

Call Sign: Clever Boy

USS Sabalo Association July 2013



Sabalo Reunion: Las Vegas —November 11-14, 2013. The *Flamingo* is a self-contained casino and resort offering everything an adventurous vacationer could want, including a tropical Wildlife Habitat, a 15-acre Caribbean-style water playground, Carlos'n Charlie's "most humorous restaurant/bar in Vegas," Margaritaville (\$1.5M slot jackpot on 3/9/13), the Center Cut Steakhouse, Sin City Brewery, etc., etc. Set on the famous four corners of Las Vegas Boulevard and Flamingo Road, Flamingo combines heart-pounding excitement with hospitality and service that's second to none. More inside!

•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— AND MENTION THAT IT'S A NEW ADDRESS. Printing and Postage is our biggest expense. In all sincerity, it I consider it an honor to to print, collate, fold, staple, address, stamp and mail 120 copies of this issue—but like all submariners, if there's an easier way.... [Ed]



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



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To:





To 51 Publication Donors — Thank You!

Your exemplification of the spirit of our Brotherhood means that 120 Sabalo vets without Internet access can receive CB!

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From the Tomato Basket:

We finally got the lines over for the reunion planning. Ron and I had to do a two-month tag team on the hotels and caterers to get a reasonable deal: something which will give us plenty of time for meeting and swapping yarns, enjoying one of the best buffets in Vegas with just about anything on the menu (drinks included), and what looks in the pictures to be a really luxurious and roomy Hospitality Suite.

We will again have the collection of Sabalo photos in the suite for viewing on laptops. If you haven't submitted any previously, or have more, email or call with details to discuss how we can include yours.

Probably most of you may want to leave some gelt in the casinos. I know I might. I've been brushing up on my craps system. I lived in Vegas for a year in the late 70's and do okay on the craps table. It was blackjack that took away some of my funds.

At this point, no 2013 Sabalo Reunion souvenirs are planned, so ideas and suggestions would be appreciated. We have one planned activity on the agenda: five guys have already signed on for golf at the Nellis AFB course. Shipmate Art Clement, recently relocated to Las Vegas, and will run interference and make reservations etc. The specific day is not

yet set, and awaits consensus on when to hit the links and any other details. Additional adjunct activities are up to you (suggestions on following pages).

As indicated in the details in Ron's TBT column, the cost to attend is \$70 per person—which should help with your airfare.

So now is the time to get on board and send in your money. Our contract allows us to cancel everything with the Flamingo without any monetary penalty by early August, but we need to know by then if the Flamingo deal is a go.

If we don't get at least thirty paid reservations by then, we'd still have a reunion in Vegas, but with a reset to zero and starting over. As I told Ron, I'd be there to meet any Sabalo sailors that show up, and if I had to, I'd rent a 16 foot camper for a hospitality suite and park it behind the Exxon Auto Mall and buy submarine sandwiches at the 7-11.

Send your check to me at the address in the box to the right. Please do it soon!

HOPE WE SEE A LOT OF YOU THERE. WE NEVER KNOW FOR SURE IF THERE WILL BE ANOTHER IN OUR FUTURE. Smooth sailing, your shipmate, **Jeff Owens**



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Note: The Reunion dates assume most will check in (use VIP) the afternoon of the 11th and check out by 1100 on Friday 14 Nov—however you might want to think (before you call) about adding a day or two at that \$45 rate. There are hundreds of one- and two- day trips to the Grand Canyon, the surrounding desert, etc. — this may be a unique opportunity!

Getting around in Vegas: Airport shuttle to/from Flamingo, \$9. Las Vegas Monorail (terminal at East end of hotel): Single ride ticket \$5, 1 day pass \$12, 3 day pass \$28. Busses: \$1.25, *The Deuce* - \$3, \$7 Day, \$15 3 day pass. *Hop-On Hop-Off* (Vegas double-decker bus Tour) \$35 all day or Light Nights \$45.

Tours: Pawn Stars, Ghost Towns, Grand Canyon, Mob Tour, Boulder Dam. Bucket List: Driving 3 different exotic cars, Lotus, Lamborghini, Ferrari, muscle cars, etc.(\$499) or viewing Vegas from hot-air balloons, helicopters, and/or Humvees.



Thru the TBT:

• **Housekeeping:** To date, thanks to the generosity of our faithful donors, we have \$443 in the kitty, enough for this issue, plus over half of the next. I am constantly amazed to find that I've never lost a penny as one guy donated \$5 (once in 2009), and another sent \$100 in both 2012 & 2013, plus every amount in between (all equally appreciated!) Do the math: \$5 + \$200 plus various, minus costs = Zero! Submariners always "get 'er done!"

• **Now to the Reunion:** To date we have 31 Sabalo vets signed up. Based on that, we've contracted for a minimum of 30 rooms, and 50 + guests for our Banquet Dinner at the Fabulous and newly redecorated Flamingo Hotel on the Strip (Las Vegas Blvd.)

• **Hotel Accommodations:** You must call and make your own reservations: **Flamingo Hotel (888) 373-9855**. The cost is \$45 (includes 12% tax) per night for single or double occupancy. Additional persons: \$30 each (max 4 total per room). Mention that you are with the "**Sabalo Crew Association**" to get that rate, and pay for the first night (cancellations 72 hours before the date will be refunded).

Scuttlebutt: Wives will love the **Linq**, a \$550M Mall project between the Flamingo and Harrah's (behind the old Imperial Palace, now the Quad), now under construction on what's called the Strip's "50-yard-line." The *Brooklyn Bowl*, *Tilted Kilt*, *F.A.M.E.*, *Yard House*, Nightclubs, Bars, Asian markets, numerous retail stores, etc., are already building—the centerpiece, the High Roller (550 ft.), world's tallest roller coaster is waiting for a main bearing from Germany. Not all of this will be finished by Nov., so I'd recommend **you ask for rooms facing South** (toward the airport), or **West** (above

The Strip) because noisy construction restarts every morning. This may no longer be a problem when we get there, but the views of Vegas are also better. On the other hand, some snipes might enjoy kibitzing about the High Roller's construction (or moon its passengers if it's finished by then).

• **Banquet:** Our get-together dinner will be held on Wed. Nov 13 and will also cost \$45, including tax/tip, and unlimited Miller Lite, Coors Lite, House Champagne, House Wine and Bloody Marys. Paradise Garden is Buffet style, *typically* with Salad/fruit bar, shrimp, Snow Crab Legs, salads. Sushi, Prime Rib, Turkey, Lamb, Duck, Clams & Mussels, Southern Fried Chicken, Catch of the Day (and a chocolate fountain?) (The word *typically* is key). The buffet's big glass wall looks out to the garden: Flamingos, Koi, hummingbirds, ducks, and waterfalls in a lush green setting. More info elsewhere.

• **Hospitality Room:** — a two bedroom suite w/large parlor. Open Tue—Thur, 1500? to ?? We need a participants a fee of \$25 for stocking the room with chips, beer, wine, booze, water etc. (& maybe bell hops to carry it up to the room). If there is money left over, we will give an accounting at the banquet and raffle off the surplus.

• **Summary: (1)** Call the Flamingo and reserve your rooms. **(2)** Send Jeff a check for \$70.00, and **(3)** Reserve your airline tickets, and then go over your bucket list.

• **This issue** is a bit heavy on Reunion info, so my apologies to those not planning to attend (I'm just excited). If you are attending, my NTINS *Vendome*, will reveal secrets to you about the FIRST Mega-Casino in Las Vegas—The Flamingo—that even its owners and workers don't know (until now). If you can't come, I'll try to take some good notes for CB.

V/R RonG

Wear Dolphins? You should be able to decipher this (bogus) chemical formula: $H_2SO_4 + NaCl + H_2O \rightarrow Ga_{(g)}$

Hint: ...a major concern aboard subs, often due to hull integrity malfunctions or damage —can result in suffocation. (See page 11)

When Periscopes Were Periscopes by Jim Schenk 08 21 12

When periscopes were periscopes,
The men I knew were bold.
We pried the oceans depths unseen,
For missions still untold.
When diesel boats were diesel boats,
The fuel oil was our friend.
Now free neutrons make the steam,
And dinky's oil rarely spends.
When the klaxons were actual klaxons
We managed the ticks and the tocks.
Now they depend upon something that
sends
Alarming electrons from a box.
When surfacing was surfacing,
The hammer-valves would ring.
Our Negative and Safety tanks
Were just a passing thing.
When Control was in Control,
More manual functions then.
Remote monitors and waterfalls
Perform for many men.
When Sonar was a new thing,

And Radar was a babe,
You stand upon our shoulders now
With technology at your trade.
When forward ratings came to pass,
Why did they lately remove?
QM's FT's, RM's, ST's, MM's and IC's,
Now, just ET's, but what was improved?
When Quals were Quals we had to know
The workings of the boat.
We'd crawl around in voids unknown,
Spurred on by the Chief-Of-The-Boat.
When Quartermasters were
Quartermasters
The charts and tools of the trade,
Manipulated by the best,
Their knowledge made the grade.
When Wardroomers were officers,
Their esteem and respect would rule.
Now the yes-men riding on the boats,
Only wish they were that cool.
The seamen gang is still the same,
The topside chores remain.

The WEPS has total dominance
O'er all the nubbies' brains.
When Enginemen were engine men,
They were stout and hearty then;
The likes of which, compared to now
Will never be again.
When Topside Watch was Topside
Watch
Cold New London winters were felt.
We'd eat the chow, then watch the brow,
With .45 and a guard belt.
When IC-men were IC-men,
You never had to fear.
Their expertise and acumen,
Kept up the needful gear.
When battle stations were battle stations
The Captain would never fail;
To Conn from the most crowded tower
Not the fairwater or the sail.
When Radiomen were Radiomen,
Their shack was oh so small.
Now the space they have is lacking,



To try and hold it all.
 When Machinist Mates were Machinist
 Mates,
 They had so many tricks,
 But let something break, they never
 would take,
 Much time to give it the fix.
 When Maueuvering was Maneuvering,
 Men threw the sticks to go.
 Now clipboards, gauges, and seats
 immobile,
 Set film badges all aglow.
 The Sonar Shack, our blind man's ears,

Back then had more respect.
 Now they call them girls, but let me say,
 Your giddiness should be checked.
 When ET's were ET's,
 Loran and Radar they knew.
 Now components fail and they but have,
 To insert a module new.
 When bow planes were bow planes
 The quicker descent ruled the day.
 I see they've gone back to what worked
 the best
 No sail-planes which diving delays.
 When Torpedomen were Torpedomen

Their muscles brought to bear,
 The heavy bullets of the past,
 Now deadly missiles from the air.
 When dungarees were dungarees,
 We'd muster on the pier.
 No poopie-suits nor camouflage,
 To make us look so queer.
 Still - submarines are submarines,
 And one may surely bet.
 An enemy will yet be met
 With an ominous stealthy threat

Minimum (31) Shipmates Signed-up to Attend Las Vegas Reunion To Date: (Shooting for 50)

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Andresen, Don/Anne 68-9 | Gorence, Ron/Martin 66-70 | Patrick, John 67-9 | Venezia, Vinnie/Barbara 53-7 |
| Bates, Joe 59-62 | Kaefer, Will/Mary 68-70 | Peters, Vic 64-6 | Wade, John 68-9 |
| Braun, Jim 58-62 | Lary, Peter 68-9 | Port, Dick 63-4 | Watson, Bud 62-3 |
| Bolen, Terry/Carol 70 | Le Blank, Ron/Wife 65-8 | Roberts, Joe/Sharon 52-3 | Wilhelm, Tom/Jeanne 68-70 |
| Christensten, Bill/Sandra 55-9 | Losby, Harold/Shirley 65-70 | Sanborn, Chris 67-8 | |
| Clement, Art/Guest 59-62 | McCoy, Frank/Pat 67 | Sausman, George/Gayle 61 | |
| Dominguez, Ed/wife 63-6 | McKnight, Bob/Isuzu 67-71 | Sullivan, Larry/Marsha 63-5 | |
| Elzinga, Mike/Connie 59-61 | Owens, Jeff/Paula 67-9 | Towery, Bill 66-9 | |
| Gellett, Jim/Kathy 62-3 | Owens, Roy 66-8 | Tucker, Charles 59-63 | |

More people = more fun; bargaining power goes up bringing costs down. Send Jeff \$70 now to make your wife smile, then sell your beer cans & start saving pennies! Ron buys the 41st Sabalo vet a beer! (Two for the 50th)

Vendome by Ron Gorence 9/27/04



Mr. Siegel's hand slid smoothly down the banister's polished mahogany handrail which glistened under soft illumination from a pewter chandelier as he slowly descended into the lobby. He unobtrusively inspected his fingertips for dust, and then looked around again at the graceful Victorian décor as though searching for a crooked picture frame or a speck of lint on the carpets; he'd already examined the huge diamond-dust mirror for fingerprints last night after supper, and had found none. The momentary frown caused by stuffed heads of a Mountain Goat, a Bighorn Ram, and an Elk disappeared as he glanced briefly aside at a man on all fours cutting carpet in the sitting area. He pivoted on the bottom marble step toward the reception desk where Dottie was standing by to check him out of the hotel. It appeared to be a well-run establishment.

Dottie had checked both of them into the Vendome the day before, but only the driver of the Packard had actually approached the mahogany desk. He had registered himself as Moe Sedway and his passenger as Benjamin Siegel, both of Los Angeles. He'd paid cash in advance for the night's lodging while Mr. Siegel had wandered around the lobby inspecting the paintings of the Leadville Ice Palace and various historical sepia photographs of the ten-thousand-foot-high mining town; he'd stooped briefly to read the nickname "Cloud City" engraved on a brass plate beneath one showing the bustling activities of Harrison Avenue during the silver boom half a century ago. While Mr. Siegel had wandered from one piece of lobby furniture to another, feeling the texture of the upholstery, Dottie wondered if he was an antique dealer, but had otherwise paid him scant attention.

Yesterday, several Leadville residents had watched him step out of the back

seat of his sleek red and black Packard and walk beneath the hotel's green sidewalk awning into the hotel, but few would remember him. On warm summer days, Harrison was always overrun by moneyed strangers looking for antiques or souvenirs of the country's highest city, and only the local merchants paid them much notice. He was a well-groomed and handsome man, about six feet tall, with an athletic build. Beneath his dark, masculine eyebrows, bright blue eyes contrasted starkly with his tanned skin, but to the locals, he was just another well-off tourist, likely from Texas or California.

Now as he approached, Dottie saw that his summer-wool suit was neatly-pressed. None of the travel-creases remained, and the color was a slightly lighter shade of gray than last night's clothing. This sparked her curiosity because he seemed far too careful about



his grooming to be a typical tourist looking for a gold-ore specimen.

“Good morning, Mr. Siegel. Have a pleasant night?”

“Yes, slept like a baby. Room was small, but comfortable and very clean. Will you get me my case out of your safe, please?”

“I’m sorry sir. I can only open it for Mr. Sedway,” Dottie said with sincere apology in her voice.

His eyes instantaneously darkened and then brightened as he smiled, “I guess if I handed you something of mine, you’d also refuse to give it to . . . even to Moe, Right?”

“Of course, sir. We promise that anything you put in our care is safe from *everyone* else; our vault is burglar- and fire-proof,” she smiled confidently, “and we usually warn our guests about that in advance: ‘dynamite can’t open our safe, and it would probably take a judge about six months to get into it. . .’” She smiled, indicating humorous intent.

“Okay . . . that’s good, just doin’ your job,” said Mr. Siegel, “Now I need to talk to the manager,” and as she started to protest, he shook his head, “No . . . No, it’s not about the briefcase! Just tell him I’d like to buy him a drink, right now . . . before I leave.”

Shrugging, Dottie looked past him and called softly over his shoulder, “Cliff! Mister Siegel here would like a word with you.”

“No!” Siegel growled, “I want the manager.”

Cliff had gotten up and brushed the carpet fibers from his trousers and was half-way to the desk when Dottie spoke, “Cliff, this is Mister Siegel. Mister Siegel, this is my husband, Cliff Lessard; we run the Vendome.” They shook hands as Siegel frowned and Cliff forced a smile.

“You run this hotel?” Siegel said in disbelief, “You are the Manager, and you’re on the floor putting down a rug?”

Just then, the elevator’s bell announced its arrival, and Sedway emerged heading toward them. Siegel kept his eyes on Cliff, but pointed his forefinger at Sedway, “Moe, get us a bottle of Seagram’s, and then please get my case from the lady.” Moe grunted and whispered something to Dottie while Siegel continued talking to Cliff without taking a breath, “Why don’t you hire somebody to do that?”

“I don’t mind,” Cliff replied, brushing off the question, “Sir, was there something wrong with your accommodations?”

Siegel’s animated gestures had been slowly backing Cliff toward the lounge area, but Cliff stubbornly halted and said, “I’m sure Dottie can handle whatever it is Sir; I really have to get back to my work before our guests start coming back this evening.”

Motioning for Cliff to sit on the nearest sofa, Siegel raised his voice just enough for Sedway and Dottie to hear and said, “Mrs. Lessard, I need to buy an hour of your husband’s time; Mo’ll give you some money, and I’d like you find someone else to finish the rug.” Moe counted out a hundred dollars on the countertop while Siegel sat down next to Cliff.

“Now,” he said, “Tell me about this hotel, and about the owner. I may just have an opportunity in mind for you.”

“I’ve pretty-well got all the opportunities I can handle right now . . . and I can only spare you a few minutes.” Siegel walked around the coffee table to the sofa opposite.

Mr. Taylor was still mumbling about the unusual phone order as he placed several glasses, ice, soft drinks for mix, and a fifth of VO on the coffee table between the men. He was the owner/proprietor of Taylor’s Drug Store, located in the Harrison Avenue/Seventh Street corner of the hotel, and he’d rented the prime store-front property from the Vendome for years. The drug store’s back door opened into the hotel lobby, so Taylor had only to walk a few steps to deliver his order, but still, he was anxious about the mischievous teenagers he’d left drinking cherry-okes in the shop—he assumed they had started leafing through the current issue of *Esquire* the minute he left. As he chewed his soggy dead cigar thoughtfully, he randomly scattered a few napkins on the table between the talking men and decided to say nothing about the change from a forgotten ten-dollar bill; he’d made up his mind that it would be adequate compensation for having to leave his business unattended. Siegel’s head had been bowed as he ignored everyone and carefully placed two glasses on napkins and then slid one across to Cliff. Suddenly there was a glint of recognition in Taylor’s eyes when Siegel finished and lifted his face

toward Cliff. Taylor frowned and opened his mouth to speak, but he reconsidered and shrugged as he walked silently back into his store.

Dottie’s elbows were on the reception desk, her chin resting between her palms, as she watched the two men. Cliff had always been an expert at handling difficult guests, but she was curious to see how he’d handle this very unusual person.

Siegel tilted his drink toward Cliff, who started to protest, “I usually don’t drink . . .”

But Siegel interrupted, “Listen to me! I am building a hotel in Las Vegas in Nevada. I’m thinking that maybe I could use a little help with it. Just humor me, I promise it won’t cost you a thing. But first, I need you to tell me why the man who’s supposed to be running this place is crawling around on his hands and knees. And, I’d like to know what you’re paid.”

“I’m not sure my pay is any of your business. . . .”

“Look,” Siegel put his hand on Cliff’s arm, “We make a deal, or we don’t . . . and I leave town. Ain’t no reason I’d ever tell anybody what you make.” His face expressed sincerity.

“Well,” said Cliff relaxing slightly, “I install *this* carpet, and *all* the carpets in *all* the rooms. I do the plumbing and the painting and I fix the roof. I shovel coal into the stoker, and sometimes I change bed linen or run the elevator. I started as a kid on the desk, and now I’m part-owner. I work hard, and I work without salary because I’m trying to buy out my partners.

“No salary?”

“I record about a hundred dollars a month on the books to feed and clothe my family. Sometimes more, sometimes less. The more I take out, the longer it will take to pay the partners off . . . so you’ll understand that *opportunity* is about the only thing in the world I don’t need more of right now.”

“Mmm. . .” said Siegel softly. He turned toward Moe and winked slightly.

Moe had retrieved the briefcase and he now pulled a box of cigars from it. After Siegel had taken one, he offered one to Cliff, who declined. Moe buckled the briefcase, sat it down near Siegel’s feet, and backed up to the wall. Cliff watched as Siegel held the match to his cigar, then leaned back into the

cushions, crossed his ankles on the table and stared at something far beyond the reflected images in the great mirror. Only his smoke moved.

After a few awkward seconds, Cliff said, "Where did you say your hotel was?"

No response. Silence.

Cliff shifted his feet, swept his gaze slowly around the lobby and watched as Siegel finally blew a smoke ring. He seemed to be coming back from wherever his mind had taken him.

A long pause, another smoke ring, and then Siegel's feet dropped to the floor, "Yup. I knew . . . I liked you. Sounds right. . ." he took his eyes away from the mirror, and looked at Cliff without refocusing, "Leave the bottle. I'm gonna finish my cigar."

When Cliff hesitated, his blue eyes boring right into Cliff's, Siegel said, "Gimme a few minutes, will ya?" His cigar ash fell and scattered across six inches of new carpet as he waved Cliff away.

Cliff stood and retreated meekly over to the desk. He shook his head several times as he spoke softly to Dottie, while glancing ruefully at the unfinished carpeting job. Moe might as well have been a piece of furniture—neither seeking invisibility, nor leaving any doubt that he was still nearby.

The husband and wife had exchanged several shrugs when suddenly, just as they had turned to Moe to seek some sort of guidance, Siegel stood up, "Dottie and Cliff . . . can I call you that? Both of you come over here and sit down," he motioned to the sofa opposite where he sat, "You can call me 'Ben'."

After the wide-eyed couple had complied and sat down he offered another drink, which was refused. Dottie looked around to make sure there were no customers in sight, ignoring Moe. They both leaned forward demonstrating unabashed curiosity.

"I've decided to invite you two on a little vacation." His diamond sparkled as he fended off all responses with his open hand, "I want you to come to Las Vegas and see if you'd fit in. I'll put you in the best room in town, and treat you like Hollywood royalty. I want to make my place the best hotel in the world, and I need help. I'm gonna put in suites fit for a queen, and individually air-cooled rooms. Two—maybe three—

swimming pools; game tables and slot-machines as far as the eye can see. Chef from Chicago and the best food anywhere west of the Mississippi. Just to look around. My car, my gasoline. Do you like George Jessel, Rose Marie, Joe Brown, George Raft, Jimmie Durante? How about a Xavier Cugat Tango? They're all signed on, and more. I just want you both to take a look, OK?"

They were both shaking their heads, although Dottie had stopped at the mention of Cugat. Cliff said, "I haven't got time for a vacation. And thanks, but I am absolutely NOT looking for a job . . . besides I have not gotten excited over something for nothing since I was a kid."

"We can't leave here," Dottie continued for him, "Who'd run the hotel? We have an eight-year-old daughter. Is Las Vegas near Reno?" Her head was shaking again.

"Look, it's a square deal. I'll give you fifty bucks a day for someone to run the Vendome for a couple of days, maybe five at the most. Won't cost you a thing. And . . . I'll pay you whatever you think it's worth just to look at my operation and tell me what you think. You can ride down there in the Packard—it's a seven-passenger Touring Sedan, and I'll have Moe drive you back up here whenever you're ready. Wait, let me finish."

Siegel was pacing now, and looking at Cliff, "I never give *anybody* something for nothing . . . and I'll be honest with you: I am going to try to get you on my team. I like the way you operate and I may even want you to run the place until it's finished. . . or 'till it's profitable. . . or forever—whatever we can shake hands on. I might be willing to start you at a couple thousand a month *and* commissions—which could be thousands more. You'll never see that kind of money here! Hell, you could buy this hotel in maybe a year—which just might be about how long it would take us to get Flamingo off the ground. You need to see things with your own eyes before you say 'no' and regret it for the rest of your lives. All you have to do is go to sleep in my Packard's back seat, and by the time you wake up, you'll be in Las Vegas. Or . . . I'll put you on an airplane and fly you there . . . new airport a couple of miles from the hotel site. Fair enough?"

Cliff reached over to the table and poured two whiskeys over ice, and offered one to Dottie, "I just don't know what to say." He smiled at his wife, "I am pretty sure, though, that I'm not going to concentrate much on the carpets this afternoon."

"What about Judean?" Dottie said, "We can't leave our daughter for five days. Impossible!"

There was a short silence before she continued, "Is there an airplane from Denver? Wouldn't Judean be thrilled to ride in an airplane? She'd love Xavier Cugat. And two swimming pools?" Cliff grunted at each comment, expecting her to pick up her whiskey and gulp it down at any moment.

She went on, "No we could never, ever move there. Maybe . . . if we took our daughter along . . . just for a look."

"Isn't Las Vegas in the desert?" Cliff asked.

Siegel stood up and frowned impatiently, "I'm hungry. You folks have a lot of little things—and one big one—to talk about. Fix me and Moe up with rooms for another night, and you can think about it 'till tomorrow. We're going to go across the street to the Gold Donkey and grab some food, and then we'll have a few drinks somewhere—you should be able to find us in this two-bit burg if you have any more questions." Moe had been edging toward the foyer, "How's that sound?"

"It's the Golden Burro . . ." Cliff corrected softly, "Order their hot-beef; it's very good."

Then, as he felt the crisp mountain air rushing in through the lobby door, he called after them, ". . . but I don't think we'll be interested."

Up to this point, Dottie and Cliff had no idea who Mr. Siegel was. He was certainly free with his money and meticulously dressed, but not remarkably more so than some of the Vendome's past summer-time customers. Only Mr. Taylor, who'd spent most of his days leaning on his magazine and newspaper rack, had any inkling.

The *Herald Democrat* had undoubtedly carried occasional articles about mob-wars back east, but like most local papers, coverage of local events and gossip, and of the winding-down World War, dominated the content. The *Denver Post* had carried more national news, but

Cliff's brother had been fighting in Europe, so what few hours Cliff and Dottie were able to spare for reading were focused on news related to his safety right up to the day he'd finally returned home.

Neither of them had made the connection, but it would later shock both of them to learn that their guest was Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel, whose infamy they had purposely ignored, or simply missed, for years in the *Herald* and the *Post*. It is also happened that, by the time Bugsy visited Leadville, he'd been lying low in California and Nevada for some time, and the stories about him had become more and more infrequent.

The appellation "Bugsy" was used by the mob for members who went "bugs," meaning they had a natural tendency to shoot first and think later. The few men with that temperament who survived for more than a couple of years generally moved up quickly in the mob's ranks. Siegel had developed a solid reputation of being murderously spontaneous in spite of his smooth demeanor; no one who knew him doubted that he would have shot anyone who dared call him "Bugsy" to his face.

In one of the Mafia's earlier struggles to determine the final capo di tutti capo (boss of bosses), Siegel's fearless assassinations of the well-protected opposition, his past friends, and anyone else getting in his way, earned the respect of the mob. He'd also gained their gratitude, but when the law eventually got on his heels, first because of the New York wars, and then in conjunction with Al Capone's rise in Chicago, he became too hot to handle. The mob sent him west to let things cool down for their mutual benefit; Cliff and Dottie would have been very surprised to find out how he'd become a fellow hotelier:

Ben had convinced his fellow racketeers to pony up a little over a million dollars to build the Flamingo. Most of the money had come from the mob's earlier success with two smaller-scale casinos in downtown Las Vegas, but many investors had dipped into their own savings, lured by Siegel's song of immense wealth and quick profits.

Bugsy was a gangster, not an architect, and some of the builders working on the project were stealing him blind. Legend has it that expensive palm trees were

shipped each day from Barstow, California, only to be returned at night, and sent back to Vegas the next day. Bugsy wound up buying the same trees several times.

Soon the costs spiraled upward. The \$1.2 million price tag quickly became \$6 million and Lansky, Luciano and the other investors became increasingly worried about Ben's desert dream."

The Sociopath by Mark Gribben

Bugsy and Moe did spend one more night in Leadville than intended, but the two of them drove out of town alone. No one still alive knows if Leadville had been Bugsy's destination, or if he had just stopped over on the way to somewhere else.

Cliff and Dottie Lessard raised two daughters, and spent the rest of their lives side-by-side working to pay off the Vendome.

Epilogue:

The Lessard family, including eight-year old Judean, did spend a week in Las Vegas shortly after the Leadville incident. They made the long journey in their own non-air-conditioned car, and stayed in a bungalow on the Strip, between the Flamingo and downtown, at the El Rancho, also without air-conditioning. The only genuine Hollywood Star Judean remembers meeting was Joe E. Lewis, who impressed the red-headed little girl as a rather poor comedian, who spent most of his time drunkenly shouting, "Post time!" She was impressed by midnight dinners at the Chuck Wagon restaurant where she was allowed, nightly, to watch an artist carve marvelous new sculptures in ice—perhaps because of his artistry, or possibly because he worked in the only cool place in town.

Cliff's liberal attitude toward, and enjoyment of, gambling contrasted sharply with Dottie's, who had little tolerance for gambling or gamblers, so it was Cliff who attended many long and frequent meetings over the years with Bugsy, and other powerful men, during which he received numerous lucrative employment offers. Exactly what positions might have been offered to Cliff, or the mention of any mafia connections, was never revealed outside the meetings.

Judean was a fourth-generation Leadvillite, so it seems that a plan for the family to leave town permanently

would probably have been met with at least some resistance. The family had both fully embraced the Catholic Religion and consistently adhered to a protestant work ethic believing that they deserved only what they worked for. Therefore there is little doubt that organized crime was anathema to their religious devotion and to all their most basic family values. This may have been part of why they rejected the possibility of wealth beyond of most peoples' wildest dreams. Having known them personally (my first regular job was as Bell Hop at the Vendome, and I went to school with Judean), I believe that they were possessed of that special kind of heroism which causes a minimum-wage hamburger flipper to reject the infinitely-more lucrative alternative of pushing drugs on the street corner, or which causes a policeman to refuse a bribe which would pay off his mortgage. Whatever the temptations, they must have been extremely tantalizing.

When the War ended, a quarter would buy a loaf of bread and a quart of milk with enough left over for a few pieces of candy, so in spite of a slow beginning, the announcement of Flamingo's earnings of over \$250,000 in its first year was not a minor event. The mob had become increasingly upset over Bugsy's tendency to handle problems without consultation; his investors were growing suspicious about cash flow and his performance in general, but it wasn't about to let that kind of earning potential slip away. On June 20, 1947, after getting a haircut and manicure in Hollywood Benjamin Siegel, sitting on his mistresses' living room sofa, took one bullet in the right eye and four more to his body. No arrests were ever made.

Today, the rebuilt Flamingo sits across from Caesar's Palace and among other elegant casinos clustered at the "Four Corners" intersection of Las Vegas Boulevard and Flamingo Road: Ballagio, Paris, and Bally's. These three, and the Flamingo, are owned by Caesars Entertainment, Inc. which employs 52,000 employees, and brings in \$4.5 billion in annual net revenue operating 28 properties in five countries on four continents not counting Caesars Palace at Sea, aboard luxury liners Crystal Harmony, Symphony and Serenity with Crystal Cruises, Inc. The



stock trades under the ticker symbol (NYSE:CZR).

The Vendome Hotel still stands as one of Leadville's most prominent historical landmarks, but long gone are its

sidewalk awnings and glistening mahogany fixtures which exist now only in memory; the diamond dust mirror and pewter chandelier have moved to private hands. The painting of the Leadville Ice

Palace, admired by Bugsy currently hangs in the Leadville Elks Club.

May Judean (Lessard) Anderson, who gave me this story, Rest In Peace



So... what the #@*& could possibly go wrong?

SecNav Ray Mabus, Oct. 28

YOKOSUKA NAVAL BASE by John Jackson/U.S. Marine Corps

[T]op civilian [SecNav] has ordered commanders to remove risqué pictures and other potentially offensive items from public areas, including places like hangar tool sheds and ship bathrooms [?]: “comprehensive visual inspection of all Navy work-places to ensure they are free from ... degrading, hostile or offensive work environment.” ... [Resulting from] intensive scrutiny from Congress and the public over its record on sexual harassment and sexual assault prevention.

... commanders [must] catalog every picture, calendar or other item deemed offensive into electronic spreadsheets ... include a description/quantity of offensive material, where found & how removed... inspection can't be delegated to anyone in a lower rank than a Navy chief petty officer, a Marine gunnery sergeant or a civilian equivalent [!]

Mabus ordered CNO & USMC Commandant ...[to submit] results .. to Navy's Sexual Assault Prevention and Response Office by July 12. [2013] ...order gives military/civilian supervisors wide latitude to remove “what a reasonable person would consider degrading or offensive. If there is doubt ... inspection shall remove the material from the workplace to ensure a professional work environment” ...

(Other news): **Navy SEALs open to women in 2016.** Pentagon to announce plan to allow women into last all-male bastions. Women may start training in Coronado as Navy SEALs in 2016, according to an Associated Press report Monday, which also said female sailors may join Navy Riverine units for initial training next.

Top Civilian, Congress, the Public, and the Navy Sexual Assault Prevention Office (see article above) simply intend to introduce fairness into an antiquated machismo military. Perhaps our Association could help by petitioning Congress for a \$384,949* Government grant to do the following scientific study:

Laboratory Setting:

- One hundred lab-quality male rats will be introduced, in groups of ten per day, into a sealed metal tube, supplied with adequate air, food, water; running paths, mazes, and/or exercise wheels for physical/mental stimuli will record all deviations in physical activity using incorporated voltage sensors.
- The male rats will be allowed marinate in their own testosterone for an additional twenty days under recorded observation, via video/audio receptors embedded throughout the tube.
- Male rats will be painlessly implanted with gentle electro-shock chips for the purpose of discouraging disruptive deviations from colony norms.
- At the end of the Baseline Observation, two lab-quality anestrous (not in heat) Female Rats, designated FR(U)gly and FR(C)omely, will be introduced into the colony for observation and recording of any changes in colony interaction.
- Pre- and Post-Study comparisons of the personality profile of each individual rat will be provided to demonstrate to the SPCA that no rats were injured or harmed by the study.

Hypothesis:

- Female rats can readily be introduced into an all-male colony when sustenance and survival rivalries are not at issue. Electro-shock behavioral corrections in small numbers are anticipated (<5%). Selective removal of individual males deviating from colony norms (<1.5%). Voltage output will have minimal variance, from baseline, throughout all testing phases (<10%).

Follow-on studies would reuse the same laboratory set up to determine the effects of purely environmental adjustments such as:

- Hanging up pictures of female rats throughout the all-male tube.
- Shaving all rats so that there is no visible difference, presenting totally Uniform appearances.
- Gelding the head rat.
- Shocking individual deviant male rats until they are adequately conditioned to **reject** the distinction of male/female as a **false premise** (similar to human hate-crimes, profiling and sexism).

* Equal to Yale grant for a study on “Sexual Conflict, Social Behavior and the Evolution of Waterfowl Genitalia”—research involves examining and measuring the reproductive organs of male ducks.





- ... rented a Harley [from] "Fly and Ride" in Vegas, and toured the area. Great fun!! Any of you OLD FARTS ride?? Anyone that might be interested in a day's ride?? Don (Andy) Andresen
- My wife and I would be interested in going to the reunion. Let us know the details? Edward D Dominguez
- I will be glad to receive the letter by email. You do a lot of work and I appreciate it, thanks again. By the way November in Las Vegas would be great. Joe Roerts.

- Hello Ron Reno,/San diego/VEGAS good. I don't like flying any more, not any fun at all. Thanks Dick Port
- Jeff and Ron, we would like ... one more reunion ... put us down for 2. You forgot John Wood, a great captain. Wood and Andrade were Cmdr. not LCdr; separate email about the Sabalo & Pubelo Will Kaeffer
- Hi Chief. Put me down as a positive on either date. Makes no difference to me....will be there! Keep an even bubble. Chris (Sandy) Sanborn EN3 SS/DV USS Sabalo 67/68
- I'll be there... I am planning on bringing my friend Kathy. Las Vegas or San Diego will work for me. JGellett
- Ron... It would be a nice gesture to mention Jeanne in the NL. [Ed: she needs prayers]. It is a little difficult traveling with Jeanne as her dementia worsens, however I believe we can endure 3 days in the desert ... 3.5 hour drive. We are taking a road trip to Oregon... to find a retirement villa in the Bend area. Jeanne has 2 brothers in Oregon and neither of us has family in CA. If she continues to hold her own with the current medication we should be good for Vegas in November... snowed on the strip one January we were there. I really miss Mary Ann. She always made me feel welcome when I was just a little E2.
- November in Las Vegas sounds great. My wife (Marsha) and I would be able to make the time to go. Larry Sullivan TMCS (SS) USN Ret. Sabalo 63-65 (Qual Boat)
- Hey Ron, Really great NL.... I was a Radioman, aboard 64-65... Victor Henry Whistky WWII war patrol vet was still aboard; we had it right in those days....Thanks again for the great job. Jim Colegrove RMC(SS) RET
- Hi Ron....read this issue, too, from start to finish. Superb! Again, being aware of shipmates who've crossed the bar leaves me saddened. I know we're all getting a bit older, but losing John Giancola (Pepsi-cola) and (qualifying) skipper, Nelson Woodward...constitute real losses. Will be at the next reunion with my bride...By the way, that's the best pic of a Sabalo I've seen. Howard (Vinnie) Venezia
- Good to hear from ... November 11-13 ... perfect ... idea ...reunion in Las Vegas. It adds to the fun ... look forward to seeing old shipmates once again...I sent in \$50 ... but I will get another one in the mail this ... some very interesting reading and it's good to hear about shipmates. Hope we can get enough people interested enough to come. Bill Towry
- 19 Ron, a great read; and so wonderfully non-PC. Hugs to you and yours, Brian Collins (Baumruk) I noticed that CDR John Wood was not listed on the CO list...wasn't he there in '68 and '69? [Ooops]
- 3/19 Ron: Super "LOBO". I was Capt. Talbert's Engineer when we turned the boat over to the Turkish Navy in 1970 and am sorry I cannot attend the memorial being held, but I think one of my shipmates, Bob Denis and his wife may be there. I do have a question: do I owe Association dues? I'm a life member of something but I can't remember what. Once again, well done. Cdr John Cameron USN RET [See pg 12—No dues! Donations support our website & 120 no-email members - pg 3].
- Sorry, Ron, I will be unable to attend but I will pose this question. How many coffee cups currently cover the bottom of the Pearl Harbor Sub base quay wall? I can clearly remember having to get rid of the cups prior to quarter each morning and using the empties as weapons against the fearsome jelly fish that inhabited the vicinity of the tank tops. I sincerely hope everyone has a great time at the reunion. My memories certainly bring back the most fond times of my young life aboard Sabalo. Too bad we can't relive those days. Dennis McCord [Ed: We do, at the reunions]



This cap reads:

"GOD created BEER to prevent the 10th MOUNTAIN DIVISION from taking over the WORLD"



While investigating our assembly at Sin City Brewery the hour before our Banquet, I saw a T-shirt for sale there, on which was printed: "Sometimes, I wish YOU were a BEER!" That reminded me of a slightly blasphemous poem claiming that God ought to have given himself Dolphins on the Seventh day, which reminded me of the similar arrogance on the *10th Mountain Division* cap (left). Good beer and haughty heroes—fertile NTINS ground; I couldn't resist:

When I was 4 - 5 years old, soldiers regularly came by on Saturdays to take me to the movies; mom allowed it because she said these lonely young men missed home (she never let them pay the 16¢ cost) and warned me to behave. They also taught me to ski—and how to write my name in the snow, without peeing on my skis—before grade school.

The men of the famed *10th* were doing their high mountain training at Camp Hale, ten miles from Leadville, in preparation for a campaign into Italy's Po

Valley mountains—where, in 1945, they completely destroyed five elite German divisions in 114 days of combat: 992 were KIA.

I can't remember their names, but still do wonder which of them survived, and ... and since the snow-fed headwaters of the Eagle River above Camp Hale flow down the Western Slope into the Colorado River and eventually into Hoover Dam, I can positively swear that at least one of my heroes (and myself) contributed more than a dribble to that ice cube in our Flamingo cocktail (relax: liquid is safely purified over great distance and time), and if you take one of the highly-rated \$50-\$110 day-tours of Hoover Dam and/or Lake Mead, you'll have something to think about between stops. With \$45 hotel costs, you should stay longer and see more! By the way, Vail, Aspen, Sugarbush, Crystal Mtn, and Whiteface Mtn are but a few of the ski resorts built by *10th Mountain* veterans after WWII. SALUT!

Ohio Replacement Class SSBNs an Essential Investment

March 19, 2013: Inside the Navy, Undersea By Rear Adm. Barry L. Bruner
Director, Undersea Warfare Division

.... Simply said, a sufficient number of SSBNs allows their dispersal across wide ocean areas, making it exceedingly difficult to locate and destroy them. In this case, it is the number of ships, not warheads that preserves the deterrent value. As we reduce our operating warhead numbers to comply with the New START Treaty, our SSBNs are scheduled to assume a larger role in our nation's nuclear deterrent capability. Reducing our SSBN force structure potentially invites adversaries to consider the likelihood, e.g. the risk, associated with attempting to hold that smaller force – at risk. We have reduced our SSBNs – from the 41 for Freedom to 18, to 14 Ohios (4 SSBNs converted to SSGNs), to the planned 12 Ohio replacements—less than ¼ the 1970s SSBN fleet. To ensure the survivability of the SSBN force it must be stealthy, which is almost exclusively a function of its as-built

characteristics. This means that an appropriate amount of research and development effort must be expended early in the design phase to ensure the SSBN's ability to remain undetectable for the entire 42-year hull life. The credibility and effectiveness of our deterrent are undermined if we make the mistake of accepting degradation in stealth that an adversary can in the future exploit.

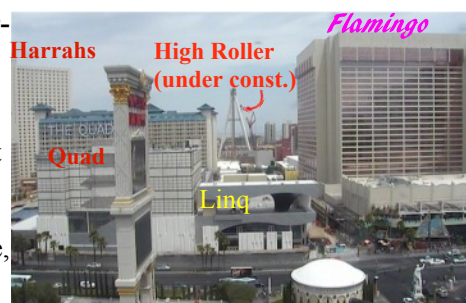
The Ohio replacement class SSBN is an essential investment for our nation and will continue to be a national imperative that will ensure stability and security for our country and our allies. We cannot slide this program any further to the right. We must invest in designing and building the class now. The commitment that the Ohio replacement team makes is that they will do everything available to design and build this critical ship in a responsible way. They will drive down costs at every logical opportunity – of that, you can be sure. But, we must resource this program appropriately – we cannot hesitate or delay any further.

Statement by Secretary Hagel on DOMA Ruling [Ed: Amazing: something absolutely stupid, made reasonable with such fine words]

The Department of Defense welcomes the Supreme Court's decision today on the Defense of Marriage Act. The department will immediately begin the process of implementing the Supreme Court's decision in consultation with the Department of Justice and other executive branch agencies. The Department of Defense intends to make the same benefits available to all military spouses -- regardless of sexual orientation -- as soon as possible. That is now the law and it is the right thing to do.

Every person who serves our nation in uniform stepped forward with courage and commitment. All that matters is their patriotism, their willingness to serve their country, and their qualifications to do so. Today's ruling helps ensure that all men and women who serve this country can be treated fairly and equally, with the full dignity and respect they so richly deserve.

LINQ (see pic to right & TBT notes) **designers plan walkable space with storefronts, terraces & patios amid the 3-story complex next to Flamingo. (The High Roller & these tenants may/may not all be open by Nov): F.A.M.E:** (Food Art Music Entertainment) Asian night market... street food ...stroll around w/friends & family, eat, drink & people-watch.. Stalls ,food trucks ... from cities in Asia...like in a Taipei night market. The 2nd storey...lounge/sushi bar ...very hip /sexy. **Yard House:** mind-boggling selection of beer, ale & lager (across from the High Roller observation wheel)... largest Yard House in the country... casual eatery ...mix of family-friendly atmosphere, classic rock, American cuisine and unforgettable good times. Bring a camera!



Sabalo no-contact data list: #4

Shipmates with no known address, phone number or obituary: Minard, James — Smith, Jerome

Next **CB** will include another ~100 men — we hope to have gone thru all 466 men by the end of 2013, and then re-start at 'A' with a much-reduced Insufficient Data list. Please continue to contact Jeff or Ron with clues (without help we will soon only have obits to search, because the clock keeps ticking). **Red = updates; d. = died**

| | | | | | |
|---------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|---------------|---------------------------|---------------|
| Minard, J. | Novitsky, W. | Perkins, R. | Ribble, T. | Rufo, E. | Sherman, A. |
| Mitchell, B. | O'Brien, J. | Perry, D d. 8/18/00 | Rice, G. | Ryan, J. | Shields, J. |
| Moore, M. | O'Connell, E. | Piper, H. | Rice, L. | Sabol, T. | Shultz, G. |
| Morris, J. | O'Donnell, P. | Pointer, D. | Richgels, H. | Sacdalan, J. | Siegel, ?. |
| Moss, P. | O'Donohue, R. | Pope, J. | Rickerson, R. | Sanares, O. | Sigler, W. |
| Mullis, W. | Olson, J. | Powderly, J. d.1978 | Robbins, R. | Sanchez, E. | Slack, D. |
| Munroe, L. | Onan, P. | Priest, J. | Robertson, R. | Sanderson, S. | Slepko, S. |
| Murphy, V. | Orosz, D. | Proffer, R. | Robinson, C. | Sarmiento, E. | Slocum, R. |
| Myers, R. | Orr, R. | Purtilo, D. | Robinson, R. | Schachterle, C. | Smith, A. C. |
| Natividad, P. | Osborn, B. | Quinlan, J. | Roddy, W. | Scott, J. | Smith, Ch. |
| Neff, G. | Oswald, J. | Quisdorff, H. | Rogers, D. | Seevell, R. d. unk | Smith, Doug. |
| Nelson, L. | Ouellette, C. | Rankin, T. | Rogers, R. | Seigler, H. | Smith, Edw. |
| Nelson, R. | Papadopolj, A. | Ray, E. | Rojo, D. | Seyer, R. | Smith, Fr. |
| Newton, J. | Parrish, W. found | Reed, H. | Ross, M. | Sharp, J. | Smith, Hen. |
| Nichols, J. | Parsons, R. | Reed, J. | Roush, R. | Sharpe, C. | Smith, Jack |
| Norberg, G. | Payne, R. | Reiboldt, A. | Royle, M. | Shelly, J. | Smith, Jerome |
| Nordstrom, W. | Peeling, T. | Reyes, M. d. 1989 | Ruffino, A. | Shepard, R. | |

Bubblehead's Review of Rocket Science

Trident The Trident II (D5) is a submarine launched ballistic missile with greater range, payload capability, and accuracy than the Trident I (C4) missile.

Mission: The mission of the Trident II (D5) ballistic missile is to deter nuclear war by means of assured retaliation in response to a major attack on the United States or its Allies, and to enhance nuclear stability by deterring an enemy first strike. The Trident II (D5) missile is carried on the OHIO CLASS Fleet Ballistic Missile Submarines through 2042 and has the ability to precisely attack time-critical, high value, Fixed targets. The D5 deploys the MK-5 re-entry vehicle with the W88 nuclear warhead. The importance of this program as a key component to the sea-based leg of the nuclear triad was re-confirmed by the President and Congress with the ratification of the New START Treaty in 2011.

FY 2014 Program: Funds the development of advanced components to improve the reliability, safety and security of Arming, Fuzing and Firing systems, and the procurement and production costs for flight test instrumentation, 12 Solid Rocket Motors, the Post Boost Control System, the Life Extension Program (LEP) and spares. The LEP consists of the procurement of 24 missile electronic and guidance Supportability Mods/Strategic Programs Alteration (SPALT) kits. Also includes \$14 million in RDT&E to fund studies for the National Nuclear Security Administration W88 LEP. [FY 2014: \$1.5B.

Prime Contractor: Lockheed Martin Corporation, Sunnyvale, CA



Tactical Tomahawk Tomahawk provides an attack capability against fixed and mobile/moving targets, and can be launched from both surface ships and submarines. Key elements of the Block IV Tomahawk design are an improved navigation and guidance computer; improved anti-jam Global Positioning System (GPS) capability; improved responsiveness and flexibility through two-way satellite communications for in-flight re-targeting; a loiter capability; and the ability to send a Battle Damage Indication Image (BDII) of over flown areas prior to impact.

Block IV Tomahawk delivers a 1,000 lb class unitary warhead at a range of 900 nm. For guidance, the Block IV Tomahawk normally employs inertial guidance or GPS over water to follow a preset course; once over land, the missile's guidance system is aided by Terrain Contour Matching (TERCOM). Terminal guidance is provided by the Digital Scene Matching Area Correlation (DSMAC) system or GPS, producing an accuracy of about 10 meters.

Mission: The mission of the TOMAHAWK is to provide a long-range cruise missile launched from a variety of platforms against land and sea targets.

FY 2014 Program: Continues production at a minimum sustaining rate. [FY 2014: \$325M for 196]

Prime Contractor: Raytheon Missile Systems, Tucson, AZ



The Evolved Expendable Launch Vehicle (EELV) replaced the heritage Delta, Atlas, and Titan launch vehicle families. The EELV provides the DoD, the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO), and other government and commercial purchasers launch services for medium to heavy lift class satellites. As of December 2006, the United Launch Alliance joint venture is the sole provider of EELV launch services.

- EELV intends to include new entrants when certified.
- 100% mission success with over 56 consecutive operational launches.
- The program is being restructured to introduce competition. Increased quantity buy authorities and improved contracting approaches have resulted in savings of over \$1.1 billion, reflected in this budget.

Mission: The EELV program provides launch services and capability for medium and heavy class satellites.

FY 2014 Program: Continues the block buy of EELV Launch Services (ELS), specifically five launch vehicles, which are usually ordered no-later-than 24 months prior to the planned mission; and, funds EELV Launch Capability (ELC) activities, such as launch preparation, site and operations activities, post mission analysis, and other related tasks. ELC funds can support up to ten launches in a year. [FY 2014: \$1.9B for 5]

Prime Contractor: United Launch Alliance, Centennial, CO

[Ed: (4/10/13) From the President's proposed \$526.7 billion Defense budget for FY-2013.]



(Brain teaser from page 3) Chemical names: Hydrogen Sulfate (Sulfuric acid), Sodium Chloride (Salt) & Dihydrogen Monoxide (Water !). Answer: Battery acid and saltwater make Chlorine gas (Gag!). NavPers 16160: Chlorine can be formed if seawater makes contact with submarine batteries— a health (survival) risk in a disabled submarine.

A modern submariner's wife, being the romantic sort, sent her husband a text:

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

The husband, probably trained by an old diesel boat sailor, replied, "I'm on the toilet. Please advise."



• **Palmer, James, ET3(SS)** On Eternal Patrol 1/10/2013. Qualified on Sabalo 1953, aboard 1951-3

• **Kelso, Frank Benton II**, Admiral, USN Ret. b.7/11/33 d. 6/23/13: USNA '56, CNO 1990-1994. He served as Supply & Comm Officer, and qualified on Sabalo 1959 as LtJg. [Ed: Those Sabalo sailors who signed his qual-card were picking a winner for us all to be proud of—he served us always as **the right man at the right time**]

Our Sabalo Shipmates on Eternal Patrol. This list re-started at 'A': Abbey — Budding

| | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Abbey, J. 5/1/1972 | Arndt, T. 8/17/2012 | Barnes, W. 27 Nov 2000 | Bosley, P. 7/18/2001 |
| Adams, D. 7/1/2007 | Artates, R. 10/6/1999 | Bastille, J. ?? | Boswell, R. 6/9/2007 |
| Ahern, J. 7/20/1994 | Ash, K. 4/4/2004 | Batiles, C. 6/3/2004 | Bouton, S. 12/5/1985 |
| Albert, E. 6/24/1998 | Atiburcio, J. 12/22/2002 | Baxter, L. Oct 1986 | Boyd, R. 7/29/2004 |
| Alexander, W. 9/21/2004 | Aust, G. ? Jan 1982 | Beahm, R. 13 Sep 2005 | Bradley, V. Jan 1970 |
| Alger, C. 10/1/2009 | Baggett, W. ? 23 Apr 2008 | Belanger, P. ?? | Britzke, D. ? 15 Mar 1997 |
| Allison, R. 1/0/1900 | Bagwell, S. 6/27/1998 | Bennett, G. ? Sep 1985 | Broemser, E. 1/1/2004 |
| Altenhein, S. 10/1/2011 | Baker, C. 7/3/2006 | Benson, W. 1/15/2008 | Brogden, R. Jan 1978 |
| Amundson, R. 5/22/2006 | Balawender, A. ?? | Billesbach, L. 2/19/2003 | Bromley, P. 9/28/2008 |
| Andrade, A. 11/22/1997 | Bangham, C. ? 9 Mar 1997 | Blanco, C. 6/7/1994 | Bryan, D. Jun 1983 |
| Andrews, J. 2/9/1996 | Bara, E. ??n | Boerke, R. 3/12/1998 | Buckbee, W. 11/13/1995 |
| Applington, L. ?Aug 1986 | Barke, A. 8/20/1998 | Bolton, R. 7/23/1996 | Budding, W. 12/15/2007 |
| Archer, L. 6/13/2005 | Barnes, D. 1/3/2004 | Bonser, R. 10/11/1999 | |

FRIENDS

Around the corner I have a friend,
 In this great city that has no end,
 Yet the days go by and weeks rush on,
 And before I know it, a year is gone;
 And I never see my old friend's face,
 For life is a swift and demanding race.
 He knows I like him just as well
 As in the days when I rang his bell
 And he rang mine, but we were younger then!

Now we are busy, tired men...
 Tired of playing a foolish game,
 Tired of trying to make a name.
 "Tomorrow," I say, "I'll call on Jim
 Just to show I'm thinking of him."
 But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes,
 And distance between us grows and grows.
 Around the corner, yet miles away,
 "Here's a telegram, sir... Jim died today."
 And that's what we get and deserve in the end,
 Around the corner, a vanished friend.


The nylon-and-cotton (referred to as NYCO) uniforms worn by sailors on ships and at bases "will burn robustly," and turn into a "sticky molten material," according to a test conducted in October by the Navy Clothing and Textile Research Facility. "It will melt and burn to consumption," Rear Adm. John Kirby, chief of information, said in a statement.

Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges **no dues** for membership, *Clever Boy* or other expenses. The Association's founder, Jeff Owens, spent thousands of hours collecting data on all U.S. S. Sabalo shipmates over the years—our newsletter now reaches over 460 Sabalo Veterans. Jeff's data was obtained from sources like USSVI, phone calls, postcards, and micro-fiche; then it was painstakingly transcribed from 3X5 cards to the Excel database from which this issue was addressed. The "Thank You" on page 2 is to those Sabalo shipmates who contribute to the cost of sending *Clever Boy* to our shipmates who have no access to online copies.

The bulk of the work has been done, but each bad address and change of address will cost the editor and Jeff at least half an hour's work—usually two or three times that for each of us—if we have to handle misdirected rejects. Please help us keep the following records up to date.


Name: _____ Low/Highest Rank/Rate on Sabalo: _____
 Address: _____
 Home Phone: _____ Cell Phone: _____ Date Of Birth: _____ Spouse/next of kin: _____
 Years on Sabalo (Month, if known): _____ to _____
 Qual Boat/Year: _____ USSVI Base: _____ Retired (Y/N, Yr): _____
 E-Mail Address: _____ 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...."

TBT - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)

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

Continued: 

The End: 