

USS Sabalo Association

USSSABALO.ORG

Call Sign:

Clever Boy

January 2016

Sabalo's 2016 REUNION:

The Sabalo Association will join the United States Submarine Veterans, Inc. (USSVI) National Convention to be held in **Reno, Nevada at the Grand Sierra Resort Hotel for a week from Sunday August 14 through Saturday August 20, 2016.** Some may wish to arrive earlier or stay later, but with nothing exciting happening earlier, most Sabalo participants will be arriving on **Tuesday, 16 Aug** – in time for the 1800 Welcome Aboard party (see plan of the day on pg 10) and leaving **Sunday, Aug. 21.** First, reserve your hotel room with Sabalo's assigned ID & phone number : **"USVET" 1 (800) 648-5080** Reserve it now and, if necessary, cancel 48 hrs before arrival at no cost. See pages 2, 3, 10 and 11 for more info.

In wine there is wisdom, and in beer there is freedom. In water there is bacteria. *Benjamin Franklin*

● Useful reunion info ● Exploring USSVI's website: ussvconvention.org/2016/ ●

- Registration — Sign up for Hotel Room/Convention
- Shipmates — See a list of everybody who's signed up
- Plan of the Week — pg 10, updated
- Tours — Tours, motorcycle excursions & more
- Reunions — See which boats have an event
- Visiting Here — local attractions

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

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

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



To:



To our 58 Publication Donors – Thank You!

Your exemplification of the spirit of our Brotherhood means 105 Sabalo vets without Internet access can receive CB! Dozens of other contributors make the USS Sabalo Crew Ass'n successful. You know who you are; thank you too – RonG, Jeff O.

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From the Tomato Basket: • DeckLog Update Report-

Since Xmas I have expended 150+ hours on transferring data to the USSVI DeckLog data base. Consultation with USSVI has concluded that there is no software-accomplished method of doing this – and the process is not just copying data from my files and pasting it.

- The main factor taking so much time is the lack of information about so many men needed to make their entry relevant, and at least partially complete. Ron is the statistician on how complete the records are for the various items of info. I gather the information and input it. Ron manipulates the data via Excel spreadsheets to give statistics on how complete any category of data may be, and he also keeps address and email lists updated via newsletter dissemination.

- My process, to verify, add data, or locate men, involves two fee-paid subscriptions. One is for web site access to a person-locating service; the other is for searching databases online at Ancestry.com. Several other free sources and techniques are also employed.

- Just a few rough statistics to note: There are now 1,443 men listed. As a result of my recent efforts the number positively identified as deceased has jumped by over 100, and now totals 600. Additionally, just less than 400 remain in the 'not found' category. These latter two numbers change almost daily with the present emphasis on research. Of those 'not found', it is unfortunate that a few dozen of these men were previously on our mailing list, but failed to notify us of address change. Although some level of searching has been made to reestablish contact with many as we go along, many still need to be tracked

down all over again. Also there are those whose address goes bad, who just slip away, until we find they have departed on Final Patrol. While the numbers of deceased and lost-contact are distressing, there have also been some successful additions to our mailing list.

- In past issues we have asked that listings on DeckLog be checked by each individual. Ron thinks no one has visited the DeckLog to check for missing info or report verifications, and I have also not received any new info unless I asked someone directly. The ability to make changes by each individual is supposedly under revision by direction of the National Executive Board, but no dissemination of plans or progress has yet been made. Until that process is in place you can help by checking the site www.decklog.com and sending an email to me to update or add to your listing.

- **Reunion 2016-** RonG, as reunion coordinator, has made arrangements for our rooms and the USSVI hospitality suite at the USSVI's Convention host hotel in Reno and for a Dinner Banquet. Peter Lary (1968-9) thinks that we should have our own Sabalo Hospitality Room, so he has offered to personally arrange for, negotiate, and stock a suitable room in the Grand Sierra Resort. Probably \$30 each for 50 people or about \$40, if only 35 sign up with tentative plans for Tue-Sat use. Details elsewhere in this issue. You can make the job easier and solidify the plans by making your reservations ASAP. Don't send your deposits 'till informed in next issue. Hope to see you all in Reno!

V/R **Jeff Owens** ETN2(SS)



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Submarine Commissaryman notes: **COOK IN OVEN AT 140°**



Bill attempted to cheer up Hillary this morning by reminding her that Nelson Mandela wasn't elected president until after he had served 27 years



Thru the TBT: • **Housekeeping:** Jeff continues to work on the huge task of cataloging all Sabalo vets – I can't help him much, and edit *Clever Boy* too, but if anybody interested in typing in data to help Jeff out call me/him. I'd estimate an hour on the phone would be adequate to turn even a QM or a TM into an expert. No readers have yet explored "USSVI.org" or "decklog.com/ss-302.asp". Try it, you'll like it.

• **Reno Reunion** – The 4-Star **Grand Sierra Resort and Casino (GSR):** With more than 80,000 sqft., the casino is easily the largest in northern Nevada. Your favorite games of chance, from blackjack, craps, roulette, Pai Gow, Let It Ride stud poker to the latest video poker and slot machines, Keno lounge and Race & Sports Book – 27 giant TVs, Reno's biggest and brightest spot to catch a big game, 50-lane bowling center, and a lake top golf driving range.

• GSR RV Park offers great rates, complete hook-ups on 178 easily-accessed pads, many with river views. Full Hook-ups and Laundry Facility, 30 & 40 ft back-in space, Comfort Stations: Shower and Restroom facilities for guest, Pets are welcome at the RV Park - additional fee, Easy access to river walk trail, Access to hotel facilities including spectacular restaurants, northern Nevada's largest luxury casino floor and so much more. You can get more info, and keep updated at ussviconvention.org/2016/. For instance, 2 motorcycle rides (1 & 3 hr drive time) are outlined by Dale Poe listed under *Contacts* on the site's Home page.

• **Tours** such as *South Lake Tahoe Museums*, *Lake Tahoe Luncheon Cruise*, and *Historic Virginia City* can be reserved by pulling down the *Tours* tab at the website above and registering/paying with your credit card. Or just call (775) 786-8687 to reserve your spot. **Deadline: July 17!**

• **Room Reservations:** Call **1 (800) 648-5080** and mention **USSVI** or **USVET** to get the USSVI rates, after taxes, for a **Grand King at \$91, or Summit King at \$114** — w/ MW & Fridge. Reserve a room now at that price, and you can cancel 48 hours before arrival at no cost. **Deadline is July 15.** If you've already made reservations, you'll need to call GSR back to ensure you're not paying the \$15 Resort fee (\$16.95 w/tax). We noticed that they were charging Razorback and Sabalo different rates, and asked why — so they conceded that it was waived for all USSVI participants. The \$79 room is \$456.35 for 5 nights vs. the \$541.10 on my original confirmation. The \$99 room should be ~ \$569.35.

• For **USSVI events**, fill-in the reservation form at ussviconvention.org/2016/ or cut-out/mail page 11; you must be registered to participate in any of their events, so a minimum would be \$30 (or \$90 if you choose to attend their Awards Banquet, which I always enjoy because it so well reminds me of where I grew up and "learned the trade" as Kipling described our profession).

USSVI's Hospitality Room (HR) will be open M-F (0900-2300. Because there is so much else going on, we might not really need our own private HR – this is at NO COST, and hopefully with special beer/booze prices. We'll try to assign someone to stake out a **302** table or two every day.

• **Sabalo's private Banquet** is scheduled for 1830 on Thursday 18 Aug at the local VFW, about 10-15 min from GSR, with transportation to be arranged. Buffet style, \$45 each with a Roast Beef of Baron Carving Station, and VFW drink prices. As Jeff mentions, Peter Lary (among others) strongly believes a private Hospitality Room is the most important element of a Sabalo reunion so he has offered to arrange and stock a GSR HR for Tuesday, 16 Aug— Saturday, 20 Aug. Cost will be between \$30 and \$40 per person depending on the number of participants, and will be in addition to the \$45 for the VFW Banquet. Don't send money now; we will ask you to send a check either to Jeff or Peter for about \$80 for each vet & guest in the next issue of *Clever Boy* (planned for mid-June).

If you're arriving with the pack on Tuesday, you might want to try to arrive early enough to get unpacked in time to attend USSVI's \$25 Welcome Aboard Party (see pg 11). Schmoozing with actual shipmates and with other brothers of the 'phin (who all think their boat was the best in the fleet) is never a boring experience. The ISW (International Submariner Association) meeting (possible free beer and great life-membership rates) might be interesting. Pretty high on my bucket list is a Submarine Convention at a sub base in Europe or Asia. Check the schedule before buying airline tickets. Seems like every reunion announcement comes with Sticker Shock – but if you ponder that a bit, as submariners are wont to do, you'll likely agree with me that: the only regrets I've ever had were about reunions I've missed.

This issue has a couple of NTIS memories from Dex Armstrong and a couple from Don David, our new Razorback Association President. Enjoy.

V/R

RonG

The shuttle leaves the Grand Sierra Resort and Casino Hotel on the hour and half -hour, daily between 5:00 am and 11:30 PM The Shuttle leaves from the Airport

terminal building exit located at the far end of baggage claim at 15 and 45 minutes past each hour daily between 5:15 am and 11:45 PM

There are three kinds of Non-Quals: The ones that learn by reading. The few who learn by observation, the rest of them have to open the flapper valve to believe there's a pressure in Sanitary Tank.

Joe got out of the DBF Navy, and as a single guy, started living at home with his father and working in the family business. After he found out he was going to inherit a fortune when his sickly father died, he decided he needed a wife with which to share his fortune. One evening at an investment meeting he spotted the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her natural beauty took his breath away. "I may look like just an ordinary man," he said to her, "but I'm a submariner, and in just a few years, my father will die, and I'll inherit 20 million dollars."

Impressed, the woman obtained his business card and three days later, she became his stepmother. Women are so much better at estate planning than men.

[Ed.: Don David (Razorback’s new President) asked me to edit the NTINS below for space in *Lobo*, and I was happy to do so. Since I had been met with disbelief whenever I told this story to Sabalo sailors in the past — believing it to be an exaggeration of some sort — I am also happy now that I can finally present proof of my unflinching veracity!]

The underwater Armored Division.

If she had not sent that fruitcake soaked with Jack Daniel’s, it never would have happened; my Mama made me do it. Reading the name *Mick McDonald* in the winter *Lobo* brought back these vivid memories of Christmas Eve, 1959 in Naha, Okinawa.

A few crew members were sharing that cake with each other aboard USS Razorback (SS-394) tied up at an Army base with a huge motor-pool—trucks, vans, graders, jeeps as far as the eye could see; it came up in our conversation that all the thousands of miles of open-ocean transit to that point of our West-Pack cruise had excluded driving anything, particularly anything close to what we’d been used to driving our whole lives. Maybe we wanted hone our driving skills, or just wanted to prove they existed. In either case, we did; this included Jeeps, pickups, and other small vehicles — which after a while, alas, got boring. It was getting close to Santa time, so we headed back toward the boat, but the group got waylaid by my comment, "Wouldn’t it be great if we could drive a tank tonight."

Tiny Carnes replied, "Hell I can drive a tank— I was a tank driver in the Army National Guard."

I replied with that immemorial response, "Bullshit!" Did I forget to mention we’d noticed a tank in the Motor Pool?

So, with Tiny driving, myself and two other Razorback crewmen (whose names I don’t recall) set out on a wild ride on that memorable Christmas Eve — out the main gate and back in — with the guards going crazy. Tiny, sure enough, could drive a tank! And he did I well. But, after practicing a few evasion maneuvers, it was time for us to disappear, so back towards the boat we went.

Spider Hines, standing topside watch, said we almost drove the Tank off the pier onto the Boat. He said he wasn’t certain he knew the procedure in the event of a Tank-Submarine collision. I actually don’t recall that, but I do remember we went a little further than intended down a concrete boat ramp — pretty close to our Boat—a short distance into Buckner Bay, at low tide. The Tank could no longer back up so, that is where it had to be left. Unknown to us, the tide was coming in, which would later introduce even more complications.

A high tide rolled in with sunrise, and the Army located their Tank half in, half out, of the water. They surmised, since the only thing close by was the Razorback, and with no proof at all, that some sub sailor must have been playing with their Tank— after all, everybody knew submariners were little crazy.

I don’t how they ever found out who was in the Tank but they did! There was no actual evidence, but the Army wanted to yank us off the Boat and Court-Martial us. Now, his is only hearsay, but it is my understanding that Captain Guillette informed the Army that he had submarine duties to perform, and could not sail without us — but he promised to convene a Captain’s-Mast as soon as we got out to sea to mete out the appropriate punishments. Which he did! If I recall correctly, Tiny’s was the worst: Reduction in rate to E4, suspended for fourteen days, (meaning he wouldn’t lose a stripe as long as he refrained from stealing tanks for two weeks): he was also awarded restriction to the boat, like the rest of us, for two weeks. The transit time from Okinawa to Oahu luckily turned out also to be two weeks, so because of the coincidence, we were able to leave the ship and visit Honolulu.

P.S. “God bless Captain Guillette and XO, LCDR McDonald! Of all my memories, favorites are of great and crazy times on the Razorback. God, I love that Boat! Still a little crazy at 78—just ask my Bride Peggy of 55 years as of Dec. 27th, 2015.” Don David

“God, I Love That Boat!”

Thoughts about Don David re the Dolphin Brotherhood.

I have no doubt that Razorback’s Executive Officer and Skipper were angry with Don David, Tiny, and the Wild Bunch, but I also believe the CO, and XO reacted almost exactly as could have been expected anywhere in the Silent Service at that time. I need to mention this because I’m not sure how to edit Don’s words, “God, I love that boat.” Did he mean he loved it at the time, because he got away with grand theft? I am sure the answer is not a simple, “No!”— but a little submarine history might help illustrate his expression of Silent Service camaraderie.

In the Second World War, Fleet Submarines were initially sent out to scout, to feel out the enemy, to be spies — just to gather data. The horrid fact that they were supplied with ineffective torpedoes was not given top priority in the beginning years of WWII because *offense* was not a

significant part of their assigned strategy. That is ... until a few rogue skippers broke ranks and began aggressively attacking Japanese shipping with great courage and significant successes: these submarines, less than 2% of the US Navy, went on to sink over 30% of Japan’s merchant shipping and 60% of its warships. The stories of bold, almost reckless heroism were well known to those men aboard Razorback in 1959 there in Buckner Bay; most knew the story of Captain Eugene “Lucky” Fluckey and his crew on the USS Barb (SS-220) which, in late WWII, was credited with sinking a strategically-important railroad train. This was only one example of audacious courage mixed with bold thinking, and by the time of the train incident, Honolulu’s Royal Hawaiian Hotel had well established budgets with the federal government for monetary reimbursement — No questions asked! — to cover petty vandalism, minor defacement and

even outright destruction, in and around the hotel. The rowdy, aggressive, hell-raising submariners, brawled in nearby hotels and bars. They also were the first volunteers to line up for the next war patrol of any submarine needing crew members knowing full well that there was a 24% chance they'd never return to port — almost a fourth of our WWII diesel boat submariners never returned from patrol along with

their 52 submarines. All of the volunteers had close friends who went down on boats “*lost, and presumed sunk, with all hands!*” With never, ever a shortage of brave volunteers, they attacked Japan in 1942 when nobody else could.

When the war ended, they were who we wanted to be, and they taught us well. **RonG**



— Atheism is a non-prophet organization. —

NTINS

Drafting Guys Over 60

New Direction for any war:

I am over 60 and the Armed Forces thinks I'm too old to track down terrorists. You can't be older than 42 to join the military. They've got the whole thing ass-backwards. Instead of sending 18-year olds off to fight, they ought to take us old guys. You shouldn't be able to join a military unit until you're at least 35.

For starters, researchers say 18-year-olds think about sex every 10 seconds. Old guys only think about sex a couple of times a day, leaving us more than 28,000 additional seconds per day to concentrate on the enemy.

Young guys haven't lived long enough to be cranky, and a cranky soldier is a dangerous soldier. 'My back hurts! I can't sleep, I'm tired and hungry.' We are impatient and maybe letting us kill some asshole that desperately deserves it will make us feel better and shut us up for a while..

An 18-year-old doesn't even like to get

up before 10am. Old guys always get up early to pee, so what the hell. Besides, like I said, I'm tired and can't sleep and since I'm already up, I may as well be up killing some fanatical son-of-a-bitch.

If captured we couldn't spill the beans because we'd forget where we put them. In fact, name, rank, and serial number would be a real brainteaser.

Boot camp would be easier for old guys.. We're used to getting screamed and yelled at and we're used to soft food. We've also developed an appreciation for guns. We've been using them for years as an excuse to get out of the house, away from the screaming and yelling.

They could lighten up on the obstacle course however... I've been in combat and never saw a single 20-foot wall with rope hanging over the side, nor did I ever do any pushups after completing basic training.

Actually, the running part is kind of a waste of energy, too... I've never seen

anyone outrun a bullet.

An 18-year-old has the whole world ahead of him. He's still learning to shave, to start a conversation with a pretty girl. He still hasn't figured out that a baseball cap has a brim to shade his eyes, not the back of his head.

These are all great reasons to keep our kids at home to learn a little more about life before sending them off into harm's way.

Let us old guys track down those dirty rotten coward terrorists. The last thing an enemy would want to see is a couple million pissed off old farts with attitudes and automatic weapons, who know that their best years are already behind them.

HEY!! How about recruiting Women over 50... in menopause!!! You think MEN have attitudes??

Ohhhhhhhhhhhh my God!!! If nothing else, put them on border patrol. They'll have it secured the first night!

Ol' Sparks said he remembered an eye doctor up there in Adak, but it turned out to be an optical Aleutian.

F-class (SS-20 to 23)

(1909-1913)

Did you know?

❖ **Four boats, similar to the C-class and D-class submarines built by Electric Boat.**

❖ **The E-class and the F-class submarines were the first from Electric Boat to have bow planes.**

❖ **The hull contained three compartments: torpedo room with four 18" torpedo tubes, control room with ballast and hydroplane controls and periscope, engine room with two diesel engines**



❖ **The diesels were connected to a common shaft. The shaft turned motors that could act as generators for charging the batteries. The battery was an array of cells in rubber-lined, open-topped, steel jars**

PTSD “Combat veterans aren’t damaged.

They are enlightened, complicated souls forced to live life by a set of rules and expectations that can make pursuing true happiness feel like chasing the moon. And for those who ultimately descend into a darkness from which they cannot save themselves, it was not war that broke them. It was the peace to which they returned, but never found. Nolan Peterson: special ops pilot/combat vet, Iraq/ Afghanistan.

The Daily Signal.

Sabalo on the Move "Atlantic tarpon [Sabalo], having crossed into the Pacific through the Panama Canal are also becoming increasingly numerous in these waters [eastern Pacific off Panama and Costa Rica], and apparently breeding in the Pacific now."

Sport Fishing Magazine March 23, 2015,



- MAIL BAG** • 8/2014- Mr. Owens: I was doing research on my father ... found a copy of a card that states he was an Honorary Submariner of the USS Sabalo (SS302). He was a Marine ... received card ... 30 April 1964 from LCDR. J.L. Cariker, ... father ... was 1LT. Sam L. Owens. (Who knows we may be related!!) ... was this ... for military personnel that had duty on the USS Sabalo ... or for military personnel distinguishing themselves onboard? Thanks, Derrick A. Owens, USA SGM (Ret), Anderson, SC. [Jeff's answer] My guess is ... involved with amphib operations ... 20 Apr - 2 Jun 1964 Sabalo provided ASW services ... last ... of April a ... early May ... with the 1st Recon Batt Fleet Marines off the coast of Calif and camp Pendelton. She also visited San Francisco and San Diego, Calif. [ship's history and info found at U.S. Submarine Force Library, Groton as reported in Periscope 8 May 1964.] I have attached a pic of the ops provided by the Captain of Sabalo at the time, Lcdr Cariker. Best wishes, Jeff Owens P.S. I was born in NJ, relatives originally from MD.
- 12/12/15 Jeff & Ron, I was on the last crew of the Sabalo in 1970 as the Supply Dept. Officer, LTJG Terry Bolen ... [and] 2016 USSVI National Convention Chairman ... reunion coordinator is Mark Hogan ... let him know what you need ... good reunion ... I enjoy the Sabalo Newsletter ... wish we could track down the whereabouts of Robert Forest Lynch, LTJG ... the last officer to earn his dolphins on the Sabalo. The Convention Welcome Aboard Party is set for Tuesday August 16, 2016. Looking forward to seeing you and all the Sabalo sailors in August 2016. Terry Bolen [Ed: Jeff's made many attempts]
 - 1/6/12 [USPO] Dear Ron & Jeff, Received your newsletter. Thanks ever so much. It must be some job finding all those shipmates. I joined the Navy in 1941. Spent 1 yr on BB42, USS Idaho. In Dec 1942 went to sub school. In 1943 was assigned to SS-143, USS Seal, and made 2 patrols. Went to Portsmouth to put **USS Razorback** in commission; made 5 patrols. In 1952 was assigned to **USS Sabalo**. Received medical discharge in '53. I am now living in assisted retirement home 'till I expire. I lost my wife in 2010. Best regards to all, Curt A. Mast.
 - 5/29/15- [USPO] Here is my update as I can best recall. I left Sabalo in Feb 1959; I think I received my dolphins in October 1957. I am from Tacoma and am a retired Tacoma Police Sergeant. I was assigned to the AER as an oiler and worked under PO1 Mel Gerfin & 2nd Class Dale Janke. My rate was FN. While submerged, I was assigned to the Control Room trim manifold. A point of interest, my 2 sons also served in the Navy. Oldest served as TM1 aboard the USS Knox (FF1052) and my youngest boy served as RM1 aboard the USS Bremerton (SSN 698). I sent my dolphins to the Captain and when my son qualified the Captain pinned him with my dolphins. In December 1984 I spent a week aboard the Bremerton and the captain gave me permission to see the entire boat. Memories I'll never forget, Bill Barnes.
 - 10/15/14 [USPO, Written in 2014 —sorry it took so long to type this. Ed.] Ron; Good job on the newsletters, keep 'em coming. I joined USSVI this year but couldn't afford the S.F. Trip. Maybe Little Rock. Farragut Base is considering it's own in Las Vegas. No date yet. Luck and the Ford Motor Company might get me that far. Keep the Flag flying. Charlie Grubbs [Sonarman, 1965-6]

NTINS

Dolphins and Some Obligations that Came With Them by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

The day when those bastards with the unshaven smiling faces hung from the limber holes aft of the forward engine room exhaust, hauled your dripping wet, worthless butt up the tank-tops, and the Old Man pinned Dolphins over the pocket of your wet dungaree shirt... Your life changed. You had no idea how that piece of silver-plated metal would alter the world you would live in.

All civilizations have their milestones. In some African tribes they pin all sorts of hell on prospective 'Qualified' warriors... The poor bastards have to tapdance barefooted over a hundred yards white hot rocks... Wear a hornet's nest like a hat, kill a panther with their bare hands and have a witch doctor stitch their scrotum to their knee with a wild boar tusk. Then, after a three-day dance with his drunk as owls buddies, the lad becomes a warrior... Which means he's eligible to kill and eat his enemies and become the Secretary General of United Nations.

I think it is called 'the rite of passage.' Having your skipper pin Dolphins on you is such a rite and it brought with it a set

of unrecorded obligations that you didn't fully understand and obligations you knew nothing about at the time. Hell, you could fill all the planets and the Australian outback with the stuff nineteen-year-old non-rated kids didn't know.

First, the unwritten law requires that you never pass up a lad hitchhiking wearing silver fish... You can be flank haulin' up the highway, ten guys packed in a VW bug... And you'll burn flat spots in your tires to pack one more boatsailor in. Why? Because he's a damn submarine sailor. If you pass up a sub sailor the Goddess of The Main induction visits you in your sleep and removes two of your indispensable major internal organs with a rusty electrician's knife. Never, ever pass up a man wearing Dolphins... Tape the bastard to a fender if you have to... But never pass on by a qualified boat sailor.

Never leave a boatsailor sitting in a gin mill broke and nursing an empty glass. Tuck a five in his pocket... Buy the bastard a beer and have the barmaid take his wallet... Total the monetary contents which should be a short heavey toss to

zero... Make a note on a bar tab for you to give his topside watch... Poke his I.D. and liberty card in his jumper pocket... Pour him in a cab when it arrives (mark cab license on note for his Topside Watch)... Pay and tip the driver and tell him to haul him to Pier 22 and get the Topside Watch to get him assistance to his rack. Why do you do this? It was called 'Bluejacket drunk insurance'. Idiots taking care of their fellow idiots. The non-rated man's 'Law of the Sea'.

Sailors have always taken care of sailors. When you get down to the lowest common denominator in sea service and what you have are guys who only have each other and nowhere is that more in evidence than with the men who ride submarines.

Take onboard illness at sea. Submarines don't carry doctors... They carry the most outstanding and highly qualified independent paramedics found anywhere. An independent duty corpsman is as good a doctor and follow-up practitioner as you will find anywhere you go. And, they were some of the most dedicated rascals on the planet. No man, in the submarine biz was doing it for what little extra they got paid... And Corpsman sure as hell weren't. What idiot in his right mind would lance butt boils in a state five sea for an extra five bucks a day? And an obligation that came with Dolphins required you to help doc with your sick mates so he can get the rest he needs to take care of what tomorrow may hand him.

"Hey Jack... Jack... Wake up you goldbrickin' bastard."

"Yeah, whatcha need?"

"Doc said to wake you up at twenty-three hundred and getcha' to swallow this gahdam horse pill."

"Okay... Hand it to me."

"Not so fast... I gotta see you swallow the sonuvabitch. Doc made me promise... Said if I let you pull an eye-woolie on me, the Goddess of the Dry Stores Room would piss in my Post Toasties."

"Got water?"

"Naw... Cup of orange juice."

"Thanks... I owe you one."

"Oh, damn near forgot. Doc has the Below Decks Watch lined up to take your temperature when he racks out the mid watch... If you are running 102° or better he's supposed to bust Doc out of the rack."

"Thanks... I still feel lousy."

"You look lousy... Hey, I'm gonna swing up in that top bunk under the return ventilation line. If you need anything, Horsefly, just poke me... Okay? That's no bullshit."

It all came with Dolphins. And sooner or later, you paid some serious dues.

"Hey Dex."

"Yo!"

"There are a couple of airdales giving some half-loaded First Class off the Argonaut a tough time."

"Whatcha mean, tough time?"

"I think they are just about to deck him."

"So?"

"So, he's a gahdam boatsailor, Horsefly... We're not gonna let those bird farm idiots work him over, without making them pay."

"Did you take a good look at 'em?"

"Yeah... Big guys, huh?"

"Big, are you kidding? The last time I saw anything as big as that Aviation Machinist Mate, it was wearing horseshoes and pulling the Budweiser wagon."

Dolphins required you to sacrifice a set of whites and up to a pint of blood to extract a fellow idiot from a perilous situation... Usually of his own making. That old Three Musketeer, "One for all and all for one" thing. It was an insurance policy that insured that one of your Dolphin-wearing buddies would drag your bloody carcass out of the bullring after the main event... And verify and endorse, in his role as incident witness, the accuracy and veracity of the explanatory horseshit you had custom fabricated for your duty officer.

Dolphins were serious juju... Bigtime 'Get out of jail free' cards.

In 1962, I was sent to the reassignment section at the NOB (Naval Operating Base) receiving station after they cut my appendix out. The next morning I reported to the assigned muster location outside the main entrance of J-50. I had been told that the Chief who assigned the daily 'in transit' work details was a first-rate hard ass... A kind of shore duty volcanic maniac. I also knew that Chief Petty Officers were allowed to kill up to three E-3s a month and sell their hides to itinerate nomads who lived in the paint lockers of rusty merchant ships.

When we formed up, his majesty appeared. He looked the part... Built like a Sherman tank. He had fists that could have squeezed ink out of a bowling ball.

"Listen up... Gahdammit, knock off the grab ass and listen up! My name is (whatever in the hell his name was)... I'm a gahdam Gunners Mate and I don't have the time or inclination to put up with wiseass remarks or idiot jerks who try to get past the system rules. You don't want to screw with me, because I will take you apart like a cheap watch. AM I UNDERSTOOD?"

"Aye, Chief."

"Hey you... YOU! Yeah, you the torpedoman striker... You stand fast after the rest of these clowns march off to rake leaves."

He issued rakes and assignments and marched them off. Then he looked at me and I noticed he was qualified.

"You trying to get back to your boat?"

"Damn straight, Chief."

"I'll square it away... Now get lost. Do whatever in the hell you want to but don't commit a major crime or get loaded before 1630."

Dolphins are some powerful things... At least they used to be. Every prostitute knew that they meant \$125 a month and S&FD (sea and foreign duty) pay and that worked a little magic. Green boots asked you a million questions... Old subvets bought you drinks... And other members of the fraternity throughout the naval establishment greased skids, untangled red tape and took care of you.

And when you grew old, the crazy bastards came and found you and brought you back to the tribal gathering—to sit next to the fire, drink fermented sprits telling lies until late in the night, recalling days long ago when lads with silver pocket fish roamed the oceans of the world ... pissed against the wind and only had each other.

Death of Navy Tradition

An obituary for Navy Tradition (USN, retired)— 1775-2013: In a press release from Washington D. C., the Navy Department announced the death of Navy Tradition today after a long illness.

Navy Tradition was born into a world of turmoil and revolution in 1775. Starting with nothing as a child, Navy Tradition evolved to become an essential part of the most powerful Navy the world had ever seen. He was present when James Lawrence ordered “Don’t give up the ship” as he lay mortally wounded on the deck of the Chesapeake. He witnessed cannon balls bouncing off the copper-shielded sides of the USS Constitution, “Old Ironsides.”

He fought pirates off the Barbary Coast and suffered with his shipmates on the battleship Arizona during the attack at Pearl Harbor. He fought his way across the Pacific with Nimitz and saw MacArthur fulfill his promise to return to the Philippines. Navy Tradition was there when sailors fought bravely to save the frigate Stark after it was hit by a cruise missile and witnessed the

launch of Tomahawk missiles from the battleship Missouri at the outset of Desert Storm.

Through all the strife, good times and bad, Navy Tradition was there to support his shipmates and give a balance to the misery that sometimes accompanied a life at sea. Be the nation at peace or at war, Navy Tradition made sure that we always remembered we were sailors.

He made sure that promotions were celebrated with an appropriate “wetting down”; crows, dolphins and wings were tacked on as a sign of respect from those already so celebrated; chiefs were promoted in solemn ceremony after being “initiated” by their fellow brethren; and only those worthy were allowed to earn the title “shellback.”

But in his later years, Navy Tradition was unable to fight the cancer of political correctness. He tired as his beloved Navy went from providing rations of rum to its sailors to conducting Breathalyzer tests on the brow. He weakened as he saw “Going into harm’s way” turn into “Cover your backside,” and as

“Wooden ships and iron men” morphed into “U.S. Navy, Inc.”


A lifelong friend of Navy Tradition recalled a crossing-the-equator ceremony during World War II: “I had to eat a cherry out of the belly button of the fattest sailor on the ship. It was disgusting. But for that few minutes, it took our minds off the war and to this day it is one of my greatest memories.”

In lieu of flowers, the family of Navy Tradition has asked that all sailors who have earned their shellback and drunk their dolphins; who remember sore arms from where their crows were tacked on and were sent on a search for “relative bearing grease” or a length of “water line”; who’ve been through chiefs’ initiation or answered ship’s call in a bar fight in some exotic port of call, to raise a toast one more time and remember Navy Tradition in his youth and grandeur. Fair winds and following seas, Shipmate. You will be missed.

Lt. Cmdr. Thomas Sousa (ret.)

Our government may not have prevented Iran from building a nuclear weapon capable of ending all of human life, but at least Mexican Government officials have recovered for us Joaquin "el Chapo" Guzman's .50 cal. sniper rifle - a weapon capable of dropping military helicopters from the sky – which was lost in our *Fast and Furious* program.

Remember the Pueblo

 Jeff, the Sabalo Crew might like to read this. Rose Bucher joined us at a small ward room party shortly before we left for West Pac in late 1968. I will never forget the honor to be greeted at the pier in San Diego by Commander Bucher upon our return from West Pac in the summer of 1969. Our Captain Commander John Wood and Bucher were close friends. Will Kaefer

Remember the Pueblo [anon]

Can you believe there was a time when we caved to the communists of North Korea and let them capture, beat and torture some of our sailors? This year marks the anniversary of one of the most shameful episodes in United States Navy history. And I doubt if the mainstream media will mention a single word about it.

Several years ago, a program on the History Channel mentioned the capture of a U.S. Naval vessel by Communist North

Korea back in 1968.

Somehow, that whole sorry episode has been blotted out of the history books. I wonder how many of you reading these pages now know the story. How about your children or grandchildren? Do any of them remember the Pueblo?

I can do better than just issue a mealy-mouthed reply about how this country “protested vigorously.” At the time, some of us did everything possible to get our leaders to act. When the sailors were finally released a nationwide speaking tour for one of them, radio officer Lee R. Hayes. Lee gave hundreds of speeches and participated in thousands of media interviews. Here’s part of the story he told.

The ship that became the Pueblo was originally launched in 1944 as Army cargo ship FS-344. In 1966 it was transferred to the Navy and renamed the Pueblo. It began service as a light cargo ship, but in 1967 it was redesignated

GER-2 and was converted into an intelligence-gathering ship. (GER stood for General Environmental Research, a euphemism for spying operations the ship would conduct on behalf of the National Security Agency.)

In January 1968, the Pueblo was ordered to patrol off the east coast of communist North Korea to conduct surveillance of Soviet naval activity in the Tsushima Straits. The ship was also ordered to eavesdrop on any electronic transmissions it could intercept that originated in North Korea.

Within hours of reaching its destination, the Pueblo was harassed by Soviet or North Korean vessels. On Jan. 21, the ship reported that a modified Soviet style sub-chaser passed within two miles of its bow. The next day, two apparent fishing trawlers from North Korea (which were Soviet spy ships) passed within 25 yards of the Pueblo. Any seaman reading this will know that this

dangerously close encounter had to have been intentional.

On Jan. 23, a sub-chaser accosted the Pueblo and demanded to know its identity. In response, Commanding Officer Lloyd M. Bucher ordered that the U.S. flag be raised. The North Korean vessel then ordered the ship to stand down or be fired upon.

Instead, the Pueblo followed the orders it had been given back in Japan and tried to leave the area. However, it could not outrun the sub-chaser. Shortly thereafter, three torpedo boats appeared on the horizon and joined in the chase. The attackers were subsequently joined by two MiG-21 jet fighters. Soon, a fourth torpedo boat and a second sub-chaser appeared on the horizon.

The North Koreans pulled alongside the Pueblo and tried to board the ship.

When Bucher ordered the Pueblo to take evasive maneuvers, two North Korean vessels opened fire on the ship. Suddenly, cannon fire and machine-gun bullets were raking the vessel.

The Pueblo was ill prepared to withstand such an attack. Its armament consisted of two Browning .50-caliber machine guns – hardly a match for rockets and missiles. Moreover, the machine guns were wrapped in cold weather tarpaulins and the ammunition for them was stored below decks. [Has Pueblo gone to GQ yet?]

As the cannon fire continued, Bucher gave the order to “stop engines” and signaled the North Koreans that he would comply with their orders. He also ordered his own crewmen to begin destroying as much of the sensitive materiel as possible that was on board the ship.

The North Koreans ordered the Pueblo to follow them to the mainland. At first, the ship complied. But again – following orders it had been given in Japan – the ship stopped before it crossed the 12-mile limit into North Korean waters. When this happened, the North Koreans once again opened fire on the ship. This time, one sailor – Fireman Apprentice Duane Hodges – was killed. North Korean soldiers from a torpedo boat and sub-chaser boarded the Pueblo. Our sailors were blindfolded and had their hands tied behind their backs. Once they were helpless they were beaten and prodded with bayonets.

In a subsequent inquiry we learned that the Pueblo had been in radio contact with Naval security back in Japan throughout the incident. The Seventh Fleet command told Bucher that help was on the way. It turns out this was a lie; no jets or ships were ever dispatched to come to the aid of the ship.

No one at Seventh Fleet headquarters was willing to give the order to try to rescue the Pueblo. The decision was bucked back to Washington – first to the Pentagon, then to the White House. By the time then-President Lyndon Johnson was informed of the situation, the Pueblo was in North Korean waters. It was decided that any rescue attempt would be too dangerous. So the world’s most powerful military kowtowed to one of the weakest. I’m still ashamed of our leaders’ pitiful response.

There is considerable controversy about where the Pueblo was when it was captured. Bucher and the other ship’s officers subsequently testified under oath that at no time did the Pueblo enter within 12 nautical miles of the North Korean coast. This is the generally accepted limit of claims for territorial waters. At the time, however, the North Koreans claimed a 50-nautical-mile sea boundary. No one disputes that the Pueblo was within 50 miles of the Korean coast. In any case, once the ship was within 12 miles of North Korea, the Pueblo was boarded again – this time by some high-ranking North Korean officials. (Interesting that they waited until they could be certain the ship would not be attacked by U.S. forces. They undoubtedly were aware that, if the situation were reversed, Korean dictator Kim Il-Sung and his minions wouldn’t hesitate to blow one of their own ships to smithereens, killing all hands on board, rather than suffer the embarrassment of capture.)

They took the Pueblo into port at Wonsan on the eastern coast of North Korea. Then they took the 82 surviving U.S. crewmembers to a prisoner-of-war camp somewhere in the interior of the country. The men were starved and repeatedly tortured. (Their treatment got worse when someone realized that crewmen were secretly giving them “the finger” in staged propaganda photos.) Bucher was singled out for particularly harsh treatment, including facing a mock firing squad. He refused to buckle when

faced with his own death, but finally relented and agreed to sign a confession when his captors threatened to murder his crewmen, one by one, in front of him.

Since his captors couldn’t read English, Bucher was ordered to write his own confession. None of the North Koreans picked up on a play on words that Bucher included in his “confession.” He wrote, “We paeen the North Korean state. We paeen their great leader, Kim Il Sung.” (Read aloud, “we paeen” sounds remarkably like “we pee on.”)

During the course of 1968, the men were moved to a second prisoner-of-war camp, while negotiations for their release dragged on. Finally, in December of that year – 11 months after the Pueblo was captured – the United States issued a written apology to North Korea, acknowledged that the ship was spying and promised that it would not happen again. On Dec. 23, 1968, the crew of the Pueblo was taken by bus to the demilitarized zone separating Communist North Korea from the South, where the men were permitted to walk across “the Bridge of No Return.” Bucher led the long line of crewmen, with his second-in-command, Executive Officer Lt. Ed Murphy, bringing up the rear.

Once the officers and crew reached safety in South Korea, the United States retracted its admission, apology and assurance.

In the aftermath of the collapse of the Soviet Union we learned that the capture of the Pueblo was instigated by the Soviet Union, which very badly wanted the cryptographic machine that was on board. John Anthony Walker, an American traitor who provided the Soviets with thousands of secrets, had given them a key to deciphering our ciphers; now they needed to get their hands on an actual machine. Seizing the Pueblo provided that opportunity.

Bucher and the 81 other surviving officers and crew were ordered to face a Naval Court of Inquiry, which concluded by recommending that Bucher and Lieutenant Steve Harris (the officer in charge of the intelligence equipment on board the ship) be court-martialed for their “dereliction of duty.” As far as I can determine, there was no action taken against the Naval officers in Japan who lied to Bucher about sending help.

Secretary of the Navy John H. Chafee rejected the Naval Court's recommendation, saying that, "They have suffered enough." Bucher was never found guilty of any malfeasance and remained on active duty until his retirement. He died in 2004, partly as a result of complications from the injuries he received while he was interred in North Korea. During the inquiry there was some debate about whether or not Bucher acted within his orders. He admitted that part of his orders were "not to spark an international incident." But he and his officers were adamant that they had not come within 12 nautical miles of the Korean coast. (Today, of course, global positioning satellites could have confirmed the ship's location within a matter of inches.)

Some critics argued that the ship should have left the area after the first incident. But such encounters were

considered routine at the time. U.S. forces frequently tested the territorial limits of Cold War opponents. If such actions caused the enemy to mobilize its military, there would be even more information to gather.

In October 1999, the Pueblo was moved from Wonsan on the east coast of North Korea to Nampo on the west coast. The trip required moving the vessel through international waters for several days, as it was towed around the coast of South Korea. Although the U.S. military had to have been aware of the Pueblo's location, no effort was made to capture or sink the ship. To the best of my knowledge, there was never a court of inquiry – or any embarrassing questions at a White House press conference – about this failure to act.

The Pueblo subsequently was taken to Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, where it is now TODAY the most popu-

lar tourist attraction in the city. Thousands of visitors have been shown the ship's secret communications room, still in a partially disassembled state from when the ship was seized. A popular souvenir of a visit, I'm told, is a photograph taken while a tourist stands behind the machine gun mounted at the rear of the ship. Yes, the same guns that remained wrapped in a tarpaulin during the attack and seizure.

To this day, the USS Pueblo remains a commissioned vessel of the United States Navy. It is sad that it has been abandoned by our leaders. But it would be tragic if its story was forgotten by our citizens.

[Readers might recall the article several issues ago which described how, immediately after the USSR had gotten crypto codes from John Walker—the traitor who qualified on Razorback – Russia ordered the North Koreans to capture Pueblo.]

Submariner - noun, (sub|ma|rēn'er) ... A person who operates sh!t you can't.

Reno Plan of the Day (POD)

Meeting locations are listed on Rm. TV Monitor
Hosp. Room (HR) open 0900-2300 Mon-Fri

Boat reunions scheduled Mon-Sat

Sunday August 14, 2016

16:00 - 23:00 HR Open
16:00 - 22:00 Vendor Setup
16:00 - 19:00 Registration setup

Monday August 15, 2016

09:00 - 16:00 Registration Desk Open
09:00 - 14:00 Vendor Setup
14:00 - 18:00 Vendor Room Open

Tuesday August 16, 2016

09:00 - 16:00 Registration Desk Open
09:00 - 18:00 Vendor Room Open
09:00 - 15:00 Motorcycle Group Ride
15:30 - 16:30 ISA/USA Meeting
18:00 - 20:00 Welcome Aboard Party

Wednesday August 17, 2016

07:00 - 09:00 WWII /Holland Club Breakfast
09:00 - 16:00 Registration Desk Open
09:00 - 18:00 Vendor Room Open
09:00 - 12:00 USSVI Pre ABM
09:00 - 12:00 Sub Vettes Pre ABM
10:00 - 16:00 South Lake Tahoe Scenic Tour
14:00 - 15:00 RVer's Group Meeting
14:00 - 16:00 Base Commanders Meeting
15:00 - 16:00 Ham Operators Meeting

Thursday August 18, 2016

09:00 - 16:00 Registration Desk Open
09:00 - 18:00 Vendor Room Open
09:30 - 14:30 Lake Tahoe Luncheon Cruise
10:00 - 12:00 District Commanders Meeting
10:00 - TBA Motorcycle Group Ride
12:00 - 14:00 Men's Luncheon
12:00 - 14:00 Women's Luncheon
1830 - ?? Sabalo Banquet/Non-Bus Meeting??

Friday August 19, 2016

09:00 - 16:00 Registration Desk Open
09:00 - 15:30 Vendor Room Open
10:30 - 15:30 Virginia City Tour
12:00 - 14:00 Bases Membership Meeting
Base Secretary's Meeting
Bses Treasurer's Meeting
Bases Storekeepers Meeting
13:00 - 15:00 Meet the Authors (Sub Novels)
14:00 - 16:00 Base Chaplain's Meeting
Base Kaps 4 Kids Meeting
16:00 - 18:00 Memorial Service

Saturday August 20, 2016

09:00 - 11:00 Sub Vettes An. Bus. Meeting
09:00 - 11:00 USSVI An. Bus.Meeting
011:00 - 17:00 HR Open
09:00 - 15:00 Vendor Room Open
13:00 - 14:00 USSVI Post ABM
13:00 - 14:00 Sub Vettes Post ABM
13:00 - 16:00 Annual Submarine Film Festival
14:00 - 15:00 USSVI CF Post ABM
17:30 - 23:30 Awards Banquet/Entertainment

Saturday August 20, 2016 — Depart

Sabalo Banquet (\$45):

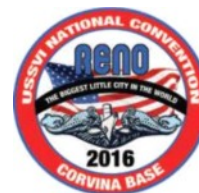
☀ To honor all who served on USS Sabalo, we have reserved a Private Banquet Room at the local VFW on Thursday night. Price covers Buffet with carving station, and a 10-15 minute van ride to/ from Grand Sierra Resort.

And the United States Submarine Veterans National Celebration:



☀ Many of us also plan to attend USSVI's Awards Banquet Saturday evening in honor of United States Submarine Veterans.
🎵 Entertainment, plus recognition of those who contribute significantly to honoring our deceased and heightening camaraderie among our living.

USSVI 2016 NATIONAL CONVENTION
August 15th through the 20th
Grand Sierra Resort and Casino (1-800-501-2651)
2500 East 2nd Street, Reno NV 89502



2016 Convention Registration Form

Name (To be used on badge): _____

Base: _____ Base Officer: Y/N Position? _____

Spouse/Guest: _____ Email: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____ Phone: _____

Emergency Contact: _____ Phone: _____

Qual. Boat: _____ Hull No.: _____ Year: _____

NOTE: A Registration fee of \$30.00 is required for each person attending the 2016 Convention.

NOTE: In the event that you cannot attend you must contact our Registration Committee Chair in writing prior to July 14th 2016 and request a full refund.

NOTE: Attendance at any USSVI sponsored activity requires paid 2016 Convention Registration.

Date	Event	Cost	Qty	Total
	Registration Fee <i>(Note see above)</i>	\$30.00		
Aug 16	Welcome Aboard Party	\$25.00		
Aug 17	WWII & Holland Club Breakfast	\$30.00		
Aug 18	Ladies Luncheon	\$35.00		
Aug 18	Men's Luncheon	\$35.00		
Aug 20	Awards Banquet/Entertainment			
	Grilled Salmon & Grilled Petite Filet Mignon	\$60.00		
	Vegetarian (Chef's Choice)	\$60.00		
Aug 20	Cash Drawing Tickets: <i>(at Awards Banquet)</i>			
	1 Ticket	\$5.00		
	5 Tickets	\$20.00		
Grand Total				

Make Check or Money Order Payable to: 2016 USSVI National Convention

Mail Registration Form and Check or Money Order to: 2016 USSVI Convention
P.O. Box 13325
Reno, NV 89507

To fill out and/or print a copy of this Registration Form, type the following into the address bar of your browser: ussviconvention.org/2016/ or cut this one out



● 9/9/2015- Anderman, Melvin Clair, RMC(SS), Ret. WWII Veteran; Aboard 1951-2

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Hall - Lynch) 122 of 596

Gray, Rober, ??	Holmquist, Raymo, 1993	Jones, Willi, 2006	Korzilius, John , 1999
Hall, Richa, ??	Hood, Frank, 2015	Jones, Ralph, 1998	Krause, Edwar, 2006
Hall, Rolan, 2003	Horsman, Walla, 1986	Jordan, Rober, 2009	Kreps, Orrin, 2008
Halperin, Hymen, 1996	Horton, James, 2008	Joslin, Leste, 2007	Kurowski, Marvi, 2015
Halstead, Edwin, 1988	Howe, Gary , 1992	Judy, Roger, 2001	Kusza, Jerom, 2000
Hanan, Jonat, 2010	Hudson, Steve, 1989	Jung, Dale , 2011	LaCourse, Josep, 1905
Haney, John , 2010	Hudson, Thoma, 1996	Kalinowski, Alex , 2004	Lacy, Edwar, 1960
Harding, Howar, 1997	Hughes, Raymo, 2001	Kappeler, Rober, 2001	Lamoree, Rober, 1997
Harding, Warre, 2012	Hughes, Rober, 2003	Keeley, Stani, 1995	Lamy, Richa, 2015
Harris, James, 2000	Hundley, Tom (, 2006	Keeling, Wayne, 1981	Lee, Harol, 2008
Harris, Mervi, 2008	Hungerford, Steve, 2002	Keich, Edwin, 1998	Lehnhoff, Lawre, 2008
Harris-Warren, Herbe 1972	Hunter, H Rei, 2009	Keiler, Ronal, 1963	Levine, David, 1999
Harsh, Kenne, 2013	Huntington, Willi, 1993	Kelly, Curti, 2004	Lewis, Donal, 1983
Harshey, James, 2003	Huska, Marti, 2006	Kelly, Willi, 2002	Lewis, Edgar, 1985
Hatfield, Rober, 2002	Hydock, Rober, 1986	Kelso, Frank, 2013	Lewis, Loy C, 1995
Hawkins, Edwar, 2012	Irvin, Harol, 1990	Kessler, Herbe, 1984	Lewis, Rober, 1985
Haydel, Arman, 1965	Ivey, Loy E, 2001	Kidd, Ronal, 1988	Liberty, Richa, 1993
Hayes, Danie, 1984	Jackson, Laure, 1996	Kiehl, Ronal, 2004	Lindayen, Frank, 1996
Hefner, David, 2001	James, Jesse, 2014	Kilgore, David, 2006	Lindsay, Rober, 2002
Henetz, Alex , 1998	James, Willi, 1959	King, Bruce, 1974	Lineback, Kenne, 1991
Hibbert, Edmun, 2009	Januszewski, Franc, 1989	King, Evans, 2009	Lockman, James, 1999
Higgins, James, 1995	Jarvies, John , 2005	King, Marvi, 2006	Logan, Willi, 1995
Hilditch, Willi, 1984	Jenkins, Lloyd, 2013	King, Rober, 2010	Logsdon, Harol, 2010
Hinrichsen, Stanl, 2001	Jensen, Paul , 1998	Kirk, Harlo, 2011	Long, Ernes, 1958
Hoe, Richa, 2012	Jensen, Rober, 2014	Kist, Arthu, 1992	Loosli, Leo D, 2001
Hoffstrom, Willi, 1987	Jett, Georg, 2003	Kitterman, Harry, 2013	Loveless, Ray H, ??
Hoitt, Scott, 1983	Johnson, Charl, 2003	Klich, Donal, 1999	Ludden, Cyrus, 1975
Holden, Willi, 1987	Johnson, Donal, 2006	Knapp, Ezra , 1953	Lute, James, 2009
Holian, James, 1995	Johnston, Orval, 1999	Knorr, Harol, 1997	Lynch, Owen , 1993
Holland, Alfre, 1997	Johnson, Warre, 2015	Kolb, Rober, 2000	
Holley, Frede, 2001	Jones, Chalm, 2006	Kooistra, Rober, 1983	

USSVI Membership is not required to register or to attend the USSVI events for which you register. However, Annual Membership is only \$25 so if you believe that something like cataloging all US Submariners is a good cause, then that alone makes it well worth the money. USSVI's goal: to honor the men who taught us our trade is a good thing!


The quickest way to double your money is to fold it and put it back into your pocket. Will Rogers

Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges no dues for membership, for Clever Boy, or for other expenses. The *Thank You* on page 2 is to recognize 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: 