



LOST CONTACT: The *302SailingList* roster used to publish our newsletter contains names of the men who have served on our ship with whom we can communicate. If a man's email address is rejected, the Editor calls his phone #, if any, and tries sending one more newsletter issue via eMail. If that fails, a hard copy is sent through the U.S. Post Office. If ever two hardcopy issues are "Returned To Sender" the man's name is moved to our *Lost Contact Roster* – the list of men who we cannot contact at all.

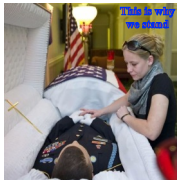
The task of moving names from the *Lost Contact Roster* back to the *302SailingList* has regrettably grown too large to manage, however I can send a list of names of new lost men after each publication to anyone who calls me and offers to help. Page 10 lists the first group (50-100 names) of the *Lost Contact Roster* which I will post in each issue from now on. I've tallied totals for the four Rosters on page 3, and of course I'll keep Jeff updated with my data. Obituaries will, unfortunately, continue increasing the *EPat* list.

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



Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

Ron Gorence
 2563 Roseview Place
 San Diego, Ca 92105-4734



To:



Last edit: 1/1/17





From the Tomato Basket:

Time has a way of slipping away. I was listening to Glen Beck today and the discussion had a focus on how the time between Christmases seems to get shorter and shorter. This phenomenon is likely a common one of aging, but with today's pace of life, even youngsters feel the pressure of passing time.

In my case, the time since our August reunion has flashed by. One result is that Ron Gorence and I have not yet completed a joint audit of reunion outings. It does seem that a number of circumstances kept costs well below estimates. Final communications on how to handle this will be forthcoming.

The first special circumstance is that the beverages and snacks in our hospitality suite were purchased and fully paid for by Will Kaefer (and his mate, Mary). This donation was more than generous, with plenty of selections to choose from, and surplus of just about everything. The latter allowed for Peter Lary to take the surplus back to San Diego, and to the sub vets S.D. Base meeting for a raffle which produced \$75 for their treasury. Many thanks, here's to you, Will !!

Those who attended are aware that during the Reno activities my wife, Paula had what has turned out to be an unexplained episode which put her in the hospital there in Reno for 3 days. She recovered well enough for our scheduled return home on Monday just after the Convention was over and was ok. I on the other hand must have picked up a bug while visiting in the hospital and had what turned into pneumonia for two weeks when we got home. Whew, is all I can say. We are doing ok now.

The saddest note about the Convention was the unexplained and sudden loss our

esteemed friend and shipmate, Capt. Harold Barker, past CO of 302. Ron's TBT has more details. We salute you skipper.

My computer failure back in May slowed down so many things, and this coupled with dealing with medical insurance and other things with the VA - I still don't have a diagnosis, and have been put off a number of times. My biopsy is now scheduled for December 27 - waiting since June. The excuse is that there are a very limited number of urologists in this area that will take the money the govt offers, so my choice is limited both in how far I have to travel and who will see me. It works out to only any of 3 docs all in the same office about 50 miles away. I hope Trump will really do something! The VA hospital in Wilkes-Barre does not have any docs on staff in five specialties, that includes gastro-enterologists and urologists, both of which I need and must be referred to a non-VA provider. They say it's not budgetary, but they can't seem to get anyone.

The Sabalo database is again receiving some attention. My progress has just passed a milestone. Of the 1440 listings, 1,000+ have now been cross-checked for all known data being in the Deck Log. I have also done additional research and discovered the whereabouts of many not previously found. Sadly most of the recent discoveries are deceased. The remainder yet to be cross checked for missing data are almost all known deceased.

Every now and then Good News-- I just got an email from out of the blue (see Mail Bag, pg 6) which happily corrected a shipmate's status,

Continued on Page 11

USS Sabalo Association Staff



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To our 2016 Publication Donors: Thank You!

Your exemplification of our Brotherhood's spirit means more than 100 Sabalo vets without Internet access received CB by mail in 2016. (Dozens of other contributors to Jeff also make the USS Sabalo Crew Assn. successful. You know who you are; thank you too! - RonG & Jeff Owens)

Burner, Ken
Clark, Lee
Grubbs, Charlie
Heisterman, T
Huckfeldt, L (4)
Lary, Peter
McPolin, Paul
Parks, Will
Piragis, Donald

Grandpa, waving his phone: "I've been trying to call you all day!"
Grandma: "You're holding a calculator!"

N

Great grandma was looking around the Thanksgiving table and quietly grinning at each person; I asked her why. "Because, she said, "it would shock most of 'em to learn that they wouldn't even be alive if I hadn't decided to get laid."

WOMEN WHO KNOW THEIR PLACE

Barbara Walters, of 20/20, did a story on gender roles in Kabul, Afghanistan, several years before the Afghan conflict. She noted that women customarily walked five paces behind their husbands.

She recently returned to Kabul and observed that women still walk behind their husbands. Despite the

overthrow of the oppressive Taliban regime, the women now seem happy to maintain the old custom.

Ms Walters approached one of the Afghan women and asked, "Why do you now seem happy with an old custom that you once tried so desperately to change?"

The woman looked Ms Walters straight in the eyes, and without hesitation said, "Land mines."



Thru the TBT: ♦ **Housekeeping:** In Aug. 2012 our roster listed 1415 Sabalo veterans; as of the end of Oct, 2016, Sabalo Association's total membership count is 1,428 men as follows:

- SS-302 SailingList (men now receiving Lobo) 422
- Lost men (Insufficient data/unable to contact) 374
- On Eternal Patrol 623
- SS-302 No Thanks (not interested) 9

To summarize: in the past 4 years, we've lost 44 from our mailing list, reduced the number of "Lost" men by 119 and added 171 to our Eternal/Final Patrol Roster.

Jeff's master roster and our continuing maintenance was the baseline for Jeff's impressive update of USSVI's DeckLog listing; Jeff's total is higher than my publishing breakdowns by a dozen men (likely on Epat, as we fine-tune).

• See Editor's note on page 1 regarding men removed from *Clever Boy* mailing list. There is a new feature article, the

Lost Contact Roster print-out on page 10. Men without adequate contact data will be listed in groups of 50-100 in each *Clever Boy* issue, attempting to cycle through the entire roster each year or so. The list contains nearly all the non-contact clues we have such as City (last known), years aboard, Qual boat, Highest rate/rank, etc. If you can reach any of these men somehow, let Jeff or Ron know and we can put them back on the active mailing lists..

• Publication Donors on page 2 will henceforth list only those who have sent publishing money in the past year.

♦ 26 Participants in our 2016 Reunion in Reno, NV:

Barker, Hal '65-6 (see "Because of this..." on Pg5)
Bolen, Terry '70 Davis, Larry 'Doc' '65-8
Elzinga, Mike/Connie 59-61 Giacomelli, Andre 53-54
Gorence, Ron '66-70 Grubbs, Charles
Kaefler, Will/Mary '68-70 Lary, Peter/Gail '68-69
Losby, Harold/Shir. '65-70 MacLean, Jim/Cheryl '66-70
McKnight, Bob/Isuzu '67-71 Owens, Jeff/Paula '67-69
Patrick, John/Linda '67-9 Potts, Jim/Laura '58-60
Ray, Mick/Caroll '66-69 Ruden, Peter 1960
Schwichtenberg, Del/Mellen Towery, Bill '66-69
Tucker, Charles '59-63 Wallace, Jim '64

♦ **Summary of Reno Reunion expenses:** We anticipated 40 members/guests; the shortage of 14 persons created a cash deficit. The hotel very graciously agreed to remove one of our two Hospitality Rooms from our contract, and refunded the difference for the last 3 nights. Additionally, the very hospitable VFW reduced our Buffet cost from \$45 to \$33 each, including transportation for the two mile journey between hotel and VFW, and unlimited Red/White wine at each table. The meal was great, with unlimited choices of Lemon Chicken or NY Steak, salads, veggies, deserts; we were very pleased to learn that the VFW staff had previously alerted a local shelter that they would deliver of all our left-overs (hot) for the mostly-military homeless inhabitants. The VFW is in an actual bomb shelter, and we walked down a cement tunnel into a bar full of warm-hearted blues.

♦ **Great News!** Jeff got an email from out of the blue (Mail Bag, pg 6) which happily moved a shipmate's name — erroneously reported as deceased and placed on Sabalo's *Eternal Patrol* roster — to Sabalo's *Active Publication Roster*: Dan Danielson, of Vermont, aboard in 1958, is receiving this issue of *Clever Boy* — his first formal introduction to the USS Sabalo Association. Welcome aboard, shipmate! He might remember W. Ballard, W. Barnes, J. Bruzzo, L. Collier, R. Derga, R. Foster, G. Garrison, D. Graham, G. Labrache, D. McCord, J. McCune R. Rennell K. Sanderlin, J. Astringer, and/or W. Weisenense, aboard about then

♦ **Travel tips:** Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday are the days to look for. Airlines have fewer business passengers on these days of the week and a surplus of seats. Don't don't wait to buy a ticket on the Tuesday before your flight — buy in advance to travel on one of these days.

• To optimize your travel deals, try avoiding round-trip tickets - get two individual one-way trips if clicking through different airlines yields two different tickets coming out to less than a round-trip ticket. You could end up saving more than you'd think.

• TSA does not care where or how you're flying, so feel free to step up to the first class line if it is shorter.

V/R

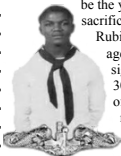
RonG

- ✓ Going to bed early
- ✓ Not leaving my house

- ✓ Not going to a party...
- My childhood punishments have become my adult goals.

The YOUNGEST FATALITY OF WORLD WAR II

Rubin MacNeil Raiford of Georgetown SC is purported to be the youngest seaman to pay the ultimate sacrifice during WWII.



Rubin enlisted on October 13, 1942 at the age of thirteen and was subsequently assigned to the submarine USS TANG (SS 306), one of our most famous submarines of the war. During her short life, TANG made five war patrols, one of which was spent on lifeguard duty. During the other four patrols, TANG sank more enemy vessels than any submarine during the

war. For their daring exploits, her Captain, Cdr. Richard H. O'Kane was awarded Medal of Honor.

On the night of October 23, 1944 in the Straits of Formosa, TANG was completing a very successful fifth war patrol. While proceeding on the surface, TANG fired her last torpedo at an enemy ship. Immediately after firing the torpedo, it malfunctioned and began a circular run to the left, striking TANG on the after port side. TANG began to sink immediately in 180 feet of water taking with her the lives of 77 gallant submariners and one CS2(SS) Rubin Raiford age 15 years, 5 months and 11 days. [American Submariner, #3, 2016]

The US Navy has successfully demonstrated the ability of the submarine-launched Blackwing UAS to link with a swarm of unmanned undersea vehicles (UUVs) and communicate with the submarine's combat control system. The demo took place during the navy's Annual Naval Technology Exercise (ANTX) in August.

During the exercise the Blackwing UAS was used to provide communications relay for command and control. An AeroVironment-developed secure digital datalink called DDL, which was integrated into all Blackwing UAS, relayed real-time information from the surrogate submarine via the Blackwing to and from multiple UUVs.

Blackwing builds on AeroVironment's Switchblade Lethal Miniature Aerial Missile System and its common DDL to provide the navy with a deployable submarine-launched UAS optimised for distributed anti-access/area denial environments.

The UAS is designed to provide intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance capabilities to submarine commanders as well as high-speed data and communication relay for command and control between geographically separated vessels such as surface ships, UUVs and manned submarines.

Kirk Flittie, AeroVironment vice president and general manager of its unmanned aircraft systems business segment, said: "Our Naval Undersea Warfare Center partners seek solutions for quickly and seamlessly linking the air and undersea domains to enhance warfighter capability."

"Blackwing delivers significant value to the undersea community, and we look forward to working closely with our partners to expand this powerful new capability to enable underwater vehicles and cross-domain interoperability."

Yesterday I quit my job because I was tired. Today I am still tired. Therefore I am retired.

Not from our MAIL BAG:

Dear American liberals, leftists, social progressives, socialists, Marxists and Obama supporters, et al:

We have stuck together since the late 1950's for the sake of the kids, but the whole of this latest election process has made me realize that I want a divorce. I know we tolerated each other for many years for the sake of future generations, but sadly, this relationship has clearly run its course. Our two ideological sides of America cannot and will not ever agree on what is right for us all, so let's just end it on friendly terms. We can smile and chalk it up to irreconcilable differences and go our own way.

Here is our separation agreement:

--Our two groups can equitably divide up the country by landmass each taking a similar portion. That will be the difficult part, but I am sure our two sides can come to a friendly agreement. After that, it should be relatively easy! Our respective representatives can effortlessly divide other assets since both sides have such distinct and disparate tastes.

--We don't like re-distributive taxes so you can keep them.

--You are welcome to the liberal judges and the ACLU.

--Since you hate guns and war, we'll take our firearms, the cops, the NRA, and the military.

--We'll take the nasty, smelly oil industry and the coal mines, and you can go with wind, solar and bio-diesel.

--You can keep Oprah, Michael Moore and Rosie O'Donnell. You are, however, responsible for finding a bio-diesel vehicle big enough to move all three of them.

--We'll keep capitalism, greedy corporations, pharmaceutical companies, Wal-Mart and Wall Street.

--You can have your beloved lifelong welfare dwellers, food stamps, hippies, druggies and illegal aliens.

--We'll keep the hot Alaskan hockey moms, greedy CEOs, and rednecks.

--We'll keep Bill O'Reilly and Bibles, and give you ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN and Hollywood.

--You can make nice with Iran and Palestine and we'll retain the right to invade and hammer places that threaten us.

--You can have the peaceniks and war protesters.

--When our allies or our way of life are under assault, we'll help provide them security.

--We'll keep our Judeao-Christian values.

--You are welcome to Islam, Scientology, Humanism, political correctness and Shirley McClain. You can also have the U.N. but we will no longer be paying the bill.

--We'll keep the SUV's, pickup trucks and oversized luxury cars. You can take every Volt, Tesla and Leaf you can find.

--You can give everyone healthcare if you can find any practicing doctors.

--We'll keep "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "The National Anthem." I'm sure you'll be happy to substitute "Imagine," "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing," "Kumbaya," or "We Are the World."

--We'll practice trickle-down economics and you can continue to give trickle up poverty your best shot.

--Since it often so offends you, we'll keep our history, our name, our team names and our flag.

Would you agree to this? If so, please pass it along to other like-minded liberal and conservative patriots ...

Sincerely,

John J. Wall, Law Student and an American!

[Ed: I disagree with the author on one point: I'd love to own a Tesla.]

P. S. Also, please take Ted Turner, Sean Penn, Martin & Charlie Sheen, George Clooney, Barbara Streisand, and (Hanoi) Jane Fonda with you.

P.P.S. And you won't have to press 1 for English when you call our country.

I think women are foolish to pretend they are equal to men, they are far superior and always have been. Whatever you give a woman, she will make greater. if you give her sperm, she'll give you a baby. If you give her a house, she'll give you a home. If you give her groceries, she'll give you a meal. If you give her a smile, she'll give you her heart. She multiplies and enlarges what is given to her. So, if you give her any crap, be ready to receive a ton of shit! *William Golding*

Because of this, I might check my name tags just a little more carefully -- forever.
(Perhaps, so will some readers)

*** eMail exchange of July 9/10/2016:**

Sabalo's Jeff Owens: "Got a check from Captain Harold Drake Barker, CO 65-67 to attend [Reno Reunion]. Was he your 1st CO on 302? WWII Vet - Amazing bio- <http://ussabalo.org/BiospersonalA-K.html> - He was 89 in Jan. Maybe we should recognize him in a special way at the banquet?"

RonG: "Hell yea, we need to recognize him; whatever you want, I'll help. His wife's name is Dossie; is she coming too?"

Jeff: *I will contemplate some kind of special gift and we can read his bio at the banquet for a sure round of applause. He indicates his wife, Dossie, is deceased, but gives no date.*

At the USSVI Convention in Reno I was talking to several Sabalo shipmates (Harold Losby, Doc Davis, and Mac McKnight) during the *Welcome Aboard* event on Tuesday evening, when an unknown Subvet dutifully escorted a slim and trim Hal Barker to where we were standing; he pointed at me and said, "Here he is sir; this is Ron Gorence."

I did my feeble best to pop to attention and said something inane like, "Welcome Aboard, Skipper," as I extended a handshake.

"So you qualified on the Razonback, right?"

"Yes Sir, the Razorback." I corrected, gently.

The Commanding Officer was smiling, but still he insisted, "Your name badge says raisin."

Even after 40 years of retirement, I still find it difficult to contradict a CO. Nevertheless, I inverted my badge, put my thumb where it ought to have said Razonback — and then burst out laughing. The badge had been seen by at least 40 people, including Honeybee, Mac and Doc — who never miss a thing — but

only the Skipper had spotted the typo: a lowercase "n" where the second "r" should have been; it very plainly spelled out R-a-z-o-n-b-a-c-k.

His escort then handed me the Captain's \$100 check, a per-person contribution toward our Association's reunion Hospitality Room and Banquet costs, which I slipped into my wallet, assuring him I would pass it on to Jeff Owens. I'd forgotten that the Skipper had already paid Jeff \$100 (see eMail, above) at least, in part, because I was not thinking about bookkeeping but preparing what I might say about Captain Barker at the forthcoming Banquet, and to post later in our newsletter, which went something like this:

Captain Barker's commanding presence at the table was felt through the humorous "ping" he aimed at me, exposing a possibly-inconsequential, but real, inattention to detail. There is a conundrum between silent service scorn for voluntarism, usually expressed as "Never volunteer for anything," but which, somehow, exists ubiquitously throughout the only totally-voluntary branch of the U.S. Military services. Submariners since WWI have haughtily and consistently volunteered to emulate and follow detail-minded submarine Skippers anywhere — including, through the gates of Hell. In five minutes, this man swept away 40 years of foggy memory and exposed a special moment we all recognized. Nothing had changed; all Captain Baker would have had to do was point — we'd have followed.

Sadly, his loving grand-daughter, Jenn Pansegrau, has informed the Sabalo Association and the USSVI, that Captain Harold D. Barker, USN, Ret., was found alone, and dangerously dehydrated in his locked hotel room Sunday morning. He was rushed immediately to a Reno hospital, but despite all efforts, he departed

there on Eternal Patrol, Tuesday August 23, 2016. How long the Captain might have been alone no one knows. I'd seen him later sitting at a Slot Machine but — busy with my mother-hen duties — I hadn't stopped to chat; I last spoke with him at Thursday's Men's Luncheon. Of course, we were all disappointed that he hadn't shown up at Thursday's Sabalo Banquet at the VFW, but we were not worried — even after we learned he'd paid for the dinner, and everything else, twice — because it is not in the least unusual for submariners to develop conversations into something deeper and infinitely more interesting than a serving of rubber chicken they may have flip-pantly chosen in advance several

months ago. [The 2nd check was returned to the Barker Estate on 9/5/16. RonG]

One shipmate said that he might have seen the Skipper as late as Saturday morning, but we found no one able to confirm his attendance at the Awards Banquet on Saturday night.

Ms Pansegrau told me that the Captain and his beloved wife Dossie fell asleep holding hands for 56 years — every night it was possible. She preceded him in death earlier this year, after he'd promised to attend our Reno Reunion no matter what. His final goal was to have Dossie's ashes added to his own small urn, so the pair could be interred at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery alongside many of his WWII peers and shipmates. Grand-daughter Jenn is distraught to find that Rosecrans is full with Marine Corps Air Station Miramar the only alternative. So shipmates ... if you happen (A) to have any ideas (or pull), and/or (B) you can add anything about his final days, please call or write. I will share it with the family. We walk taller, those who knew him!

May you sail with fair winds and following seas, Captain.

MAIL BAG • Well...I had hoped to get to the reunion, but I simply can't make it. 70 years old, most of my body is breaking down. Tell everyone Robbie CS2 (SS) said bless you all. Thanks CS2 (SS) James H. Robertson [69-70] • Newsworthy: Robt Frick - enl man Qual on 302 1962; later RADM & now Scholarship Chair for USSVI. Ck the

Natl website and the Sabalo website for his bio for addtl material. Jeff Owens.

© 11/22/16 wrote: Jeff: I'm retired with nothing better to do, so while fooling around with my computer I came across you. I qualified on Sabalo in 1958. Tell me about yourself. Dan Danielson, SN(SS) [Previously recorded in EPat roster as deceased.] • 7/14 Sorry I will not be able to attend the reunion in Reno. at 80 yrs. old, not really able to make the flight and etc. Have a great time and say Hi to all. Joe Bruzzo RM1(SS) crew member in 1957 out of sub school. Boarded Sabalo in Yokokuska and rode her back to Pearl.

NTINS

Tales of the Pacific by Garland Davis

We grew up in the "Cold War Navy". There were more than six hundred ships, most left over from World War II and showing the effects of their age. Some had been Fram'd juboized, and rebuilt to extend their usefulness. But, they were still old, rusty, and showing their age. Most were overcrowded and uncomfortable. We kept them clean, sharp and operational. No one told us we couldn't do any damned thing that we decided needed to be done.

It was a time that we refer to as the "Old Navy" or the "Real Navy" as opposed to today's Navy with modern new technologically superior (?) ships that don't work, sailors who don't know how to make them work, who wear khaki and black uniforms and "Blueberry" dungarees that make one wonder if they are sailors or trying to look like a bastardized version of the Marine Corps.

Today's diverse, politically correct and socially relevant Navy with male and female sailors who identify as Homosexuals, Lesbians, Transvestites, and Transgenders all serving together raises the question, "Is there anyone who identifies as a Heterosexual, a Boatswain's Mate, a Machinist's Mate, or a real sailor any longer?"

On many ships, smoking tobacco is no longer permitted or is frowned upon. I remember a time when it was almost impossible to see the evening movie for the cloud of blue smoke that filled the mess decks. When you were out of smokes, all you had to do was go to the movie and breath for your shot of nicotine.

We served during a time when shipboard sailors wore "steamer" dungarees straight from the laundry bag and they showed every wrinkle and hand lettered stencil. The newer Seafarer pressed dungarees were saved for in port. It was a time before all the embroidered unit ball caps. We wore the old shapeless "Blue Working Cap" or a dirty threadbare white hat with our dungarees.

We all served during the era that proceeded something called the "Don't ask, don't tell policy." If a person was queer, you couldn't ask them and they shouldn't tell you. A common method of establishing heterosexuality in my Navy was when some drunk staggered up from his barstool and yelled, "Any Son-of-a-Bitch in Here That Can't Tap Dance is Queer!"

And all the other drunks in the place would jump up and go into gyrations as if they were spastically stomping piss ants to

immediately prove their passion was still for Asian girls packaged in frilly bras and lace panties. Their efforts at tap dancing also established that Gene Kelly and Bing Crosby had no worries about job security.

It was a time before liberty buddies and liberty plans. If there was any planning to a liberty, it was to allocate how much of his meager pay a sailor would relegate to cigarettes, alcohol, getting laid, more alcohol, and transportation back to the ship. If there was any money left he recklessly fooled it away at the ship's store buying toothpaste, soap, and shaving cream.

It was a time when we were all invincible. And being invincible, we would never grow old.

That was a long time ago. Someone stole our invincibility and we grew old. So old that about all we can do is haul our asses to Branson, Missouri each May to live it all vicariously in the stories we tell and laugh about. That and calling the urologist for some Viagra to boost the hydraulics of the gear we tap danced for.

And we got Fat... Ugly... Ornery... More worthless and not a lot smarter. But we are smart enough to know that the crap coming out of Washington and the assholes we deal with at the VA is the same stuff that a John Deere manure spreader works with.

We have each other and a seabag of memories. In many cases, memories of a time now past. A time when a boy could grow up with real men as mentors and examples. Where else but in the company of such men could he be accepted and be allowed to write the bullshit he does about us and our lives and not have his ass kicked. I love you guys... Did then and do now.

And when I wrote that last statement, I was tap dancing.

A native of North Carolina, Garland Davis has lived in Hawaii since 1987. He always had a penchant for writing but did not seriously pursue it until recently. He is a graduate of Hawaii Pacific University, where he majored in Business Management. Garland is a thirty-year Navy retiree and service-connected Disabled Veteran.

[This guy has got to be the surface Navy's answer to Dex Armstrong! Gotta admire how he co-opted the Submariners' tap-dancing cue; his website is garlanddavis.net. RonG]

• All the American flags on the moon have now been bleached white by the sun.

Sailor complained of pain aboard USS Eisenhower. Then she gave birth to a 7-pound girl.

By Brock Vergakis The Virginian –Pilot NORFOLK (Bremerton Base, Gertrude Check NL

A sailor who never reported she was pregnant has given birth aboard the aircraft carrier USS Dwight D. Eisenhower while it operates in the Persian Gulf, according to the Navy.

Cmdr. Bill Urban, spokesman for U.S. Naval Forces Central Command, said the sailor had complained of abdominal pain and recently was admitted to the ship's medical department, where she later gave [sic] birth to a 7-pound girl.

Urban said the sailor and her daughter are healthy and doing well. Diapers, formula and an incubator were flown to the carrier the day of the birth, which Urban did not specify. The incubator was used to support the helicopter medical evacuation to shore, Urban said. "As the baby was born at sea aboard an operational unit, the main focus for the U.S. Navy, the ship and its crew is the safety and well-being of the baby and

the mother. The baby and mother have arrived in Bahrain via helicopter with a medical escort and have been taken to a shore-based hospital for follow on care," Urban said in an email to The Virginian-Pilot.

"The family practitioner aboard Ike, who delivered the baby, is certified in child birth and has experience delivering babies. A number of personnel assigned to Ike medical department have received training to deliver and care for a newborn."

The Navy requires annual health examinations and for expectant mothers to self-report pregnancy within two weeks of confirmation from a medical care provider, according to Navy Personnel Command.

But Urban said the sailor's chain of command wasn't aware of the pregnancy. It wasn't immediately clear Monday

whether the sailor herself knew she was pregnant.

Navy policy says expectant mothers are allowed to remain on a ship up to the 20th week of pregnancy and only if the time for medical evacuation to an emergency treatment facility is less than six hours, according to Urban. Eisenhower left Norfolk June 1.

"While it would have been preferred to send her to her homeport earlier, per policy, we are now focused on caring for the health and welfare of our Sailor and the newest member of our Navy family," he said.

Urban said the sailor, whose name has not been released, is assigned to a squadron in Carrier Air Wing Three. Aircraft from the air wing have been flying combat missions over Iraq and Syria in support of Operation Inherent Resolve.

I Think You're The Father of One Of My Kids!

A guy goes to the supermarket and notices a very attractive woman waving at him. She says, 'Hello.' He's rather taken aback because he can't place where he knows her from. So he asks, 'Do you know me?' To which she replies, 'I think you're the father of one of my kids.'

Now his mind travels back to the only time he has ever been unfaithful to his wife. So he asks, 'Are you the stripper from the bachelor party that I made love to on the pool table, with all my buddies watching, while your partner whipped my butt with wet celery?' She looks into his eyes and says calmly, 'No, I'm your son's teacher.'

What did our parents do to kill boredom before the internet? I asked my 26 siblings, and they didn't know either

Two 90-year old submariners, Tubes and Sparks, had been friends most of their lives. When it was clear that Tubes was dying, Sparks visited him every day.

One day Sparks said, "Tubes, we both loved riding the boats, and all our lives we've remembered our teen years together growing up on a diesel boat. Please do me one favor: when you get to Heaven, somehow you must let me know if there are submarines there."

Tubes looked up at Sparks from his deathbed and said, "Sparks you've been my best friend for many years. If it's at all possible, I'll do this favor for you."

Shortly after that, with his great granddaughter on his lap, his wife tearfully informed Sparks that his friend Tubes had passed on.

A few nights later, Sparks was awakened from a sound sleep by a blinding flash of white light and a voice calling out to him, "Sparks... Sparks"

"Who is it?" asked Sparks sitting up suddenly. "Who is it?" "Tubes-it's me, Tubes"

"You're not Tubes, Tubes just died."

"I'm telling you, it's me, Tubes" insisted the voice.

"Tubes! Where are you?"

"In Heaven," replied Tubes. "I have some really good news and a little bad news."

"Tell me the good news first," said Sparks.

"The good news," Tubes said, "is that there are submarines in Heaven. Better yet all of our old buddies who died before us are here, too. Better than that, we're all young again. Better still, the air-conditioning always works, we can handle any kind of angle, and can dive to any depth. And best of all, we get free beer in any port we choose and we never run out of money."

"That's fantastic," said Sparks "It's beyond my wildest dreams! So what's the bad news?"

"Well ... you're due here tomorrow ... but, en route, you'll need to pass through *Sea Story Validation* [See *NTINS*, Footnotes, pg 12]. Betting odds here, among our shipmates, predict somewhere between cons and epochs before you arrive; sounds a little optimistic to me. G'night Bro"





Millennials – those born mid '90s to early 2000s – voted enthusiastically for Bernie Sanders [socialist] in the 2016 POTUS primary election. More of them voted for Bernie Sanders than for Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton combined. They admire northern European socialism like Denmark's where the lowest income tax is 40% and sales tax is another 25%. Lower class people are deeply dependent on government handouts. They have the highest tax and highest private debt in the world and few will ever own a car or house. Anyone making over \$80K pays a personal tax of 68% leaving him \$25.6K (Does **"Fair share"** sound familiar?) most either leave Denmark, or illegally evade taxes. Gas is ~\$10/gallon, tax on a car is 180% and the suicide rate averages 21 per /100,000 (the USA rate is 12.7 per 100,000). Voters under 29 voted 55% Clinton, 37% Trump in national exit polls.

Too bad there's nobody to teach 55% of our youngsters simple Economics facts, along with complex Supply/Demand Curves:

1. You cannot legislate the poor into prosperity by legislating the wealthy out of prosperity.
 2. What one person receives without working for, another person must work for without receiving.
 3. The government cannot give to anybody anything that the government does not first take from somebody else.
 4. You cannot multiply wealth by dividing it!
 5. When half of the people get the idea that they do not have to work because the other half is going to take care of them, and when the other half gets the idea that it does no good to work because somebody else is going to get what they work for, that is the beginning of the end of any nation.
- Adrian Rogers**

[I'm almost old enough and grouchy enough to give up on them, i.e.: Some people are like Slinkies ... not really good for anything, but you can't help smiling when you see one tumble down the stairs.]

There's Hope

Bernie Saunders Millennials according to NBC do not accept the left's *Common Sense* gun control: "Cities with the highest murder rates have the strictest gun laws," said a young female, "They're taking guns away from the wrong group of people."

The survey question in the last issue, "Has there been any insanity in your family?" I received the following answer 42 times:
"Yup, my husband thinks he is in charge."

The Election (I did not vote for Obama, but...)

I reckon I might have voted for Jessie Jackson if he'd ever won a nomination — he spoke too fast for me to understand, but I was willing to try because he initially struck me as an honest man. Al Sharpton could not even have won my trust, and I only vaguely remember that Shirley Chisholm and Carol Moseley Braun might have put their hats in the ring. I most certainly would have voted for either Alan Keyes (his simplest sentence sent me scampering for a dictionary) or Herman Cain; and I still haven't taken the time to remove the Ben Carson sticker from my bumper.

So I think it was a very decent American act to overpower our internal prejudices and elect Barack Obama as our First Black President.

From that experience, thank God, I think we learned not to hastily put the wrong first woman in the Oval Office too; now we have time to select a future President based on the content of his or her character — our Country owes that to the memory, and the children, of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

RonG

Consider the Source!

How to wash a cat

1. Put both lids of the toilet up and add 1/8 cup of pet shampoo to the water in the bowl.
2. Pick up the cat and soothe him while you carry him towards the bathroom.
3. In one smooth movement put the cat in the toilet and close the lid. You may need to stand on the lid.
4. At this point the cat will self agitate and make ample suds. Never mind the noises that come from the toilet, the cat is actually enjoying it!
5. Flush the toilet three or four times. This provides a "Power-Wash" and "Rinse".
6. Have someone open the front door of your home. Be sure that there are no people between the bathroom and the front door.
7. Stand well back, behind the toilet as far as you can, and quickly lift the lid.
8. The cat will rocket out of the toilet, streak through the bathroom, and run outside where he will dry himself off.
9. Both the toilet and the cat will be sparkling clean.

Yours Sincerely,

The Dog

***For I Am a Submariner* by Chief Tommy Cox**

I served on the Holland over a century ago.
I still serve to this day on the Trident, Los Angeles & Seawolf class boats and look forward to shipping on the Virginia, Texas, and Hawaii.
Places like Fremantle, Rota, LaMadd, Chinhai, Pattaya, Sasebo, Holy Loch, and Subic stir my soul. **For I am a Submariner.**
I rest in peace beneath many seas across this earth.
I was on the Barbel off Palawan, the Scorpion off the Azores and the Bonefish in the Sea of Japan. We gave them hell in the harbors at Wewak and Namkwan.
I am a Shellback, a Bluenose, a Plank Owner, a MCPO of the Navy, a CNO, and a President. **For I am a Submariner.**
I heard Howard Gilmore's final order, "Take Her Down."
I heard the word passed, "Underway on Nuclear Power."
I have done every job asked of me, from Messcook to Torpedoman to Motormac to COB to Skipper.
I know "Snorkel Patty" and Admiral Rickover. **For I am a Submariner.**
I have twin Dolphins tattooed on my chest and twin screws tattooed on my ass.
I know the difference between a Lady and a Hooker but treat both with equal respect.
I know Georgia Street and Magsaysay drive. And although the Horse & Cow keeps moving I will always find her.
I know the meaning of "Hot, Straight, and Normal." **For I am a Submariner.**
I have stood tall and received my Dolphins and been thrown in the Brig for being Drunk & Disorderly.
I know the reverent tone of "Diesel Boats Forever" and the Gudgeon's "Find em, Chase em, Sink em."
I was on the Spearfish evacuating nurses from Corregidor and the Skate when she surfaced at the North Pole.
I have spent time in the Royal Hawaiian. **For I am a Submariner.**
I have gone by names like Spritz, Cromwell, O'Kane, Ramage, Breault, "Mush" and Lockwood.
I have served on boats like the Nautilus, Thresher, Parche, Squalus, Wahoo and Halibut.
On December 7th I was onboard the Tautog at Pearl Harbor.
I was also on the Tusk in '49 and sacrificed myself for my shipmates on the Cochino. **For I am a Submariner.**
I have stood watches in the cold of Holy Loch and the heat of the South Pacific.
I know what the "41 For Freedom" accomplished.
I was on the Sealion at Cavite in '41 and the Archerfish in Tokyo Bay in '45.
I have endured depth charges and POW camps.
I was on the Seafox when we lost five sailors to a Japanese ambush on Guam. **For I am a Submariner.**
I tip beers over sea-stories with my shipmates at yearly conventions.
I toll the bell and shed a tear for my buddies who are on eternal patrol.
I have had many pilots glad to see me, including a future president.
I have completed numerous highly classified missions during the Cold War.
I know "Freedom Is Not Free," so be assured that I am out there at this very moment. **For I am a Submariner.**
[The American submariner is the principle reason the bad guys rarely get to peek under Lady Liberty's nightie and your kids don't eat sushi at school.] Probably Dex Armstrong]

Hey Sub Sailor!

FYI! Have you wondered about strange diseases that seem to be popping up as we age, or wonder if we were ever exposed to "Agent Orange"?

When our planes had Agent Orange left in their tanks it is said they often dumped it overboard in Yankee Station, but in 2002 the VA amended its initial plan and excluded thousands of "Blue Water" Navy Vets, saying that these sailors were not exposed and were no longer entitled to benefits. NY Rep. Chris Gibson and Sen. Kirsten Gillibrand are trying to remedy this by sponsoring bills requiring that the VA assume responsibility. For more information, and/or to sign a Congressional petition to reinstate sub sailors and others their excluded benefits, log on to the Blue Water Navy Vietnam Veterans Assn **House Bill H 969 and Senate Bill S 681** Website:

https://www.change.org/o/the_blue_water_navy_vietnam_veterans_association

A 2011 study by the National Institute of Medicine found that Blue Water veterans could have been exposed in multiple ways, including via the ships' water distillation system and through the air. The National Institute of Medicine also stated, "Given the available evidence, the committee recommends that members of the Blue Water Navy should not be excluded from the set of Vietnam-era veterans with presumed herbicide exposure."

Submitted by Peter Lary, Qualified aboard Sabalo 1968, EMFN(SS)



... decided to bring back its 241-year-old job ratings system... re-

versing a decision ... prompted widespread outcry ...

Navy torpedoes job titles for new system; 'airman,' 'fire-

man,' others shelved

By Douglas Ernst - The Washington Times - Thursday, September 29, 2016

All 91 of the U.S. Navy's enlisted job titles are headed for Davy Jones' locker.

Navy Secretary Ray Mabus prodded the Navy and Marine Corps early this year to look for ways to create gender-neutral rating titles. The Marines responded with new job titles in June, but the Navy ultimately decided to go with a complete overhaul of its system.

"We're going to immediately do away with rating titles and address each other by just our rank as the other services do," Chief of Naval Personnel Vice Adm. Robert Burke told Navy Times for a piece published Thursday. "We recognize that's going to be a large cultural change, it's not going to happen overnight, but the direction is to start exercising that now."

The move, which officials say will make service members more

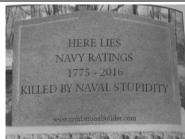
employable post-service, goes away with titles like airman and fireman in favor of Navy Occupational Specialties (NOS).

"Under this new system, for example, Gunner's mates will be identified as B320 and quartermasters will be B450," Navy Times explained.

The title seaman will remain the last nonrated rating remaining for those with a rank of E-3 and below.

Vice Adm. Robert Burke told the newspaper that NOS will be configured into broad career fields within 13 communities of service. The new system aims to give sailors a greater number of duty stations and more flexibility in terms of how their careers advance.

A spokesman for Secretary Mabus denied any "direct line" between the directive for gender-neutral job titles and the Navy's decision to overhaul its system.[Huh?! Ed]



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

The first ~100 men whose correct address was never known, or was changed without informing us. Note: Dates shown are in the following order: DOB, Aboard 302, & Qual. Birth years are probably all below '52, Qual dates are often preceded by a Hull #.

Abbotts, John Jr	Bratt, George ~60	Collins, John A 1955
Abrahamson, Carl H.'45 SS230 '43	Braziel, Steven Robert 1963	Combe, Jimmie, "Jim"
Adams, Terry Lee 1966	Brooks, Harold F 1959	Cone, Robert Howard 1968
Akazawa, Shuji, "Sidney" Ewa B'ch'64	Brown, Edward Everett 1962	Cook, Kenneth H
Alexander, Robert E, "Doc" 1951	Brown, Gerald J 1953	Coon, William Joseph Jr 1960 302
Alonzo, Frederick W '260	Brown, Kenneth Lee, "Burner"'66 302	Corpus, Mauro (n) 1960
Anderson, Andre Raymond ?45	Buckner, Gerald Wayne 1930 1952	Corriveau, James Edward
Ansaldi, Valdemar M, "Turky" '46 '68	Burke, Ronald Edward	Cowning, William P Jr
Armstrong, Thomas L 1965	Burtulo, DP 1960	Crawford, Robert H
Arquilla, Augusto J 1956	Busch, Kenneth H 1953	Creel, James D
Ashook, Michael L 1961	Butler, Edward F ~51	Crossley, Richard J 1960
Bacong, Freddie Manalo 1969	Butler, GP 1959	Crowe, Glenn R
Badget, Kenneth Milton 1969	Callaway, Donald Wayne	Cummings, Edward (n) 1960
Baker, James A 1956	Campbell, William Lloyd	Curley, William H
Banks, Joseph L 1961	Capitan, Ricardo M ?59	Curry, Bruce Elwin
Barton, Roy L 1957	Carey, Chris Allan	Dadas, Narciso Felix 1969
Beckley, Charles D	Carlas, Antonio S	Davis, James P
Beech, James E 1960 EMCM(SS)	Carnes, James J 1989 EMCS(SS)	Davis, James Ray
Beltran, Jose S 1964	Carrier, CE 1959	Davis, Jerry Lee
Bennett, J? 1961	Carter, BJ	Davis, Robert H
Bennett, Richard R ~51	Causey, Billy J	Decker, Jerry Lynn 1968 302 1968
Benson, William D, "Bill" 1954	Chandler, Dale Grant	Degzuman, Ricardo D 1958 302
Berkey, RM 1961	Chapman, David Michael	Deniz, Louis E 1969
Bessette, Eanest Theodore 1969	Chestnut, Lloyd E 1969	Dennison, James R 1958
Bird, David Leroy 1963	Chochette, ?	Derbigny, Donald Aka "Derb" '48? '65
Bird, James Miller 1961	Christian, Samuel L 1964	Dickerson, John H Jr 1953
Bishop, George W Jr 1968	Clark, Griffith W Jr	Dillon, Paul J '42 '62 392 ETR2(SS)
Blanco, Armando 1959	Clark, M E	Diosomito, Emilio J 1959 302 1960
Borce, ~53 ET2(SS)	Claussen, HC	Dolan, Timothy H
Bostian, James L 1953	Cleland, Dale B	Donaldson, Charles W 1964
Bottiia, Thomas Jane... 1968	Cobb, Richard A	Dougherty, Jim Ray 1964
Boufford, Leonard Jo... 1969	Cock, Kenneth H	Dummar, Arnold Kent
Bouroleis (sp?), Robert S 1963	Cody, ?	Dwyer, Edward H
Bramsche, David Robert 1964 302	Cofer, Horace Gorrell 1961	<i>Probable WWII in Bold</i>

Continued from Page.2 **[From the Tomato Basket]**

erroneously reported as deceased, to Sabalo's Active Roster: Dan Danielson (on 302 '58-59), now in Vermont, is receiving this issue of CB.

Update on USSVI national Deck Log db major revisions -- Past Nat'l Cmdr, Al Singleman is now the point man on this project. The most needed is the revision of the security system and password scheme to allow individual access to USSVI members and non-members to make additions to the record. Hopefully, the next issue of Clev-er Boy will have significant progress to report on this delayed aspect, and the completion of data checking between my Sabalo db and the Deck Log.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

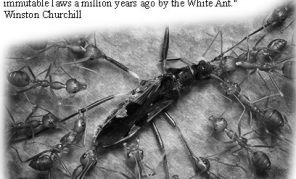
V/R Jeff Owens, ETN2(SS)

Socialism is a philosophy of failure, the creed of ignorance, and the gospel of envy; its inherent virtue is the equal sharing of misery."

Winston Churchill

⚡ BUT IN SOME CASES, IT DOES WORK! ⚡

"There is not one single social or economic principle or concept in the philosophy of the Russi an Bolshevik [or US Democratic Party], which has not been realised, carried into action, and enshrined in immutable laws a million years ago by the White Ant." Winston Churchill



• A teaspoon of sugar after a hot pepper will completely neutralize the heat.

Sabalo's next reunion in 2017? 2018? San Diego?

North Little Rock?



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- Only location with two floating vessels that bookend WWII.
- Members of the USSVI Razorback base and local Sub Vets will be on-hand during your reunion.
- Free reign of the submarine; play cards and relax in the crews mess.

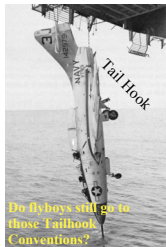
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- 8/23/2016- Barker, Harold Drake, Captain, USN, Ret. WWII veteran & SS-302 CO 1965-7.
- 7/14/2016- Gudorf, Dale Henry, EM2(SS) qualified in Sabalo, 1962. [Rest In Peace, Shipmates](#)
- 8/22/2016- Hirt, David P, QM3(SS) aboard 11 days in 1952
- 8/25/2016- Kulsa, Stanley, A Jr. FTCM(SS), FTM2 on Sabalo, 1960-61.

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Vallier - Zarate & Abbey - Beck (94 of 610))

Vallier, Arthur J 1992	West, Herman J 2012	Yunker, Arnold (2014	Artates, Romulo 1999
Van Buskirk, Arnot 2002	Westberry, Leslie A 2006	Young, George K 1973	Ash, Keith Le 2004
Van Cleave, Arm(1991	Weyer, Delbert 1989	Yutze, Richard 1997	Atiburcio, Joaquin, 2002
Van Keuren, Rob 1981	Whelan, Virda Vi	Zarate, Roy Alla 2012	Aust, Gary G 1982
Vance, Elwin N 2007	Whitall, Phillip 1996	<u>Restarting with A</u>	Baber, Goldie F 2014
Vela, Rex E 1987	White, John F J	Abbey, James Th 1972	Baggett, Waymon 2008
Vergot, Philip C 1991	Whitehead, James G 1976	Adams, Donald L 2007	Bagwell, Stephen 1998
Vincent, William 1993	Whiting, Alton Cl 2000	Ahern, James W, 1994	Bagwell, William 2011
Vincent, Lawrence	Wilburn, Leo 1996	Alexander, Jack Lin 2012	Baker, Curtis L 2006
Voltz, Edwin R 1977	Wiles, Arthur 1999	Alger, Charles 2009	Barker, Harold D 2016
Vorce, Claude E 2013	Wilkinson, James Ke 2006	Albert, Eugene L 1998	Balawender, Aug 198
Votaw, Arnold R 2003	Willhite, Robert Y 2007	Allison, Raymond 2004	Bangham, Clifford 1997
Wakayama, Jose 2012	Williams, John Bil 1972	Altenhein, Stanley 2011	Bara, Edward P
Walker, Willis C 1972	Williams, Joseph F 2003	Amundson, Robert H	Barke, Arthur R 1998
Watkins, Paul E. 2014	Witt, William 1993	Anderman, Melvin C 2015	Barke, Harold D 2016
Way, Erminio 2007	Witzke, Robert M 1994	Anderson, Archie A 1979	Barnes, Clifford
Wegner, Daniel A 2014	Wood, Clarence 2002	Andrade, Allen Le 1997	Barnes, Donald K 2004
Wells, Gordon A 1997	Woodward, Joseph C 1990	Andrews, James Go 1990	Barnes, William 2000
Wells, William 1994	Woodward Walter L 2006	Appel, David Th 1999	Bartlett, John Geo 1998
Wendling, Robert H 2002	Wright, John Jam 2002	Appington, Lee D 1986	Battles, Cayetano 2004
Wennerstrom, Bert 2010	Wynn, Murray M	Archer, Lewis Wo 2005	Baxter, Lowell C 1986
Werner, Thomas A 2010	Yaden, Frank (n 1977	Arndt, Thomas C 2012	Beahm, Ralph Em 2005

NOTE TO SABALO WIVES AND WIDOWS:

We are, and will forever be, honored by your attendance and participation in Sabalo events and functions. However, continuing to send *Clever Boy* to widows can not only bring back pleasant memories of better times, but for some, it re-triggers pain. If you can find a moment, please send RonG a note stating your preference.

HELP! Each issue of *Clever Boy* costs us about \$2 to send via US Mail , for which our shipmates listed on page 2 regularly donate money to make sure it gets to over 100 Sabalo Vets who don't have computers. **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 9 men on our "No Thanks" Roster, for various and/or unknown reasons [e.g.: I don't need one] Ed]

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: 