



The **2018 USSVI NATIONAL CONVENTION** will be an Eastern Caribbean Cruise out of Ft. Lauderdale with Holland America Nieuw Amsterdam Oct. 20-27, 2018. Passport required. Get info: [ussviciruise.com](http://ussviciruise.com) Let us know if you're considering the Cruise — some of us may try to attend both events.

**SABALO'S 2018 REUNION IN SAN DIEGO (11/11 –11/14)** will be a good one! The same rooms the USS Sabalo Association rented at \$131 (w/tax) in 2007 now go for \$145 (under 1% inflation). **Holiday Inns Bayside**, a good deal then, a better deal today. Just across N. Harbor Drive from the bay between Harbor and Shelter islands, the hotel offers airport shuttles, an on-site restaurant and lounge (w/happy hr), a pool, shuffleboard and spa, 9-hole putting course, table tennis, business and fitness centers, and beach cruiser bikes. A San Diego current Metro Transit System (MTS) bus is accessible within one city block, making most of the city's attractions within 20-30 minutes with a 4-day, \$15 Bus/Trolley pass. **More inside...**

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



**Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:**

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**To:**



Last edit: 1/20/18





**TOMATO BASKET** - Timing a Sabalo reunion includes considering the USSVI national convention's 2018 plans for a Caribbean cruise 20-27 Oct; we have avoided conflict by choosing **11-14 Nov** for our Reunion. With Polls indicating only 13 men favor San Diego, Ron did preliminary scouting and with my concurrence, tentatively committed us to a good place to return to - **The Holiday Inn, Bayside** which hosted us in 2007. He will commit us to the site this week and I'll finalize the deal and handle shipmates' reservations and deposits, ... more particulars in the TBT column and elsewhere in this issue.

● Here's the deal: The full room rate will be ~\$145, with free parking. We will get a free hospitality room, again, if we occupy 25 rooms. Call **(619) 224-3621**; mention **USS Sabalo Reunion**. The hotel is ready to accept reservations; we will remind you again in the April *Clever Boy*. If you don't cancel 24 hours before arrival you will be charged for first night.

● Check-in is on Sunday; check-out Wednesday — but the special room rate applies 3 days before and/or after that period for those wishing to extend time in S.D.  
● The Banquet will be held to a reasonable cost, and other activities will be arranged as interest requires.

● The on site restaurant has reasonable prices, and all of us are over 55, so we get a 10% discount if we ask for it.

Half of Ron's \$400 deposit for reserving the above dates is non refundable, so we need more commitments; Ron's confident we'll fill 30 or more rooms.

● The pool of shipmates who are able to attend has continued to dwindle over the years ... but a decision is needed **ASAP**. This is not a firm, 100% commitment, but your intention is key to our planning.

● Final deposits for attendance & events will be due in mid July. Exact amounts to be announced in the next *Clever Boy*, and also on the web site, but, obviously, any commitment you can make earlier helps fine-tunes our planning for total costs. As in the past, if it involves no expense, your unused \$ will be returned — even if your cancellation is right before the event.

● From eMail: 12/17/17 -Tom Wilhelm wrote: ... amazed we were able to leave San Diego and find Yokosuka using Loran "A" and stars. Never hit another ship nor ran aground ... Gorence Effect?

● Jeff Owens Wrote: Following the channel into Yokosuka Navy Basin is long and has a couple sharp bends. The first leg is a lengthy northbound run into Tokyo Bay. As we hit the first turn inbound, a large freighter was out bound and already hitting steaming speed - maybe 20 knots. At one point I took a look through #1 and it was blowing plenty smoke making steam. We were both approaching the point of first bend, a turn from northerly to westerly. Wanting to keep the ship well away from any wide turn expected by the freighter, or maybe he was originating from up north, I don't remember. Could also be he was hogging the channel. The captain on the bridge was making turn commands from the visual situation, and the maneuvering watch in the conning tower was plotting fixes almost continuously. I was on the radar and taking bearing and range on nav points along with periscope shots one after the other as the plot was being done by Gorence with the Navigator, Lt. Will Parks looking over his shoulder. The plot was taking us slightly east of the channel, but the charts indicated enough depth. WRONG, headway was suddenly, although not drastically, slowed as we dragged in the mud and silt. Mild panic was taking place as the personnel on the bridge could see the muddy water churning up from astern. At one point I again managed a look thru #1 and saw the brown water. I don't remember all the bells rung up, but it was about 20 minutes of panic on the bridge and in the conning tower as we plotted the way back to the channel and cleared ourselves of the shallows. A close call. I'm thinking that was mid 1967.

Ron, do you want to add your memory? Jeff [You can bet your sweet bippie I do — see pg 9]

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**THANK YOU** To our 2017  
Publication Donors:

These men graciously exemplified our Brotherhood's spirit by ensuring that Sabalo Vets without Internet access have received *Clever Boy* by mail in 2017.

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Many past contributors helped Jeff make our USS Sabalo Crew Association a success. You know who you are ... Thank you too!

*RonG & Jeff Owens*



USS Sabalo (SS-302)

**"The people will believe what the media tells them they believe." ~ George Orwell**

**Anagram: Election Results = Lies, Let's recount**



**Thru the TBT:** ● Please, shipmates, check/update at least your own personal contact data on USSVI.org and let one of us know so we can keep our mailing lists up to date — otherwise, no newsletter.

● **HRC:** Theoretically, my cancer is history, so say the doctors; we don't know for sure yet because the chemo & radiation destroys almost all cells and I need to heal the good cells before Cat-scans or X-rays can distinguish anything but hamburger meat. That's a little gross, but you know I like to boil things down to their essence — my Catscan on Jan 24 will tell the tale.

The USS Razorback reunion in Little Rock in Sept was a great success and I realized there that I owed a great debt to all of our dear ones who suffered and perhaps died from cancer in the past (including both my parents, many of my shipmates and their family members). I was drinking beer and polishing sea stories right in the middle of my HRC, (No not Hillary! Horrid Regiment for Cancer) from which I had no sickness, nausea, no pain, no sweat—all because those who went before me had paved the way. To these, my heroes, a fervent Thank You!

● **President Trump** has decreed that all **US Veterans deserve ID cards (VIDs)**! Get yours! Just type *Vets.gov* into your address box, then scroll down and click where it says: *Print Identification Card*. Then answer the questions to get in line, online, and watch the mail. I did, and it looks like it will work—I did 20 yrs and have an ID so he didn't proceed, but this is not scuttlebutt and, though there may be a long line of applicants, it may well be worth the effort; how much would commissary and NEX privileges put in your pocket? I think the trick here is get in line ASAP. Send us a Mail Bag note, or just any info about your progress.

● **REUNION:** Maybe one of the best reunions I ever attended in San Diego was in 2007 with the USS Sabalo Association and hosted by the **Holiday Inn Bayside**, 4875 N Harbor Dr, which is still the best deal in SD. The on-site Point Loma Café has few breakfast items under \$10 but the quality and quantity can't be denied, the bar between the café and the swimming pool does week-day happy hour. A FREE HR doubles as a Banquet site if we fill 25 rooms —

I'm confident we'll fill 30 or more. The April *Clever Boy* will be more specific about page 11 registration event prices, but rooms are set aside for Sunday 11—Nov until Wed 14 Nov. Call **(619) 224-3621**; mention **USS Sabalo Reunion**. If you don't cancel 24 hours before arrival you will be charged for first night. Our Banquet is Wednesday evening; most members will depart on Thursday Nov 15; however \$145 rooms will be available three days before and after official **reunion dates (11/11—11/14)**. Parking is free — it's \$29/day at many hotels.

● San Diego's Bus/Trolley system is one of the best on the West Coast and Trolley/Bus fares (one way) are \$1.25 for seniors (half price), or a four-day \$15 pass for unlimited use of almost any Trolley or bus — this should help us replicate Sabalo's 2007 successfully organized Golf day, tours of a sub at Ballast point, of Midway CVA-41, and of a Russian Foxtrot; all worth repeating and for adding to our bucket list. A bus stop about a city block from **HIB** at Nimitz and N. Harbor Dr departs every half-hour weekdays, and hourly on Saturdays; it's 20-30 minutes by city bus to the Broadway Pier area and America's Plaza, San Diego's Central Train and Trolley central station, connecting you to anywhere — you'll need a jacket, especially in the evenings.

● We'll try to arrange a little On the Job Training and a qualification walk-through for use of the MTS Bus & Trolley system up to and including a reloadable \$2 *Compass Card*, and a smart phone app which, knowing where the phone is, will direct you to any destination you type or ask for vocally.

● The next Newsletter (early in April) will ask for a registration fee of about \$35 each to cover HR stocking and other expenses, plus advance payments for events like those listed in the rough draft registration form on page 11.

● Jeff's made the comment that our complicated Lost Members, and Eternal Patrol lists in each issue are taking up some pretty valuable space in the Newsletter with very few shipmates even looking them over each quarter. The data is mostly available on his website, so he has a valid point. Any responses, suggestions about that?

V/R

RonG

**Understanding the Female of the Species Warning: X-Rated**

The joke (Page 11) about Sam got me to thinking. It does deserve a giggle, but Sam will almost surely end up without a garage and a shop, divorced, and having to start all over. Maybe this bothers me because I'm now planning to throw myself an *Ochentañera* (A name I had to invent, based on *Quinceañera* — a coming-out party, for 15 year-old chauvinistic Mexican female debutantes). The point is that, as an eighty year old widower, I too should be old enough to wriggle a hip, or dye my newly-grown hair — even tweeze it, if I want to. Surprisingly, I seem to have lost whatever deep understanding of the opposite sex I ever had, making my sudden burst onto the dating scene more than a little bit

intimidating. Consequently, I am starting an in-depth study of female sexual behavior that I will generously share with Sam and others younger than me.

First, don't be naïve. My parents taught me how to hate liver, to read and write, and not to play with peter or poop. Consequently, I knew nothing of the Birds and Bees and had to rely on upperclassmen for sex education. These peach-fuzzed elders released a secret tenet for me to memorize: "If a girl will smoke, she will drink. If she'll drink, she'll do anything!" *Yahoo! The key to life!* Well, not exactly: my years of interest on money for White Zinfandel and *Pall Malls* could have financed a personal Bunny Ranch in Nevada.

Continued on Page 11 ➤





**MAIL BAG • 9/28/2017-** Dear Ron ... August Newsletter ... Paris, TX ... now living at a Retirement Home in ... Clearwater. I commanded the Sabalo from Dec 62-Jan 65 ... sorry to hear about your bout with Lung Cancer. Good luck. I had prostate cancer seven years ago ... so far so good. I enjoyed some of the jokes in the newsletter, so keep up the good work. J. L. Cariker, Capt. USN Ret. (1962-65, CO)

- 9/28 - Good publication, great effort. Make sure all get a copy (\$ enclosed). George Sausman. (1961)
- 12/4/17 - [All Hands]: ... PhD candidate @ U Cal. Riverside ... research ... on sounds/music of Subic Bay Naval Base during '60s ... hoping to include interviews from Marine Corps and Navy Veterans about their experiences in the Philippines and the at the base ... wondering how I can best ... present the opportunity to participate in my project and connect with Veterans in the Oceanside area. I live at Camp Pendleton w/wife ... active duty in the Corps, and ... easily commute and meet with anyone who is interested ... would love to speak further about my research project and how to best use the resources ... kslwi001@ucr.edu, 781-439-7852, Kind Regards, Kevin Sliwoski. [Should I send this guy "Growl Tiger" with *That's Amore* and *She Ain't Got No Yaya* playing as the jukebox rolls out the door?]
- 12/4/17 - My wife JoAnn is trying to raise money for her 4th and probably last stem cell treatment. She has virtually no attacks on her immune system anymore that cause her not to be able to walk with her walker. She has much more energy, feels better and has no infections so I know the treatments have worked. The only issue now is being able to walk without her walker. We know other patients that have been through the same treatments and were able to now not need a walker at all. Each treatment costs \$20K and not covered by insurance. I have held raffles, fundraisers and many people have donated for this last treatment. I am still short a few thousand dollars. The next treatment is starting January 7th, 2018. If you would like to help her raise money to help with the balance of the cost there are several ways that can be done.
  1. Go Fund Me Account <http://www.gofundme.com/ms-stem-cell-hope>
  2. First United Band Med. Fund, 501 W FM 996 Pottsboro, Tx 750763. First Baptist Church, 400 North Houston St Pottsboro, Tx 75076
 Questions pls call me 903-819-9537. Thank you for your support, past & future. Bill Towery, TM2(SS) 1966-69.

*Military News*

**NATIONAL VETERANS AND MILITARY FAMILIES MONTH 2017**

**BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:  
A PROCLAMATION**

During National Veterans and Military Families Month, we honor the significant contributions made by American service members, their families, and their loved ones. We set aside this month surrounding Veterans Day to hold observances around the country to honor and thank those whose service and sacrifice represent the very best of America. We renew our Nation's commitment to support veterans and military families. They deserve it.

Our veterans are our heroes. Our Armed Forces have preserved the security and freedom that allow us to flourish as a Nation. They have braved bitter winters, treacherous jungles, barren deserts, and stormy waters to defend our Nation. They have left their families to face danger and uncertainty, and they have endured the wounds of war, all to protect our Nation's interests and ideals established during the Founding.

Our military families endure many hardships along with those who defend our Nation. They are separated from their loved ones for months on end and frequently relocated across the country and around the world. They often live far from their extended families, and they know what it is like to celebrate

holidays and milestones with an empty seat at the table. Many military spouses face the task of making ends meet while their loved ones are away and of securing new employment with each change in duty station. Children of service members often grow up living a nomadic life -- periodically calling a new place "home" and adjusting to different schools, trying out for new sports teams, and making new friends. In these lives of frequent change and transition, however, our incredible military families not only survive, they thrive.

It is our patriotic duty to honor veterans and military families. As part of our efforts to answer President Lincoln's charge to care for those who have "borne the battle," I have asked the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA) to lead the Nation in a month of observances across the country to honor our veterans.

As veterans and military families attend these events, they will see the reforms and improvements that we have made at the VA. Over the last 9 months, we have made important changes that enable better service for our veterans. We have increased accountability and enhanced protections for whistleblowers. We have improved transparency, customer service, and continuity of care. We are working every day to ensure a future of high quality care and timely

access to the benefits veterans have earned through their devoted service to a grateful Nation.

This month, in which Americans traditionally pause to give thanks for our blessings, it is fitting that we come together to honor with gratitude our extraordinary veterans and military families and their service to our country. May God continue to bless our Armed Forces and those families that love and support them.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, DONALD J. TRUMP, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and the laws of the United States, do hereby proclaim November 2017 as National Veterans and Military Families Month. I encourage all communities, all sectors of society, and all Americans to acknowledge and honor the service, sacrifices, and contributions of veterans and military families for what they have done and for what they do every day to support our great Nation.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this first day of November, in the year of our Lord two thousand seventeen, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred and forty-second.  
DONALD J. TRUMP



## Typhoon by Ron Gorence Part 2 of 3

[From Part 1, August 2017]: "Mr. Montross hung up the phone, and turned to me, Gorence, you're relieved. Captain said to tell you to get below and get some sleep so you can relieve Wahoff...."

"When do you want me back up here?" I asked the Officer of the Deck (OD, or OOD)....

He turned toward the helm "How d'you feel, Wahoff?"

"Get someone to take the wheel so I can make a head-call and get some coffee, and I'm good for a few more hours." He turned his back and shut out the rest of the world as he felt the stern start to rise, his knuckles white on the wheel, but it was a false alarm, so he turned back to Lt. Montross, "I'm OK... few more hours, sir."

"Probably a couple of hours." the OD said to me. "Can you sleep?" I assured him that I could, and went below. "We'll call you when we need you. Don't put in a wake-up call." He shouted after me.

I knew there were eavesdroppers on the JJA sound-powered phones in the Control Room, so I expected raising because the Captain had asked for me, by name, to take the helm – but I got a surprise: the chief on the diving manifold told me to just drop my foul weather gear, and he'd take care of getting it back to the engine room to dry. "Just take any empty bunk in the After Battery," he said. "An' get some shut-eye."

As I turned to starboard at the bottom of the lower Conning Tower [Conn] ladder, the ship rolled in that direction, and the deck dropped off steeply in front of me and the Auxiliaryman manning the air manifold grabbed my shirt and stopped my nose about an inch away from the I.C. Switchboard. He'd saved me from a nasty bump, but more significantly I'd taken the warning seriously that a non-qual should never touch a valve wheel or a switch he hadn't had signed off by a dolphin-wearing shipmate – not even with his nose. Accidentally hitting the 400 cycle power switch to the gyros in this case would have just made it that much harder to steer our way out of the storm. No big deal to get a bloody nose – especially if you're a non-rated, non-qualified puke. To my surprise he didn't call me Puke or Stupid; he just arrested my fall, and let me go. Then the snipe who could take lock nuts off with his teeth nodded, acknowledging my existence, and the old chief (who reportedly had sailed with Noah) was almost fatherly!

*Screw getting discovered in Hollywood. Screw hitting a home run in the World Series.* Life doesn't get any better than this without Dolphins! I was about to go topside and calm the storm all by myself until I remembered that the Old Man had ordered me, almost directly, to get some shut-eye.

The mess deck was empty except for two green-gilled mess cooks who were cleaning up their own puke along with something that looked like a mixture of creamed-corn and partially digested meatloaf – which is what we'd had for the last hot meal before we hit heavy weather. I asked them to help me trim up my rack. I'd chosen the handiest: the top bunk forward, starboard side in the After Battery sleeping compartment right beyond the airlock door from the Crews Mess. AB's lights were rigged for red and loud snores came from men salty enough to sleep through a typhoon.

Hank Snow watched me from his bunk across the passageway as I vaulted, with help from a starboard roll, onto the green flash-pad (a zippered Naugahyde cover that protected mattresses and bedding). I shifted my weight toward the bunk's hull-mounted hinges as the mess cooks lifted the opposite, passageway side, of the bunk to slacken the chains.

"Looks like forty-foot seas out there," I pressed down my flash-pad and squinted at Hank, "Probably headed into a typhoon."

"Yeah, yeah; they're called *Baguios* in the Phillippines and *Willie-Willies* in Australia." He closed his book, "In the Atlantic, it's a *Hurricane*; that's a *real* storm! They should send all you useless non-quals to the West Coast for training before you're ever allowed to sail the Atlantic. You're in the Western Pacific. Got it? Now try not to wet your pants, and keep the noise down. I'm busy read'n here . . . I think this guy's gonna kiss his horse." He rolled his back to me, and reopened his *Louis L'Amore* to where his thumb had been. His small fluorescent bunk-light shined dimly through an eight-inch space he'd left to squeeze out through in an emergency. Apparently he hadn't heard about my relationship with the Captain.

I wedged my knee between the asbestos-cork sweat-shield laminated to the inside of the hull and a cable-run to keep from getting tossed out of my rack when she rolled. I reviewed what helmsmanship Wahoff had tried to stuff into our heads over the past couple of weeks. There weren't any books to study, no ship-handling instructions or seamanship manuals. We were trying to feel what the sea was doing to the ship, and what she would do in response to our reactions. Wahoff had previously made each lookout watch waves through the periscope in order to understand what he was doing on the helm. He was reacting to what he could feel through the helm wheel and in the seat of his pants; Louisiana Voodoo was simple in comparison. I hoped the extra practice I'd had with Wahoff might help. With me he spent extra time hollering, "You stupid, non-qual lowlife!" I hoped somehow that that would help justify the Skipper's confidence. I wasn't above a little self-pride, but this was getting real. *Please Jesus, don't let me put the rudder the wrong way and increase the roll. I fell asleep just as I started feeling panic.*

A sarcastic voice said, "Gorence, get up. Hit it! The Old Man NEEDS you." I looked at my watch. I had been asleep over six hours, so I bounced off lockers and tables making my way through the mess hall on a deck that was moving unpredictably in split seconds to places other than where I'd aimed my next step. I felt quite talented to be buttoning my shirt and zipping my jacket while keeping my head away from hard steel objects.

Wahoff had been relieved an hour ago, and the OD had waited as long as possible to call me. The helmsman who had relieved him had done a good job, but soon the ship



started to hang on a series of port rolls for an unusually long time between its normal pitching and yawing. The last roll had been about 50°, a new record, and it had hung there for what seemed like several minutes. The torpedoes forward and aft had been strapped down and rigged for a depth charge attack, but there was still some concern that they might shift. All four ship's cooks had come to Control to report that there was not a single box or can of food still in the place where it had been stowed, and even Hank Snow was in the Control Room cursing the helmsman through the lower hatch. It was nighttime now and the ship was rigged for red (red lighting preserved night vision) so I took my time and walked with my hands — my feet helping occasionally when they found something solid — to my helm station in Conn.

"Gorence has the helm, sir. Steering into the seas . . . no ordered course, all ahead two-thirds on two engines, snorkeling on the surface."

"Very well," acknowledged current OOD, Lt. Speer.

I expected some sort of comment from the lookouts, the OD or the QM, but the silence from the aft end of the Conning Tower was almost spooky. Ordinarily, conversation was held to a minimum, but now there was absolute silence, and I wondered if they were staring through the dim red lighting at the back of my head. Razu steadied on an even keel for a couple of minutes before the bow slowly pitched downward with the sea, and the screws vibrated the ship back aft enough to rattle men's teeth in the After Torpedo Room. The shuddering astern grew and then she started to yaw, hesitating between a roll or pitch . . . the gyro-repeater began to dance behind the needle, 155°, 162°, 175°, and past due South in less than five seconds, and she leaned slowly to port. The Clinometer is a quarter-circle piece of sheet metal bolted to a centerline plate above the helm. Its round lower edge is engraved with 1-degree graduations marked zero at the center-bottom increasing outward to nearly ninety degrees on each side. A pendulum, like a grandfather clock's with a pointer at its bottom hangs from the apex; in port the pointer will indicate zero degrees (even keel) under normal conditions. The pointer had hovered back and forth across zero; now it was at 25° to port, 26°, 28°, moving like it was lubricated with molasses — but moving the wrong way.

I put the wheel hard-over right, and waited for the hydraulics to move the rudder over to 30° — Right Full Rudder — and held her there until the port roll slowed. It stopped at thirty degrees, and the clinometer agonized back a degree or two in the direction of zero. It seemed like hours before it moved, but when I was certain she was headed back, I put the rudder amidships. Razorback came back to even keel, and went ten degrees past. I left the wheel alone and she righted. Similar waves ambushed us twice more in the next hour, but then she began to roll ten or fifteen degrees to port and then to starboard. I found I could almost maintain that stability with about seven degrees right rudder on a heading of about 185° true. In the next couple of hours, I came to use full rudder less and less to correct a roll, and the ship stayed within a dozen degrees of vertical more often. Someone shouted up from Control in a tone between smart-ass and sacrilegious, "Does Jesus, Jr. up there need a sandwich or something?" Adrenaline in pretty much erases hunger, so I just asked for a black and

sweet. By sunrise, when I had been on the helm six hours, I was holding fairly close to an ordered course of 070 with little difficulty, and we were headed toward Pearl Harbor, all ahead full on three engines. Going home turns!

I was awakened the next time for my regular 1600-2000 lookout watch. I had to eat chow before relieving the watch so I couldn't avoid the razzing I knew I'd catch in the mess hall. Someone said that I had triced up my rack so high that the below decks watch wouldn't find me until the storm was over. Hank said the Old Man was gonna give me a commendation for not capsizing the ship — an obvious cover up for billeting the louisiest helmsman in the fleet.

I had noticed that the ship was riding just about as level as a pool table in The Seven Seas locker club, but when I got to the bridge the OD said, in response to my awe, "Amazing, isn't it? I've never seen the ocean like this."

The sky was deep, deep blue, and except for a haze on the horizon, not a cloud to be seen. What really got my attention though, was the sea's surface. Not a ripple. A Blue marble tabletop. If Mount Elbert had been out there, you could have seen its perfect reflection just like in Mirror Lake back home. A sheet of glass, blue as the sky. Razorback's prow sliced through its flat surface like a knife through the rubbery canned stuff the Navy called mayonnaise. The white bone in her teeth disappeared before its foam reached the doghouse under us, and spread out to port and starboard in small waves like wrinkles in silk which melted into the distant sea; the ship's wake disappeared in a straight line astern to the horizon. *Almost perfectly straight*, I audaciously thought, *because I wasn't steering*. The storm was gone and the wake's slight zig-zag was the only evidence that humankind had ever passed through this vast ocean plain. The Quartermaster logged zero wind, temperature 78° Fahrenheit, less than 5 % cloud cover.

Stranger yet were the Terns. Hundreds of them, sitting on the water like ducks on a pond. All around, and behaving like they were tame — they wouldn't have budged if our bow had hit them in the tail. Terns, tame, and bobbing in a duck-pond a thousand miles at sea!

"Permission to come on the bridge?" It was Wahoff's voice from Conn.

"Come up," answered the OD.

When he came out from under the cowlings, with his ever-present cup of coffee, Wahoff was all spruced up. Shaved, hair combed, starched dungarees and all.

"Any dope on radio about the storm?" he asked the OD, knowing full well that our bad weather was a complete surprise to ComSubPac. There were no satellites but Sputnik in those days, so the only weather info came from the ships at sea who radioed in data.

Mr. Speer, the Navigator, was back on watch with the *first team* — his personal designation everybody he worked with (and he demanded they live up to his confidence). The weather question was routine, but when he asked Wahoff if he thought we were in the eye of the storm, the answer got my attention, "Pretty near positive. I'm trying to plot Maneuvering Board vectors for the best course within the navigable quadrant, but all our good info is relative to the storm; we need to analyze changes in wind direction and barometer



pressure over time."

"*Wahoff, Wahoff, Lay to the wardroom. THAT IS: Wahoff—to the Wardroom.*" the bridge IMC speaker called him away, and he went below. We slowed to two thirds speed and changed course to due west within a few minutes. There were a few scud clouds up ahead and faint cirrus mare's tails started to appear. They curved in the high atmosphere, and seemed to merge somewhere on the horizon astern.

When I got off watch, Wahoff had laid claim to one of the tables in the crew's mess; it was covered with pilot charts, books and drafting tools. I grabbed a black and sweet and eased onto the bench opposite his and said, "I'm still thinking about striking for Quartermaster. Anything I can help with?" "Yeah, read that and tell me what it says." He slid a book about the size of two stacked bibles across the table toward me, with his finger on a paragraph headed, *THE DANGEROUS QUADRANT*. I'd heard him previously refer to this book as the Navigation Bible, written by somebody named Bowditch. Not one of the paragraphs following the heading

made the slightest sense to me, and I told him so.

"That's what I thought. Listen, you've had your whole qualifications notebook signed off for over a month, an' you're not qualified on the boat, after what, a year?"

"Seven months," I corrected sheepishly.

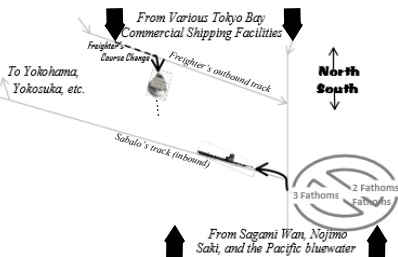
"So talk to me about Quartermaster when you've earned Dolphins — meanwhile get some sleep so you can steer this pigboat. Stupid, non-qual lowlife gotta be good for something," which gave me a feeling that he was finally warming up to me. But he was also right; I needed to shake off my terror of failing my *Final Qualifications* walk-through. It was a *One Shot test*: if I failed one of the Executive Officer's examination questions I'd be off the boat — and out of subs forever.

Wahoff had packed up his gear and was heading forward into Control, when I asked: "Are we *still* in the center of the doggoned storm after all the beating we've taken?"

He leaned his head back over his shoulder through the watertight door and sneered, "Getting *IN* was easy."

**Anagram:** Snooze Alarms: = Alas, no more Z'S

## There, but for the grace of God...



It's fair to say that the collision of Philippine-registered Asia Container eXpress *Crystal* and USS *Fitzgerald* (DDG-62) on 17 June of this year struck Jeff Owens as eerily similar to an old Sabalo tale. Thankfully, there were no deaths in the Sabalo incident, but reports of the *Fitzgerald's* collision said "...off the Japanese coast, southeast of Yokosuka," which might have been the same spot we'd have witnessed many oriental merchantmen "playing chicken" to improve profits.

It's been 50 years, but I recall it was an Oiler on track to pass us starboard to starboard at a safe distance — CPA (Closest Point of Approach) was well over a mile—but her (drunk/stupid?)

CO apparently decided to cut the corner to save a few minutes and turned right just after we'd come left onto the westward leg of our Yokosuka track which now put him on a steady bearing with decreasing range, AKA "collision course". (See diagram above). Jeff, I need to stop here and state that I never, ever, ran aground — never even close. Aside from that, comparison of two 50 year old NTINS from two different people is not likely to clarify many facts.

So here's my version: The nav team and everyone on the bridge knew that we were in extremis 30 seconds after the oiler first changed course (detected simultaneously by Owens on radar, and

the Port lookout) [see top of diagram].

Captain Barke took the conn and ordered *all stop*, then *all back full* to stop the ships advance, which brought us closer to the shoal water astern. Staying our course would almost certainly have guaranteed a collision even a sprint at flank speed, in large part, because there was no way to predict the insane merchant's intent. We were in danger, making no way, while this blind a\$\$ was heading full speed straight for a catastrophe. The bridge watch had started sounding three short blasts (one second) of the ship's whistle (to indicate to all traffic that we were backing) and another five short blasts (meaning *Danger-or-I do not understand your movements*) over and over again; I'm sure we had the Radio shack attempting to make contact, and our signal searchlight was banging away to no avail signaling the international code for *Attention!*: ditdah ["A"].

The bridge asked the Nav team for a reciprocal course to back into whatever good water was astern [see diagram] but there was only 18' of water for a few yards and then it shot up to 12'; we knew exactly where the ship was, and there was little doubt about the water's depth; everybody in conn looked where my finger was pointing and nobody could come up with anything close to

**Anagram:** The Morse Code: = Here come dots

the good news the Skipper wanted. Owens on the radar was pretty certain that the merchantman was on a steady course and Will Parks confirmed it with a Maneuvering Board (???for plots of relative movement??)

There was no place anywhere abaft the beam we could recommend to the Old Man, and an attempt to cross ahead of this brainless madman's ship (obviously on auto pilot), even if we could have achieved flank speed, would have been a bad gamble since we were almost dead in the water. The Skipper apparently didn't like standing still, so he began backing and going forward ahead — intensely aware that the only safe water was the muddy water we'd already passed through, and keeping to it. I think he mentioned that he wanted to get closer to a maneuverable speed.

It was a grim situation with this

dangerous excuse for a skimmer skipper, aware or not, who was barreling down on us at 20 knots or better.

The leadman up on the bow was reporting just above Mark 3 [fathoms —18 feet]. There was mud swirling all around the boat. The skipper had three or four officers calculating and recalculating the CPA. His only choices were making a break toward Yokosuka while wondering when somebody on the merchantman would wake up and make a panic-driven drastic change of course, or backing down into the mud (possibly grounding the boat, or at the very least, damaging the screws).

I wish I could remember the series of bells that got us out of trouble, but I can only say that the CO's simultaneously ordered "Port ahead Flank; Starboard back Emergency" caused the ship to

twist and crab jerkily away from the danger; there were many more bell changes seconds apart, and only Sabalo herself and Captain Barke grasped both the intent and affect of those many overlapping commands. Our stern missed the oiler/freighter by 200 feet, and we passed by close enough to see that there was not one living human visible beyond that ship's pilot house windows.

... *Crystal* ... fought to get back on track for over 10 minutes after her impact with the *Fitzgerald* ... pushing her off course ... trying to free herself, her bow below the waterline. It was 15 minutes before she turned around, apparently still thinking it was her autopilot that dragged her off her track; it was 30 min before she called the Japanese Coast Guard.

**•DOES THE LITTLE MERMAID WEAR AN ALGEBRA? (THINK ABOUT IT)**

**•ONE NICE THING ABOUT EGOTISTS IS THEY DON'T TALK ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE.**

**•I ASKED THE SAN DIEGO LIBRARIAN, "WERE'S THE SELF-HELP SECTION?" SHE SAID IF SHE TOLD ME, IT WOULD DEFEAT ITS PURPOSE.**

### How Desert Storm Destroyed the US Military By Ray Starmann\*

The US military that won Desert Storm or Gulf War I in 1991 was a spectacular military, a gargantuan industrial age military with high tech weaponry and well trained personnel, that when called upon, achieved victory with the speed of Patton and the clan of Teddy Roosevelt.

In 44 days, the largest military force assembled by the US and its allies since Normandy destroyed the world's fourth largest army in a brilliantly led, fabulously executed air and ground war in the sands of the Middle East. The ghosts of Vietnam were vanquished by men who had experienced the horrors and strategic errors of that war and who inculcated those lessons to the personnel they led.

Both General Colin Powell and the late General Norman Schwarzkopf had both served multiple tours in Vietnam and their experiences there made them highly skeptical of the press and its intentions. Therefore, no reporters were embedded with combat units during the war. The world was given a Nintendo video game, sanitized version of a war, while albeit short, had many elements of the nastiness of war past, but appeared to be nothing more than a high tech cake walk.

Because there were no journalists in the field, the world never saw H.R. McMaster, the President's National Security Adviser, who was then a captain in the 2nd Armored Cavalry Regiment, fighting the Tawakalna Division of the Republican Guard... or the work of ... the extremely aggressive, highly competent and definitely non-PC, Major General Barry McCaffrey ... Two days after the Gulf War ended, on March 2, 1991, elements of the 24th Mech were fired on by the Iraqi

Hammurabi Division of the Republican Guard, which was retreating north in a five mile long convoy. McCaffrey ordered his division to destroy the Hammurabi and by the end of the day, the 24th Mech had annihilated the division, destroying 187 armored vehicles, 43 artillery pieces, and over 400 trucks. The Battle of Rumaila Oilfield was a classic showcase of the kind of warrior aggression the US military's senior leaders used to display, but which, in the era of the perfumed prince with stars has all but disappeared. Barry McCaffrey would last about five minutes on active duty today, as would Norman Schwarzkopf. McCaffrey and Schwarzkopf are the type of generals who win wars. What do the generals do now?

Yet, the world saw none of those battles being fought as they saw no Marines storming through Kuwait. There were no journalists; hence no video, no film, no photos; nothing to show the world except a few shots the Iraqi Army surrendering to Marines on the border. To the American public, the Iraqis were surrendering en masse, when in actuality the Republican Guard was going down with the ship. For example, the 10,000 man Tawakalna Division was virtually annihilated, including the division commander who died in an artillery barrage on the night of February 26, 1991.

While General Schwarzkopf's power point presentations enlightened the world, the soldiers and Marines found themselves in a Dante's Inferno, with smoldering vehicles, dead Iraqi soldiers strewn over tank turrets in a man-made darkness of oil fires that smothered any sunlight and the vast remnants of an army, which littered the battlefield: rifles, helmets, sun-





dry equipment and arms and legs that were picked at by packs of roving wild dogs. War is hell...but the American public never knew.

The day Desert Storm ended, the death of the US military commenced. The Pentagon, basking in glory and bowing to pressure from the public and crackpot feminists like Patricia Schroeder, started drinking the Kool Aid and they've never stopped. The war was a video game, a clean, quick run.

Modern war was now sanitized, where the bad guys would die at stand-off ranges of a mile or two and explode in little black and white pixels on Pentagon TV screens. In fact, war was now so quick and so easy that women should be allowed to serve in the combat arms and Special Forces. Our victory in Desert Storm became the catalyst for every left wing wacko to hack at the military with a meat cleaver.

Since, 1991, the US military has been slowly coming apart at the seams Stress cards, open homosexuality, transgressors on active duty, sensitivity training, pregnancy simulators for male troopers, lactation stations in the field, babies born on US ships of war, female graduates of Ranger School, including a 37 year old mother (it's funny how the women looked so well fed), women in the SEALs, women in Marine infantry units and females in the field artillery (even though most cannot carry a 155mm round) are just some of the insanity that has taken place in the last 26 years, but which snowballed into hell under the Obama administration.

A social revolution engulfed the military, starting with Tailhook and continuing to this day. Warriors were forced out and feather merchants and PC flag bearers were promoted. Girl power was in and masculinity was out. The warrior culture was buried and a new culture was reborn that resembles corporate America, not the US military of yesteryear.

And, now, with the world in flames, with ISIS blowing up Europe, with Putin pumping weapons in the Arctic while he watches his BMP's on skis roll by, with Kim Jong-Loon on the loose with a toy chest of nukes and missiles and with Iran figuring out that Trump ain't Barney Fife, the US military

needs to be rougher and tougher and more ready for a fight than ever. And, we ain't. And, that's the fact, Jack.

Many are waiting for Mad Dog Mattis to stick a pike in the heart of the military's social engineering forever. We are still waiting...Perhaps Secretary Mattis is so busy dealing with the thugs on the planet, that he has forgotten that the armed forces that will be engaging the thugs is still in trouble.

Secretary Mattis must once and for all shut down the feminist fantasy of women in the combat arms. There are thousands of jobs for women in the military where they can serve honorably and be promoted, without, in Mattis' own words, 'satisfying themselves up for failure in combat.'

Mattis also needs to get rid of the perfumed princes, and the feckless duds who have infested the senior ranks of the armed forces. I'd rather have a sergeant with guts running a division than a two star coward who is more worried about his pension and future job on cable news than the mission and the troops.

The US military is still being led by people who believe that the military is nothing different than working for Google, except that the military has uniforms and weapons. When you eschew the glorious traditions of the military and combine that with ludicrous social engineering, you are setting yourself up for massive failure.

While US military interpreted the results of Desert Storm incorrectly, the real lessons from that conflict are crystal clear: US military functioned well in an environment focused on the mission, not on political correctness, LGBT rights, day care centers on submarines and breastfeeding Rangers.

With our enemies stacking up against us, time is running out to fix the problems which were initially caused by a victory 26 years ago, in a war that has largely been forgotten.

\*Ray Starbarn, b. Chicago, Illinois, June 28, 1965 served as an army intelligence officer for eight years; in Germany when the Berlin Wall fell an eyewitness to that and the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe. In 1990-91, Ray served in the Gulf War with the famed 7th Cavalry. In 2008, Ray and Sean King teamed up to write "Generation Gap", a Hallmark original movie starring Ed Asner and Rue McClanahan.



## MIL & AERO SPACE COMMENTARY

The aircraft carrier has reigned supreme as the most powerful surface warship for nearly 70 years ... cornerstone of U.S. naval power ... probably not much longer. ...the ocean ... 71 percent of the planet's surface area ... 37 times more of the Earth than ... the U.S. ... [Can] 12 aircraft carrier battle groups ... cover an area so large ...? ... there are powerful naval warships other than the aircraft carriers... FBM submarines, each of which ... could destroy more than 20 large cities ... missile-defense destroyers ... on a good day can destroy enemy ballistic missiles in flight ... fast-attack submarines that could take on any enemy surface warship or submarine. ... naval power also boils down to ...

numbers ... World War II the U.S Navy was operating 6,768 ships of all types ... Korean War ... decreased to 1,113...Vietnam War in 1968 ... 932 ... [T]oday the U.S. Navy operates 275 vessels ... 4 % of WW II high; 30 % of Vietnam... fleet consisted of 594 ships in 1987 at the height of the Cold War during the Reagan Buildup.

Today ... strong Chinese navy ... in the South China Sea ... Russian navy is growing ... new challenges ... from India, Iran, North Korea, and others.

There are signs ... bid the old Navy good-bye and ... hello to ... distributed forces and automation ... no longer centered ... capital warships like aircraft carriers ... could bring the best of technology to bear in the making up for

lack of numbers....

**Here are five reasons we may be at the start of a new naval era.**

1. New ballistic missile submarines. Just last week the Navy awarded a **\$5.1 billion contract to General Dynamics Electric Boat to complete the design of the lead Columbia-class submarine, the nation's next-generation nuclear-powered ballistic missile submarine.** Twelve of these vessels will be built to carry the latest Trident D5 nuclear missiles, as well as a variety of cruise missiles and other munitions. The size of this submarine also could make it a candidate to carry a variety of unmanned underwater and unmanned aerial vehicles for covert surveillance.



and attack.

2. New aircraft carriers. The Navy commissioned the first of 10 **Ford-Class aircraft carriers last summer. This ship will have all-electric catapults, new sensors, and the ability to support and operate squadrons of unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs) for surveillance and attack.** This ship is a model of systems automation, and likely will see the first generations of future Navy unmanned fighter and bomber aircraft.

3. Extra-Large Unmanned Underwater Vehicles (XUUV). Also last week, the Navy awarded contracts to Lockheed Martin Corp. and the Boeing Co. to design prototypes of the Extra-Large Unmanned Underwater Vehicles (XLUUV) -- a future **autonomous submarine with a diameter of at least**

**seven feet that will operate as a clandestine mothership that launches and recovers UUVs, UAVs, and other kinds of sensor payloads.** These largely unmanned submarines will operate for months at a time, maybe longer, and will be able to deploy weapons and sensors secretly to keep an enemy off balance.

4. Cross Domain Maritime Surveillance and Targeting. The U.S. Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) has launched a program called Cross Domain Maritime Surveillance and Targeting (CDMaST) that could lead to new doctrines in naval warfare and sea control. **The idea revolves around secure real-time networks of manned and unmanned aircraft, surface ships, and submarines able to attack and defend vast**

**areas of the world's oceans** to hold enemy ships and submarines at risk over wide contested areas.

5. Sleeper weapons that seek targets of opportunity. DARPA also is carrying out the Upward Falling Payloads (UFP) program, which seeks to develop **sensors, as well as lethal and non-lethal weapons that would be placed secretly on the ocean floor, and activated months or years later to engage enemy forces** at crucial moments.

It's unlikely we'll ever see a U.S. naval fleet to match the sizes of yesteryear, yet some of the new maritime technologies and platforms in development might help to even the odds. In future years we might look back on the Navy we see today as the Old Navy.

by *Military and Aerospace Electronics Magazine*, Chief Editor, John Keller

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

The last quarterly *Clever Boy* identified 137 (L – S) members out of 379 men whose correct address was either changed without informing us – or was never known. This list is of 87 men's (now, of 378) names continuing alphabetically from S – Z and A – C. There is missing data, so whatever does show up is in the following order: Lastname, First/Mid, Last City, BDay, Qual boat hull# & Yr, Year(s)Aboard, & HiRate. i.e.: No data for Abbotts; Abrahamson was aboard 1945, qualified on SS-230, 1943; Adams cannot have been born in 1966, so it's when he came aboard – if it was only year qualified, the boat name or hull # would likely have followed "1966". One guy with his last name only, and some like only with initials to help.

AbbottsJohn Jr	BostianJames L1953	CherryFrank Cstewart1951398
AbrahamsonCarl Herbert1945SS230 1943	BottitaThomas Jane...1968	-1948EN1(SS)
AdamsTerry Lee1966	BouffordLeonard Jo...1969	ChestnutLloyd E1969
AkazawaShuji, "Sidney"Ewa Beach1964	Bourouleis (sp?)Robert S1963	Chochette?
AlexanderRobert E, "Doc"1951	BowlbyCarl ARamona19271952302 CDR	ChristianSamuel L1964
AlonzoFrederick W	BramscheDavid Robert1964302	ClarkGriffith W Jr
AndersonAndre Raymond	BrattGeorge1960?	ClarkM E
AnsaldiValdemar Michael,"Turky"19461968	BrazielSteven Robert1963	ClaussenHC
ArmstrongThomas L1965	BrooksHarold F1959	ClelandDale B
ArquillaAugusto J1956	BrownEdward Everett1962	CobbRichard A
AshookMichael L1961	BrownGerald J1953	CockKenneth H
BacongFreddie Manalo1969	BrownKenneth Lee, "Burner"1966302	Cody?
BadgetKenneth Milton1969	BucknerGerald Wayne19301952	CoferHorace Gorrell1961
BakerJames A1956	BurkeRonald Edward	CollinsJohn A1955
BanksJoseph L1961	BurtiloDP1960	CombeJimmie, "Jim"
BartonRoy L1957	BuschKenneth H1953	ConeRobert Howard1968
BeckleyCharles D	ButlerEdward F1951?	CookKenneth H
BeechJames E1960 EMCM(SS)	ButlerGP1959	CoonWilliamJoseph Jr1960302
BeltranJose J1964	CallawayDonald Wayne	CorpusMauro (n)1960
BennettJ?1961	CampbellWilliam Lloyd	CorriveauJames Edward
BennettRichard R1951	CapilitanRicardo M1959?	CowningWilliam P Jr
BensonWilliam D, "Bill"1954	CareyChris Allan	CrawfordRobert H
BerkeyRM1961	CarlasAntonio S	CreeJames D
BessetteEarnest Theodore1969	CarnesJames J1989 EMCS(SS)	CrossleyRichard J1960
BirdDavid Leroy1963	CarrierCE1959	CroweGlenn R
BirdJames Miller1961	CarterBJ	CummingsEdward (n)1960
BishopGeorge W Jr1968	CauseyBilly J	CurleyWilliam H
BlancoArmando1959	ChandlerDale Grant	CurryBruce Elwin
Borge1953 ET2(SS)	ChapmanDavid Michael	



## Reunion Registration, Preliminary draft

	Single	For 2
Registration Fee	\$35	\$65
Ladies' Luncheon	N/A	\$20
Midway Museum (go any day)	\$15	\$30
Maritime Museum (go any day)	\$15	\$30
Harbor Cruise TBD	\$40	\$80
US Submarine tour, Ballast Point (Bus costs)	\$40	\$70
Padres Baseball Game (1st base seat)	\$25	\$50
*Raffle tickets: \$5.00 each or Five for \$20	\$20	
Banquet (Main course choices in April issue)...	\$50	\$100
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$240</b>	<b>\$445</b>

Notes: Registration Fee is mandatory, stocking HR and misc transportation expenses

\*Raffle: 1st prize: One Room-night \$150. 2nd & 3rd prizes: 1 free Banquet (\$50)

Make checks out to *USS Sabalo Association*

Estimates are pretty safe (rounded up) except for the cost of an \$800 bus to Ballast Point if a submarine tour develops and over a dozen are interested. The banquet prices include a 20% service charge and tax — probably more than you'd pay at home for tip and tax, but I'm told the meals are well worth the price. We obviously can't do all this Mon-Wed but we can monitor room reservations and if several are staying Thurs. (Fri?), we might arrange something.

### Continued from Page 3

Theoretically, a more effective use of statistical probability evolved over the decades: A male simply approaches a female with, "Hi, wanna 'F\*\*k?'" This reportedly results in nine face-slaps per memorable evening.

Then, practicing political correctness for years, these men become civilized gentleman who have learned, "Hi, wanna hang out?" Now, 68% of men and 43% of women believe that the words specifically means *intercourse*. [ Huffington Post] — it could be concluded, therefore, that 57% of the time you'll still get slapped (down from 90%).

Regardless of man's progress over almost four score years, no one has yet explained to me what to do if the target woman smiles happily, then goes back to her phone screen. Or worse yet, she gulps down her drink, flips her cigarette into the glass, and heads for the exit. Do you drop everything and follow her like a puppy chasing social justice? Buy a pack of Pall Malls? Ask the bartender to hurry up with your change?

By the way, if you're testing this, Huff Post also lists 15 more-specific PC terms in case *hanging out* doesn't pan out: "A bit of jam, Beef Injection, Belly Ride, Buzz the Brillo,

### Youngsters these days! But there is hope!

I recently attended a showing of 'Superman 3' here at LSA Anacosta. We have a large auditorium that we use for movies as well as memorial services and other large gatherings. As is the custom at all military bases, we stood to attention when The National Anthem began before the main feature. All was going well until three-quarters of the way through The National Anthem, the music stopped.

Now, what would happen if this occurred with 1,000 18-to-22-year-olds back in the States? I imagine that there would be hoots, catcalls, laughter, a few rude comments, and everyone would sit down and yell for the movie to begin. Of course, that is, only if they had stood for The National Anthem in the first place. Here in Iraq 1,000 soldiers continued to stand at attention, eyes fixed forward. The music started again, and the soldiers continued to quietly stand at attention. Again, though, at the same point, the music stopped.. What would you expect 1,000 soldiers standing at attention to do? Frankly, I expected some laughter, and everyone would eventually sit down and wait for the movie to start.

No!.. You could have heard a pin drop while every soldier continued to stand at attention.

Suddenly, there was a lone voice from the front of the auditorium, then a dozen voices, and soon the room was filled with the voices of a thousand soldiers, finishing where the recording left off: "And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

It was the most inspiring moment I have had in Iraq, and I wanted you to know what kind of U.S. Soldiers are serving you! Remember them as they fight for us!

Written by Chaplain Jim Higgins, LSA Anacosta is at the Ballad Airport in Iraq, north of Baghdad.

Mattress dance, Stick dipping, Working at the crossroads, The frolic of four legs, All the way, Lay some type, Rocket Polish, Romp, Shake the sheets, Hide the pickle."

#### What would John Wayne do?

He'd grab her, swoon her across his knee, look down into her eyes, and whisper ... *A bit of jam!*?"

V/R

RonG

Sam finally decided to tie the knot with his longtime girlfriend. One evening, after the honeymoon, he was welding some stuff in the garage just for fun. His new wife was standing there at the bench watching him. After a long period of silence she finally spoke, "Honey, I've just been thinking, now that we are married maybe it's time you quit spending all your time out here in the shop. You probably should just consider selling all your tools along with your gun collection and that stupid vintage Harley." Sam got a horrified look on his face and he began choking. She said, "Honey, what's wrong?" He replied, "There for a minute you were starting to sound like my ex-wife." "Ex-wife!" she screamed, "YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE MARRIED BEFORE!" Sam replied: "I wasn't."-----

- 2/19/2017 - Parrish, William R, LCDR, USN Ret. Aboard 1956-7 1951-3
- 6/29/2016 - Patterson, Ronald Lee, EN1(SS) Aboard 1965-70
- 2/19/2017 -

### Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster — Alphabetically: (Hoitt to Lynch, Owen (109 of 631))

Hoitt, Scott G 1983	Januszewski, Francis 1989	Kelso, Frank Be 2013	Ledwidge, Joseph A 2016
Holden, William 1987	Jarvis, John Edw 2005	Kessler, Herbert 1984	Lee, Harold G 2008
Holian, James J 1995	Jenkins, Lloyd H 2013	Kidd, Ronald J 1988	Lehnhoff, Lawrence 2008
Holland, Alfred D 1997	Jensen, Paul Jam 1998	Kiehl, Ronald A 2004	Lennon, John Slo 1974
Holley, Frederic 2001	Jensen, Robert W 2014	Kilgore, David St 2006	Levine, David H 1999
Holmquist, Raymond 1993	Jett, George L 2003	King, Bruce B 1974	Lewis, Donald A 1983
Hood, Frank R, 2015	Johnson, Charles 2003	King, Evans Pa 2009	Lewis, Edgar Ly 1985
Horsman, Wallace 1986	Johnson, Donald M 2006	King, Marvin E 2006	Lewis, Loy Clew 1995
Horton, James Wi 2008	Johnson, Warren P 2015	King, Robert B 2015	Lewis, Robert W 1985
Hotes, William 2014	Johnston, Albert S 2011	Kirk, Harlow R 2011	Liberty, Richard 1993
Howe, Gary Eug 1992	Johnston, Orval Ge 2003	Kist, Arthur H 1992	Lindayen, Frank (n 1996
Hudson, Steve Ma 1989	Jones, Chalmers 2006	Kitterman, Harry L 2013	Linder, Roy Elme 2014
Hudson, Thomas 1996	Jones, Ralph P 1998	Klich, Donald J 1999	Lindsay, Robert G 2002
Hughes, Raymond 2001	Jones, William 2006	Knapp, Ezra Bro 1953	Lineback, Kenneth 1991
Hughes, Robert L 2003	Jordan, Robert A 2009	Knorr, Harold W 1997	Livermore, Leonard 2011
Hughes, William 2016	Joslin, Lester M 2007	Kolb, Robert F 2000	Lockman, James C, 1999
Hundley, Tom (nmn 2006	Judy, Roger 2001	Kooistra, Robert W 1983	Logan, William 1995
Hungerford, Steven E 2002	Jung, Dale Cha 2011	Korzilius, John H 1999	Logsdon, Harold K 2010
Hunter, H Reid 2009	Kalinowski, Alex Joh 2004	Krause, Edward A 2006	Long, Ernest P 1958
Huntington, William 1993	Kappeler, Robert F 2001	Kreps, Orrin Ch 2008	Loosli, Leo Dani 2001
Huska, Martin W 2006	Keeley, Stanisla 1995	Kulsa, Stanley 2006	Loveless, Ray H ??
Hudock, Robert J 1986	Keeler, Eugene P 2017	Kurowski, Marvin J 2015	Lidden, Cyrus Le 1975
Irvin, Harold J 1990	Keeling, Wayne Ge 1981	Kusza, Jerome J 2000	Lute, James Ha 2009
Ivey, Loy Edwi 2001	Keich, Edwin G 1998	LaCourse, Joseph L 196	Lynch, Owen F 1993
Jackson, Laurence 1996	Keiler, Ronald D 1963	Lacy, Edward A 1960	
James, Jesse J 2014	Kelly, Curtis C 2004	Lamoree, Robert W 1997	
James, William 1959	Kelly, William 2002	Lamy, Richard 2015	

#### NOTE TO SABALO WIVES AND WIDOWS:


We are, and forever will be, honored by your attendance and participation in our Sabalo events and functions. We are aware, however, that continuing to send *Clever Boy* to a widow can refresh her pleasant memories of better times, but for some, it only serves as a reminder of painful loss. If you can find a moment, please send RonG a note stating your preference.

**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:** = Underwater telephone (AKA Gertrude). 302's voice call sign was *Clever Boy* her radio/visual call was NXYO = 

Continued:  The End: 

