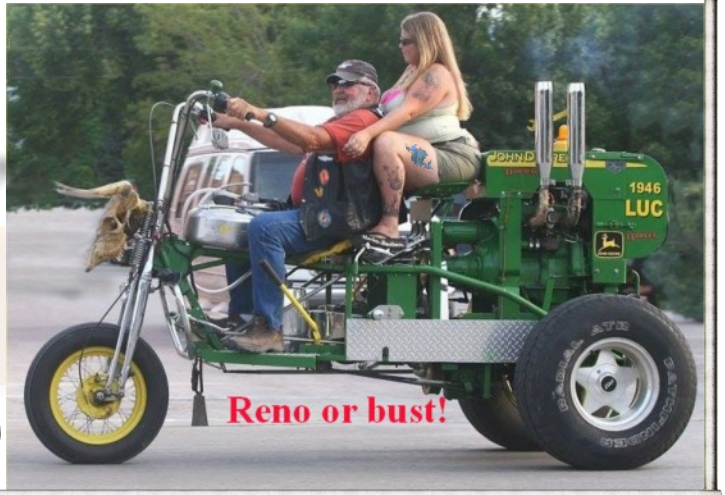


# Call Sign: Clever Boy

## USS Sabalo Association July 2016

USSSABALO-ORG



The above snapshot of a redneck chopper was taken on *Route 66* headed west. The bonnie lassie sporting the Sabalo tattoo on her thigh (see blow-up, pg 11) shouts to passers-by, "We're filling his bucket list," then, swinging her fist, "Clean sweep in Reno. Yahoo!" Disguised with dark glasses, he has some sort of a fish insignia on his chest and appears to be smiling but, at almost 9 knots ... it could just be the wind.

### USSVI Reunion INFO (On Pg 11)

- USSVI's Registration Form & Hotel Resv'n Phone #
- USSVI Plan of the Day
- Summary of available Tours
- Summary of info available on USSVI website
- Airport/Hotel Transportation information
- Pages 2 and 3 elaborate in more detail.



### Sabalo Reunion INFO (On Pg 11)

- SS302's \$45 Banquet (Green in USSVI's Plan of the Day)
  - SS302's \$45 Banquet/Hospitality Room Rental (Tue-Sat)
  - SS302's \$10 for Hospitality refreshments and snacks.
  - Pages 2 and 3 elaborate in more detail.
- Deadlines- Room reservations: July 15. Tours of Lake Tahoe, Lake Tahoe Cruise & Virginia City: July 17.

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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

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

To:



Last edit: 7/15/16



**To our 58 Publication Donors – Thank You!**

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

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**From the Tomato Basket: • REUNION -**

By the time you read this there will be less than five weeks till we meet. Ron's TBT column has all the details. In the past I have conjectured about, 'this reunion may be the last', but here we are again. However, the possibilities become fewer and fewer. Ron and I are about burnt out worrying about meeting time and money quotas and we all sure know about aging and physical ailments. This time there are a few names on the list who have never attended before, so why not do it this time and see what its like. Remember there will be hundreds of sub vets there for the US SubVets convention, so check on travel arrangements right now and come to Reno!

**HARD DRIVE FAILURE** - Without getting technical on the problem - my hard drive failed in mid-May and recovery of the data has not yet been accomplished. One resultant aspect is the loss of my address book. Those of you who are frequent correspondents can stop checking the obits for my whereabouts. I welcome any advice if you have undergone this and have any recommendations. I got email capability back a few weeks ago, but the whole situation

has stifled my life. I am not an addict to the cell phone like today's youth, but I do spend a lot of computer time. TV mostly sucks, so the monitor takes its place for entertainment most times. If you are waiting to hear from me due to something you sent in the past few months, please send me a new message. This has also caused a complete stop to any database revision or research updating. Added to the summer weather and home projects, this aspect may not resume until winter forces inside pursuits.



**Inventory Reduction Sale!**

**SABALO SHIP'S STORE**—Details on page 9: On-line guys: check the web site. If you can't get online and you want something call me. All miscellaneous items must go! **ORDER YOUR ITEMS NOW** — by snail mail, email or phone. The small markups help support the Sabalo web site and communication expenses !!!!

Jeff Owens ETN2(SS)

**USS Sabalo Association Staff**



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While driving to the NEX this morning, a woman pulled alongside me — and to my horror I saw that she was texting!  
 It made me so angry I almost threw my beer at her.

**Learning from Obituaries:** It seems every couple of days

New Orleans loses one of its treasured entrepreneurs... *Larmondo Flair Allen has passed away. At 25 he had three sons and six daughters: nine welfare recipients* collecting \$950 each. That equals \$8,550 a month, or \$102,600 per year. How many people out there sitting on their butt, while reading this, are making a hundred grand doing nothing? Now add food stamps, free medical, free school lunches, and on and on — and you'll surely recognize a genuine entrepreneur. His leg-

acy, besides providing their daily bread, provides also that they will all collect Social Security until they are eighteen.

If *Flair's* 13 brothers & sisters can duplicate his entrepreneurial feat of creating nine welfare strategists each to breed 117 new potential voters/welfare recipients, they'll each collect over \$100,000 — at least \$11.7 million per year — just from *Flair's* immediate family. Their vote can, and will demand—for themselves—all of the taxes paid by a thousand average American taxpayers. [Of course they, themselves, pay no income tax. Ed]





### Thru the TBT:

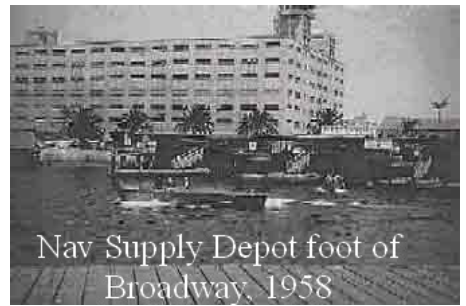
- To date 24 men with 11 guests have signed up for Reno; this is five people away from the participation we'll ultimately need to pay the rent on a Hospitality Room (for five nights, see pg 5). There are others interested but not yet paid, so maybe this issue of Clever Boy will entice a few more to the biggest little city in the world. No news yet about Tour Attendance, but I'm sure several of you will call, email, or write to Jeff / RonG so we can have a list printed for the HR.

- We're a couple hundred short for the \$1,789 we need for the Hospitality Room, but our shipmate, Will Parks, donated \$100 (and not for the first time) to use at my discretion — the gratitude I express on behalf of the Association members is accompanied with sadness: Mr. Parks' kidneys are failing, and he won't be in Reno. Send him your best however you can. I hope the collection of \$10 for stocking will help cover the rest.

- Since this is your second newsletter in as many months, I've filled much of this issue with works of my favorite submarine author, Dex Armstrong. 1. *Standing Lookout*, 2. *More Recollections*, 3. *Anchor Pools*, 4. *The Longest Night*. Dex went on Final Patrol July 8, 2014 (See pg. 10). Usually when I get lazy enough to do that, I get lots of compliments similar to, "Best issue yet!"

- ♪ Dates & Travel ✓ (See Plan Of the Day, pg 11)
  - ♪ SS-302: Aug 16-21  (Fly out on Sun, Aug 21)
  - ♪ USSVI: Aug 14-21  (Fly out on Sun, Aug 21)
  - ♪ Other: Aug \_\_-\_\_
  - ♪ Airline tickets:
  - ♪ Car tuned up
- ♪ Reserve your hotel room
  - ♪ Phone # (775) 789-2000
  - ♪ Grand King \$79 (\$91 w/taxes)
  - ♪ Summit King \$99 (\$114 w/taxes)
  - ♪ Cancel 48 hrs before arrival at no cost.
- ♪ SS-302 Association Fees to Ron Hines (pg 2, 11)
  - ♪ SS-302 VFW Thur Banquet \$45 (\$90 for 2)
  - ♪ SS-302 Hospitality Room \$45 (\$90 for 2)
  - ♪ SS-302 Spirits and Solids \$10 (\$20 for 2)
  - ♪ Total \$100 (\$200 for 2)
- ♪ Registration Form/Fees to USSVI (see pg 11)
  - ♪ Regis Fee: if participating in any USSVI events. \$30 (\$60 for 2) such as: Welcome Aboard party (\$25), Breakfast (\$30), Luncheons (\$35), Awards Banquet (\$60), & Raffle Tickets, (\$5).

Do you remember This?



- ♪ Our Hospitality Room number is 1650; however no other boat has been told their specific Room #, so verify that when you check-in. Stocking will begin as soon as the room is cleaned and made available to us; you might want to put Jeff Owens' number in your phone, or write it down: (570) 942-4622

V/R

RonG

### Time and Space

In 1903 the Wright brothers arranged for man to fly the first time. A short 38 years later, in 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and then, 28 years later, in 1969, man landed on the Moon. That's 66 years.

On the other hand, since Pluto was discovered, it still hasn't yet completed its orbit around the sun which will be completed in 2178!

NTINS

### Standing Lookout by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

At times, there is no job in the entire world better than standing lookout on a diesel boat. Well, maybe it's number two behind being a professional beachcomber on a little known Pacific island paradise where the female inhabitants all have perky boobs and run around buck nekkit. Unfortunately the latter never showed up on Requin's Watch, Quarter and Station Bill.

Adriane Stuke and I were professional lookouts. We both held Doctor of Relative Bearing degrees... With extensive postgraduate work in floating debris... Crap in the water... Oil slick identification and 'What'n th'hell is that shit?' identification.

The only qualifications you needed to apprentice for the lookout position were (A) A pair of eyes, (B) The abili-

ty to drink liquid synthetic lizard dooky that the night cook passed off as coffee, (C) A 55gal., self-venting bladder assembly, (D) A minimal understanding of the '360 degrees in a circle' concept, (E) The ability to put up with boring conversation for hours at a time, and (F) Personal plumbing fixtures big enough to locate in cold weather and that could extend farther than skivvies,





▪ dungarees and two pair of foul weather  
 ▪ pants... The latter being by far the  
 ▪ most important qualification.  
 ▪ Your office... The location where you  
 ▪ conducted business was a hole in the  
 ▪ sail. The Requin had one of those high  
 ▪ fiberglass sails... The ones with an O-2  
 ▪ level... Like Grampus and Cutlass.  
 ▪ In wintertime, being a lookout was  
 ▪ beyond any doubt, the most miserable,  
 ▪ thankless, wet, cold, and never-ending  
 ▪ job in the armed forces. I have never  
 ▪ been so gahdam cold in my entire  
 ▪ life... At times, your heart actually  
 ▪ pumped ice slush through your veins.  
 ▪ When you are cold, miserable, lami-  
 ▪ nated in more clothing than Tut-  
 ▪ ankhamen... With a watch cap pulled  
 ▪ down over your eyes, wearing mitts the  
 ▪ size of boxing gloves... Staring  
 ▪ through 50 yr. old binoculars with lens  
 ▪ scratches that look like ice skaters  
 ▪ school figures... It's a damn wonder we  
 ▪ didn't hit something. There were times  
 ▪ I was so damn cold that I actually en-  
 ▪ vied Joan of Arc. If you have never  
 ▪ taken a leak in sub-zero weather, in the  
 ▪ sail of a pitching diesel boat, you have  
 ▪ missed one of the all time defining mo-  
 ▪ ments of life... To include the major  
 ▪ thrill of a momentary warm feeling as  
 ▪ you discover your God-given anatomi-  
 ▪ cal configuration will not permit maxi-  
 ▪ mum extension beyond multiple layers  
 ▪ of clothing, to include three zippers.  
 ▪ And no cigarette with coffee ever  
 ▪ tasted better than the one you got in the  
 ▪ messdecks after being relieved by some  
 ▪ other poor miserable bastard.  
 ▪ I know why the Titanic clipped the  
 ▪ berg... The lookouts were cold... They  
 ▪ were stamping their feet and rubbing  
 ▪ their hands... The 7x50 binoculars  
 ▪ were fogged up. "Hey Jack, why are  
 ▪ we up here... We've got radar... Hell,  
 ▪ when they invented radar, it should  
 ▪ have let us off the hook. See them air-  
 ▪ planes flying around? You don't see  
 ▪ silly sonuvabitches sitting on each  
 ▪ wing looking for stuff... Jeezus, it's  
 ▪ cold."  
 ▪ "Bill, take a look... Bows' on... Zero,  
 ▪ zero, zero... What's that?"  
 ▪ "Who gives a shit..."  
 ▪ WHOMP!  
 ▪ You didn't have to be exceptionally  
 ▪ bright to read running lights, figure the  
 ▪ 'angle on the bow,' recognize a steady  
 ▪ bearing rate, report 'red over red' (you

know, the old "red over red, the cap-  
 tain is dead" thing), read channel  
 buoys and pass contacts to the idiot  
 doing the same thing you were doing  
 on the other side of the bridge.  
 There were silly things that lookouts  
 did to new officers... Things like, dur-  
 ing night steaming where you just ran  
 to charge batteries then return on sta-  
 tion. We used to see the moon make a  
 360-degree trip around the horizon and  
 knew that the helmsman was giving  
 the new guy a merry-go-round ride. A  
 waste time, complete circle where the  
 helmsman threw a loop in the wake  
 and the new guy missed it.  
 Another little stupid 'welcome aboard'  
 stunt was to call out, "I've got a Bee-  
 One-R-Dee... Bearing one seven  
 five... Position angle 15 degrees"  
 Bee-One-R-Dee... Bird.  
 Or a 'Bravo-Two-Echo-Romeo cas-  
 ing'... Translation, beer can. Both a  
 highly worn out 'ha ha,' but fun if you  
 could toss the OD in the trick bag.  
 I can remember balmy summer  
 nights, light breezes... Full moon with  
 reflection running all the way to the  
 horizon... Boat running 'full on four'  
 slicing along at twenty plus knots...  
 Bottle nose dolphins leaping around in  
 the bow wave... Leaving phosphores-  
 cent tracks... Water rising up the tank  
 tops, slamming through the limber  
 holes then falling away aft... Diesel  
 exhaust drifting over the screw guards  
 to disappear in wake spray and the  
 night... The luminescent glow of the  
 stern light marking our passing... At  
 times you can see the trailing edge of  
 the flag aft of the sail and when you  
 can't see it, you hear it snapping in the  
 wind. At times you can pick out the  
 wing lights of aircraft heading to and  
 from Europe. Once in a while, you get  
 merchant surface contacts. Port and  
 starboard lookouts speculate on what  
 that tanker crew had for evening chow  
 earlier and how much the sonuvabitches  
 are making a month.  
 On rare occasions, you get a seagoing  
 ocean liner. Skipper radios captain of  
 the liner and tells him of our pres-  
 ence... Tells him we are a US subma-  
 rine... Asks him if he holds us on radar  
 and can identify our lights. Both skip-  
 pers agree that if passengers see sur-  
 faced submarine, we will become an  
 attractive curiosity drawing too many

folks to the rail... We darken ship...  
 Turn off running and navigation lights.  
 There we are laying to in the dark...  
 Beautiful ship passes... People doing  
 triple flip-flops into the pool... Women  
 in dresses dancing with guys in their  
 civvies class "A"s... Band music drifts  
 across the water.  
 "Hey Stuke..."  
 "Yeah Dex..."  
 "You know what I want to do some-  
 day?"  
 "No telling..."  
 "I want to ride one of those big  
 sonuvabitches... Have some pink-nip-  
 pled blonde fluff up my pillow, scratch  
 my back and sing me to sleep... Set  
 my clock for midnight... Get up... Go  
 down to the grand salon for cham-  
 pagne, shrimp and lobster tail... Take  
 in the sights of nude swimming hour...  
 Make a couple of bets at the O-3 level  
 dog track... Catch a massage and sau-  
 na... Call the 'Send me something soft  
 and blonde to sleep with' steward and  
 hit the rack."  
 "Armstrong..."  
 "Yeah?"  
 "You on dope?"  
 "Nah... Just dreaming in Cinemas-  
 cope. The price is the same... Might as  
 well go wide screen."  
 "Why don't you guys knock off the  
 horsecrap... One of you drop down  
 and rig out the running lights."  
 Coffee always tasted best on the  
 bridge. You had to be good to climb  
 the ladder in those high bridge fiber-  
 glass sails with three or four cups of  
 hot coffee balanced between your left  
 arm and your chest... If you never did  
 it, you have no idea what I just said. If  
 you did, you have the complete pic-  
 ture.  
 In SUBRON SIX, we used the old  
 white Pyrex cups. When you finished  
 your coffee, you put the empty cup in  
 the void behind the radar mast. When  
 the watch was over, each guy put a  
 couple in his foul weather jacket pock-  
 ets and took them down. If they called  
 up with, "Bridge... Conn. How many  
 men on the bridge?"  
 You knew what was coming next, so  
 you grabbed the damn things and  
 tossed 'em over the side. The CO didn't  
 want to dive the boat with half a dozen  
 Pyrex cups doin' the mambo in his fi-  
 berglass sail and he didn't want a look-



out to fill his foul weather jacket with the fool things, busting one on the way down and arriving in the conn with a three inch Pyrex shard sticking in a lung.  
I'm going to laugh like hell if they display artifacts removed from the Ti-

tanica and five or six white Pyrex cups turn up... There's gotta be a few thousand of the damn things roaming around on the floor of the North Atlantic.  
I'm proud of my 'years in the shears'. Met a lot of fine people and saw a lot

of interesting stuff. I'm sure nukes have robot video cameras: Satellite observation or some kind of electronic Seeing Eye Dog device. Damn shame! It was those experiences that casehardened your balls.

**Subject: Report on USS Chopper deep dive in 1969**

**A Summary of Findings Which Caused The Deep Dive of the USS CHOPPER (SS 342)...**a Guppy 1A diesel powered submarine. On 11 February, 1969, CHOPPER was operating off the coast of Cuba in waters with an average depth of 1800 fathoms (10,800 feet). She was operating with the USS HAWKINS (DD 873).

At about 1342 with all ahead full being answered, without knowledge of any personnel on board as to probable cause, the two on line AC ICMG motor generators suddenly tripped off without warning, causing immediate loss of [equipment] function...

**Sequence of Events -0 to 5 Seconds After Loss of AC Power ...**diving officer ... observed that normal indication for bow and stern planes ... and the emergency bow and stern plane angle indicator lights were not functioning ... no indication ... position of either bow or stern planes.

**-5 to 15 Seconds After...** The attitude of the submarine increased from a slight down angle of **2 to 3 degrees to between 12 and 15 degrees down...**

**-15 to 30 Seconds After...** ... increasing down angle ... 15 degrees

down to approximately **40 to 45 degrees down**

**-30 to 60 Seconds After...** ... a maximum depth of approximately **1011 feet** in the bow section, approximately **720 feet** in the after section with an angle **greater than 75 degrees down.**

**-60 to 70 Seconds After...** **started toward and through zero angle into an up angle** and change of momentum toward the surface.

**-70 to 120 Seconds After ...** The submarine **up angle rapidly increased to at least 83 degrees** and the submarine quickly accelerated in a forward and upward motion

**-120 to 150 Seconds After...** ... broke the ocean's surface in a **near vertical attitude** and rose to a position which **almost cleared the after sail area ... [then] stern first to a completely submerged condition stern down. ... resurfaced at an angle of about 40 degrees and remained on the surface, dead in the water.** The high pressure air manifold was secured. The submarine returned to the surface for the second time at about 1345.

Note: All the loose material which had accumulated on the forward bulkheads of all compartments, except maneuvering room, now literally "fell" aft through the air and crashed in mass on after bulkheads. One deck plate in the forward torpedo room sailed through the air, from between the torpedo tubes, passed through the forward battery. In the sonar room there was a stop watch hanging by a three inch long loop from a knurled knob which secures a vertical panel on sonar stack. This stop watch fell from the knob on which it was hanging during the up angle. In order to cause the loop holding the watch to slip off the knurled knob it is necessary to tilt the panel outward from a vertical position to a near horizontal angle of at least 82 degrees.

**At this stage of the incident many personnel could no longer recall what occurred, as evidenced by written statements and tape recordings.**

CHOPPER was able to restore sufficient propulsion machinery to return to port under her own power.

**Planning to attend the Sabalo Association 2016 Reno Reunion:**

Let us know if your name should be on this list for planning purposes. 35 signed up as of today — 15 to go to hold our \$45 ea HR prices.

Barker, Hal '65-6	Elzinga, Mike/Connie '59-61	MacLean, Jim/Cheryl '66-70	Towery, Bill '66-69
Bolen, Terry '70	Giacomelli, Andre '53-54	McKnight, Bob/Isuzu '67-71	Tucker, Charles '59-63
Clement, Art/Wendy '59-62	Gorence, Ron '66-70	Owens, Jeff/Paula '67-69	Wallace, Jim '64
Davis, Larry 'Doc' '65-8	Grubbs, Charles	Potts, Jim/Laura '58-60	Wilhelm, Tom '68-70
Donovan, Jack '68-70	Kaefer, Will/Mary '68-70	Ray, Mick/Caroll '66-69	
Drost, Louie '70-71	Lary, Peter/Gail '68-69	Ruden, Pete 1960	
	Losby, Harold/Shirley '65-70	Schwichtenberg, Del/MEllen	





**MAIL BAG** ≧ Please do not send me the newsletter. Tom enjoyed having it very much. Thanks to you all. Nancy J. Beck, widow (updated in DeckLog)≦  
 ≧ Hello Sir, [USPO Postcard] Hope this note finds you well! Sure would like to have a copy of the Sabalo's newsletter. Love to read it! Sincerely, Steve Giancola, Mesa, Az.≦



"War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. The person who has nothing for which he is willing to fight, nothing which is more important than his own personal safety, is a miserable creature and has no chance of being free unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself."

John Stuart Mill, English economist & philosopher (1806 - 1873)



**NTINS**

**More Recollections**

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

\*Ray - I don't think after battery rats are allowed to write their recollections of their duty aboard diesel boats. I think they made us sign some kind of statement to that effect... If you divulged anything about your service aboard diesel boats, some JG from the Office of Naval Intelligence will come directly to your place of residence and remove the frontal lobe of your brain - and your tongue.

All the great submarine books are written by officers; *"THE THRILLING WARTIME ADVENTURES OF RICHARD "BIG DICK" OHARA, COMMANDER OF THE USS MUDCAT (SS-ZIPPTY DOO DAH), TERROR OF THE MUMBO JUMBO STRAITS"* You never see *"THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF WILLIE "THE ANIMAL" JOHNSON, MESSCOOK & STARBOARD LOOKOUT - - - TOPSIDE WATCH AND GEEDUNK TRUCK COMMANDO. THE MAN THE NAVY USED TO PROVE PENICILLIN WOULD CURE DAMN NEAR EVERYTHING."*

Take a Master Chief. In the late '50s and early '60s, a Master Chief had SERIOUS power. If I recall my high school civics, a Master Chief could become President right after the impeachment of the Postmaster General. In certain primitive societies, a Master Chief was considered equal to, or greater than, their god of sexual abandonment and drunken revelry. A Master Chief was a BIG deal... If they were REALLY hungry, they could make a meal out of the entire deck force. I was an after battery rat. Most of my boat service was spent as a qualified, non rated animal. A single cell invertebrate at the absolute lowest end of the Naval food chain. Naval Regs and submarine force policy did not allow independent thought below E-5, except for use of toilet tissue and tying of shoelaces.

My book, *"LIFE IN HOGAN'S ALLEY AND NEAT STUFF YOU CAN DO ON HELM WATCH"* will be out next year. I

plan to follow it up with *"THE LITTLE GOLDEN BOOK OF PROSTITUTES AND BARMAIDS"*.

We weren't the most informed folks. We actually believed it was impossible for an enlisted man to make Master Chief or Chief of the Boat, if he could identify his mother or came from married parents... And that the 'Goat Locker' was a sea-going franchise, owned and operated by ordained disciples of the Devil... And that Hell was the home of people who invented the chipping hammer and paint scraper.

Life was simple below 3rd. Class. If you could steal a blanket off some poor sonuvabitch hotsacking in the Alley, liked paperback sexbook literature, could eat Spam and like it, could sleep through venting #2 sanitary tank inboard, had a girl on the beach with loose panty elastic and beer money and could win an anchor pool every now and then, life wasn't half bad.

On the other hand, if you had to messcook, dive #2 sanitary tank in the yards, had a sea print film case fall out of the overhead vent lines and land on yo face, life was not so good. In fact, life got totally terrible when you returned from 6 weeks of punching invisible holes in the Atlantic to find that the girl with the loose panty elastic was that day's winner of the ovulation anchor pool.

Life alternated between good and bad... Bug juice and sea stores cigarettes... Hand-me-down foul weather gear... Mid rats made from recipes tested in Japanese POW camps and the application of the advice and wisdom of tattoo-covered, cigar smoking Chief Petty Officers, who never understood that the 14th. Amendment freed all slaves.

- - It's all in my book.

[\*Refers to *Olgoat.com* where you'll find *After Battery*, the collected works of Dex Armstrong and a few of my NTINS too. Ray Sloan is the webmaster. Ed]





Never won an anchor pool? Anchor pools were operated by the slush fund, a.k.a. the Saltwater Savings and Loan. For those who never rode an anchor pool boat, I will try to explain their operation. First of all, the things are illegal... Totally and absolutely outlawed by everyone from the Chief of Naval Operations down to the squadron chaplain.

The odds are terrible. You would stand a better chance betting on a blind mule at the Kentucky Derby. What you do is contribute five bucks to the Saltwater Savings and Loan and it provides you with the opportunity to win \$50, the remaining bucks going to the 'slush.' You actually never used the term 'slush fund' because the bulkheads had ears. You said 'Saltwater Savings and Loan' or 'contributions to Mrs. Murphy's Mother's Day card. Let me explain how an anchor pool works... You need a pen, two sheets of white typing paper, a sheet of carbon paper (do they still make carbon paper? Xerox sure must've kicked the slats outta the carbon paper rack...), a piece of stiff cardboard and a good stapler.

You stapled two sheets of typing paper together with the carbon paper sandwiched in between. Then you laid out a grid with 60 squares. With the carbon in place, what you got were two mirror image blank grids - one exactly over the other one. You then delicately... What a word to use in conjunction with anything done by a submarine sailor... You carefully folded back the top sheet and the carbon, and placed numbers from one to sixty in random order, in the sixty blank boxes of the lower sheet. Then you returned the folded top sheet and carbon so that you had a visible top sheet containing blank boxes.

You then circulated among your fellow inmates of your submersible septic tank and relieved each player of five frog skins. Most anchor pools were five frog skin pools. I heard rumors that on some big ships they had pools with hundred buck boxes. We didn't have any direct relatives of Bonnie and Clyde, so we kept it to one Abe Lincoln a box.

Once you had picked a box, you would write your name in it. Because the carbon paper was still in place sandwiched over the numbered boxes, your name would show up superimposed over some number between one and sixty. The pages were stapled to the cardboard so you had no way of knowing what your number was.

The corner boxes went first. Boxes in the middle went next. There were many scientific systems used... There was the 'Hand over the eyes, finger point' method, the 'Eenie-meeny-miney-moe' selection process, and the favorite 'Shit, just pick one for me' method. I personally liked the one in the middle of the lower edge. This location had been revealed to me in a 151 proof rum-induced dream... At the time I was speaking directly with Zeus.

Old hands knew you had to get hold of an anchor pool sign up board before it passed aft of the after battery. When that board passed through the forward and after engine rooms... And throttlmen and oilers wrote on it... It got greasy snipe prints all over the cardboard and sheets. By the time it reached the guys popping the 'electric sticks,' it was a grimy mess. This in no way places the blame on enginemen and motor macs... No sir, everyone knows these individuals had lovely cleaned and manicured hands. The root cause of all

the nasty looking oily, greasy fingerprints were the 'lower flats trolls.' Those little sonuvabitches caused all kinds of problems. They could louse up a vertical drive on a Fairbanks Morse rock crusher or throw a lower crank. One thing they rarely did and that was picked a winning anchor pool number.

If you couldn't fill the card, all the blank boxes were owned by the 'Mrs. Murphy's Mother's Day card fund'... A subsidiary of the Requin branch of North Atlantic Saltwater Savings and Loan - pier 22. Fine institution... Open around the clock... Known to invest heavily in sea stores cigarettes that became available at somewhat exorbitant prices after three weeks on the snorkel.

The SS&L had a slogan, "Someone's gonna screw you... Let it be us and keep it in the family" The SS&L brought you beer ball games, bail money, cash to pay fines, ship's parties, and fare for unanticipated trips home. The only financial institution in North America that would bankroll visits to cat-houses with no collateral required.

Each anchor pool had a prize, usually fifty bucks. When you came in to tie up, the Old Man would yell to the line handlers' topside to "Put your lines over when you can." This triggered a shower of heavies... Heaving lines thrown at the pier or the deck of some outboard boat. 'Heavie' for the uninitiated, is a line... A light line that has a big knot tied on one end to weight it. The knot is called a 'monkey fist'... You weight it so you can throw the light line across the water. A line handler is your counterpart on the pier or the boat you will tie up to. He catches your heavie and takes up the slack then pulls the heavy hawser over that will tie your boat up. It takes four hawsers to tie up a smoke boat.

You can increase the range, velocity and lethal potential of a heaving line by making your monkey fist around a large metal nut, a pool ball or a smooth river rock. Bounce a little sweetheart like that off a bosun'mate's skull and you are guaranteed instant celebrity followed by certain death.

When a line handler catches the first heavie, the Navy considers the ship moored... And the Old Man tells the duty quartermaster to mark the time in the log. No one gives a damn about the hour but the minute, of which there are sixty possibilities, determines your anchor pool winner. The quartermaster passes the word, "Ship moored sixteen thirty three..." We rip open the board and look at the names inscribed in carbon ink over the numbered squares.

"Here it is... Number 33... Name's Tick Dick... 'Tick Dick' Edwards... The lucky sonuvabitch... Guess who's buying at Bells tonight!"

Over the 21 MC you hear, "Seaman first Ronald C. Edwards will mail Mrs. Murphy's Mother's Day card..." Now every sonuvabitch on the boat knows whom the beer at Bells will be on for the better part of the first hour.

Anchor pools weren't a good thing to base your future security or retirement plan on. They were at best, a lousy percentage bet, but they were a critical leg in the illegal financial system that kept the lads who rode vintage petroleum-powered submersible iron in beer, whiskey and ragged around the edges female companionship.



Lieutenant Commander David Balme, who recently died at age 95, led a boarding party which captured an Enigma machine from a German U-boat during the Battle of Convoy OB138 in May 1941, a turning point in the Battle of the Atlantic.

At midday on May 9 1941 Commander Joe Baker-Cresswell, captain of the destroyer Bulldog, was about to order the ships of the 3rd Escort Group to leave west-bound trans-Atlantic Convoy OB318 in order to refuel at Iceland when two merchant ships were torpedoed in quick succession.

The torpedoes were fired from U-110, commanded by the German U-boat ace Fritz-Julius Lemp, who disregarded the proximity of the Royal Navy corvette Aubretia.

Before his second salvo of torpedoes struck, Aubretia's Lieutenant Commander Vivian Smith commenced a counter-attack with depth charges which blew U-110 to the surface.

The destroyer Broadway attempted to ram the surfaced U-boat and all three British ships opened fire with their guns. There was panic below decks on U-110 and the crew abandoned ship. Fifteen men were killed or drowned including Lemp, and 32 survivors were picked up and hurried below deck in Aubretia. The action was over in minutes, and when Baker-Cresswell stopped Bulldog alongside the U-boat he found it wallowing stern-down in the Atlantic rollers.

Balme was ordered to row across in Bulldog's whaler to "get whatever you can out of her – documents, books, charts, and get the wireless settings, anything like that". Jumping on to the U-boat's outer hull he walked, revolver in hand, to the conning tower, at which point he had to holster his pistol in order to climb three ladders to the top of the tower and down again inside the U-boat to the control room. It was, he later recalled, "a very nasty moment because both my hands were occupied and I was a sitting target to anyone down below".

Balme was very frightened; he expected the boat to sink, or scuttling charges to blow up at any moment, or to be overcome by chlorine from damaged batteries. The inside of the boat was dimly lit, there was a "nasty" hissing noise, and he could hear water slopping in the bilges. "I immediately went right for'd and right aft with my revolver in my hand to see if there was anybody about," he said later. Noting that despite damage the U-boat was clean and well-kept and there was food on the table, but finding no Germans aboard, Balme called down the boarding party and "started ransacking all the treasures of the U-boat".

In the wireless office, telegraphist Alan Long found "a funny

sort of instrument, Sir, it looks like a typewriter but when you press the keys something else comes up on it". Balme recognised this as "some sort of coding machine", which he ordered to be unscrewed, and he organised a human chain to carry the machine and other equipment, charts and documents up the ladders and into the whaler.

Balme and Long had found an Enigma machine, the cipher device which the German U-boat service used to communicate to its fleet in, as the Germans thought, an unbreakable code. Besides that day's settings they also recovered the daily settings until the end of June, which, when delivered later to Bletchley Park, enabled Alan Turing and his team to read the German naval "Hydra" code, the officer-only code, and, with the knowledge and experience gained, to go on to crack several other codes. Lemp's crew were so demoralised and ill-disciplined that later in prison camp they talked freely to their interrogators about U-110 and about other boats in which they had served.

Balme and his men spent six hours inside U-110, where for some time they were left alone in the Atlantic, listening to the distant sound of depth charges while the 3rd Escort Group hunted another U-boat. When Bulldog returned, Balme passed a towline, and for a day U-110 was pulled towards Iceland, until about 11.00 on May 10 1941 when the German vessel reared its bows in the air and sank stern-first.

The loss of U-110 enabled the British to throw a cloak of secrecy over the whole affair, a cloak so dark that even when Captain Stephen Roskill, the official historian of the Royal Navy, wrote about the capture in 1959, only those already in the know were able to read between the lines and would have realised that the secret of the capture was not the U-boat but the Enigma material which was salvaged from it. Balme had been told that the truth of his secret capture would be kept forever, and was surprised when in the 1970s its secrets began to leak out.

Baker-Cresswell and Smith were awarded the DSO, Balme the DSC, and Long the DSM, for enterprise and skill in action against enemy submarines. There were also breaches of security: Baker-Cresswell had told Balme to bring him back a pair of binoculars. Balme brought back two, and he used these swastika-stamped Zeiss binoculars in his yacht for 50 years. He also pinched Lemp's cap from his cabin, keeping it as a souvenir until he presented it to the Imperial War Museum in 2003.

## NTINS

In everyone's life there are moments that are indelibly imprinted in a form that allows the event to be recalled in minute detail years later. The loss of Thresher was such an event.

I left the boat late that evening. I hung around waiting for some kid who was messcooking. I sat around in the crew's mess, bullshitting with the cooks and a

## The Longest Night — Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

couple of 'stay aboards' from the section pulling duty. Just cigarettes and coffee and aimless conversation to fill time. No real plans... Other than to fill another lonely empty evening with a few beers with mates and barmaids, eat some Slim Jims, wash 'em down with some suds and get a few whiffs of cheap perfume. Maybe have little Dixie

sneak up behind me, lay those wonderful tits on my jumper flap and give me a kiss on the neck like she did in her devilishly playful moods. Listen to a little Johnny Cash, *Big River* and *Ring of Fire*... Someone toss in a couple of quarters and punch up *La Bamba* and *The Lonely Bull*... Have Thelma yell at me to get my gahdam feet off the gah-





dam furniture, and head back before midnight.

When my messcooking running mate for the night finally got the dishes racked and tossed his apron to the cook, the 'stay aboards' were rewinding the nightly movie and the night baker was lining up the crap he needed to work his magic. Topside watch yelled down the after battery hatch, "Hey below!"

"Yo..."

"Just heard on the radio... Thresher's overdue."

"So what? You queer for some nuke on Thresher?"

"Gahdammit, they said she might be in trouble."

"Five'll get you ten they're full of it... Damn thing's brand new. Go take the slack out of your lines."

We didn't think much of it. In light of what happened that seems callous and uncaring now but at the time we truly thought nuke boats were invincible. The navy didn't lose submarines in peacetime. It was that simple.

The cook coming off duty... It may have been Custer or "Red" Wyatt, dropped us off at Bells. We knew something was wrong when we got into Bells... No music... No customary racket... No clicking of pool balls. Just a bunch of Subron Six bluejackets in low conversation. "Jeezus H. Christ... Everbody get a letter from home saying their dog died?"

"Knock it off Dex... Thresher's down."

"No shit?"

"No shit... Navy spokesman up at Portsmouth just said they've been unable to contact her for several hours... No UQC... Nothing since she reported she was buttoning up for a dive."

"Holy shit! the topside watch said he had picked something up like that but we didn't think it was possible... We kinda laughed him off."

"It's possible... In this case, a little more than possible."

"Poor bastards... I've got a buddy named Dick Hall riding her. Went to high school with him. Susan Elisabeth went through school with him."

Dick went to New London and cleared Basic Sub School in '58, a year before me. Got his ET crow (I'm sure he was an ET... But then again, it's been 40 years... Don't hold me to it.) and got sent to new construction. Thresher was his first and only boat. He may not have gotten his dolphins by the time she went down. Somebody bummed a radio from an oriental seamstress in Bells' Naval Tailors and we plugged it in and sat it up on the bar. There was a landsale business going on in speculation as to what had happened, but the only things that were sure was that she had not been in a collision and that she had not been heard from.

At one point someone mentioned that a call had gone out for divers and ships' company of the Kittiwake, our submarine salvage vessel, to report to the ship. They also said something about the

Sandpiper but we never heard anything more. Bells was about as raunchy as boatsailor's bars came in those days. The possibility of it being listed as a four-star establishment in a Norfolk tourist guidebook were about as remote as Felix the Cat coming in first at the Kentucky Derby... But it became a cathedral the night Thresher was lost.

Barmaids were usually well-meaning sweet young things under 25, whose panties had passed their knees in various motor vehicles several hundred times before their 18th birthday... And at times, they were the closest thing to home a young bluejacket could find on a cold rainy night. Loved them then and still do.

On that night, they hurt right alongside of us. That night, I came to know that the most honest thing in life were barmaid's tears... That having a tiny corner in a tavern girl's heart was a very, very special thing and that holding a fallen angel when she needed a shoulder to soak up her sadness was a memory that I would revisit my whole life.

You would have to have been a twenty-two year old bluejacket a long way from home with tear-stained dolphins that night, to understand. It was a long night filled with the fear only boatsailors know and it didn't get any better the next morning.

I never had the honor of knowing the others but, that night, the Creator took back a helluva fine lad ... Dick Hall.



### SABALO SHIP'S STORE -- OPEN FER BIDNEZ - SUPER CLEARANCE SALE

Online guys check the web site — if you can't get online, and want something, call me.

SHIP STORE AT THE REUNION - I will be sending all left over items to the reunion for liquidation. There will be an auction - day and time to be announced. Maybe some items will go for pennies-on-the-dollar of value.

Don't miss it! The wife says all the stuff must go!

ADDITIONALLY, SOME OTHER REGULAR ITEMS WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE BY ATTENDEES OR BY ORDER FROM ANYONE. Quantities will be limited to just those who pre-order, so email or call ASAP if you want something. Attendees will save shipping cost and take delivery in Reno. If you won't be attending order now so the quantities can be included. This is likely the last chance for items to be ordered via the ship's store.

SABALO HATS - There is one hat with gold dolphins on hand. I will order a batch with silver dolphins if there are enough orders.

T-SHIRTS - Based on multiple requests I will order with the same graphic that was used on the Reno shirts in 2003, copied from the Commissioning Program of 1945. The imprint will be navy blue on gray shirts. Get 2 — 3 for replacements as they wear out. The new design will utilize the graphic, but lettering may differ somewhat because the past art work was lost. I will check to see if pocket T's will also take the design, if that is your preference.

SABALO CHALLENGE COINS - These are available online, or I can order with substantial deduction in price. see: <http://www.silentservicechallengecoins.com/coin-ss-302.html>. If you're interested let me know now; I need to order at least 20 coins to make it worthwhile.

STILL IN STOCK - Sabalo posters, lapel pins, patches, great luggage tags & world-famous submarine service wheel books.

## USS Sabalo, Last WesPac, 1970

Assigned to Flotilla 7 Squadron 5 Division 51  
 13 Mar UW (UnderWay) for Pearl Harbor from San Diego -  
 Ray, Ernest YN3 missed movement.  
 21 Mar Moored P.H. (Pearl Harbor, Hi)  
 29 Mar UW for Sasebo, Japan  
 3 Apr Crossed the international dateline  
 10 Apr Moored NavSupFac, Sasebo  
 15 Apr UW  
 19 Apr Anchored East coast of Korea at 35 deg 51.1 min N  
 123 deg 33.0 min E; then underway to Op Area Yang Po Ri  
 26 Apr Moored Pier 3 B13 Pusan, Korea  
 29 Apr UW for Buckner Bay, Okinawa  
 2 May Moored Buckner Bay  
 5 May UW local  
 6 May UW for Naha, Okinawa  
 12 May Moored U.S. Army Supply Depot, Naha  
 14 May UW for Buckner Bay  
 19 May Moored Buckner Bay  
 20 May UW for Yokosuka  
 26 May Moored USN RepFac, Yokosuka  
 5 Jun UW for Chinhae, So. Korea  
 8 Jun Anchored Chinhae  
 9 Jun UW for Subic Bay

19 Jun Moored Rivera Pier, subic Bay  
 20 Jun UW for Sangley Point, P.I.  
 28 Jun Moored Sangley Pt.  
 30 Jun UW for Kaohsiung, Taiwan  
 4 Jul Moored Kaohsiung  
 7 Jul UW for Keelung, Taiwan  
 9 Jul Moored Keelung  
 11 Jul UW for Subic Bay  
 13 Jul Moored Subic  
 14 Jul Into drydock at Subic  
 15 Jul Ou of dock; moored Alava 8  
 19 Jul UW for Sattahib, Thailand  
 24 Jul Moored Sattahib; then underway for local ops  
 27 Jul Moored Sattahib  
 28 Jul UW for Bangkok  
 30 Jul Moored Bangkok  
 3 Aug UW for Hong Kong  
 10 Aug Moored Hong Kong  
 14 Aug UW for Guam  
 24 Aug Moored Apra Harbor, Guam  
 29 Aug UW for Pearl Harbor  
 7 Sep Moored P.H.  
 8 Sep UW for San Diego  
 15 Sep Moored San Diego



### SHIP'S SOUL

Seriously, I do believe that ships have "souls";  
 their soul is made up of all the blood, sweat, and tears  
 that everyone who serves on the ship gives to her,  
 and from the little pieces of themselves  
 that every crew member leaves behind,  
 be it their hopes, fears, or dreams.

I've left part of my soul  
 on each of the ships that I've served on,  
 but have also taken some  
 of their personalities with me,  
 so I think it's a good trade...

Going deep...

Internet post by Bubblehead

## Robert "DEX" Armstrong Smoke Boat Submariner Author



Born in Rome Georgia the day after Christmas 1940. After graduating from high school (Wakefield High Arlington Va) joined the Navy graduated from Boot Camp, Torpedo "A" School and SubSchool served aboard USS DIABLO (SS-479) and USS REQUIN (SS-481). Upon discharge he attended the University of South Carolina and American University graduated and earned CPM (Certified Property Manager) from the Institute of Property Management (professional arm of the National Association of Realtors). During his pre-graduation years he worked for the International Monetary Fund as a Statistical Draftsman, Field Rep for the Potomac Electric Power Company and Sales Engineer for Haughton Elevator Company. Upon receipt of his CPM designation he worked for the Charles E. Smith Co. for eight years as a Senior Property Manager, until the Carter Administration discovered massive fraud and abuse in the Public Building Service of the General Services Administration and he was brought onboard to clean up the mess in the Federal Triangle....Retired on thirty years Federal Service (combined military service and civil service) after having managed the Pentagon Building and two of Washington's three National Capitol Regional Districts (South and West) and becoming the Deputy Director of the National Capitol Region. He quotes "I am presently retired and have absolutely nothing scheduled between here and the loading dock at the funeral home".

He is a "USS TORSK VOLUNTEER"..... but is best known in the Submarine Community as the "Mark Twain of USSVI".

Author - For a few... Those Who Sail Beneath the Swells  
 and  
The Longest Night (Loss of the Thresher)

...Can be found at "The After Battery" ([www.olgoat.com](http://www.olgoat.com))



**Tours:** (775) 786-8687; pay by credit card.  
**Deadline for Tour registration is July 17.**  
 8/17 - Wed 10:00am — 4:00pm South Lake Tahoe, Museums \$58  
 8/18 - Thu 09:30am — 14:30pm Lake Tahoe Luncheon Cruise \$112  
 8/19 - Fri 10:30am — 3:30pm Historic Virginia City \$53

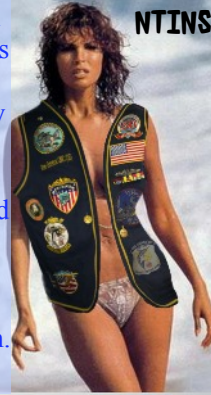
**Reno Plan of the Day (Condensed)**

**Tuesday August 16, 2016**  
 18:00 – 20:00 Welcome Aboard Party  
**Wednesday August 17, 2016**  
 07:00 – 09:00 WWII /Holland Club Breakfast  
 10:00 – 16:00 South Lake Tahoe Scenic Tour  
 14:00 – 16:00 Base Commanders Meeting  
**Thursday August 18, 2016**  
 09:30 – 14:30 Lake Tahoe Luncheon Cruise  
 12:00 – 14:00 Men's/Women's Luncheon  
*1830 - Sabalo Banquet at VFW\**  
**Friday August 19, 2016**  
 10:30 – 15:30 Virginia City Tour  
 12:00 – 14:00 Bases Membership Meeting  
 13:00 – 15:00 Meet the Authors (Sub Novels )  
**Saturday August 20, 2016**  
 09:00 – 11:00 USSVI An. Bus.Meeting  
 13:00 – 16:00 Annual Submarine Film Festival  
 17:30 – 23:30 Awards Banquet/Entertainment  
**Sunday August 21, 2016** — Depart

**Useful Info on USSVI's website:**  
[ussviconvention.org/2016](http://ussviconvention.org/2016)

- Pull-down tab** **Info**
- Registration — GSR Rooms or call 1 (800) 648-5080
  - Tours — Tours excursions & more or call 1 (775) 786-8687
  - Shipmates — List of who's signed up (Update in Next Lobo)
  - Reunions — Which boats plan an event
  - Plan/Week — USSSI activities
  - Visiting Here — Reno/Tahoe area

Thanks to all my shipmates who helped me locate my vest. I'll be picking it up in Hollywood before Reno, although I may have to pay a ransom.  
 RonG ☺



There is a shuttle leaving the Grand Sierra Resort/Casino Hotel on the hour and half-hour, daily between 5:00 am and 11:30 PM. Shuttle leaves from the Airport terminal building exit located at the far end of baggage claim at 15 and 45 minutes past each hour daily between 5:15 am and 11:45 PM.

**Sabalo Activities**  
 \$45: for HR rent  
 \$10: for HR Spirits  
 \$45: for Banquet\*  
 \$100 Total each (per person). Mail check to Jeff Owens (Address on pg 2)

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



**2016 Convention Registration Form**

Name (To be used on badge): \_\_\_\_\_  
 Base: \_\_\_\_\_ Base Officer: Y/N Position? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Spouse/Guest: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Emergency Contact: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Qual. Boat: \_\_\_\_\_ Hull No.: \_\_\_\_\_ Year: \_\_\_\_\_

**NOTE:** A Registration fee of \$30.00 is required for each person attending the 2016 Convention.  
**NOTE:** In the event that you cannot attend you must contact our Registration Committee Chair in writing prior to July 14th 2016 and request a full refund.  
**NOTE:** Attendance at any USSVI sponsored activity requires paid 2016 Convention Registration.

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

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







### Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Rabidou - Utterback (99 of 599))

Rabidou, Donald B ??	Salud, Gregorio 1996	Shaw, Vernon W 2009	Stothard, Ralph BI ??
Rake, Marvel E ??	Samuel, Luther L 2008	Shea, Ronald L 2002	Stroleny, Donald J 1975
Ramsey, Brian H, 2014	Sanders, Stanley 1993	Shelby, Stephen 2010	Sturm, Everette 1960
Ratliff, Thomas H 1980	Santana, Erix (nm 1996	Shepard, Calvin K 1982	Sullivan, Fred (nm 1983
Reaves, Clinton 1986	Saucy, Ellswort 1997	Shumake, David R 1986	Sullivan, Michael, 1987
Regnere, Ernest L 1982	Saunders, Phillip 2006	Sidol, William 2001	Sundell, Thomas W 2012
Reiboldt, A 2004	Savadkin, Lawrence 2007	Slepko, Stephen 2012	Swartz, Ezra Ree 2001
Reidinger, Jetson J 2004	Sayles, Charles 1993	Slinker, Frank Ed 2008	Swenson, Carl O 1985
Reyes, Mario Di 1989	Schisler, Harry C 2001	Smelker, Gaylord 1999	Swenson, Eric H 2007
Ribble, Thomas R 2012	Schmidt, Alfred J ??	Smith, Jack E 1997	Tabing, Virginio 1988
Rice, Glenn R 1998	Schultz, Guy Mayl 1975	Smith, Charlie 1985	Taylor, Thomas H 2010
Rice, Howell B 2011	Schultz, Robert M 2003	Smith, Lewis Ca 2013	Teeter, Lewis Al 2013
Rice, Lester J 2011	Schwehm, Francis 1977	Smith, Loren Co 1995	Thomas, Peter Ri 1992
Richgels, Henry Jo 2014	Scott, David Ar 2010	Smith, Pearce D 1995	Thurman, Milton E 1986
Rismiller, Robert C 2007	Seaman, James 2014	Sojka, Frank Ge 2006	Tierney, William 2004
Robbins, Robert W 1984	Sedlak, Richard 2014	Sowards, GW 2007	Tingle, Henry Ge 1991
Roberts, Verlan C 1997	Seeber, Richard 2007	Starks, Lindon R 2003	Torgeson, Duane Ti 2008
Robinson, James La 2009	Seevell, Roger (n 2012	Stetler, Wilson W 1990	Townsend, Gordon E 1980
Rohrbacher, Virgel H 2005	Seigler, Harold W 2010	Stevens, Bernal A 2011	Trevelyan, Willard 1991
Roripaugh, Nonie B 1999	Settle, Hansford 1989	Stevenson, Connelly 2008	Trimble, Delmer L 2002
Roseland, Roland R 2003	Severson, Edward S 1988	Stiefbold, Donald F 1988	Trone, Peter Ru 1984
Ross, James Hen 2011	Sewell, Thomas H 1997	Stieff, Donald C 2004	Tupaz, Terencio 2004
Rouse, Daniel ( 1974	Shaffer, Clyde Ho 1972	Stiles, Robert A 2012	Uncapher, Roland M 1982
Royle, Michael 2014	Shannon, Fred Bar 1968	Stockton, Jeffrey 2005	Utterback, David C 1978
Ruffino, Anthony 1972	Shaw, Paul G 1998	Story, Gerald L 2004	

#### Respectful/difficult NOTE TO SABALO WIVES AND WIDOWS:

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




**Sabalo Association Membership Data:** Our Association charges no dues for membership, for *Clever Boy*, or for other expenses. The *Thank You* on page 2 is to recognize Sabalo shipmates who regularly contribute the cost of mailing *Clever Boy* to our WWII shipmates and to our brothers without email access. For years, many loyal shipmates have also sent donations to our Association's founder, Jeff Owens, for support of our website and other expenses — Jeff adamantly rejects any form of payment for membership, which is defined as anyone who ever served on Sabalo.

The purpose of this form is to collect your initial data, and to update any address changes which can cost us hours of work whenever we have to re-handle bounced correspondence. **Please** help us keep the following records current:


Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse/next of kin: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_  
 Home Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Cell Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ E-Mail Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Years on Sabalo (Month, if known): \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ Low/Highest Rank/Rate aboard: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Qual Boat # / QYear: \_\_\_\_\_ USSVI Base: \_\_\_\_\_ Retired (Y/N, Yr): \_\_\_\_\_  
 Date Of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_ Home Town: \_\_\_\_\_


#### Footnotes:

**Bravo Zulu:** =“Well Done!” 

**NTINS:** “Now This Is No Sh\*t,” as opposed to Fairy Tales which begin with, “Once upon a time....” Often shortened to: *(T.I.N.S.)*

**TBT** - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)

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

Continued:  The End: 