding from an extended surveillance patrol to Yokosuka, Japan. All hands were anxious to return to port as the ship had been at sea for over eight weeks. TILEFISH was running on the surface that night. The sea was rough and getting rougher with the wind intensity building up. The wind and seas were from astern so the OOD was carefully watching the seas so that if a wave of sufficient height overtook the ship he could shut the main air induction for the diesel engines and the conning tower hatch. If he did this, even though waves might wash over the bridge and superstructure, water would still not flood into the conning tower and engine room.

In addition to using two engines for ship propulsion, a third engine was charging batteries on an extended charge. About 0200, with a wind intensity of 60 to 80 knots, (later determined to be a typhoon) a towering wave started washing over the main deck aft. Alert to

the situation, the OOD ordered the main induction and conning tower hatch shut. His orders were swiftly executed, so fast in fact that the diesel engines pulled about a 3 inch vacuum in the boat before they were secured. None too soon, though, for the wave completely submerged the ship and heeled it 35 degrees to port where it hung for about 30 seconds. The force of the roll broke the retaining latch to the main disconnect switch for the forward battery, and allowed the switch to fall open. As chance would have it, excitation for the main propulsion motors was being supplied through this switch, so its opening caused the ship to lose propulsion.

To further aggravate the situation, the reduction of ventilation caused by stopping the engines coupled with the 3 inch vacuum in the boat allowed hydrogen bubbles in the batteries being charged to be released and the hydrogen meters pegged upscale, indicating a combustible and possibly explosive concentration of hydrogen in the battery ventilation system.

As the wave passed on over the ship and with the ship still listing to port the OOD counted his lookouts and found one missing. He must have been washed overboard! The word being passed on the general announcing system "Man Overboard" added to the number of things which must be done to recover from these casualties.

In Chief Quarters the Chief of the Boat was donning his life jacket and getting ready to proceed topside to his man overboard station. The Chief Quartermaster, an individual well versed in sea states and high seas, concerned about the seemingly impossible task of even finding much less rescuing a man at night in such a sea state, said to the Chief of the Boat, "He's lost, he's lost – and they'll lose the men who go after him". The Chief of the Boat calmly extended his hand to him and said, "Good-bye, Woody".

This menu is from the 50's or early 60's (?). It is from the *Windjammer*, the PO Club (probably similar to prices at *EM Club Alliance*) in Yokosuka.

Anybody remember when Base Pay + Sub-Pay was just over \$100 combined? Life was rough! A Pepperoni Pizza and 22 Lucky Lagers wiped out a whole \$5.00 bill!

A beer in the *Starlight* or *White Hat Club* was really expensive at 100¥ (1/3 of a dollar). The young lady's Cherry drink usually started at 400¥, and she could likely out-drink you by 4-1.



HIGHBALLS	\$.25	LIQUEURS, BRANDIES, COGNACS and COCKTAILS... \$.25
BECK'S.....	.25	CARLING20
HEINEKEN.....	.25	HAMM'S20
SWAN25	LUCKY LAGER20
SANMIGUEL20	MILLER'S HIGH LIFE20
BUDWEISER20	OLYMPIA20
BURGERMEISTER20	SCHLITZ20
FALSTAFF20	PABST20

DRINKS MUST BE CONSUMED BEFORE ORDERING NEXT DRINK

ALL CIGARETTES: .10	LARGE PIZZA PIE	50¢
	CHEESE	60¢
	PEPPERONI	75¢
	MUSH ROOM	90¢
	COMBINATION	

10¢ EXTRA CHARGE FOR TAKE OUT ORDER



HOT		SANDWICHES TO ORDER		COLD	
S-1 GRILLED FRANKFURTER \$.15	S-14 ROAST BEEF	\$.30	S-15 ROAST TURKEY25
S-2 HAMBURGER25	S-16 HAM20	S-17 CHEESE10
S-3 HAMBURGER DELUXE30	S-18 BACON, LETTUCE & TOMATO20	S-19 LETTUCE & TOMATO15
S-4 CHEESE BURGER30	S-20 HAM & CHEESE25	S-21 CHEESE & SALAMI15
S-5 GRILLED HAM20	S-22 CHICKEN SALAD15	S-23 TUNA SALAD15
S-6 TENDERIZED STEAK35	S-24 FRENCH FRIED POTATOES10		
S-7 HAM & EGG25				
S-8 BACON & EGG25				
S-9 FRIED EGG15				
S-10 MINUTE STEAK & EGG40				
S-11 GRILLED CHEESE10				

CHEF'S SPECIALS TO ORDER

S-25 MEXICAN STYLE TACOS...	.30	S-27 CHINESE CHICKEN25
S-26 BEEF SHISH KABOBS.....	.30	S-28 PICKLED EGGS (2).....	.15


SANDWICH BAR SERVICE: OPENING TIME TO 2300 DAILY


I think that this Chief, who incidentally was later commissioned, should give you an insight into submarine personnel. In the midst of a compound casualty, willing and eager to risk his life to save a shipmate – he still had a sense of humor.


Fortunately there was a happy ending to this story. The lookout, although washed off the bridge, was dangling over the side still held fast to the ship by his life belt. As the ship righted he was pulled back to the bridge – while all hands below decks went about the job of repairing the casualty which was done in short order.

Gil Shaddock

Eternal Patrol

 Stephen L. Shelby, 69, of Aiea, Hawaii a retired data analyst and Navy veteran, died 28 Mar 2010. He was born in New York City. He is survived by wife Phyllis Moore-Shelby, son Kevin, daughter Kim Harmon and four grandchildren. He qualified enlisted on the Sabalo as IC3 ['59-'60]. After Nuclear training he later graduated college and became an officer. He qualified gold on John Marshall SSBN 611B.

 Bernal Avery "Buzz" Stevens, of Beaverton, OR died 9 Jan 2010, was aboard Sabalo ['56-59]. He came aboard as QMSA and left as QM3(SS).

 "I am sorry but Wayne Bushman ['59-60 on Sabalo] passed away on 18 September, 2010. Just thought you might want to know. Mrs. Bushman.

The New Weapons of Operation Odyssey Dawn from DefenseTech, March 21

The opening salvos of Operation Odyssey Dawn not only harkened the return of high-end fights not seen in years, they also served as the combat debut for several new weapons that didn't exist the last time the West kicked off a similar adventure.

First, let's look at the modified Ohio class ballistic missile submarine USS Florida, now dubbed a guided missile submarine or SSGN. Florida was one of three subs and two destroyers firing cruise missiles at Libyan air defense sites and command and control centers at the very beginning of the campaign on Saturday.

Florida and her sister ships USS Ohio, USS Michigan and USS Georgia all started life as Ohio class ballistic missile subs carrying 24 Trident nuclear missiles. Over the last ten years however, the four boats were stripped of their nuclear missiles and 22 of their 24 launch tubes were reconfigured to carry as many as 154 of the much smaller Tomahawk Cruise missiles in circular canisters. The remaining two tubes were converted into wet-lockers meant to launch a team of Navy SEALs and their gear underwater. Those two lockers can even be used to launch remotely operated vehicles. Odyssey Dawn marks the first time the new SSGNs have fired the Tomahawks in anger.

Speaking of Tomahawks, this campaign is the first time the Tomahawk Block IV or TLAM-E has been used against real targets. Both British and American ships carry this latest variant of the near-30 year-old cruise missile. The Block IV has datalinks allowing commanders to have it rerouted in-flight, take pictures of a target area and send them back to command centers and even loiter for a while over a target.

The fighting is also the combat debut of the Eurofighter Typhoons that the Royal Air Force has deployed to participate in the action. The jets are among the most advanced fighters flown by European air forces and can be used for everything from air superiority to ground attack missions.

The Navy's newest electronic warfare aircraft, the EA-18G Growler also made its combat debut, working to jam Libyan communications and radars while supporting Marine Corps AV-8B Harrier jump jets as they took out Libyan tanks. So, a quick recap of the weapons that made their combat debut this week:

- The guided missile submarine, USS Florida (SSGN-728)
- The Block IV Tomahawk cruise missile AKA TLAM-E
- The Eurofighter Typhoon jet.
- The EA-18G Growler electronic warfare plane

Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges no dues for membership , for the quarterly newsletter or other operational expenses. The Association's founder, Jeff Owens, spent many, many hours collecting data on all USS Sabalo shipmates over the years, and the Clever Boy newsletter now reaches over 450 (SS-302) Veterans . Jeff's data was obtained from sources like USSVI, hundreds of phone calls and/or postcards, micro-fiche, etc. and then painstakingly transferred from stacks of 3X5 cards to the database from which this issue was addressed. The "Thank You" on page 2 is to those Sabalo shipmates who contributed to the cost of publishing *Clever Boy* for those of our shipmates who can't access a copy online.

The bulk of the work has been done, but each change of address will cost either the editor of Clever Boy or Jeff at least half an hour's work—usually two or three times that for each of us—if we have to handle misdirected rejects. Please help us keep the following records up to date.

Name: _____ Low/Highest Rank/Rate on Sabalo: _____
 Address: _____
 Home Phone: _____ Cell Phone: _____ Date Of Birth: _____ Spouse/next of kin: _____
 Years on Sabalo (Month, if known): _____ to _____
 Qual Boat/Year: _____ USSVI Base: _____ Retired (Y/N, Yr): _____
 E-Mail Address: _____ Home Town: _____

Footnotes:

- UQC** –An underwater telephone (AKA *Gertrude*). Sabalo's voice call-sign was Clever Boy
- NTINS** –Now This Is No Sh*t. (As opposed to Nursery rhymes, which begin with ' Once upon a time...')
- TBT** - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)