



Heard on the **UQC: Man overboard!

- Well, not really. We're just missing some data on a few men: The *CB* Master Roster contains **460** names! Of those, 361 have valid email addresses (six of which bounce as *spam* unless I go thru the hoops and beg), 210 have only email, 150 have both email and Post Office addresses, and 97 have Post Office addresses only. Elvis predicted the fate of these nine PO mailings (returned to sender): John Beatty, Bill Breckenridge, Ed Dominguez, Don Epinette, Walt Gregory, Art McElwain, Joe Roberts, Luther Samuel, and Paul Shaw. Anybody sees one of these guys bobbing in the water, let us know.
- Near the end of this newsletter is a listing of the 210 men mentioned above. We have **no data** for most of them other than name and email. So if you're on that list (and haven't recently sent updates to Jeff, which he will forward on to me) please send me as much of the below info as possible. Eventually, we'd like to publish a 'finder' page in each newsletter—like lists of names within certain zip codes so shipmates can visit between 2,000 mile reunion trips. Here's the data we're assembling for our master list:

LastName---FirstName---NickName---Address---City---State---Zip---Phone---phone#2---email---email#2---Arrive (Aboard) Rate---Depart Rate---Hi Rate Aboard---Depart (mo/yr)---DOB---HomeTwn---SpouseName---USSVI (if Yes, Base)---Qual (mo/yr)---Qual Boat---Qual Hull---Retired(mil) Y/N



Out of the Tomato Basket:

I receive many emails like this. 'I sure would like to hear from guys who were aboard same time as me.' Rather than wait for them to initiate something, the best way to do this is pick up the phone or send an email to someone you remember. I know that's a problem after 40 or more years, and the names may have drifted off, but the adventures are still in the memory. So if you check the web site, maybe talking about a few things with anyone with dates on board matching yours you will refresh some recollections. If you can't access the web site, send me a few names and I'll try to make some matches. That's what the web site and newsletter, and the reunions are really about – sharing and preserving memories for our own pleasure and for posterity.

Some recent revisions to the web site Sabalo History page relating to 1964 include some new links about the "September Incident", and also the events of the "Tonkin Gulf Incident", that were the given reasons for escalating Viet Nam military actions. The links provide online reading of many official documents that have been declassified in the last few years. The page URL: http://ussabalo.org/History_Sabalo.htm

Notice the new name of this column? My lead ET, Fred Holcomb, fished a rectangular tomato basket with a handle out of the trash, in which we kept a complete set of tubes (pre drawn from supply) and kept in a small locker in the control room with other "off the books" spares. When we would go to work on the newly reported 'down' radar the guys would razz us with, "here comes the xxx ET's with their Easter basket". Jeff [Ed – Will Parks and I can contest that these guys saved our navigational butt more than once with that bottomless basket of tubes. It made me wonder where enginemen kept unauthorized spare pistons/crankshafts]

Who's going to the Nat'l Convention? *These men have indicated they plan to attend. (Very poor response to the poll):* **Good chance I'm going:** Jeff Owens 67-69, Connie Moore 66-68, James Doerr 51-52 & Ralph Piatek 56
Possibly, after I see the list: Wayne Bushman, 59 & Pete Oullette, 63-69

If you received a hard copy of this Newsletter through the mail, but have access to the internet, **please send me an email with your current email address**— Printing/Postage is our biggest expense.[Ed] €

~~~~ *Confucius Say: Man who run behind Car get exhausted* ~~~~

## Notes from the Conning Tower [Ed]:

### Clever Boy Publication Report

|                                      | <u>Initially</u> | <u>Resent</u> | <u>Added</u> | <u>Postage</u> | <u>Total Cost</u> |
|--------------------------------------|------------------|---------------|--------------|----------------|-------------------|
| Issues Mailed                        | 106              | 6             | 2            | \$ 0.44        | \$ 50.16          |
| Supplies                             |                  |               |              |                |                   |
| Paper                                | 1272             | 72            | 24           | \$ 0.01        | \$ 13.68          |
| Black Ink                            | 1166             | 66            | 22           | \$ 0.02        | \$ 27.26          |
| Color Ink                            | 106              | 6             | 2            | \$ 0.02        | \$ 2.63           |
| 5% Wastage                           |                  |               |              |                | \$ 2.18           |
| Total Expenses                       |                  |               |              |                | \$ 95.90          |
| Notes for ink:                       |                  |               |              |                |                   |
| Black = 650 pg @ \$14.13 w/8.75% tax |                  |               | Avg =        |                | 0.0217            |
| Colors = 330 pg@ \$7.60 w/8.75% tax  |                  |               | Avg =        |                | 0.02304           |

Initial financing: \$195. Inaugural issue: \$71 (remaining balance: \$124). March Issue: \$96 which left a balance of \$28 PLUS the donations following of 19 Sabalo veterans:

**Clever Boy Champions** J. Baker, B. Baumruk Collins, A.Chase, J. Dunnagan, I.Forman, I. Humes, B.Kelman, J.LeConte, J.Longnecker, L.Macaraeg, J.McClune, W.Oulette, W.Parks, K.Sanderlin, J. Savela, R.Scott, C.Smith, & D.Thompson.

These generous shipmates have donated over \$500 to date! Our sincerest gratitude to them for extending *Clever Boy's* life for at least another year!

# USS Sabalo (SS302)

### Letters:

- Ron: You are doing a \*\*\*\* job with the newsletter... I will have you know that I have sheetrocked over all the pipes and wiring in our house about 2 years ago, except for the trim manifold. It looks real nice aft of the stern/bow planes station. John Baker

- Jeff: The other day I was going through my service memorabilia & came across a souvenir card from the Sabalo, dated 30 July, 1954, stating me as an Honorary Submariner, signed by N.C. Woodward, LCDR. Out of curiosity I went on line & I was pleasantly surprised by the history, details of the sub, & comments of the crew. A group of we Navy nurses stationed @ Hickam AFB with MATS were invited aboard as guests for the day. It was most memorable; we were treated like royalty by the crew; were given a grand tour, looked through the periscope, steered the ship (with help), dived, had chow, & lost my Navy cap overboard while standing on the deck. The close quarters made some of our group sleepy & they sacked out, but not me--I wasn't about to miss anything! I'm still talking about it 56 years later. I send to all the crew a salute & Thank You again for a great day.

Betty L. Ludwig (formerly Ltjg USNR NC)

- Ron: Re: your *Typical Diesel Boat Job Descriptions* – April issue.

"I am assuming this will generate a few disagreements . . . Scrubbing decks in Control Room"

During my time aboard this was not a job assigned to the deck gang. This was a responsibility of the 'Ops' department. I know that ET's did it, and can't remember for sure if ST's. In port the duty ET/ST in the watch section was supposed to get it done before quarters, preferably early in the morning before passageway traffic became interference. 1st and 2nd class PO's were not immune from the detail.

Shipmates - help me with my memory on this. Jeff]

[Just type 'ussabalo.org' into your browser's address block, and then click on 'Clever Boy.' Presto! The index page for past newsletters appears ....Ed]

- There are good ships  
and there are wood ships  
ships that sail the sea  
but the best ships are friendships  
and may they always be.— Connie Moore

● Dick Noble sends: Men, a good read and I believe the Charlie Odom mentioned in the article belongs to the SMB. [and the Sabalo Association - Ed]  
 (Don Keith is the author of *War Beneath the Waves*, the true story of bravery and leadership aboard the submarine USS Billfish in World War II, a tale that took 60 years to tell. He is also the co-author of 21 other books including *Final Patrol* and *The Ice Diaries*):

How do you perform on the job if hell broke loose and others relied on you to lead them out of the fire? Warriors train for it. But when the world is crashing in and leadership is required, is training enough?

Charlie Rush, a young Naval officer from small-town Alabama, faced just such a moment when as a Japanese destroyer attacked the submarine USS Billfish, where he was a junior officer. And when the moment came -- when the depth charges were exploding with terrifying proximity, when the submerged vessel was running out of breathable air -- he stepped up and took charge, though his actions that day meant risking everything.

Rush's story, hidden from public view for more than 60 years by a "gentleman's agreement," now teaches us the meaning of leadership under fire and how the line between courage and cowardice can become so extraordinarily thin.

Rush was a midshipman at the Naval Academy when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and, like his fellow officers-in-training, was rushed off to war. Aboard ships in the Pacific, he received on-the-job training, both good and bad. While serving aboard a destroyer, for example, his commander -- a Harvard-educated steam engineer with no management skills -- proved incompetent, even though he still won praise from superiors, no matter how poor his performance.

Rush's next assignment brought him under the wing of one of the most intrepid submarine officers of the era, John "Moke" Millican. While the older Navy brass were still conservative in their submarine tactics, Millican boldly engaged the enemy, sometimes using his deck guns when he'd run out of torpedoes. His men knew he could--and would--lead them through fire, and Rush learned by his side.

In November 1943, Rush became a junior officer on USS Billfish on her second war patrol from Fremantle, Australia. His captain, Frederic Lucas, was a desk-job skipper, more familiar with theory and bureaucracy, a reluctant wartime commander who had studied leadership but had no experience delivering it when the situation demanded. The Navy needed experienced submariners but the only submarine this man had skippered was a peacetime training vessel. He had never fired a torpedo in anger or experienced a depth-charge attack.

Armistice Day, 1943, Lucas had his first opportunity to lead in combat.

An enemy patrol boat spotted Billfish in the Makassar Strait off Borneo. Instead of leaping into action, the captain leisurely watched from periscope depth as the enemy craft sped their way. Rush, as diving officer, boldly suggested they must go deep to evade the advancing enemy. Directly contradicting a commanding

officer bordered on insubordination, a step in the direction of mutiny. Yet, amazingly, the captain replied to Rush: "You are the diving officer. Do what you want." The captain, it seemed, had relinquished his authority.

Rush went to the control room and dove to 300 feet, just as a hail of depth charges rattled the ship. The vicious attack continued for the next 15 hours. The steel hull cracked open in places, pumps failed, water flooded into the aft torpedo room, and the sub was in danger of sinking. Hearing nothing from the captain, who was in the conning tower above him, Rush instinctively organized damage control, together with two experienced chiefs, **Charlie Odom** and John Rendernick, who created a bucket brigade, hauling water from the flooded compartments to bilges where pumps still functioned.

Yet faster than they could fix the damage, the Japanese rained down depth charges on them, as if they could see the sub beneath hundreds of feet of murky sea water. Still with no guidance from the captain, Rush took them deeper, hoping again to evade the enemy. They went deeper than they could safely dive -- they were only yards away from the water pressure crushing the hull -- but there was no option: They had to escape the deadly depth charges. But how was it the Japanese were able to pinpoint their position so accurately?

After 12 hours, Rush

finally climbed to the conning tower to speak with captain. What he found there shocked him: The captain was sitting on the floor, shaking, praying, and inspecting the palms of his hands. In the words of another officer, he was completely "out of it." At the same time Rush discovered with horror why the Japanese could so easily track them: the sub, leaking oil, had kept to a straight course for hours, taking no evasive maneuvers at all while the oil clearly marked their trail. No wonder the barrage was unrelenting!

Rush knew he had to take charge, or the sub would go down with all hands aboard. He assumed command, announcing quietly and without drama: "I have the conn." He negotiated a 360-degree buttonhook turn, cleverly swimming back beneath their own oil slick to get away. The

last breathable air and battery power faded just as they finally surfaced. The chiefs and the crew worked quickly to vent the air, recharge the batteries, and repair extensive damage.

You might imagine that when the captain regained his senses, he would have confronted Rush -- or vice versa. But the brotherhood of submarine service ran deeper than that. Instead Rush made a deal with the captain. If the skipper resigned from submarine service, what happened that night would remain a secret: Both agreed. The captain later served with distinction on surface vessels, helping win the war. Sixty years later, Rush sought formal recognition for **Chief Charlie Odom** and Chief John Rendernick., the two chiefs who had so valiantly kept the ship alive during the barrage. Through this process, Rush's

own bold leadership and bravery came to light, and he received the Navy Cross in 2002.

Rush still maintains that his skipper should not be blamed for "losing it." No man knows how he might perform in the midst of hellfire. The captain was in a situation he had never experienced before. Few men have.

When his crew needed his leadership, he was not able to give it. Thankfully, Rush had learned the meaning of leadership from watching past skippers, both good and bad, and he knew that only near-mutiny could save the ship. ,But he also possessed a trait difficult to identify or teach. Like his mentor, "Moke" Millican, he was an instinctive leader. That natural leadership saved the lives of five dozen men that night in the Makassar Strait, 500 feet south of hell.

- Jeff: Attached is a picture of the Sabalo patch I mentioned. Don McCauley



- Don, I am forwarding this to Howard Venezia who was the artist who created the design. He was also the designer of the other one attached. He had previously sent me the original art work for the one you sent, but couldn't find the original art in his memorabilia for the one attached. He'll be glad to see this one, and he never mentioned that someone had done it into a patch. And maybe some day his original art for the other will surface.



I have also attached my rendition of his 'cocktail drinkin' sub that I used on the 2007 reunion program. Thanks for adding this to the Sabalo story. I will add this to the web site, and also copy to Ron Gorence for inclusion in "Clever Boy". Jeff

- **On Eternal Patrol:** On 12/15/09: **Edward A. Kuause** EM1(SS) of Ft. Meyers, Fl, aboard Sabalo 1945. On 12/25/09: **James H. Lute** of Leggett, Ca, aboard Sabalo in 1952-3 On 3/24/10: **Stanley Harold Werner** EN2(SS) of Jamul, Ca. aboard Sabalo in 1954-5. And on 4/21/2010: **Clifford Earl Ensley** MOMM2(SS) of Alameda, Ca. aboard Sabalo 1945-6



Taps (3<sup>rd</sup> & last verse):

*Thanks and praise, for our days, neath the sun, neath the stars, neath the sky, as we go, this we know, God is nigh.*

• Ping )))))



## This has nothing to do with Women in Submarines ~ or does it?

A few years ago, Singer and Foteos Macrides of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology in Massachusetts did find an assay that worked with hamsters—but the experiment would be hard to repeat with larger mammals.

It went as follows: First the researchers anesthetized a male golden hamster and placed it in a cage. Then they let a normal male hamster into the same cage. The normal hamster either ignored the anesthetized stranger or bit its ears and dragged it around the cage.

Next the researchers repeated the procedure with an anesthetized male hamster on which they had rubbed some vaginal secretions from a female hamster. This time the normal male hamster's reaction was quite different: instead of rejecting the anesthetized male, the hamster tried to mate with it.

-by Maya Pines *Pheromones and Mammals* in a report for the Howard Hughes Medical Institute.

[Hughes Medical Center Alert: submariners are definitely 'larger mammals' – Ed]

## • Vietnam vets lost their war — Bullcrap!

- ↳ **Saigon captured April 30, 1975**; 29 April Helicopter evacuations amidst thunderstorms Operation Frequent Wind. 3:45 Kissinger/Ford halted Vietnam refugees (only Americans afterward). The embassy evacuation had flown out 978 Americans and about 1,100 Vietnamese. The Marines who had been securing the embassy followed at dawn, with the last aircraft leaving at 07:53. A few hundred Vietnamese were left behind in the embassy compound, with an additional crowd gathered outside the walls.
- ↳ Decades later, when the U.S. reestablished diplomatic relations with Vietnam, the old U.S. Embassy property was returned to the U.S. The historic staircase that led to the rooftop helicopter was salvaged and is on permanent display at the Gerald R. Ford Museum in Grand Rapids, Michigan. 'The U.S. State Department estimated that the Vietnamese employees of the American Embassy in Vietnam, past and present, and their families totaled 90,000 people. In his testimony to Congress, Martin asserted that 22,294 such people were evacuated by the end of April. Of the tens of thousands of former South Vietnamese collaborators with the State Department, CIA, U.S. military, and countless armed forces officers and personnel in risk of reprisal, nothing is known.
- ↳ Both houses of 94th congress had D majority. S 60/40; H:291/144 = 67/33% which defunded the war efforts
- ↳ **“The domino theory was accurate.** The ASEAN (Association of Southeast Asian Nations) countries, Philippines, Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore and Thailand stayed free of Communism because of the U.S. commitment to Vietnam. The Indonesians threw the Soviets out in 1966 because of America's commitment in Vietnam. Without that commitment, Communism would have swept all the way to the Malacca Straits that is south of Singapore and of great strategic importance to the free world. If you ask people who live in these countries that won the war in Vietnam, they have a different opinion from the American news media. **The Vietnam War was the turning point for Communism**

### NTINS:

### South China Seas

by Ron Gorence (aboard Razorback)

The strip of brine in the South China Sea between Taiwan and the British

Crown Colony, Hong Kong, ('57) was called the Formosa Straits, and was transited

entirely on China's continental shelf. We were amazed at the strange colors



of the sea around us which, we surmised, was probably because the greatest depth the fathometer had recorded was a hundred-and-fifty feet beneath the keel—shallow enough that if we submerged with an admittedly extreme forty-five degree down-angle, and drove out bow into the mud, our twin screws would be left churning seventy feet in the balmy Chinese air. The ocean was luminous green, every shade of green, and spotted randomly with large patches of slate grey, like shadows of non-existent clouds or reflections of phantom underwater reefs. Ralph, the port lookout was also a recent graduate of Submarine school in New London, and between binocular sweeps of the horizon, we expressed mock sympathy for civilians, pathetically drooling over Caribbean Cruise brochures, and Atlantic diesel boat sailors who hardly ever stood watch with their sleeves rolled up. We'd watched large fish cruise up and explore our keel. The bow cut through the long waves, and pointed us toward Hong Kong which, we had been informed by the old salts, made San Francisco and New York City look like Hicksville. Life was good.

"Permission to come on the bridge?" We recognized the raspy voice of Chief Winker, an old WW II submarine vet—one of a dozen mentoring us youngsters and riding the Razorback at the time.

"Ever been here before, Chief?" I asked him after the

OOD had granted permission and he was standing just forward of the lookout ports.

"Yup," he said as he put his chin on crossed arms resting on the bridge cowl, and gazed out at the pea green horizon.

Nothing else! He was old. We'd been ashore with him in Yokosuka, Pearl Harbor and Kaohsiung, but he never talked. He'd get drunk, and somebody would carry him back to the boat because he wore a War Patrol Insignia beneath his dolphins and about a hundred ribbons. No wife, no story about a girlfriend who wouldn't wait for him to come home from the war, just a lonesome drunk. His Chief's hat was flapping in the wind because he'd taken the stretcher out of it, and he had grey hair around the ears. No one else ever wore a hat at sea. He looked like he was *at least* forty. We were surprised when he started mumbling in the general direction of Hong Kong, "Boat got depth charged around here, and the crew got out."

"Here? You mean right here...where we are now?" I asked.

The OOD and both lookouts forgot their duties. The wind was calm, but he spoke softly, so we all leaned toward him.

"Nope not exactly here...up north of here...just south of Matsu Island. A Tin can came along and found Momsen Lungs bobbing in the wind—no bodies—they figured some of the boys got out of the boat okay...but no one survived."

We had been taught in sub

school that Blow And Go emergency escape methods were far superior to the old Momson Lung, but even the instructors had regarded both methods as totally worthless. Test depth for the Razorback was 312 feet. The skipper was not allowed to exceed that limit except in emergencies. Boats with our pressure hull had been known to survive a thousand foot dive during the war, but many of the diesels which tried deep evasion were never heard from again. Even if the hull didn't crush, the task of opening an escape hatch under four hundred feet of sea pressure would be as phenomenal as a butterfly lifting the whole boat out of the water.

The only time boat sailors were ever in shallow water was in crossing the continental shelf on the way to or from open ocean. Escape training, like politics, has zero value when you are hovering 300 feet beneath the Pacific. We had all come to believe that submarine escape training was in the curriculum only to pacify worried mothers and wives back home. Winker's story got us thinking otherwise. He pointed out to us that a submarine's ability to hide from an enemy in less than a hundred feet of crystal clear water was pretty limited, so the possibility of escape had to be considered.

"Of course, we were too busy sweating our trim or patching up equipment and screwed-up torpedoes to think much about those things," he continued. "A WesPac cruise...a little different in those days..."

and he went silent again. Suddenly, he looked me square in the face, "Figure sharks got 'em. What do you think about the one we just killed?" he asked.

We'd surfaced on a dark night just before Kaohsiung, when the Quartermaster damn near broke a leg scrambling up to the bridge. He said he'd stepped on something large and slippery, but managed to grab the TBT, and immediately make his report on the 7MC: "All clear forward! All clear to port. All clear to starboard. Clear all around the horizon."

After the OOD and lookouts manned their stations a red flashlight was passed up. They determined that the stink and slippery deck had been caused by large pieces of shark lodged in several places where the whirling

sea couldn't wash them free. He had apparently been trapped, and had beaten himself to death in the confined bridge area while we snorkeled.

"Quartermaster wouldn't admit he filled his skivvies," I answered. "Good thing that somobitch was dead when he tripped on it."

"Well," said Winker, "Most life in any ocean lives on the continental shelf. The South China Sea has more kinds of dangerous sharks...and the deadliest sea-snakes in the world."

Wow! Not only could the old Chief talk, he had apparently read a book or two.

"Most of the guys who sailed in the Wolf Packs figured there were quite a few escapes around here." He looked around to make sure none of his audience was

distracted by searching the horizon, "Personally, I'd rather go overboard under an iceberg off Attu or Adak than around here; at least you'd die in one piece."

He turned around and grabbed the cowlings over the bridge hatch, "Damn glad we killed that somobitch! His daddy probably ate some poor farm kid from Iowa. Permission to lay below?" At the bottom of the ladder, he called back up, "It was *Tang* that went down *right here*. Japs got to the survivors before the sharks could, so at least a couple survived the POW camps."

Ocean transit is never boring when you have something to think about.

There always is.

We pulled into Hong Kong the next day, but that's another story.

*(Winker was not his real name)*

## One source for finding Sabalo Men:

*United States Submarine Veterans, Inc (USSVI) honors those deceased submariners who taught us our craft. Although the organization will post our reunions and list our members on their website and in their quarterly publication, USSV has nothing to do with the Sabalo Association. National membership is \$20/year, + \$20 (?) for local bases. Go to [ussvisandiego.org](http://ussvisandiego.org) application forms.*

### **If you belong, Update your USSVI member record.**

Submitted by: Pat Householder on 3/19/2010

There are several sections that you should take a close look at.

1. Your ships tab: Be sure all your boats (and targets) are listed, along with the years checked off that you served aboard each. This will make it easier for your shipmates to find you.
2. Your name and address, phone and email should be correct for a number of reasons, including getting your copy of American Submariner when it comes out. If you move and forget to update your record or tell us by email, we cannot contact you or mail you your magazine.
3. Navy Career Tab: On the YEARS SERVED line, please enter the year you entered mil service, and the year you were discharged.

We need this info so we can determine if USSVI can qualify as a war veterans' organization. Active and reserve time counts, as does years in other service branches. Copy and paste this link to your Browser.

This is a step by step instruction on how to log in at [www.ussvi.org](http://www.ussvi.org) and update your member profile information in the USSVI record.

[http://www.ussvi.us/Documents/Online\\_Manuals\\_Update\\_your\\_USSVI\\_Member\\_Record.pdf](http://www.ussvi.us/Documents/Online_Manuals_Update_your_USSVI_Member_Record.pdf)

[Ed – This is also a great source of information for keeping the Sabalo Master roster updated—so if you're a USSVI member, and you update your data at USSVI.org, then let Ron or Jeff know, and we'll incorporate the data into our Clever Boy needs.]

## Submarine Warfare in WW II

- \* **70,838 Days U.S. submarines spent on war patrols**
  - \* **14,748 Torpedoes fired by U.S. submarines**
  - \* **1,178 Japanese merchant vessels sunk by U.S. submarines (5,053,491 gross registered tons)**
  - \* **380 U.S. airmen rescued by 86 different submarines**
  - \* **249 U.S submarines operated in the Pacific**
  - \* **206 U.S. submarines launched in the U.S. between Dec. 7, 1941 and Labor Day 1945**
  - \* **52 U.S submarines lost, eight from unknown causes**
  - \* **16 Number of war patrols by USS Stingray (SS 186) – a record for U.S. submarines in WWII**
  - \* **7 U.S. submarines commanders who received the Medal of Honor, three posthumously**
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## \*NTINS

### Special Meals at Sea

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

How many times over the years has your wife prepared some meal, or your friends mentioned some dish and your mind drifted back to a day long ago when you remember a grinning cook saying,

"Man are you ugly bastards gonna like this... Learned from a stew burner off the Clamagore... You're gonna love this stuff... Meatloaf a la SUBRON 4."

And it was every bit as great as advertised.?

Compared to the seagoing monsters they bolt together today, a smoke-belching fleet-boat was small. Small boats with a single crew become a kind of communal order with a tribal hierarchy. We had a tribal king... A medicine man and some witch doctors who wore aprons and worked their magic in stainless steel pots and baking trays in a galley no woman would tolerate in today's modern appliance world. Hell, kitchens in house trailers are bigger than the huts our witch doctors operated out of.

Boat cooks were the best... Any ship that got a cook with the hull numbers of submarines listed as previous duty stations, held a three day prayer meeting to thank the almighty for bestowing such a gift on them. I don't know what the next level of proficiency is just above 'Totally gahdam magnificent', but that was what they were... Not at the time, but later when we had grown older and had the experience and the ability to make the comparisons necessary to recognize truly gifted cooks. At the time, they were a bunch of loudmouth jerks in dirty aprons who spent far too much time telling you how much you were going to like what they had been spending the last three hours whipping up for your express delight. A good submarine cook can bake a tractor tire and make it taste great.

One of their secrets was that they got the ingredients beyond the bounds and limits of the Naval Supply System. Every gut bandit had secret stashes of sherry... Spices that could start a major blaze in your nose hair and cans of saved grease and other culinary drippings that would have given a health inspector a terminal stroke.

They made trips to the base commissary like 'little Mary the Housewife' to buy stuff big ships never saw... The Requin cooks bought bottles of 'Texas Pete' by the boxcar load. We had guys... Mostly snipes who would have poured Texas Pete on an ice cream sundae... We had animals living in our engine rooms that would have eaten links out of our anchor chain if they could have laid their hands on a 55-gallon drum of 'Louisiana Hot Sauce'. The sonuvabitches had to have had asbestos-lined colons.

We had a cook who had a perpetual soup pot going... He just tossed leftover stuff in a big heavy aluminum pot... Kept tossing in kidney beans and adding water. It was great... We called it 'Sump Pit' soup... The stuff gave you green gas farts that could have inflated the Goodyear blimp and could make Hogan Alley rats cry... But it tasted great. We used to yell,

"Hey Rat... Better throw in some more beans... The toad guts are floating to the top again."

But, when you dropped below on a 'Freeze the Balls off a Brass Monkey' night and called for a bowl of Sump Pit... And the Duty Cook slid it to you across a messtable, it beat anything you could get in any restaurant in the 'Capital of Frogland.

"Hey Rat... Wonder what the poor people are eating tonight?"

"Dex, they are making 110 bucks a month plus sub, sea and foreign duty pay... Standing lookout



on antique submarines and sitting around in wet foul weather gear, grinning like idiots and sipping soup all over just wiped down mess tables and saying dumb stuff like, 'I wonder what the poor people are eating tonight?'"

Rat Johnson was a great cook but he left a lot to be desired in the sensitivity department. He also said, 'I'm not your gahdam mother' enough to leave no doubt in anyone's mind that he had never once given birth to anyone riding the 481.

They had big old mixers that looked like the barrels of cement trucks. They whomped up stuff in those mixers miles at sea that was the next best thing to erotic thrills provided by buck-nekkit fan dancers.

Anyone who rode the old boats will remember the smell of cinnamon buns baking that wafted up to the bridge... By the time the first load cleared the oven door, the lookouts and deck officer would be on the verge of resorting to wholesale cannibalism. Any old boatsailor who can't remember the great smells of his night bakers, better get a rack at the Mayo Clinic because he is rapidly approaching test depth of mental deterioration.

They say that confession is good for the soul... Well, once a cook who will remain nameless for the sake of his criminal past, bought two boxes of illegal Cuban hand-rolled top of the line, stogies.

After a particularly memorable meal at the point where the creatures that had crawled out of the engine spaces were rocking back for a good belch, the cook passed around the cigars. While the messcooks were doing the dishes, we sat there firing up our nine inch 'contraband Castros'... Content to put a twist in the panties of the Secretary of State and tapdance in the glow of a possible Captains mast... For the simple joy of sitting in a stinking smoke cloud, enjoying a

forbidden pleasure. It was another thing old boatsailors did... And did best.

We loved 'mung'... A contraction of monkey dung... It was a mixture of ground beef, onions, bell

peppers and a half gallon of napalm-based hot sauce... The next morning, it would char the seat of your skivvie shorts but the meal itself was pure Cordon Bleu.

Once we had swordfish steaks... We'd been out a few weeks and somewhere in that time we passed the point where God starts to recall things no longer living... Phase one of that dust-to-dust concept. When the cooks made the break-out for the meal, our forthcoming, seafood treat smelled a little weird... But since swordfish was not a primary dietary staple of the crew, we failed to recognize the telltale imprint of the early stage of finned-critter putrefaction... And in fact, we later consumed a load of something that should not have cheated the GDU. Just the mention of the word 'swordfish' still gives me the 'green apple quickstep'.

Every lad on board knew that the outboard waterway in the Goat Locker held the cans of warm Pabst Blue Ribbon it took to make the beer battered onion rings we ate during the movies... It was no damn secret, but by the time National Geographic photographs a GDU bag on the ocean floor containing a load of crushed beer cans we'll all be dead, sitting in Hell, telling each other lies and reminiscing about those great onion rings we had watching 'Gunfight at the O.K. Corral' for the tenth time.

If anyone tells you they rode smokeboats and didn't eat like a king, check his ass for surface ship tattoos and run like hell... Anyone that full of shit is likely to explode.

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### **ATTENTION! [Ed - Second Plea; c'mon guys; can't take more than a half-hour to send me something—and I'll keep you anonymous!]**

I've got a little project in the works, and I need your participation. Here's what I'd like you to do:

Pick 2-3 men you worked with on the Sabalo and list them on a piece of paper separated by a couple of blank lines; then write the names of 2-3 more guys you went on liberty with, then 2-3 more you've met at reunions or after your time on the boat, or those you admired, respected, etc.. You get the idea—guys who stand out in your memory.

After you've got a half-dozen or a dozen names, write something NICE about each of them in the spaces below his name. A couple of sentences, or **just a word or two will do** for each of the men you've listed, but I do need something to identify them besides Wing-nut, Slim, etc.

Without mentioning your name, I will publish an edited summary of the guys receiving the most comments. I reserve the right to edit, because I know bubbleheads well enough to expect "Nice" things to include tales of amazing sexual prowess and statements like "...he was the hardest-working drunk..."

**Sabalo sailors with email addresses ONLY (no other data)**

Please submit whatever data you can (listed in UQC section, page 1) to RonG

|              |              |             |              |              |
|--------------|--------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| Abert, J     | Dolliver, R  | Hughes, R   | Murphy, V    | Steinig, E   |
| Adam, N      | Douglas, L   | Hull, J     | Nelson, D    | Stith, R     |
| Almeida, F   | Drost, L     | Hummer, J   | Nugent, F    | Stone, S     |
| Andresen, D  | Eddins, H    | Huskey, J   | O'Brien, T   | Stroie, T    |
| Ashworth, J  | Eittreim, K  | Jackson, P  | Oles, M      | Sturgess, D  |
| Baggett, M   | Espana, F    | Jacob, U    | Olivier, L   | Sullivan, L  |
| Barker, H    | Etlinger, R  | Jauernig, C | O'Reilly, P  | Sutherland,  |
| Barker, R    | Ferguson, G  | Johnson, G  | Organ, J     | M            |
| Barnes, W    | Fish, G      | Jones, E    | Patrick, J   | Teeter, L    |
| Barschaw, J  | Foster, R    | Julihn, L   | Piasecki, F  | Thobae, W    |
| Beauchamp,   | Frick, R     | Kaefer, W   | Plummer, L   | Thurlow, A   |
| D            | Fugate, K    | Kelly, E    | Porter, G    | Tinder, J    |
| Beck, T      | Gallant, T   | Kelso, F    | Potts, J     | Towery, W    |
| Blackburn, B | Garrison, G  | Klamm, L    | Pratt, G     | VanNest, R   |
| Bolen, R     | Gavieres, O  | Kotrola, J  | Przbyla, J   | Villa, D     |
| Bolen, T     | Gersna, B    | Kreuzer, J  | Quicker, R   | Volbrecht, A |
| Bulos, G     | Giffin, T    | Kurowski, M | Ramsey, B    | Wahlenmeyer, |
| Burch, H     | Gillen, W    | LaCoe, D    | Raymundo, J  | r,M          |
| Bushman, W   | Gilson, C    | Lamy, R     | Redford, F   | Wambold, L   |
| Camper, R    | Gipson, E    | Lanham, R   | Reeves, D    | Wassberg, W  |
| Cariker, J   | Golladay, D  | Lasswell, R | Robertson, J | Watson, B    |
| Carlson, F   | Gonzales, P  | Leach, T    | Robisch, H   | Weaver, F    |
| Carstensen,  | Gregorio, R  | LeBlanc, R  | Rohrer, D    | Wegner, G    |
| W            | Gregory, D   | Leeke, W    | Roush, T     | Weller, D    |
| Cataldo, S   | Gressman, D  | Loftis, H   | Ruden, P     | West, C      |
| Chase, T     | Gross, D     | Loveland, K | Ruybal, G    | Wetzler, J   |
| Chelle, J    | Hachey, W    | Lyons, J    | Sausman, G   | Wheeler, J   |
| Chesser, P   | Hall, R      | MacLean, J  | Schliffe, J  | White, J     |
| Coe, G       | Hamilton, C  | MacMurray,  | Schneider, M | Wiggenhorn,  |
| Colby, F     | Hance, A     | J           | Schwartz, W  | E            |
| Collier, L   | Harris, O    | Madsen, R   | Scott, D     | Williams, E  |
| Collier, R   | Harris, W    | Manning, D  | Searles, R   | Williams, W  |
| Collins, B   | Hedges, D    | Marsh, B    | Sedor, G     | Wisswell, R  |
| Contrady, E  | Heisterman,  | Martin, P   | Sette, C     | Witzel, C    |
| Craig, M     | J            | Matthews, T | Shailer, J   | Wood, F      |
| Crain, W     | T            | Mau, H      | Shelby, S    | Wood, J      |
| Cramer, J    | Heisterman,  | McCormick,  | Simpson, D   | Wood, V      |
| Crawford, D  | Herold, R    | D           | Sluhan, A    | Woodhead,    |
| David, R     | Hess, J      | McLane, A   | Slutz, W     | D            |
| Debick, T    | Hidde, R     | Mengden, J  | Smith, K     | Wrisley, M   |
| Demboski, R  | Hinnefeld, G | Meyers, W   | Sneeden, S   | Zentner, W   |
| Denham, W    | Hoatson, L   | Mibach, D   | Southerland, |              |
| Dergan, R    | Hoe, R       | Miller, A   | M            |              |
| Diaz, L      | Horton, N    | Miller, F   | Stafford, E  |              |
| Dionisio, D  | Houck, M     | Mullins, R  | Steele, A    |              |

I am often accused of being a poor book/record-keeper because, unlike the San Diego Base Commander whose job is leading a herd of cats (submariners), I have only to count them. I usually do this within 2%-3%—good enough for Government work. My real job though, to perpetuate the memory of our past shipmates, is more complex and unfortunately, sometimes my efforts come up short.

Background information: I was once presented with a commendation by USSVI, San Diego. I don't remember what it was for, but I immediately squashed its parchment paper into a ball and threw it into the trash. I did this because, in my angry mind, if they had cared enough to thank me, they certainly ought to have made an effort to spell my name right.

After the mule kicked me in the head a few times, it dawned on me that something like misspelling a name (a clerical error), when sending the Base Commander a list of those eligible for this or that, or editing a newsletter, is caused neither by a stupid person, nor by a lack of caring. To think it is usually does injustice to an honorable intention.

The USSVI, through thousands of errors over many decades, has developed guidelines which are often seen as obsessive, nit-picking, anal, bureaucratic, or chicken-sh\*t. Meetings are rife with silly arguments, politics, etc., and among submariners, there's no shortage of opposing opinions. Most submariners can grin and passionately take either side of an argument—which drives me nuts until I remember who these men are . . . one guy doing the grumbling and another sitting quietly next to me may or may not be heroes, but their character and personality were certainly affected by someone who was. All of us wearing Dolphins learned a trade passed down from genuine heroes; the experiences, adversities, and the trials—the things that shaped them—became a large part of who we are today. It does us no harm to remember that.

The Sabalo Assn and the USSVI are flawed, but still, they offer some of us our only opportunity, these days, to walk among men (in the most chauvinistic & honest sense of the word). With the exception of a diesel boat's Crew's Mess, there are few places on earth where I am more comfortable—or where I'd rather be right now.  
RonG

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### Sabalo Commissioning Official Crew Photo

(This photo is high-quality if anybody wants the original emailed)



**Welcome Frank!** The second man down from the second telephone pole is MoMM3c Frank Bush, recently introduced to the Sabalo Association by a church friend, Matthew Polka who happened to google Sabalo and found Jeff's site, and who continues to keep Frank in touch via the internet. Plankowner Frank Bush was born in

Manor, Pa. on 10/28/1913, and is now on our mailing list. Mr. Polka is CEO of American Cable Assn. in Philadelphia, Pa; Our thanks to him for being a friend to us all!

**\*NTINS** –**Now This Is No Sh\*t.** (As opposed to Nursery rhymes, which begin with ' Once upon a time...')  
**\*\*UQC** –An underwater telephone (AKA *Gertrude*). Sabalo's voice call-sign was Clever Boy (call sign: NXYO)



USS Sabalo (SS-302) Philadelphia, 1945

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~~~~~ Pride Runs Deep ~~~~~



USS Sabalo (SS302)

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