



Let us know if you're going to the: USSVI 2012 National Convention, in Norfolk, VA Sept 3-8 2012: No namelist means there can be no planning and no arrangements! Ok to change your mind, but if you think you're likely to go, call, email or just tell somebody! See page 2 for contact info.

You can view all of the past newsletters on our web site from: <http://usssabalo.org/RN-Clever%20Boy%20Index.html>

Also, be sure to check the rosters for your shipmates, and establish communication with them. RonG

•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 and Postage is our biggest expense. In all sincerity, it I consider it an honor to to print, collate, fold, staple, address, stamp and mail 112 copies of this issue—but like all submariners, if there's an easier way.... [Ed]



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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:
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To:

To our 32 generous Publication Donors: Thank You!

If you're one of the 120 men who receive *Clever Boy* thru the P.O. feel free to send these guys a note of thanks via the Mailbag — they exemplify the spirit of our Brotherhood and deserve our gratitude!

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From the Tomato Basket

The USSVI NATIONAL CONVENTION in NORFOLK

Sep 2 to Sep 9 2012 at the Marriott Hotel Waterside, Norfolk VA

To date only four men (other than Ron and myself) have signed up for a Sabalo function. Many eastern U.S. Residents, in the past, gave travel time and distance as the reason they couldn't make it to Sabalo reunions. Shipmates- it probably won't be closer in our lifetime, so now is the time to make a decision. To make suitable arrangements and reservations, the tentative deadline date is **1 June**. You can view all the main convention details on the USSVI web site: ussvi.org and click on the 'Conventions' tab (or call me for info). Additionally, any details about our own plans can be viewed on the Sabalo site. My personal plan is to represent my USSVI base at "Fleet Night" on the 2nd to connect with any crew from the USS Scranton (if she's in port). I can make arrangements for a Sabalo event and hospitality suite for anytime on the 2nd-4th. I will not be attending the full convention— elk hunting in Colorado leaving on the 6th from my home in Pennsylvania. However, if anyone will volunteer to host further activities, that can be worked into a plan.

It will be a great time, and maybe the sole opportunity for fellowship with some of you who haven't made it in the past, or to renew friendships and remember past good times with previous reunion attendees.

Sabalo Database revisions

The process of creating a complete list of Sabalo veterans has undergone a lot of changes since it began sometime in 1999. Some changes are a result of technology, and my learning its applications. In the beginning the easiest way to keep track of addresses and men's information was 3 x 5 index cards. How rudimentary that seems now using MS Excel to keep all of the data accessible and updated. There were some rough stepping stones to get to where we now keep the data and distribute *Clever Boy*.

Recently the number of men listed as having served aboard Sabalo took a jump in number from 1,285 to 1,398 as a result of list review, recount, and some new data coming from USSVI. Some men may have been TAD or aboard for only a short op, but integrated into the database.

Other changes came about as various bulk sources of data were discovered including a visit to the National Archives in 2006. The process of fully populating all of the data from my card files and mini-files for each man into our Excel worksheets is still in process, and hopefully this will make future updates easier.

The list remains incomplete however. I have mentioned in the past the difficulty with service members after 1970 who didn't get service numbers because the alternative use of social security numbers was instituted, and then later that was discovered to be a bad idea. A trip to the Naval Historical Center to directly research this time frame is necessary because the service info of men who used SSA nos. has not

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been released to the National Archives. Additionally, even with 3 ½ days of gathering data from hard-to-read microfiche, many quarterly muster reports were skipped due to time constraints. I hope a 100% account of all Sabalo vets will be accomplished.

Adding names and basic information is only the first part of the process; keeping each man's addresses current is no small task.

Ron refers to this maintenance as, "Herding Cats." Cows herd, and horses herd, but cats have a mind of their own. You can all help by checking the web site and remembering to update us with any contact info changes; a shipmate reported he hadn't been receiving the newsletter. His correct address was on the web site, but not the database. Ron and I continue and hopefully, there's enough time in this life for success. Jeff



Thru the TBT: Lest I be accused of whining over the current deterioration of our beloved Navy by publishing negative articles, I have a short personal story to tell, which you—and only very few of my other friends—will really understand.

But, before I tell my little tale, here's what's in this issue: The first item (heavily-edited...grinding my teeth all the while) is from *SecNav* describing the 21st Century politically-correct Navy; next is *Breaking the Wrong Record*, an unedited article which describes some results of *improvements* initiated by our leaders. Then comes a little Dex Armstrong for perspective, and finally, an anonymous, but great, article comparing our Navy with today's. The rest is just a mix of whatever interested me, and which I hope you will enjoy reading.

Now my little story: A about 0745 a few mornings ago, I was walking Mary Ann across the 2nd floor bridge from one Balboa Hospital building to another when I saw two wheelchairs racing across the patio below; curious, I stopped and leaned over the rail to watch. (Marines, I guessed, because their cammies weren't blue). One guy was missing a leg, and the other had had both legs amputated. They circled around each other once, aligned their chairs carefully, and then just put their hands in their laps and sat. Strange behavior, I thought; then I noticed that they had squared their chairs to the flagpole a few yards away. When I finally realized that they were there for morning colors, the tears came gushing down my cheeks. Mary Ann was alarmed, but all I could do was mumble, "they're better men than I ever was...."

These two Marine brothers were at Tripoli and Mt. Suribachi just as surely as we Dolphin-wearers sailed in the wake of Morton and O'Kane. Perhaps, as their numbers spread throughout the population, they will eventually teach our civilian leaders the difference between Honor and subservience. Ooh-rah! **VR, RonG**

CHEER UP SHIPMATES:

One night at Cheers, Cliff Calvin explained the "Buffalo Theory" to his buddy Norm:

"Well, ya see, Norm, it's like this. A herd of buffalo can only move as fast as the slowest buffalo. And when the herd is hunted, it is the slowest and weakest ones

at the back that are killed first. This natural selection is good for the herd as a whole, because the general speed and health of the whole group keeps improving by the regular killing of the weakest members! ; In much the same way, the human brain can only operate as fast as the slowest brain cells. Excessive intake

of alcohol, as we know, kills brain cells. But naturally, it attacks the slowest and weakest brain cells first. In this way, regular consumption of beer eliminates the weaker brain cells, making the brain a faster and more efficient machine! That's why you always feel smarter after a few beers."

Secretary of the Navy Announces 21st Century Sailor and Marine Initiative (21CSMI)

Release Date: 3/5/2012 [To read more from the Secretary of the Navy, visit www.navy.mil/secnav.]

Secretary of the Navy Public Affairs . . . A new initiative will include breathalyzer tests when Sailors stationed on-board ships, submarines and at squadrons report for duty and randomly elsewhere to reduce the occurrence of alcohol related incidents that can end careers and sometimes end lives . . . ensuring the readiness of our Sailors and Marines in the safest and most secure force in the department's history. The Department of the Navy (DoN) continues to work aggressively to prevent sexual assaults, to support sexual assault victims, and to hold offenders accountable . . . the Bystander Intervention (BI) course, part of the Navy's Sexual Assault Prevention and Response (SAPR) program . . . is intended to educate Sailors that, as bystanders, they have the power - and responsibility - to intervene in a potentially harmful situation, regardless of rank

Every day Sailors and Marines do a great job of managing risks on-duty . . . the safest in terms of operational fatalities. Under the 21st Century Sailor and Marine area of safety, DoN will continue stressing the same operational risk management (ORM) skills to their off-duty activities.

Statistically, the most dangerous thing Sailors and Ma-

rines do every day is . . . driving a personal motor vehicle. The Naval Safety Center has tools and resources available to help train Sailors and Marines - particularly those under the age of 25 who are statistically much more likely to be killed or injured behind the wheel. One of the tools is the travel risk planning system (TRiPS), an on-line, automated risk-assessment tool that Sailors and Marines use before they go on liberty or leave, driving outside command travel limits. The system helps them recognize - and avoid - the hazards they may face on the highway . . .

The Navy continues to build a culture of fitness as part of the physical fitness area, by urging . . . the "Fueled to Fight" program fleetwide . . . nutrition strategy to increase high quality fuel (food, drink) fleetwide to meet the warfighter's nutrition needs. .Secretary Mabus is moving the DoN to be smoke-free by choice with a continued education campaign on the hazards . . . access to cessation tools and ending discounts for cigarettes in Navy Exchanges . . . prices up to 100 percent market pricing . . .

A new DoN Diversity Office . . . will leverage, coordinate and formalize ongoing efforts . . .

"21CSMI is focused on the whole life of the individual and . . . family. When . . . military ends whether it is after four years or forty, we want your productive life to continue and for you to leave the service in better health, more trained and better educated than when you came in."

U.S. Navy Breaks The Wrong Record

by [James Dunnigan](#) January 20, 2012

The [U.S. Navy](#) broke a record in 2011, as it relieved (removed from their job) 35 senior commanders. Worse yet, 27 of them were commanding or executive officers on ships. This was higher than the previous record year, 2003, when 23 were relieved. Since the end of the Cold War in 1991 the U.S. [Navy](#) has been experiencing a larger number of warship captains and other senior naval commanders getting relieved. It's currently over five percent of ship captains a year. At the end of the Cold War, in the late 1980s, the rate was about 3-4 percent a year. So why has the relief rate gone up? And why hasn't the navy been able to do anything to reverse this two decade long trend?

There appears to be a number of reasons for this, some of them new and unique, often having to do with the growth of political correctness. But most of the other reliefs appeared to be traceable to the rating system (where commanders evaluate their subordinates each year). Obviously, too many unqualified officers are getting promoted to commands they cannot handle. Seeking a solution, the navy queried commanders for new ideas for the evaluation system. One of the more interesting ones was to hold commanders responsible for their evaluations. Thus, when a commander was up for promotion one of the items considered would be the accuracy of their past evaluations. After all, the higher your rank, the more important it is for you to pick the right people for promotion. The navy has also looked at how corporations handle this evaluation process and discovered that it was common to poll subordinates for evaluations as well. The navy was aware that some commanders consult senior NCOs (chiefs) on evaluations. Chiefs have a lot of experience and see officers a bit differently than more senior officers.

Another problem was a major modification, two decades ago, in these fitness reports in which written comments on many aspects of an officer evaluation were changed to a 1-5 ranking system. The new method also forced raters to rank all their subordinates against each other. This was unfair to a bunch of high performing officers who happened to be serving together and being rated by the same commander.

Even more worrisome was the fact that only a small percentage of reliefs have to do with professional failings (a collision or serious accident, failing a major inspection, or just continued poor performance.) Most reliefs were, and still are, for adultery, drunkenness, or theft. Or, in one case, telling jokes that sailors enjoyed but some politicians didn't.

With more women aboard warships there have been more reliefs for, as sailors like to put it, "zipper failure". Typically, these reliefs include phrases pointing out that the disgraced officer, "acted in an unprofessional manner toward several crew members that was inappropriate, im-

proper, and unduly familiar". Such "familiarity" usually includes sex with subordinates and a captain who is having zipper control problems often has other shortcomings as well. Senior commanders traditionally act prudently and relieve a ship commander who demonstrates a pattern of minor problems and who they "lack confidence in".

Most [naval](#) officers see the problem not of too many captains being relieved but of too many unqualified officers getting command of ships in the first place. Not every naval officer qualified for ship command gets one. The competition for ship commands is pretty intense. This, despite the fact that officers know that whatever goes wrong on the ship the captain is responsible.

It's a hard slog for a new ensign (officer rank O-1) to make it to a ship command. For every hundred ensigns entering service, only 11 of those ensigns will make it to O-6 (captain) and get a major seagoing command (cruiser, destroyer, squadron). Officers who do well commanding a ship will often get to do it two or three times before they retire after about 30 years of service.

But with all this screening and winnowing why are more unqualified officers getting to command ships, and then getting relieved because they can't hack it? Some point to the growing popularity of "mentoring" by senior officers (that smaller percentage that makes it to admiral). While the navy uses a board of officers to decide which officers get ship commands the enthusiastic recommendation of one or more admirals does count. Perhaps it counts too much. While the navy is still quick to relieve any ship commander that screws up (one naval "tradition" that should never be tampered with), up until that point it is prudent not to offend any admirals by implying that their judgment of "up and coming talent" is faulty. In the aftermath of these reliefs, it often becomes known that the relieved captain had a long record of problems. But because he was "blessed" by one or more admirals these infractions were overlooked. The golden boys tend to be very personable and, well, look good. The navy promotion system is organized to rise above such superficial characteristics but apparently the power, and misuse of mentoring, has increasingly corrupted the process.

And then there is the problem with the chiefs, history, and zero tolerance. Asking the chiefs (Chief Petty Officers, the senior NCOs who supervise the sailors) might provide some illumination about officer potential. Unfortunately, over the last decade officers have been less inclined to ask their chiefs much. The "zero tolerance" atmosphere that has permeated the navy since the end of the Cold War has led officers to take direct control of supervisory duties the chiefs used to handle. The chiefs have lost a lot of their influence, responsibility, and power.

The problem is that, with "zero tolerance" one mistake can destroy a career. This was not the case in the past.

Many of the outstanding admirals of World War II would have never survived in today's navy. For example, Bill "Bull" Halsey ran his destroyer aground during World War I, but his career survived the incident. That is no longer the case. It's also well to remember that, once World War II began, there was a massive removal of peacetime commanders from ships. The peacetime evaluation system selected officers who were well qualified to command ships in peacetime but not in wartime. Same pattern with admirals.

Another problem is that officers don't spend as much time at sea, or in command, as in the past. A lot of time is spent going to school and away from the chiefs and sailors. For example, while the navy had more ships in the 1930s than it does today, there were fewer people in the navy. That's because back then 80 percent of navy personnel were assigned to a ship and had plenty of time to learn how to keep it clean and operational. With that much less practical experience it's understandable that more captains would prove unable to do the job.

NTINS

Navy Chief Petty Officers

Dex Armstrong

One thing we weren't aware of at the time, but became evident as life wore on, was that we learned true leadership from the finest examples any lad was ever given, Chief Petty Officers. They were crusty old bastards who had done it all and had been forged into men who had been time tested over more years than a lot of us had time on the planet. The ones I remember wore hydraulic oil stained hats with scratched and dinged-up insignia, faded shirts, some with a Bull Durham tag dangling out of their right-hand pocket or a pipe and tobacco reloads in a worn leather pouch in their hip pockets, and a Zippo that had been everywhere. Some of them came with tattoos on their forearms that would force them to keep their cuffs buttoned at a Methodist picnic.

Most of them were as tough as a boarding house steak. A quality required to survive the life they lived. They were, and always will be, a breed apart from all other residents of Mother Earth. They took eighteen year old idiots and hammered the stupid bastards into sailors.

You knew instinctively it had to be hell on earth to have been born a Chief's kid. God should have given all sons born to Chiefs a return option.

A Chief didn't have to command respect. He got it because there was nothing else you could give them. They were God's designated hitters on earth.

We had Chiefs with fully loaded Submarine Combat Patrol Pins, and combat air crew wings in my day...hard-core bastards who remembered lost mates, and still cursed the cause of their loss...and they were expert at choosing descriptive adjectives and nouns, none of which their mothers would not have endorsed.

At the rare times you saw a Chief topside in dress canvas, you saw rows of hard-earned, worn and faded ribbons over his pocket. "Hey Chief, what's that one and that one?" "Oh hell kid, I can't remember. There was a war on. They gave them to us to keep track of the campaigns." "We didn't get a lot of news out where we were. To be honest, we just took their word for it. Hell son, you couldn't pronounce most of the names of the places we went. They're all depth charge survival geedunk." "Listen kid, ribbons don't make you a Sailor." We knew who the heroes were, and in the final analysis that's all that matters.

Many nights, we sat in the after mess deck wrapping ourselves around cups of coffee and listening to their stories. They were light-hearted stories about warm beer shared with their running mates in corrugated metal sheds at resupply

depots where the only furniture was a few packing crates and a couple of Coleman lamps. Standing in line at a Honolulu cathouse or spending three hours soaking in a tub in Freemantle, smoking cigars, and getting loaded. It was our history. And we dreamed of being just like them because they were our heroes. When they accepted you as their shipmate, it was the highest honor you would ever receive in your life. At least it was clearly that for me. They were not men given to the prerogatives of their position.

You would find them with their sleeves rolled up, shoulder-to-shoulder with you in a stores loading party. "Hey Chief, no need for you to be out here tossin' crates in the rain, we can get all this crap aboard."

"Son, the term 'All hands' means all hands."

"Yeah Chief, but you're no damn kid anymore, you old coot." "Horsefly, when I'm eighty-five parked in the stove up old bastards' home, I'll still be able to kick your worthless butt from here to fifty feet past the screw guards along with six of your closest friends." And he probably wasn't bullshitting.

They trained us. Not only us, but hundreds more just like us. If it wasn't for Chief Petty Officers, there wouldn't be any U.S. Navy. There wasn't any fairy godmother who lived in a hollow tree in the enchanted forest who could wave her magic wand and create a Chief Petty Officer.

They were born as hot-sacking seamen, and matured like good whiskey in steel hulls over many years. Nothing a nineteen year-old jay-bird could cook up was original to these old saltwater owls. They had seen E-3 jerks come and go for so many years; they could read you like a book. "Son, I know what you are thinking. Just one word of advice. DON'T. It won't be worth it."

"Aye, Chief."

Chiefs aren't the kind of guys you thank. Monkeys at the zoo don't spend a lot of time thanking the guy who makes them do tricks for peanuts.

Appreciation of what they did, and who they were, comes with long distance retrospect. No young lad takes time to recognize the worth of his leadership. That comes later when you have experienced poor leadership or let's say, when you have the maturity to recognize what leaders should be, you find that Chiefs are the standard by which you measure all others.

They had no Academy rings to get scratched up. They butchered the King's English. They had become educated at the other end of an anchor chain from Copenhagen to

Singapore . They had given their entire lives to the U.S. Navy. In the progression of the nobility of employment, Chief Petty Officer heads the list. So, when we ultimately get our final duty station assignments and we get to wherever the big Chief of Naval Operations in the sky assigns us, if we are lucky, Marines will be guarding the streets. I don't know about that Marine propaganda bullshit, but there will be an old Chief in an oil-stained hat and a cigar stub clenched in his teeth standing at the brow to assign us our bunks and tell us where to

stow our gear... and we will all be young again, and the damn coffee will float a rock.

Life fixes it so that by the time a stupid kid grows old enough and smart enough to recognize who he should have thanked along the way, he no longer can. If I could, I would thank my old Chiefs. If you only knew what you succeeded in pounding into this thick skull, you would be amazed. So, thanks you old casehardened unsalvageable sons-of-bitches. Save me a rack in the berthing compartment."

The Navy

[Great anonymous writer who would have made a good submariner. To read the entire article, just google "The Navy everybody smoked" — you'll find several places to read the whole thing; it's worth the time.]

... Everybody smoked. Everybody drank beer. Everybody had a disgustingly nasty coffee cup. Everybody cussed, except when the chaplain or some officer's wife was around. You did your job, and if you were good at it, you got pay increases through promotions. You pissed people off and didn't get the message, you stayed in the lower pay grades and got really good at handling brooms, trash cans, and scrub brushes.

... The Navy I joined had the old-fashioned Chiefs, those keepers of tradition, guardians of ancient lore, solvers of problems ... those grouchy, irascible, sarcastic, but indispensable guys who'd been around longer than anybody else on the ship, except maybe the Captain. They knew where everything was, how everything worked, what everything was for, and who was responsible for what.

... Chief's primary duties were making sailors out of farm kids and smartalecs and goldbricks and Mama's boys, showing them the skills and qualities required for them to fill his shoes when the time came for him to retire his coffee cup. The Chief nominally reported to a young butterbar whom he had the awesome challenge of transforming into a leader of those other young men he was making sailors of.

... Today ... Chief no longer has that special relationship with CO/ XO ... As soon as he shifts into khakis, he enters a confusing political arena of Senior Chiefs, Master Chiefs, Warrant Officers, and LDOs all doing what the Chief used to do. He's simply gone from technician to supervisor, and his initiation has become as watered down as his authority.

... Various initiations served the purpose of reminding every member of the crew that new experiences, new threats, new life-altering events could bring even the proudest and strongest to his knees. And when the purging was over, the initiates were welcomed as brothers, tougher than before because of what they'd learned they could withstand if necessary.

... But it was a good Navy, a Navy that won wars, intimidated dictators, brought relief to victims in faraway lands, had fun, and proudly carried the flag. And I loved it. But I'm not entirely sure that what we have today is the natural child of that generation.

... In 1960 if you got drunk on liberty, your shipmates got you back to your rack and woke you up in time for you to

make morning quarters. If you found yourself in jail, the Chief or your DivOff would bail you out and work with the local cops to fix whatever you broke, or stole, or lost, or insulted, or forgot to pay for.

... Today you get drunk and you wind up in a rehab facility with entries in your service jacket that'll haunt you for years.

... Today you act like a jerk and you wind up in a seminar, or a counseling center, or a psych ward and they load you up with a ton of paper that follows you until you abandon ship and go to work for IBM or AT&T or the local sanitation service.

... In 1960, when they were in schools or on shore duty, sailors lived in barracks and ate in chow halls.

... Students in today's Navy or sailors on shore duty live in ... dormitories ... and ... eat in "Dining Facilities" like debutahtes, and there aren't any grouchy old Navy cooks in the back stirring the pots or grumbling mess cooks scrubbing pans and swabbing decks.

... In 1960, sailors leaving the ship or station on liberty wore the uniform of the day ... Today's sailors wear cammies most of the time, and it's hard to find a sailor in dress uniform any more.

... In 1960 many officers had at least some experience in enlisted ranks or engines or management and were patriotic military men who commanded respect by understanding the jobs their personnel did and staying out of their way while they did them, then sending them on liberty when they got the job done. ... Many of today's officers are politicians who are afraid to say what's actually on their minds for fear of offending someone's delicate racial, ethnic, cultural, or religious sensitivities. They're generally much better at leaping to premature cover-my-six conclusions than making well-researched but tough decisions.

... In 1960 sailors went to night clubs and titty bars and kept pin-up pictures of girlfriends or movie stars in their lockers ... Today the girls go to sea with the guys and hope they bought the right brand of condom. Any sailor looking at a picture of a girl today is doing it either on his blackberry via e-mail or on a porn site with his laptop.

... In 1960 you got medals for doing something extraordinary, such as saving lives or preventing disasters or killing and capturing enemies in battle. ... Today many sailors get medals for not being late for work for more than 6 months at a stretch and never coming up positive on a random drug test.

... In 1960 many sailors were involved in collecting human and signals intelligence and analyzing it ... Today the MAAs collect urine and civilian contractor labs analyze it.

... In 1960 we had clear-cut rules of engagement and unambiguous descriptive names for our enemies. The basic rule of engagement was to wipe out the enemy by whatever means available, and we called them "Red Bastards" or "Commie Sonsabitches" or words our grandmothers wouldn't like to know ... Today we call people who want to destroy us, cut our heads off, enslave our women, end our way of life, "Aggressors" or "Combatants" or "Opposing Forces" or "Islamic Warriors" to avoid offending them. Our sailors are no longer allowed to kick ass and take names, only to Mirandize and make comfortable.

... The Navy I joined was easy to understand. It was organized and straightforward. The hard workers got the bennies and the shirkers got the brooms, and everybody in between was anonymous and safe so long as his shoes stayed shined and his hair never touched his ears or his collar. Chiefs ran the place and officers did the paperwork ... Anything a sailor needed to know, the Navy taught him, from tying knots to operating fire-control computers on 16-inch guns. A sailor never had to worry about what he was going to wear; that decision was made for him and published in the Plan of the Day, which was read every morning at quarters, usually by the Chief, the source of continuity, stability, and purpose

... Today a kid can't even get in the Navy unless he finished high school and has a clean record with law enforcement. He's expected to be keyboard literate from day 1, and he speaks a completely different language from what his Korean- or Viet-Nam-War grandfather spoke. ... The modern Navy doesn't keep people around to dump trashcans and scrub galleys and clean heads; that's done by civilian contractors. Today's suc-

cessful Navy non-com is a paper-chasing button pusher, not a sweat-stained commie killer.

... I think I liked the Navy that I joined better than the one we have today ... the capabilities we have now are wider, more sophisticated, more potentially effective. But they're more fragile, too, and techs can't even FIND the discreet components in a printed circuit board any more, much less actually isolate a bad one and replace it.

... I've let technology pass me by, willingly and completely. My skill set is anchored in tubes and resistors and 18-gauge wire and cathode-ray tubes and hand-held multi-meters and bench-mounted o-scopes that weighed 120 lbs. But still, I LIKE those old Chiefs with the pot bellies and the filthy coffee cups and the scarred knuckles and the can-do attitude backed up by years of hands-on experience, both on the job and in the bars all over the world.

... I LIKED guys like Harry Truman who weren't afraid to make hard choices and fire egomaniacs and take personal responsibility for their own decisions. ... Yes, we lived with the omnipresent fear of instant nuclear annihilation, mutually assured destruction, uncertainty about tomorrow, and all that. But it seemed that the government was on our side, that our country did good things throughout the world, that the US was the best place to live on the planet and our presidents didn't feel they had to apologize for a goddam thing to any goddam body.

... It's not so much that I want a do-over; I just want teachers, and senators, and taxi-drivers, and clerks, and college professors, and congressmen, and judges, and doctors, and kids growing up to see my country the way we all saw it in 1960 ... as a strong, charitable, fun-loving, loyal, don't-piss-me-off place with no patience for petty tyrants and loonies.

"When I read about the evils of drinking, I gave up reading."

Paul Horning

It Is Now A Six Pack

February 9, 2012: After a year of haggling, Germany has agreed to pay 20 percent of the cost of a sixth Dolphin class submarine for Israel, which was ordered a year ago. Two more Dolphins are under construction, and will arrive in the next two years. The sixth one should arrive in 2015. The first three arrived in 1998-2000. The new Dolphins cost about \$650 million each, with Germany picking up a third of the cost on two of them. The first two Dolphins were paid for by Germany, as was most of the cost of the third one. This is more of German reparations for World War II atrocities against Jews.

The three older boats have since been upgraded to include larger fuel capacity, converting more torpedo tubes to the larger 650mm size, and installing new electronics. The fuel and torpedo tube mods appear to have something to do with stationing the subs off the coast of Iran. Larger torpedo tubes allow the subs to

carry longer range missiles. The larger fuel capacity makes it easier to move Dolphins from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean. Although Israel has a naval base on the Red Sea, Egypt, until recently, had not allowed Israeli subs to use the Suez Canal. So the Dolphins were modified to go around Africa, if they had to. Currently the Dolphins can stay at sea for about 40 days (moving at about 14 kilometers an hour, on the surface, for up to 8,000 kilometers). Larger fuel capacity extends range to over 10,000 kilometers, and endurance to about 50 days.

The three Dolphins under construction have a fuel cell based (AIP, or Air Independent Propulsion) system which enable them to stay under water for over a week at a time. The Dolphins are also very quiet, and very difficult to hunt down and destroy. The first three Dolphins didn't have the AIP system.

Israel equipped its new Dolphin class submarines with nuclear cruise missiles in 2002. Israel also fitted

their 135 kilometer range Harpoon missiles with nuclear warheads. These missiles are fired from the sub's torpedo tubes. The 1,625 ton Dolphins can carry 16 torpedoes or missiles and have ten forward torpedo tubes (four of them the larger 650mm -26 inch- size). The Dolphins are considered the most modern non-nuclear subs in the world. The first three cost \$320 million each. All have a crew of 35 and can dive to a depth of more than 200 meters (660 feet). The Dolphin design is based on the German 209 class

subs, but has been so heavily modified that it is considered a different class.

The Israelis have developed a cruise missile, which has a range of 1,500 kilometers and carries a 200 kiloton nuclear warhead. The objective of deploying nukes on subs is to further enhance deterrence to any nation launching a nuclear strike against Israel. If one of the Dolphins is always at sea, even a first strike against Israel would not prevent a nuclear strike by submarine launched nukes.



Anybody know if Sabalo had names for her engines?

Razorback's F.M. engines had names in the 60's: #1 Miss Fit; #3 Miss Fortune; and #4 Miss Carriage; her Guppy IIa conversion resulted in: #2 Miss Ing

Top 5 Aerial Weapons That Could Change the Future of Warfare

by Buck Sexton Relying on the most advanced technology in the world, these hyper-advanced projectiles may outmaneuver, outrun, and outmatch America's foes around the globe, whenever the need arises.

1) The Mach-5 Cruise Missile

Hypersonic Mach 5 — clocking in at five times the speed of sound. The X-51 at hypersonic speed, moves so fast that it doesn't even need an explosive warhead. It's kinetic energy will shred through targets. Boeing tested the X-51, which flew at hypersonic speed for a few minutes after launching from a B-52 bomber. Though it fizzled early last June, there will be another trial in the months ahead.

2) "Super Decoy Drone"

The only defensive weapon that makes the list, this super decoy drone, called the Miniature Air Launched Decoy (MALD), is a distracting, annoying, weapons-jamming dynamo.

It's sort of like a flying JarJar Binks that soaks up all the enemies' attention and firepower. David Axe of Wired gives the specs and mission of the MALD as a: "300-pound, jet-powered 'bots that cruise for up to 500 miles, more or less inviting enemy defenders to unload their guns and missiles at them. Meanwhile, Air Force and Navy planes carrying anti-radiation missiles sneak around to destroy the enemy air defenses as they're busily killing the MALDs." The MALD's mission is a space-a version of the adage "take one for the team."

3) "Hyper Speed Bunker Buster"

Bad guys in Iran and North Korea are digging bunkers to hide their sensitive military sites like a horde of evil gophers.

This rocket-fueled bunker buster punches through the earth to obliterate anything underneath it.

The main draw here is the trade-off of size for speed. Instead of using huge, 2,000 lbs bombs that rely on weight and ordinance for the job, the hyper speed bunker busters use kinetic velocity. It's all about sheer speed.

4) "Triple-Target Terminator Missile"

It cannot be stopped. It does not feel pity. And it will chase down anything.

That pretty much describes the Triple-Target Terminator, in development by Darpa and missile-maker Raytheon. Meant as a "high-speed, long-range missile that can engage air, cruise-missile, and air-defense targets," this projectile is like the all-purpose utility player on a baseball team. This one is a little far off from seeing action. It's not easy to make a one size fits all ground, sea, air missile, but it would be cost effective, and has a scary name.

5) "Pocket-Sized" Precision Nukes

The JDAM— or Joint Direct Attack Munition— has been roaring down from the sky to obliterate America's enemies for years with symphony-like precision. Now, defense scientists are looking to make the nuclear bombs as close to JDAM accurate as they can. The B61, which has been America's main nuclear gravity bomb for decades, is getting a GPS upgrade. A more accurate nuke means explosive power can be scaled back as required. Just the thought of getting a mini-nuke through a window might make the axis of evil countries play a little nicer with the world community.

Mail Bag

- Dear Ron and Jeff, Received your newsletter. Thanks ever so much. It must be some job finding all those shipmates. I joined the Navy in 1941. Spent one year on BB42, USS Idaho. In Dec 1942 went to sub school, and in '43 was assigned to USS 183, Seal and made 2 patrols, went to Portsmouth and put USS Razorback in commission; made 5 patrols. In 1952 was assigned to USS Sabalo. Received medical discharge in 1953. I am living in Assisted Retirement Home 'till I expire. I lost my wife in 2010. Best regards to all, your shipmate, Curt (Curt A. Mast, EM1(SS) USN, (Ret) 10695 W 17 th Ave. Apt 116, Lakewood, Co. 80215-2780.
 - 4/13/2012: I just received a call from Vic Paterno concerning Cal Moon. It seems he had some dizziness yesterday and has been admitted to the hospital. Vic does not know the seriousness of this but will keep us informed. Ray Wewers
 - Aloha Ron, Start cycle #5 of chemo tomorrow 4/3 and the last one on 4/25. Got some good news from the Doc that the tumor is continuing to shrink. Except for immediately after chemo I'm feeling pretty good. Dave Follo
 - Thanks for printing the Newsletter on line. I served on the Sabalo from 1958 to November of 1960. At the time I was a 1st class Electrician. I retired in 1972 as MCPO from Charleston S.C after spending 14 years in submarine service. The Submarine Service was the part of the Navy as far as I am concerned. Yes please keep me on your email list. Let me know about the \$20.00 to join the Sabalo. I would love to come to the convention but that is my hunting season with my son and grandson. My wife and I will celebrate our 60th Wedding Anniversary on February 23, 1952. I have a couple of pictures taken aboard the Sabalo and will send them as soon as I can. Let me hear from you. A retired Shipmate Douglas MacCabe (SS)MCPO
 - 1/30/2012: James "Jimmy" Looby, 79 founder of the Horse and Cow. [I came to Sabalo just a few days before she left San Fran in '67, so I visited the H & C only once, but from tales I've heard many of you have memories of many escapades there. - Jeff.
 - Benjamin Heck: I served on **Sabalo** from Sept 1945 to Jan 1946. I qualified on SS-230 Finback in 1944 Thank you, Ben
 - "HI" Ron, Good Job! I did recently move...corrected contact information...
- Aboard. **Sabalo**:1960-62 Qual'd on Sabalo 1960 (during a 52-week N.Run) Retired from AT&T: General Manager, Sept.2005 Earl Meggison
- Checking in: DAUBER, Dieter G. (Legs) **Sabalo**: RM3(SS); 10-6-61 to 2-20-62
DOB 12-31-1939, Home Twn: Bremerhaven, Germany

Most boat owners name and register their boats. The most popular boat name requested? *Obsession*
[What's this got to do with submariners? I'll explain that as soon as I figure it out]

The Nooner

A submarine snipe named Homer divorced his wife because she'd always have a headache—or some other excuse—whenever his boat had returned to port. When he finally retired from the Navy and bought the farm he'd always dreamt of, Homer met and married Darlene who was several years younger, which wasn't a problem because Darlene, like Homer, just couldn't seem to get enough lovin'. In the morning, before Homer left the house for the fields, they made love. When Homer came back from the fields, they made love. And again at bedtime, they made love.

The problem was their nooner; it took Homer a half hour to travel home and another half hour to return to the fields and he just wasn't getting enough work done. Finally Homer asked an old Hospital Corpsman shipmate what to do.

"Homer," said Doc, "Just take your rifle out to the field with you and when you're in the mood, fire off a shot into the air. That will be Darlene's signal to come out to you. Then you won't lose any field time."

They tried the advice and it worked well for a while, but eventually, Homer had to get on the phone with the corpsman.

"What's wrong?" asked Doc. "Didn't my idea work?"

"Oh, it worked real good," said Homer. "Whenever I was in the mood, I fired off a shot like you said and Darlene'd come runnin'. We'd find a secluded place, make love, and then she'd go back home again."

"Good, Homer. So what's the problem?" asked Doc.

"I ain't seen her since huntin' season started."

There are two theories to arguing with a woman. Neither works. *Will Rodgers*

New **version of the Sabalo ship's patch** available— detailed dolphin insignia (silver) above Sabalo scroll. Artwork revision done with the original handiwork of 'Vinny' Venezia. Gold dolphins could be produced with a minimum order quantity: contact me and I'll keep a list to see if it would be economically feasible.

\$10 each - including postage

Great for your USSVI vest or souvenir, they are available for 10 bucks which includes US mail. The modest profit supports the monthly web site and communication costs. Jeff



NTINS:

USS Sabalo & Crew, having been on Yankee Station for more than 2 months now pulls into Hong Kong for 5 days. Shortly after tying up, the paymaster comes aboard. 2 month's pay even for the baggers was a goodly chunk of dough. The \$20 standby was forgotten.

I was in the duty section for the third day & was owed a standby, giving me all 5 days liberty. I soon found myself being offered \$100 to standby for an XX1 [Ed—"XY" substituted for rating to protect the innocent] explaining since there were 2 XY1's in his section, this was permissible.

Within 10 minutes of agreeing he was nowhere to be found. The traditional ball cap with pieces of paper was passed around, and I drew Shore Patrol, so at 6 PM I'm @ S.P. H.Q. getting belt & armband & partnered with a skimmer-type for duty.

About the third bar we checked out, I run into the guy I had stood by for. He had a girl under each arm, clearly enjoying himself & seeing me remarks, "I don't believe you got SP, you lucky SOB" to which I reply, "What is so lucky about SP?" and he says "You'll see."

Later my partner says "Well, it's about time to pack it in; I look at my watch: 11:45.

He had to be back shipside at 12:00. I hadn't thought about that.

Anyway, at S.P. HQ I'm returning my belt and armband the S.P. Duty Officer signs me out.

He told me, my duty being finished, to hit the beach. I did not need to be told twice & I still had in essence 5 days. Non fiction, per request. **Larry (Ernie) Hall.**

[Ed—In those days, I'd say that 2 month's pay was just about adequate for 5 days in the British Crown Colony.]

This is a partial list of known Sabalo vets for whom we have no US Post Office or email -address, or phone number. If you can add any info, please contact Jeff Owens, or Ron Gorence.

Albert, James G	Donovan, John Joseph	Husky, John Robert	Schachterle, Conrad R
Alley, William P.	Eastman, John L	Kirk, Harlow R	Seevell, Roger
Alonzo, Frederick L	Eppinette, Donald G	Landrum, Charles D	Shaw, Paul G
Arndt, Thomas C	Everton, Kenneth J	Legaspi, Jr, M. c.	Sherman, Alan R
Ash, Keith Leroy	Forsman, Ronald S	Leggett, David H	Spailer, John Lawrence
Beech, James E	Forsman, Wayne A	Lewis, John D	Spears, Sidney Leroy
Bessette, Eanest Th	Franklin, Randal	Logan, Jr, William C	Stephens, Robert H.
Birchmore, Jr, Henry H	Frazier, Kendall L	Long, Roger	Sumich, John E
Bishop, Jr, George W	Furchak, Jr, John	Loveland, Kenneth W.	Thompson, Harold A
Bouchard, Andre D	Gapilitan, Ricardo M	Lynch, Robert Forrest	Tolliver, Frederick K
Carlas, Antonio S	Greene, William H	Miltner, Gerald A	Urvin, Edward L
Capilitan, Ricardo	Giovannucci, Robert	Minard, James N	Villalobos, Pedro
Christian, Samuel L	Golladay, Denny D	Mullis, William H	Vincent, Robert B
Collins, John A	Grain, William S	O'Donnell, Peter F	Wallace, Francis T
Cone, Robert Howard	Gregorio, Rigelio P	Payne, Robert E	Wayte, Arthur M
Coon, Jr, William J	Gregory, William T	Perkins, Robert D	Whitehead, Jackie E
Corpus, Mauro	Harris, Jackie L	Pointer, Daniel R	Winkler, Frederick J
Crain, William S.	Harsh, Kenneth C	Purtilo, David P	Count (Jan) = 88
Crossley, Richard J	Haynes, David J.	Reed, Jack D	This issue = 85
Cummings, Edward	Hensley, Robert J	Reidell, W	
Dadas, Narcisco Felix	Higgins, Byron Robert	Reilly, David M	
Debick, Thomas Andrew	Honore, Palmer J	Reyes, M.	
Decker, Jerry Lynn	Huckfeldt, Larry W	Rice, Lester J	
Deguzman, Ricardo D	Humphrey, Ronald J	Ross, Martin	
Diosomito, E. j.	Huntington, William F	Sanares, Olympio P	

Lined-out = contact information found
Red = New additions with no address/email



International Submariners Association

2012 ISA Convention in Kiev, Ukraine

Sept 21-24, 2012

- Thursday September 20 — 1900 (7:00 PM) Evening cocktails & socializing with other guests. [Ed: no ending time for this event. It could be fun]
- Friday September 21—08:00— Breakfast; Transportation to Congress Park of Glory; Wreath Laying at Glory Park on the Dnieper River w/views of Kiev; Lunch & tour of the Dnieper River by boat; Opening Ceremony of the Congress including statements from each delegation, Holiday Concert & Gala Dinner.
- Saturday, September 22—08:00—09:30 Breakfast; Transportation to Kiev-Pechersk Lavra, this is the first of the Monasteries founded in the greater Russia, in 1051. includes a religious ceremony; tour of Kiev-Pechersk Lavra; Tour of City Admin. Buildings & reception @ Min. of Defense & Hall of Columns. Free Time; Visit to the National Opera of Ukraine (National Academic Opera & Ballet of Taras Shevchenko). Greeting Ministry of Culture & the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Ukraine.
- Sunday, September 23 - 08:00 - 09:30 Breakfast; transportation to "Outdoor Museum" tour & lunch. This museum showcases Ukrainian life in the 17th Century; Transportation back to hotel; Free Time; Heads of Delegation Meeting; Closing Gala Concert & Dinner, includes exchanges of gifts.
- Monday September 24 - 08:00 - 09:30 Breakfast; Beginning of transfer guests for departure; OPTIONAL: 10:00 - 18:00 - Tour of the Chernobyl zone, including eyewitness accounts of the disaster & consequences: past, present & future for the Chernobyl region.

<http://www.isa-ukraine-2012.org/>

Kiev Convention Coordinators: ISA-USA has a Convention Coordinator who will assist with questions, comments or suggestions about traveling to Kiev for this ISA Convention. If you plan on attending or even think you may attend, please contact Don or Betty Gregg. They will add you to their list of attendees & as things develop, they will keep you informed. Don Gregg -

djgregg@aol.com Betty Gregg - bgregg1115@aol.com

Or they can be reached by phone at: 508-823-3958

Proud Papa

The year is 2016 and the United States has just elected the first woman president. A few days after the election the president-elect, whose name is Debra, calls her father and says, "So, Dad, I assume you will be coming to my inauguration?"

"I don't think so. It's a 10 hour drive."

"Don't worry about it Dad, I'll send Air Force One. A limousine will pick you up at your door."

"I don't know. Everybody will be so fancy. What would your mother wear?"

"Oh Dad," replies Debra, "I'll make sure she has a wonderful gown custom-made by the best designer in Washington."

"Honey," Dad complains, "you know I can't eat those rich foods you eat."

The President-to-be responds, "Don't worry Dad. The entire affair will be handled by the best caterer in Washington; I'll ensure your meals are salt free. You and mom just have to be there."

So Dad reluctantly agrees, and on January 20, 2017, Debra is being sworn in as President of the United States. In the front row sits the new president's dad and mom.

Dad, noticing the senator sitting next to him, leans over and whispers, "You see that woman over there with her hand on the Bible, becoming President of the United States."

The Senator whispers back, "You bet I do."

Dad says proudly, "**Her brother is a United States Submariner!**"

Words on the Statue Of Liberty

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" Cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door

Final Patrol

5 Apr 2012: Edward Joseph Hawkins "Sadie". aboard Sabalo Sep '63-Aug '64 as YNC(SS) was later YNCS(SS), Ret, 1/72; Hometown Pawtucket, RI, Last Res: Sun City, Az

1/30/2012: James "Jimmy" Looby, 79, founder of the Horse and Cow; Not a submariner or Razorback vet, yet fondly remembered by thousands of SubPac vets, who drank their dolphins in his distinguished establishments at varying San Francisco area locations.

Our Sabalo Shipmates on Eternal Patrol [Second segment, D-F]

Danyla Ernest Peter	Douglas Allen Lee	Emerson Boyd	Fisher Thomas Tait Jr.
Davis Elmer R.	Downing, Jr William P	Englen Donald Wilbur	Fitch Eugene Nelson
Delapaz Ricarte Giron	Dunbar Arsko	Ensley Clifford Earl	Fleischer Gerhardt Karl
Della Calce Nicholas (nmi)	Duster Elvin W. "Dusty"	Eppley Eugene E.	Flesvig Donald R
DeNeen Harry L.	Dutka Nicholas Anthony	Eugene Harry L.	Floyd Glendell Harl...
Dewitt Billie L	Dutton Donald Dean	Evans Ernest Melvin "Mel"	Foiles James Eli
Dibsie Anthony J.	Dwyer Chester E.	Fackler Richard Comstock	Forsman Ronald S. "Ron"
Dilley Carl Thomas	Dziuzynski Henry W.	Falk Peter W.	Forsman Wayne A.
Dipley Dennis Lee	Echiverri Roy V.	Farmer Glenn Davis Jr.	Fowler Benjamin James
Dirko (Dutko)	Eikrem Lawrence N.	Fedon George F.	Fox Taylor Lincoln
Dispennette Edwin L. "Pierre"	Eiman Robert Harvey	Fernald Robert A.	Frattura Anthony D
Dittmer John H.	Elfving Daniel Marcus	Finlan Harold J. "Scooter"	Freitag Lester W.

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)

Bravo-Zulu (Well Done): 