



HELP! Each issue of *Clever Boy* costs us about \$2 to send via US Mail, and our shipmates listed on page 2 regularly donate money to make sure a printed copy gets to over 100 Sabalo Vets who either don't have computers, or tell me they would prefer a printed copy. If you throw it away with the junk mail, or just don't care to read it ... please call or send us a *No Thanks* note to save a little time and money. There are currently 10 men on our "No Thanks" Roster, for various and/or unknown reasons [e.g.: I don't need one) Ed]

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



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Last edit: 9/1/17





TOMATO BASKET - As time passes by so evermore quickly, I have not much to report about the Sabalo fraternity. Continuing effort to maintain the complete list and whereabouts of SS-302 vets uses a little time each month. Sadly, revisions have a way of becoming more and frequent due to the passing of shipmates. The only other matter for discussion is whether Ron and I should begin planning for a Sabalo reunion during 2018. So far, communications have been scant as to your desires. We can only make something happen if you communicate, so let us hear from you. Accordingly, reunions return us nostalgically to our younger days, "... just one more time..." and for a little while. This is aptly described in a Hemming essay, forwarded to me by a high school classmate and fellow smoke-boat sailor aboard USS Seadevil:

Smoke by Mike Hemming

It's hard to believe for some but there is an aging group of men bound together by smoke. Not the smoke people ordinarily draw into their lungs for a buzz, legal or illegal, but stinky old diesel smoke made by burning hydrocarbons. It's burned in great big old noisy diesel engines designed for railroad locomotives and transplanted into a submarine, of all places.

This smoke binds them together with wispy chains stronger than the finest hardened steel. Men that sit around remembering shipmates and times good and bad, their memories brought to them on grey blue clouds. Clouds of it shot out over ports of the seven seas, on lighting off for going to sea. Underway and across those seas the smoke settles to an efficiency haze, but the

diesel smoke smell follows them. The smoke and sounds that shut down when reaching homeport after many days alone at sea.

Today, these old timers travel many miles to see, hear and once more catch that wonderful reminder of their youth. With tears in the eyes of some they lean forward to breathe it in. They take photographs of diesel smoke clouds belching from exhaust pipes of museum piece subs. Back home they show them to others and post video clips on the internet. Others sit and wait for those clips to download over slow internet connections, just to see that smoke and hear the sound.

It is said that the sense of smell brings back the strongest memories. If so then we are lucky ones, because our smoke is strong and memorable. Along with our smoky chains we have those memories and neither can be removed from our hearts.

Many a submariner says, "One more time, just one more time". For some, that means to go out and make another dive, for others just to hear the roar and to smell that smoke. Me, I'd like to yank a throttle lever, feel the deck plates shudder under my feet, hear the sounds, smell the smoke and be with those that are bound together by these things.

—Just one more time and for a little while. Mike Hemming [about the author- MM1(SS), Holland Club; served 11 yrs in 481; 338; 660; -numerous writings on the 'net inc. Facebook; resides Easton, MD]

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**To our 2017 Publication
Donors: Thank You!**

Your exemplification of our Brotherhood's spirit means that 99 Sabalo vets without Internet access received CB by mail in 2017. (Dozens of other contributors to Jeff also make the USS Sabalo Crew Assn. successful. You know who you are; thank you too! – RonG &

Bates, Joe
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The 2018 USSVI National Convention will be an Eastern Caribbean Cruise out of Ft. Lauderdale on Holland America ms Nieuw Amsterdam Oct. 20 to 27, 2018.
-or- San Diego -or- Little Rock (SS-394) in Sept? [Vote, see pg 9]
Let Jeff/Ron know!

PESKY REALITY news: Gore's movie, *An Inconvenient Truth II*, to be released in Aug. [Be still, my beating heart! Ed]

An elderly couple had just learned how to send text messages on their mobile phones. The wife was a romantic type and the husband was more of a no-nonsense guy.

One afternoon the wife went out to meet a friend for coffee. She decided to send her husband a romantic text message and she wrote:

"If you are sleeping, send me your dreams. If you are laughing, send me your smile. If you are eating, send me a bite. If you are drinking, send me a sip. If you are crying, send me your tears... I love you."

The husband texted back to her: "I'm on the toilet. Please advise."

This is the Captain speaking:
For those of you seated on the right hand side of the aircraft, you will see that the engines are on fire... for those on the left hand side you will notice a little white boat. I am speaking to you from that boat...





Thru the TBT: ● Housekeeping: I hoped to publish future issues by downloading contact data from DeckLog for both email and US PO mailings, but the job has turned out to be more complex than I'd assumed — perhaps even impossible. This also pertains to my request that you check and update your own personal records on DeckLog though I would still like to hear from you regarding any attempts. Assn membership has reached the point, as we all feared it would, where obituaries outnumber additions to our publishing base.

● **The News:** I have a 5.5 cm tumor in left lung & a smaller one in nearby lymph node. It's Small Cell Carcinoma (which is almost always found in smokers: my beloved pipe for ~60 yrs) and not a good candidate for operating on because it metastasizes too fast. So I'm doing chemo therapy (till mid Nov.) with radiation added in the next few weeks. I read that there's 50/50 chance for 5 yrs, and 10% odds for 10 yrs, but the radiation Doc's going to "shoot for a cure!"

● **The Plan:** I've been learning to thumb-type while sitting in a chair as IV poison kills what's bad in me and ignores the good (IF I have any decent cells left after all those years of debauchery). NTINS: I'm hoping there are a few positives buried in the B.S. that I'm often accused of promulgating, and I'm very happy to say there are no discomfets of note after my third day of Chemo with five more series to go.

The USS Razorback reunion in Little Rock in Sept. will occur during a chemo break, and I got Doc's OK to beer in moderation (I will not use the Baptist definition). Cutting back on sex was not discussed because I think that surprise would be more shocking to my heart than to this Horrid Regiment for Cancer (or, HRC, as I've begun to call her!) With God's grace, and within the obvious bounds of His great sense of humor, I'm planning to make good on my threat to dye my hair black (including the chest), get a big gold chain for my neck, then buy a convertible Tesla (w/ Prius motor?)— then put 200,000 miles on it. Way I see it, anything over ten years sounds good if I can keep up with the repairs (shipyard overhauls?) and still feel a little spunky now and then. Without spunky though, 5 years is enough. I'm just fine with that. Thanks in advance for your well-wishes.

● I truly love the editing job, and will continue as long as the membership wants me and I'll help any replacement volunteers any way I can. I started out using MS Word, which worked just fine; I'm now using PagePlus X9 — just a bit easier in terms of not reinventing the wheel each issue.

● For our next reunion: there are at least two choices: Little Rock/San Diego. I figure I've got, maybe, only 5-10 left in me, so I'm in for any/all of them.

● Our last San Diego reunion (September 2009), was with USSVI's National at the Town and Country Hotel ... better prices at Crowne Plaza Hotel ... Hospitality Room ... Banquet there ... two years prior, in April of 2007, we independently stayed at the Bayside Holiday Inn with Golf, nautical tours of USS Topeka (SSN-754), HMS Gotland (Swedish Air Independent Propulsion - AIP sub), USS Midway CV-41, and Russian Foxtrot B-9. 122 People attended our Banquet. Bayside has since hosted other boat reunions. There were very few complaints about either reunion. Wouldn't it be great to see those great participation numbers (below) again?

The alternative — North Little Rock — is handier than San Diego for everybody east of Denver, and it might be an exciting new port 'o call for the wives. Remember, the layout below decks on USS Razorback — a Guppy IIA conversion — is nearly identical to Sabalo's Fleet Snorkel configuration. And it's grown into a popular spot: USS Darter just hosted their boat reunion at the Arkansas Inland Maritime Museum for the third year in a row — 55 crew members and wives. USS Los Angeles had 35 crew members/family, for their first boat reunion at the museum.

● I'd give a lot to spend an hour or two sitting in Control or discussing the good old days with Losby, McKnight and/or the QM gang in Conn Control or the Crews Mess. We could never have imagined what's happened to us since 50-plus years ago—this newsletter will relay off of 5-6 satellites on the way to most of you.

● I was embarrassed to have put my *Typhoon* in this NL because most of the essay is audacious crap from a young know-it-all braggart: Gorence saved the ship! Best helmsman in the fleet! But then I remember a stick-man in Maneuvering who reversed the screws without Conn's concurrence, and several guys who opened breakers or shut hatches: individuals in a team of people who did in fact save the ship! If a guy can't be proud of what he did perhaps he's not submariner material. Individual signs of pride inside a team shows on page 5 in Apollo 13's CapCom, and in the headman on page 8 lancing a Sperm Whale, and I'll bet you could name 3-4 guys on every ship you sailed on who claimed to be her best Helmsman!

V/R

RonG

Non-quals should read this before reading *Typhoon* (pg 6)

The modern usage of the word *Awesome* always earns a deer-in-the-headlights reaction from me because in *Typhoon* I describe the QM and OOD differing on the height of storm waves which caromed skyward off the top of the ship's sail into spindles of spume which flared up into the dark sky and then sped back down and around the sail to again slap our faces and take away our breath. That's what awesome is!

A submarine's sail is a vertical fin rising above the ship's deck to streamline and protect its periscopes, masts, and the Bridge. In the late 50's, Razorback's was located in the forward, stepped-out, protuberance of what was called a step-sail (see *Mail Bag* picture, pg 4, and the silhouette, below).



The forward part of the Bridge platform housed the Target Bearing Tracker (TBT), gyro repeater, phones and alarms, all protected in heavy weather by a ~six foot retractable Plexiglas bubble. The Bridge was protected by metal cowling up to the level of the lookouts' chests, port and starboard, putting their eyes about 15' above the waterline in flat seas — ask them when the same wave is lifting them bodily, while crushing down on the deck back aft, where do they put the yardstick?

Razorback's current configuration (retired to Museum status) is the North Atlantic Sail (1960) which removed the 'step' and moved the bridge to the top of the sail, about 40' above the sea.



MAIL BAG • USPO May 2017: "Thanks for sending *Clever Boy*. I have enjoyed it very much and know Jim did too before he left us. ... I am letting you know that Jim died January 18, 2016. He was interred at the Idaho State Veterans Cemetery outside of Boise, Idaho. P.S. Jim has a sleeve patch and a Zippo lighter from the Sabalo. He really liked her and all the guys there. Sorry it took so long to write, we were married over 70 years and at took me a while to settle. **Lillian Edens.**

- 5/12/17- RonG phone con w/Ben Heck: Updated his bad email and said he wouldn't need hard copy. Heck sailed on SS-146 in 1944, qualified on Finback in 1945 and rode Sabalo from the east coast thru panama just as WWII was ending. He's 94 in July, and enjoys *Clever Boy*.

- Dear Jeff and Ron, it with a heavy heart that I inform that our father, Eugene Paul Keeler passed from this life on 8/8/2017 after a diagnosis of an aggressive form of lung cancer at VA-Houston in April. Like all his shipmates, He enjoyed attending the reunions, thanks to you guys dedications. I'd attended my dad's first reunion back in early 2000's in Las Vegas and happy that my sister, brother and sister in law attended his last reunion in Las Vegas in 2013. Thank you for the memories! Sincerely, Elmer Paul Keeler (son).

From USS Sabalo Association Mail Bag relating to *Typhoon*:

- Bob Howard III, RazAssn Founder & 1st President: "Thanks for *Typhoon*... I remember it quite well (I think)... we pegged the clinometer (62 degrees) for 5 days. What do you recall? [Over 80° to port one time] We lost a plate on the Starboard side of the sail...lost the aft marker buoy and ...plexiglass in the front of the sail. You can see the broken plexiglass if you zoom the picture [Under the Arrow; next installation documents these and other damages.] I believe the wreath was taken from the front of an establishment in Yoko or Sasebo. It was thought to be from a Bar, but was told later it was a funeral arrangement. Wish I could make it to the reunion. Say hi to the guys." [Ed.: The pic of sail was taken at Broadway pier, San Diego — you can see the 'heavy targets' to the left of the arrow on the pier across the water (Pier #1 ?)]



Sailor Went Missing on Cruiser Shiloh On JUNE 8, Gas Turbine Systems Technician 3rd class Mims was reported missing, presumed overboard and dead after a 50 hour search and rescue attempt involving several ships, aircraft, and the carrier Ronald Reagan. Mims was found hiding in the engineering spaces on board, and has been released from the Marine Corps brig after a hearing ruled his confinement was not necessary while his case was investigated. He is TAD to Naval Surface Forces, Pacific Fleet, San Diego.

NTINS: Ain't sayin' it's true, but this is exactly the way I heard it.

One of her old salts walked down to Razorback yesterday and, at the brow, he heard a voice say, "Pick me up." He looked around and couldn't see anyone. He thought he was dreaming when he heard the voice say again, "Pick me up." He looked down at the water between the barge and the Razorback, and there, climbing up on the tank-tops, was a frog.

The man said, "Are you talking to me?"

The frog said, "Yes, I'm talking to you. I was tricked by an Air Force cadet who cast my spell, and I swam the entire length of the Arkansas River in search of a gentleman submariner. I've been told they're both kind and usually frisky enough to rescue me. If you pick me up, then kiss me, I'll turn into the most beautiful woman you've ever seen. I'll make sure that all your shipmates are envious and jealous because I will be your bride!"

The man looked at the frog for a short time, reached over, picked it up carefully, and placed it in his front pocket. After he got back to the Wyndham Hotel he ordered a beer, and then after a sip, slowly looked around at all his shipmates, and said, "Look what I found down at the boat!"

He opened his pocket, and proudly held up a frog in the palm of his hand for all to see. The frog twisted its long legs around to face him, "What, are you nuts? Didn't you hear what I said? I said kiss me and I will be your beautiful bride."

He looked at the frog and said, "Nah, I'd rather have a talking frog."

Well shipmates, I'm aware that he's either hit 80 or is getting mighty close, so there's that — and I know a man's got to grow up sooner or later. Also, I've heard him say a dozen times, "Been there, done that!" You've all heard him say "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I know all the arguments, but still, it's been 24 hours, and I'm willing to put up my own hard-earned cash, and will do so at two-to-one odds!

I'm betting he will not walk into the Wyndham Hotel Bar tonight with a frog! Step right up; ten will get you twenty!

[Somebody should have explained exercise to me years ago]

Ex-nutritionist of Army's 75th Ranger Regiment, Mark Barringer, is worth listening to: "Change starts with the four-letter word 'kill.' More palatable words such as 'neutralize' or 'destroy' kind of dance around the fact that a soldiers' main goal really ought to be killing the enemy before he kills you."

"So how are killing and fitness related? Tim Kennedy Special Forces Sergeant 1st ... said it best: 'train with the motivation and purpose that you intend to be the hardest person someone ever tries to kill'." [Navy Times 7.17.17 - 7.24.17]

During the first two days, the crew ran into a couple of minor surprises, but generally Apollo 13 was looking like the smoothest flight of the program ... Joe Kerwin, the capsule communicator, or Capcom ... said, "The spacecraft is in real good shape as far as we are concerned. We're bored to tears down here." It was the last time anyone would mention boredom for a long time.

Nine minutes ... after the crew finished a 49-minute TV broadcast showing how comfortably they lived ... oxygen tank # 2 blew up, causing # 1 tank to also fail ... Command Module's normal supply of electricity, light and water was lost ... 200,000 miles from Earth ... a sharp bang and vibration at 9:08 p.m. April 13 ... Swigert saw a warning light ... and said, "Houston, we've had a problem here, ..." warning lights indicated the loss of two of three fuel cells, which were the spacecraft's prime source of electricity ... one oxygen tank ... completely empty ... the second tank was rapidly depleting.

Thirteen minutes after the explosion, Lovell ... saw the final evidence pointing toward potential catastrophe. "We are venting something out into the ... into space," ... to Houston ... "It's a gas of some sort." It was oxygen gas escaping at a high rate from the second, and last, oxygen tank.

The first thing the crew did, even before discovering the oxygen leak, was try to close the hatch between the CM and the LM [Command/Lunar Module]. They reacted spontaneously, similar to a submarine crew, closing the hatches to limit the amount of flooding. First Swigert, and then Lovell, tried ... lid wouldn't stay shut ... there wasn't a cabin leak ...

The pressure in # 1 oxygen tank continued ... downward ... 300 psi ... When the pressure reached 200 psi, the crew and ground controllers knew they would lose all oxygen ... that the last fuel cell also would die ...

"It is slowly going to zero, and we are starting to think about the LM lifeboat." Swigert replied, "That's what we have been thinking about too."

... Completely new procedures had to be written and tested in the simulator ... navigation problem had to be solved ... how, when and in what attitude to burn the LM descent engine to ... return home.

With only 15 minutes of power left in the CM... make their way into the LM... first concern was ... enough consumables to get home ... was built for only a 45-hour lifetime ... needed ... 90. Oxygen wasn't a problem... full LM descent tank alone would suffice... 2 ascent-engine oxygen tanks ... 2 backpacks full of ... 2 emergency bottles ... had six or seven pounds in them...

Power ... a concern... 2,181 ampere hours in the LM batteries... All noncritical systems were turned off ... energy consumption ... to 1/5 ... one electrical cell call during the mission... one of CM batteries vented with such force that it momentarily dropped off ... line. Had the battery failed ... insufficient power to return ... to Earth.

Water ... main consumable ... crew would run out of water about five hours before Earth re-entry... The crew ... cut down to six ounces each per day... used fruit juices ... ate hot dogs ... wet-pack foods when they ate at all ... dehydrated

throughout the flight and set a record that stood up throughout Apollo: Lovell lost 14 pounds ... crew lost ... 31.5 pounds, nearly 50 percent more than any other crew ... crew finishing with 28.2 pounds of water, about 9 % of tetalol.

Removal of carbon dioxide ... enough lithium hydroxide canisters ... but square canisters ... not compatible with the round openings in the lunar module ... four cartridges from the LM and four from the backpacks, counting backups ... designed to support 2 men for 2 days ... asked ... for 3 men ... 4 days. After 1 1/2 days ... warning light showed ... carbon dioxide ... dangerous level. Mission control devised a way to attach the CM canisters to the LM system ... plastic bags, cardboard ... tape ...

... big questions ... "How to get back safely to Earth?" ... LM navigation ... wasn't designed to help ... Before the explosion at 30 hrs 40 min Apollo 13 ... normal midcourse correction ... out of a free-return-to-Earth trajectory and put it on a lunar landing course ... the task was to get back on a free-return course ... 35-second burn and fired ... five hours after the explosion ... another burn ... a long five-minute burn to speed up the return home ... verifying alignment was difficult ... onboard sextant ... Alignment Optical Telescope [AOT] to find a suitable navigation star... due to the explosion, a swarm of debris from the ruptured service module made it impossible to sight real stars ... to use the sun as an alignment star... when he looked through the AOT, the sun was just where it was expected ... alignment with the sun ... 1/2 a degree off... crew then knew they could do the five-minute P.C. + 2 burn with assurance, cutting the total time of their voyage to about 142 hours. At 73 hrs 46 minutes into the mission.

Flight Director Gerald Griffin, a man not easily shaken, recalled: "Some years later I went back to the log and looked up that mission. My writing was almost illegible, I was so damned nervous... exhilaration running through me ... the last hurdle — if we can do that, I know we can make it... "That check turned out real well" is all he said an hour after his penmanship failed him.

... trip ... discomfort beyond ... food and water. Sleep ... almost impossible because of the cold ... electrical systems were turned off... temperature dropped to 38 degrees F... condensation on all walls.

... most remarkable achievement ... quickly developing procedures for powering up the CM after ... long, cold sleep ... wrote the documents for this innovation in 3 days vs. 3 mos... command module was cold and clammy ... wire harnesses and ... covered with droplets of water... chances of short circuits ... safeguards built into the command module after the disastrous Apollo 1 fire in January 1967, no arcing took place. Lovell recalled the descent to Earth, "The droplets ... in the atmosphere ... it rained inside the CM."

4 hours before landing, the crew shed the service module... everyone feared what the cold of space might do to the unsheltered CM heat shield... one whole panel missing and wreckage hanging out, it was a mess as it drifted away. 3 hours later... splashed down gently... near Samoa.



... Apollo 13 Accident Review Board identified the cause of the explosion. In 1965, the CM had undergone many improvements that included raising the permissible voltage to the heaters in the oxygen tanks from 28 to 65 volts DC. Unfortunately, the thermostatic switches on these heaters weren't modified to suit the change. During one final test on the launch pad, the heaters were on for a long period of time. This subjected the wiring in the vicinity of the heaters to very high temperatures (1000 F), which have been subsequently shown to severely degrade teflon insulation. The

thermostatic switches started to open while powered by 65 volts DC and were probably welded shut. Furthermore, other warning signs during testing went unheeded and the tank, damaged from eight hours of overheating, was a potential bomb the next time it was filled with oxygen. That bomb exploded on April 13, 1970 - 200,000 miles from Earth. Crew: James A. Lovell Jr., Commander; Fred W. Haise Jr., LM Pilot; John L. Swigert Jr., CM Pilot

Last Updated: 4/11/2017 Editor: NASA Content Admin.

Typhoon by Ron Gorence Part 1

The sharp Guppy II bow on the submarine lifted almost imperceptibly toward the sky ... slowly ... gently ... in apparent disregard for the laws of gravity. Distant waves crashed in upon themselves in the distance, and their booming percussions blended into a rumble of thunderclaps that was, in one instant, deafening and, in the next, consumed by the screaming wind. Stormy Petrels had been playing in the spindrift above the great waves, soaring down into the trough below the lookouts and then rollicking high above, getting lost to sight in the water-filled air. They were all gone now.

The tube of steel - engineered to hover silent and unseen beneath the surface of the ocean with near-perfect neutral buoyancy - is out of its element on the surface. The diesel boat's bathtub-hull rolls uncontrollably in the trough of the smallest waves, and any angle beyond forty or fifty degrees from vertical increases the probability that acid from the main batteries will dump and mix with a few drops of invading saltwater to form deadly chlorine gas. Captain Gillette ignored our intended navigational track, and put the bow into the heavy seas, our ETA no longer important. Like a chess master, a good Skipper hones his skills for the normal task of outthinking opposing target forces on or under the surface, and the consequences of his skill level vary with the world situation. When Mother Nature is angry, consequences are simpler: Survive or die.

It climbed ... higher ... until my stomach hinted that we were about to do an inside loop. The bow hung in the air above my lookout-port, above my head. White foam poured from the limber holes and then dissipated in all directions as it was blown by heavy winds across the tank tops. It hung there so long that I remember thinking ridiculously that I should be able to see Najimo Saki or Point Loma lighthouse from this height were it not for the pelting salt spray that stung exposed skin and filled the air in every direction. The bow held its angle and then, with my shoulder pressed painfully against the aft constraint of my lookout station, I watched it pause as the whole world dropped from under the ship and she pitched downward into the trough. The deafening clap of water crashing into water and teak decking was amplified by the reverberations in the metal to which I was chained. The wall of water in front of us seemed even higher than the point in the sky where the bow had just been. My stomach lifted until I felt it pressing against my lungs; and I felt green water rushing over my head and blasting into my face, and then the re-

luctant dive ended and the bow ... slowly ... gently ... almost imperceptibly ... lifted toward the sky.

The Officer of the Deck was attempting to hang the XJA Sound-powered phone back into its snap-in cradle, while wedging his body between the TBT (Target Bearing Transmitter) and the Plexiglas bubble rigged above the TBT in better weather as a wind breaker. He managed to get the XJA seated just as we hit the trough, and was knocked loose from his perch, and yanked short by the three-foot safety chain snap-hooked to the TBT stand. Sounding like a hundred-pound sledgehammer hitting plate metal, the green water hit the outside of the doghouse and rushed through a small Plexiglas window - shattered out by a previous wave—like water from a fire hose just below his prone body. The geyser picked him up and deposited him, fully upright, on his feet, facing the lookouts.

"Prepare to ... Lay below to Conn," he shouted to the lookouts above the screaming gale. "Stand by to open the hatch," Simultaneously, he passed the word on the 7-MC to below-decks:

"Conn, Control, Bridge, Opening the Conning Tower hatch; shifting the lookout watch to the Conning Tower."

"Bridge, Control, Aye, Aye."

The lower Conning Tower hatch was already closed, on the latch, in order to direct as much salt-water into the small Conning Tower bilges as possible. Much of it overflowed and was sucked into the Control Room. Diverting salt water from Control with its arrays of electrical and electronic equipment was high priority. The auxiliary gyro had already tumbled, but the main gyro was still on line, and the Electrical Switchboards were dry. The personnel in Control replaced wet rags around the grates under the lower Conning Tower hatch with recycled dry ones from the Forward Engine Room. "Bridge, Con, Aye." The Quartermaster of the watch put down the 7-MC mike, and raised both scopes so the lookouts could resume their ineffectual search of the non-existent horizon as quickly as possible; a collision with another storm-tossed ship would send us both to the bottom. He then pressed his body tightly against the bulkhead next to the bridge hatch cowling, to get out of the way and avoid the rush of green water sure to come through the hatch when they opened it; more importantly, he was ready to grab the hatch lanyard, yank the hatch shut and dog it down as soon as the bridge watch was in Conn. Hesitation could let in more sea water and cause shorts in the electri-



cal gear our lives depended on.

Heavy-weather lookout duty in the Coning Tower had its good and bad aspects. The burdensome foul-weather gear, useless binoculars and the safety belt were discarded. The sounds of normal human voices relieved some of the trepidation that we had felt topside where wind and water were mixing and racing in every direction at speeds no animal on earth could outrun. Warm coffee, undiluted with salt-water, felt as good on my hands as it did in my gut, but anything over half a cup spills as the ship rolls, and it was cold by the time we could release our hold on something solid long enough to pick it up. Anxieties, which were reduced by warmth, human voices and relative silence, were replaced by others. Now the storm was outside, lurking somewhere beyond the pressure-hull like a bear outside a camping-tent that you'd almost rather see with your eyes than envision in anticipation. Topside was like a roller-coaster: you can see the tracks drop ahead as the negative G's move your insides and you know they'll all soon be back in place. The time topside in zero-gravity lasts a lot longer, but it's the same roller-coaster feeling; it's even fun once you convince yourself the ship will right itself. Outside, when the ship pitches or rolls, you can see where up is -- even though it is seldom where you want it to be. In Conn, on the other hand, I found myself trying to force the clinometer's pendulum, by sheer force of mind, to hang straight down. With one foot on the deck, and the other on the starboard bulkhead frame for the UQC underwater phone, and hanging with both elbows draped over the periscope's handles, the concept of up was more a prayer to the clinometer than a meaningful direction. Most boat sailors are religious somewhere deep down inside, but most of them also subscribe to the concept that He helps those who help themselves, so I glared at the pendulum.

Number two, the attack scope, extends sixty-two feet above the keel, several feet more than number one scope, but has much poorer optics. I was on number two, and could see green water during each deep plunge of the boat. There was not much else to see, and number one was no better. The glass was a windshield with no wipers, so we attempted to find the probable horizon - the separation between light and dark areas - to search it for other manmade objects which would increase our danger. When the sun went down somewhere beyond the horizon we could see, visibility was worse. My left hand was in constant motion with the elevation controls, because the scope pointed down into the trough or up at the equally-dark sky with each roll, pitch and yaw of the boat. On some rolls, I was unable to hold my footing, and was swung bodily with the scope a hundred and eighty degrees from port to starboard, and had to force my field of view back to approximately the same bearing where I had lost control. A complete 360 degree sweep around the horizon - every direction held equal danger -- was essential. No gaps. We were making two-thirds speed on two engines, which would ordinarily be about nine knots, but in this storm, heading into the sea, we might be making ten knots in the opposite direction. We could be run over from astern just as easily as from ahead, and now in the dark, the horizon's location was only a guess. We hoped lights on another ship would show up through the howling spindrift and fogged scope lenses, though we also wondered if we

could maneuver to avoid contact.

Wahoff, was our first-class Quartermaster, Assistant Navigator and best emergency helmsman; he had been told to man the helm for as long as he could stay awake. On the wheel for over twenty-one hours now, he looked like a wet rat. His shoes and dungarees were soaked to the knees from salt water, sucked through the upper-Conn hatch while we were on the bridge.

The engines were running in surface-snorkel mode which meant they were getting air from the snorkel induction head valve and exhausting through the diffuser plate - both of which were about thirty feet high on the back of the sail. The normal intake and exhaust were riding 20 feet below the surface as often as above; diesels can't breathe salt water, and their exhaust can't overcome submerged sea-pressure. When the head valve electrodes sense green water between them, they shut the snorkel induction valve, and the engines suck air from the only place available: the inside of the ship where it competes unfairly with other forms of life for oxygen. There's an automatic shut-down on the main engines which theoretically prevents ear-drum explosions, but when the upper-Conn hatch is on the latch the engines suck a high-speed stream of salt-water mist over, around, and past the shivering helmsman. His dungaree shirt had been above the jet stream, but he was also soaking-wet from perspiration. His temperature was not high, but his concentration was. Wahoff's unique skill was more feeling than science; he felt the ship shudder through his hands on the wheel and his feet on the deck grating while the stern yawed in a large slow circle as the screws came out of the water; he watched the gyro-compass indicator change from a rightward swing to left, and leaned his whole body in unison with the clinometer as it hovered left or right, and then, at just the right second, he'd slam the rudder over hard left or right and put our bow directly into the oncoming wall of water. The trick was to meet the immense force head-on.

I'd been on lookout watch for two hours, and the OD was taking his turn on #2 scope, so I was sitting on top of the cushioned sextant locker, braced securely by both legs, and drinking coffee when the XJA chirped.

"Mr. Montross . . . the Skipper," the Quartermaster said handing the handset to the OD. I jumped up and took the scope so he could talk.

"Yes Sir. . . ." A pause, and aside to Wahoff, "What was your clinometer reading on that last roll?" back to the Skipper, "Helm says 48 degrees." A pause, "No change. Visibility about fifty yards through #1 when she's out of the water. Wind direction still variable; speeds gusting to fifty, couldn't stand up against it topside. Same with the seas. No direction. We're heading generally South; 165 to about 225 degrees true. . . seems to minimize roll best. Quartermaster has logged thirty-five-foot waves from South-Southwest, but I think they're much higher."

... pause, then: "Yes sir, he's on scope watch. . . . Affirmative sir. No problem. Permission to secure one lookout watch? Both scopes manned, no problem . . . feels good to be out of the weather. Thank you, Sir."

Mr. Montross hung up the phone, and turned to me, "Gorence, you're relieved. Captain said to tell you to get below and get some sleep so you can relieve Wahoff." [continued next issue]



The scenes that sometimes occur during the chase and capture of this whale defy description. Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of the South-seaman cruising in the North Pacific Ocean at its Japanese confine—he may be musing over some past event, the ship may be sailing gently along over the smooth ocean every thing around solemnly still, with the sun pouring its intense rays with dazzling brightness; suddenly, the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the mast head exclaiming “There she spouts”. The captain starts on deck in an instant and inquires “Where away,” but perhaps the next moment every one aloft and on deck can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe—his large ‘hump’ projecting three feet out of the water, when at the end of every ten seconds the spout is seen rushing from the fore-part of his enormous head, followed by the cry of everyone on board, who join heart and soul in the chorus of “there again!” keeping time with the duration of the spout. But while they have been looking a few seconds have expired—they rush into the boats, which are directly lowered to receive them—and in two minutes from the time of first observing the whale, three or four boats are down, and are darting through the water with their utmost speed towards their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsman, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar, with the common whaling chant of:

“Away my boys away my boys ‘tis time for us to go.”

But while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing, they have yet perhaps some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon. His “spoutings are nearly out” he is about to descend, or he hears the boats approaching. The few people left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim, “Ah, he is going down!” yet he spouts again, but slowly the water is again seen agitated around him, the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive his “small” rising in preparation for his descent; “He will be lost,” they exclaim, for the boats are not yet near enough to strike him—and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength to claim the honour of the first blow with the harpoon. The bow-boat has the advantage of being the nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are row doomed to drop astern. One more spout is seen slowly curling forth, it is his last, this rising,—his “small” is bent his enormous tail is expected to appear every instant, but the boat shoots rapidly alongside of the gigantic creature. “Peak your oars,” exclaimed the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner, in an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim, and is buried deeply in the side of the huge animal. It is “socket up,” that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket which admits the handle or “pole” of the harpoon. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seamen on board, reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea, which a moment before was unruddled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who with his vast tail strikes in all directions at his enemies. Now his enormous head rises

high into the air, then his flukes are seen lashing everywhere, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the “iron” has inflicted. The water all around him is a mass of foam, some of it darts to a considerable height—the sounds of the blows from his tail on the surface of the sea, can be heard for miles!

“Stern all,” cries the headsman; but the whale suddenly disappears; he has “sounded;” the line is running through the groove at the head of the boat, with lightning like velocity; it smokes—it ignites, from the heat produced by the friction, but the headsman, cool and collected, pours water upon it as it passes. [*The whipping manila rope could catch a man and yank him out of this world and into the next ... At one end, a sixty-ton animal. At the other, six men. Through the line they could feel the whale, an intimate connection between man and prey.* ... *Moby Dick*] But an oar is now held up in their boat; it signifies that their line is rapidly running out; two hundred fathoms are nearly exhausted; up flies one of the other boats, and “bends on” another line, just in time to save that which was nearly lost. But still the monster descends; he is seeking to rid himself of his enemies by descending deeply into the dark and unknown depths of the vast ocean. They next bend on the “drougues” [*- a Sea anchor; - a canvas bucket ...*] to retard his career,—but he does not turn: another and another have but slight influence in checking the force of his descent; two more lines are exhausted,—he is six hundred fathoms deep! “Stand ready to bend on,” cries the mate to the fourth boat (for sometimes, though not often, they take the whole four lines away with them—800 fathoms!!); but it is not required, he is rising, “Haul in the slack;” observes the headsman, while the boatsteerer coils it again carefully into the tubs as it is drawn up. The whale is now seen approaching the surface the gurgling and bubbling water which rises before also proclaims that he is near; his nose starts from the sea; the rushing spout is projected high and suddenly, from his agitation. The “slack” of the line is now coiled in the tubs, and those in the “fast” boat haul themselves gently towards the whale; the boatsteerer places the headsman close to the fin of the trembling animal, who immediately buries his long lance in the vitals of the leviathan, while, at the same moment, those in one of the other boats dart another harpoon into his opposite side, when “stern all” is again vociferated, and the boats shoot rapidly away from the danger.

Mad with the agony which he endures from these fresh attacks, the infuriated “sea beast” rolls over and over, and coils an amazing length of line around him; he rears his enormous head, and, with wide expanded jaw snaps at everything around; he rushes at the boats with his head,—they are propelled before him with vast swiftness, and sometimes utterly destroyed.

He is lanced again, when his pain appears more than he can bear; he throws himself, in his agony, completely out of his element; the boats are violently jerked, by which one of the lines is snapped asunder; at the same time the other boat is upset, and its crew are swimming for their lives. The whale is now free! he passes along the surface with remarkable swiftness, “going head out;” but the two boats that have not yet “fastened,” and are fresh and free, now give chase; the whale



becomes exhausted from the blood which flows from his deep and dangerous wounds, and the 200 fathoms of line belonging to the overturned boat, which he is dragging after him through the water, checks him in his course; his pursuers again overtake him, and another harpoon is darted and buried deeply in his flesh.

The men who were upset, now right their own boat without assistance from the others, by merely clinging on one side of her, by which she is turned over, while one of them gets inside and bales out the water rapidly with his hat, by which their boat is freed, and she is soon again seen in the chase.

The fall lance is at length given, — the blood gushes from the nostril of the unfortunate animal in a thick black stream, which stains the clear blue water of the ocean to a considerable distance around the scene of the affray. In its struggles, the blood from the nostril is frequently thrown upon the men in the boats, who glory in its show.

The immense creature may now again endeavour to "sound"

to escape from his unrelenting pursuers; but it is powerless, — it soon rises to the surface, and passes slowly along until the death pang seizes it, when its appearance is awful in the extreme.

Suffering from suffocation, or some other stoppage of some important organ, the whole strength of its enormous frame is set in motion for a few seconds, when his convulsions throw him into a hundred different contortions of the most violent description, by which the sea is beaten into foam, and boats are sometimes crushed to atoms, with their crews.

But this violent action being soon over, the now unconscious animal passes rapidly along, describing in his rapid course a segment of a circle, this is his flurry which ends in his sudden dissolution. And the mighty rencontre is finished by the gigantic animal rolling on its side, and floating an inanimate mass on the surface of the crystal deep,— a victim to the tyranny and selfishness, as well as the wonderful proof of the great power of the *mind* of man...

Heartwarming Elephant Story

In 1986, Peter Davies was on holiday in Kenya after graduating from Louisiana State University. On a hike through the bush, he came across a young bull elephant standing with one leg raised in the air. The elephant seemed distressed, so Peter approached it very carefully. He got down on one knee, inspected the elephant's foot, and found a large piece of wood deeply embedded in it. As carefully and as gently as he could, Peter worked the wood out with his knife, after which the elephant gingerly put down its foot. The elephant turned to face the man and with a rather curious look on its face, stared at him for several tense moments. Peter stood frozen, thinking of nothing else but being trampled. Eventually the elephant trumpeted loudly, turned and walked away. Peter never forgot that elephant or the events of that day.

Twenty years later, Peter was walking through the Chicago Zoo with his teenage son. As they approached the elephant enclosure, one of the creatures turned and walked over to near where Peter and his son Cameron were standing. The large bull elephant stared at Peter, lifted its front foot off the ground, then put it down. The elephant did that several times then trumpeted loudly, all the while staring at the man.

Remembering the encounter in 1986, Peter could not help wondering if this was the same elephant. Peter summoned up his courage, climbed over the railing and made his way into the enclosure. He walked right up to the elephant and stared back in wonder. The elephant trumpeted again, wrapped its trunk around one of Peter's legs and slammed him against the railing, killing him instantly. Probably wasn't the same f'ing elephant. This is for everyone who sends me those heartwarming BS civilian cuddly puppy stories.



Green/white shirt, gray pants/tennis shoes. How many people know that President Bush hosts a few Wounded Warriors at his ranch 10 weekends every year? Every year! All expenses paid! Not what you expect to see, huh? Here he is, dancing with a

"Wounded Warrior who has lost a leg but still dances. It is highly unlikely we will EVER see a story or picture like this from NBC, CBS, ABC, The New York Times, or The Washington Post. God Bless America and God Bless President Bush!"

The price of gasoline in France?

• A thief in Paris planned to steal some paintings from the Louvre. After careful planning, he got past security, stole the paintings and made it safely to his van. However, he was captured only two blocks away when his van ran out of gas.

• When asked how he could mastermind such a crime and then make such an obvious error, he replied, "Monsieur, that is the reason I stole the paintings. I had no Monet to buy Degas to make the Van Gogh."
• See if you have De Gaulle to send this on to someone else. I sent it to you because I figured I had nothing Toulouse.

Members' Votes: Likely to attend our next reunion in 2018

Little Rock - 2018

Bates, Joe	
Gorence, Ron	
Owens, Jeff	
Robertson, Jim	
Towery, Bill	
Total	5

San Diego - 2018

Clement, Parley	
Collins, Brian	
Costarakis, Dennis	
Gorence, Ron	
Lary, Peter	
McCord, Dennis	
McLean, Jim	

Owens, Jeff	
Port, Dick	
Steele, Al	
Towery, Bill	
Robertson, Jim	
Wilhelm, Tom	
Total	13

LIFE AT SEA
(PARAPHRASED):
IS LIKE JAIL WITH THE
ADDITIONAL CHANCE OF
DROWNING AT SEA.
SAMUEL JOHNSON





The criterion for the **Battle Effectiveness**

Award [The White "E"] is the overall readiness of the command to carry out its assigned wartime tasks, and is based on a year-long evaluation. The competition for the award is, and has always been, extremely keen. To win, a ship/unit must demonstrate the highest state of battle readiness.

The Battle Effectiveness Award recognizes sustained fast and winning performance in an operational environment within a command.

[1] To qualify for Battle "E" consideration, a ship must win a

minimum of four of the six Command Excellence awards: (Maritime Warfare (Black "E"), Engineering/Survivability (Red "E"), Command/Control (Green "E"), Logistics Management (Blue "E"), CNSF Ship Safety (Yellow "E"), Efficiency (Purple "E").

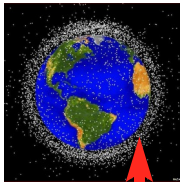
[2] and be nominated by their immediate superior in command. Eligibility for the award demands day-to-day demonstrated excellence in addition to superior achievement during the certifications and qualifications conducted throughout the year. A ship's performance during training exercises, weapons inspections, and tactical readiness examinations are among the 16 different areas that are considered in the competition.

Lost Roster — Sabalo veterans with insufficient data to be sent *Call Sign: Clever Boy*

The last quarterly *Clever Boy* identified 100 (E – K) members out of 380 men whose correct address was either changed without informing us – or was never known. This list is of 137 men's (now, of 377) names continuing alphabetically from L – S. There is missing data, so whatever does show up is in the following order: Lastname, First/Midname, Current City, BD, Qual boat hull# & Year, Year(s)Aboard, & HiRate.

LabradorDanny1953	MullisWmM,"W Bill"1960302 STC(S)	RojoDominador Cele1968
LackeyRL1957?	Munoz TM	RossMartin1960?
LahrLarry Oliver1964	MunroeLarry E1960	RoushR. L. TM2
LambEarl (n)1951	NatividadPerfecto1969	RufoEugenio B1967
LandrumCharles D19301959302	NeffGeorge D JrEast Hampton1957 n	RyanJohn William1962
LaPointeLaverne L1961	NelsonJodie JrSD2021963 CSI(SS)	SabotThomas George1966
Legaspim C Jr, "Bobby" 1959 302	NelsonLeonard Alex1964	SanaresOlympio P1960
LeggettDavid H1960	NelsonRichard G1951	SanchezEdward1962
LeSchiuttaHL1961	NewtonJohn Lebaron1965	SandersonSteven W1961
LewisJames A1952	NicholsJames L1955	SchachterleConrad R19411960 ETR3
LewisJohn D1955 EMC(SS)	NorbergGerald J1953	ScottJames E1951
LilligThomas Stott1967	NordstromWayman Ernest1969	SeyerRalph Edward1963
LofitisHerman LB1962 ICC(SS)	NovitskyWilbert M1954	SharpeCarlDayton85 in '161956
LongRoger1960	O'BrienJames E Jr1964	SharpJimmy Dale1966302
LorenzoThomas (n)1945	O'ConnellEdward J1966	ShellyJames H1961
LovelessJerry Edmond1967	O'DonnellBro of peter f	ShepardRobert Monroe1966
LowranceDavid T1961	O'DonnellPeter F1958	ShermanAlan R1959302 31 Mar 60
LowreyRonnie Wayne19471966302	O'DonohueRobert Joseph1969	ShieldsJL (Jerry?)
MahnWalter C1955	OlsonJames G1959?	ShillingsBilly D.1953?
MahoneyGeorgeH "Jack" S D19211955 CDR	OnanPat Ernest1964	ShultzGF1958
MahoneyPatrick A1953	OroszDavid R1964	Siegel EM2
MaliwanagAbundio B1963	OrrRobert Graham1968	SiglerWillie (nmn) Jr1955
MansurAlgje Monroe1969	OswaldJR1960	SlackDennis Earl19481968
MarryatDerek Roger1964	OuelletteCharlesE Tauton1965	SlocumRichard G1961
MarshallRoy Eugene1963	ParsonsRalph Eugene1969	SmithA C, "Smitty"1961
MartinPerryLOcala19211944302LJg	PayneRobert E, "Bobby"	SmithDouglas G1956
MartinW S1961	Pellier HM	SmithEdwin Jackson1946
MartinWilliam Robert "Bill"1964	Perez	SmithFrank Leslie1963
McAnallyJasper Lynn1963	PerkinsRobert D1960 EN1(SS)	SmithHenry Oliver1946
McDonaldGerald Boo1968	PointerDaniel Robert, "Dan"1960302	SmithJerome1957
McGrawDonald E1961	PopeJerome Wayne1969	SmithMalcolm Graham1945
McGrawJames C1959	PriestJames Robert1969	SmithVictor Jay1965
McGriff SN	ProfflerRoger A1961	SmithWilliam H1961
McKayJames R1964	PurtiloDavid P1960	Solari"Vince" ST?
MeehanJames Douglas1965	Queenen (sp?) SK	SorianoManuel Corp1968
MessickMilton A1966	QuinlanJames J1951 QM1(SS)	SoutherlandMichael
MetcalJoseph B1968	QuisdorfIHA1959	StephenFranklin19471969 SN(SS)
MillerDale F1966	RankinThomas Manor1968	SpailerJohn Lawrence1969
Miller"Ed" EN1(SS)	RayErnest Cook III1969	SpearsSidney LeroyKadoka1961 TM3
MillerHarvey J1951	ReedHarold Richard1963 ENC(SS)	Sprunt EN3(S)
MillsStanley Orvis1963?	ReedJack D1957302	StaufflerEA1961
MillerGerald A, "Jerry"1960	RickersonRussell E1964	StephensRobert H1959?
MinardJames N1960	RobinsonCharles Ad1969	StevensHarry Lincoln1945
MitchellBenjamin C1963	RoemmichVernon RalphBillings19351966	SullivanJames A1952
MooreMichael John "Mike"1966	YN2(SS)	SumichJohn E1960 SN
MorganRobert Laur1962?	RogersDennis Hurley1961	
MorrisJohn S "Jay"1951	RogersRonald L1955	





Space Warning: A SATELLITE is spiraling out of control and could head towards Earth

By Sean Martin, *Daily Express* Jul 4, 2017
Spacecraft construction company SES ... lost control ... June 17 and is now struggling to locate... AMC-9 ... 36,000 kilometers above the Earth's surface ... "significant anomaly".

The company, which bills itself as a provider of "reliable and secure satellite and ground communications solutions", said the satellite began breaking apart in the last few days. While it is expected that any pieces that do fall to Earth will simply burn up when re-entering

the atmosphere, the real worry is that it adds to the already congested space of the thousands of pieces of space junk in the planet's orbit. [See picture above]

The National Space Council has been reinstated by Trump, to be led by VP Pence with cabinet members Jim Mattis of Defense, plus State, Homeland Security, Commerce and Transportation. It may become a part of the USAF, like Marines & Navy, or it may become the 6th branch of armed forces. [July's Navy times editorial]



Good idea if a car ever comes barreling down the tracks!



Same exact newspaper, same exact date, sold in different areas depending the level of political parties in that area. This is a clear case of the media training your brain people. Open your eyes before it's too late. <@>

Trump: "Softens his tone" ..or.. "Talks tough"

BUILDER BLAMES NAVY AS BRAND-NEW WARSHIP DISINTEGRATES

"Navy's newest warship is slowly disappearing, one molecule at a time ... The afflicted vessel is USS Independence, the second in the sailing branch's fleet of fast, reconfigurable Littoral Combat Ships ... "workhorses" of tomorrow's Navy ... problem is so bad that the barely year-old ship will have to be laid up in a San Diego drydock ... replace whole chunks of her [Aluminum] hull.

"Fortunately, USS Freedom (LCS-1) was built of steel from the Twin Towers, and Independence's corrosion is concentrated in her water jets - shipboard versions of airplane engines - where steel "impeller housings" come in contact with the surrounding aluminum structure.

[Remember the zincs on our old diesel boats? Remember Mess Hall discussions of *dissimilar metals* and *electrolysis*? Independence's metal is not rusting, it's vanishing! 50 years ago, our senior messcook might not have been able to design and install a system, but if asked, he surely could have advised today's Admirals who are blaming the contractors. Even our junior messcook could have predicted that shutting down shipyards across the country, and then years later, attempting to brush aside industrial sized cobwebs with a rush order for "workhorses," was not likely to undo the crippling sequestration damages. There's a big learning curve gap to fill, but Freedom seems to be upholding the proof of concept]

David Axe, Wired

Current Events Navy officials are constantly reminding sailors that advancement is vacancy-driven. However those not in Submarines or surface nuclear power still can beat the odds: rules allow the CO's the ability to waive a year for sailors who get "Early Promote" on their evaluations. The Navy Times article also stated, without comment, that the EOD (Explosive Ordnance Disposal) rating over the past 5 years has consistently higher opportunities [Wonder why?] to make chief. They've promoted 66% of their eligible first class POs. Half of the top ten most opportunistic ratings were from the submarine community; least are the SeaBees. [Pay raises in work: E-7 w/18 yrs will be \$55,500/yr, E-5 w/4 years: \$33K., & O-5 w/18 yrs: \$104K.

NTINS: I share Jeff Owens' appreciation for Mike Hemming's work (see Tomato Box)! And ... a dozen years or more ago I was honored to have had some of my writing sharing space on a website with the late, great, Dex Armstrong, Mike Hemming, and several others chronicling our almost-unimaginable adventures of the deep in well over a thousand tales.

Just enter Olgoat.com in your address bar, scroll down a few lines and click on *After Battery*. You'll likely need a rag, because you'll spend many hours remembering, almost smelling, diesel smoke — a little jet a of coffee or beer is likely to exit your nose toward the computer screen at any time while you are reading.



- 1/18/2016 - Edens, James E, YNC(SS) Aboard 1958-9 WWII [see Mail Bag]
- 5/30/2014 - Linder, Roy E. III, ETCS(SS), Aboard 1962-6
- 8/8/2017 - Keeler, Eugene Paul ENFN(SS) aboard 1952-3
- 6/19/17- MacCabe, Douglas J. EM2(SS), aboard 1957-60
- 9/24/16 - Mast, Curt A., EM1(SS)Aboard WWII '51-2
- 1/1/2016 - Schultz, Wilbur Dean, RMC(SS), aboard 1953 WWII
- 4/5/2017 - Brawn, James P. FTG3(SS) Aboard 1960-61

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster — Alphabetically: (Eastman - Hoitt (109 of 631))




Eastman, John , 1996	Fitch, Eugen, 1985	Gascon, Pedro, 1974	Guy, Clyde, 2000
Ebert, Willi, 1970	Fitzgerald, Patri, 1996	Gates, Earl , 2006	Hall, Richa, 2013
Eby, Richa, 2009	Flanagan, Berna, 2014	Gay, Leona, 1994	Hall, Rolan, 2003
Echiverri, Roy V, 1990	Fleischer, Gerha, 1992	Gerfin, Melvi, 2006	Halperin, Hymen, 1996
Edens, James, 2016	Fleming, David, 2009	Getzwiller, Gordo, 1957	Halstead, Edwin, 1988
Eikrem, Lawre, 2001	Flesvig, Donal, 2008	Giancola, John , 2011	Hanan, Jonat, 2010
Elman, Rober, 2003	Floyd, Glend, 1987	Gibbs, Barne, 2002	Haney, John , 2010
Elfving, Danie, 2001	Foiles, James, 1994	Giefer, Louis, 1905	Harding, Howar, 1997
Emerson, Boyd, 1991	Follo, David, 2012	Giffin, Thoma, 2016	Harding, Warre, 2012
Englen, Donal, 2000	Forman, Irvin, 2013	Giles, Willi, 2001	Harris, James, 2000
Ensley, Cliff, 2010	Forsman, Ronal, ??	Giovannucci, Rober, 2015	Harris, Mervi, 2008
Eppley, Eugen, 2006	Forsman, Wayne, ??	Glans, Dale , 2000	Harris-WarrenHerbe, 1972
Etlinger, Richa, 2006	Foster, Willi, 2008	Glenn, Samue, 1977	Harsh, Kenne, 2013
Eugene, Harry, 1992	Fowler, Benja, 2007	Godsell, Charl, 1996	Harshey, James, 2003
Evans, David, 1978	Fox, Eliot, 2010	Goen, Louis, 2006	Hatfield, Rober, 2002
Evans, Ernes, 1999	Fox, Taylo, 1997	Goldsmith, James, 1996	Hawkins, Edwar, 2012
Everly, Verno, 2011	Frattura, Antho, 1997	Gomil, James, 2005	Haydel, Arman, 1965
Everton, Kenne, 1988	Frazier, Kenda, 2004	Gorman, Micha, 1985	Hayes, Danie, 1984
Fackler, Richa, 1998	Frear, Donal, 2014	Gova, Denni, 2014	Hefner, David, 2001
Falk, Peter, 2005	Frederick, Harol, 1997	Gray, Rober, ??	Henetz, Alex , 1998
Farmer, Glenn, 1983	Freitag, Leste, 1964	Greenawalt, Rober, 2006	Hibbert, Edmun, 2009
Fedon, Georg, 1994	Fullen, Richa, 2011	Gregory, Dale , 2013	Higgins, James, 1995
Ferguson, David, 2016	Furchak, John,, 2007	Gregory, Waite, 2003	Hilditch, Willi, 1984
Fernald, Rober, 2001	Galland, James, 1984	Griffin, Warre, 1991	Hinrichsen, Staal, 2001
Fields, Donal, 2012	Garcia, Ambro, 2004	Gudorf, Dale , 2016	Hirt, David, 2016
Finlan, Harol, 1976	Gard, Arthu, 1990	Gullatt, John , 2012	Hoe, Richa, 2012
Fisher, Thoma, 1988	Gartley, James, 2009	Guthe, Dougl, 1970	Hoffstrom, Willi, 1987

Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges no dues for membership, for Clever Boy, or for other expenses. The *Thank You* on page 2 recognizes Sabalo shipmates who regularly contribute the cost of mailing Clever Boy to our WWII shipmates and to our brothers without email access. For years, many loyal shipmates have also sent donations to our Association's founder, Jeff Owens, for support of our website and other expenses — Jeff adamantly rejects any form of payment for membership, which is defined as anyone who ever served on Sabalo.

The purpose of this form is to collect your initial data, and to update any address changes which can cost us hours of work whenever we have to re-handle bounced correspondence. **Please** help us keep the following records current:

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

Footnotes:

Bravo Zulu: =“Well Done!” 
 NTINS: “Now This Is No Sh*t,” as opposed to Fairy Tales which begin with, “Once upon a time....” Often shortened to: (T.I.N.S.)
 TBT - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)
 UQC: An underwater telephone (AKA Gertrude). 302's voice call sign was *Clever Boy* her radio/visual call was NXYO = 
 Continued:  The End: 