



"Sabalo" is a Spanish word defined in the dictionaries as meaning "Shad." Other authorities state that the word is used by Spanish and French fisherman in the Gulf of Mexico and West Indies when referring to the Tarpon.

The Tarpon is a noted game fish and is the delight of sports fisherman because of the tenacity and resourcefulness of its fight when caught. It is not unusual to take several hours of hard work and skillful manipulation before the fish can be brought to gaff. It is certainly that the courage, tenacity, and resourceful qualities of our heritage, combined with the American fighting spirit and will-to-win, will make the Sabalo an excellent fighting ship. [From the program of the 1st commissioning ceremony: J.Owens]

•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 118 copies of this issue—but like all submariners, if there's an easier way.... [Ed]



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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:
Ron Gorence
2563 Roseview Place
San Diego, Ca 92105-4734

To:



To 46 Publication Donors — Thank You!

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

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From the Tomato Basket:

Ron's list of donors aren't the only men who have supported the Sabalo Crew Association but only the names of those who sent money since CB's first publication, and initially funded by passing the hat at the 2009 reunion. However, over the years I've received contributions to help defray website and mail costs; I hope I acknowledged most of you personally by email or letter; if not, please excuse the oversight.

Since Norfolk last year a number of men have asked for one more try at a reunion bash. Ron has been keeping the lantern on the bridge lit, so now is the time!

Preliminary exploration of Las Vegas, the responders' consensus so far, has found reasonable prices and easy air access; there's nothing firm, but good possibilities at the **Golden Nugget Casino (GN)**, downtown and in walking distance of some other places. The 'Strip' is quite a hike up and down between casinos. Downtown is a little more cozy and convenient. GN underwent remodeling in 2011-12 with new rooms just opened and offers reasonable rates for rooms and catering: standard rooms are \$69/night and as low as \$42; suites \$99 or less (+13% tax), depending on dates. The specific periods under consideration are the **last 2 weeks of September and 11-24**

November, for 3 days + 3 nights, with group rates before and after for those wishing more time in Vegas than the reunion dates. Midweek is least expensive and easiest reservations. A buffet banquet will be about \$75. Prices are lower than past reunions.

This is preliminary until our specifics and other places are evaluated. Suggestions are welcome, especially if you have current familiarity with Vegas. In any case we will need to book about 30 rooms—50 for a banquet. To date, a dozen guys have indicated interest in attending, but before reservations or arrangements can be set there needs to be reasonably firm commitment from enough of you to get this going.

Please respond to Ron or me, even if you've already indicated interest, if there are 30 by the end of April, I will book firm dates.

Some cost data: Airport shuttle, \$9. Single ride ticket on Las Vegas Monorail:\$5, 1day pass \$12, 3day 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.

As usual, I will begin a list of prospective attendees on the website: http://ussabalo.org/Reunion_News.html
V/R Jeff Owens

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Sabalo web site: Our domain name is now ten years old. Our ranking in number of site visits per year is 20,730,783. This may seem pretty minute, but there are over 640 million web sites on the internet. We average 62 hits per day. Source= Alexa.com

"Socialism is a philosophy of failure, the creed of ignorance, and the gospel of envy, its inherent virtue is the equal sharing of misery." -- Winston

Note from a Marine: "Just returned from San Diego. Quite possibly the most Patriotic city on the planet. Ten years of war and people literally standing in line to buy me, my CO and my Color Sergeant beers in a nightclub. Plus, major league ballplayers present that bring us to their game and roll out the red carpet. As if that's not enough to make me

feel great about being a Marine but more importantly an American, this morning I read a report about some a**hole that dies from fumes ingested while burning the American Flag. Look, we whipped the world's ass at the Olympics, we have an effn SUV rolling around on Mars, and now our flag has a confirmed kill. How great is that?"



Thru the TBT:

• **Housekeeping:** Like most sub QM's, I was as a really-lousy Signalman. Now, these many years later, I confess: phone messages are as high a priority as Morse code, and Semaphore — which means I ignore them, and I may have lost messages because my house phone number (on p. 2) was a land line which I also tend to ignore, and which has now changed to my cell (always with me, so I'll likely read messages quarterly or so); if you thought I didn't care because I ignored a you, please forgive me and try again. My attitude won't improve but odds are better you'll get to me. My apologies!

Our publishing budget is at \$177, which will be about \$100 short; if you have never contributed, or have not donated for a couple of years, feel free to help out shipmates who can't receive *Clever Boy* via email and send me a check—and ditto for what Jeff Owens does. I've paid little out of my own pocket for publishing *CB*, but Jeff pays for the website, and postage/phone bills, etc., so again, if you have never sent him any help-out money, or have not for a long while, please mail him a check too.

• **Sabalo Reunion:** Readers have chosen winter in Las Vegas for our next reunion. Right now, a 3-day mid-week period (like Nov. 11-13) looks best: room rates are down to \$50 vs. \$80 in September. The Golden Nugget is downtown, and Jeff's checking out others on *The Strip* (L.V. Blvd). The best possible deal for our Banquet and Hosp. Rm. are key. **IMPORTANT:** he can't begin to negotiate without knowing

the number of participants; please contact Jeff or Ron with a reasonable probability that you will attend—we'll need at least 50 people for a banquet. Please respond now, while it's fresh in your mind, and there's still time to find the best prices.

• **A Three-Way Tie:** 467, 464, & 466. *Clever Boy* deliveries are holding at 467 despite constant rejections of bad addresses and inevitable deaths. Meanwhile, the number of Lost Contacts (known members with unknown addresses) has decreased by 33 to: 464—which, in your editor's mind, is good progress. Sadly, the number on E.Patrol increased by 14 from 452 to 466 because of recent deaths/updated data.

Sabalo's *CB* goes out to 119 USPO addressees, but a dozen or so are always rejected. Some rejects are caused by Snowbirds with seasonal address changes. Other 348 email people frequently have email boxes that are full, or which reject any language stronger than *Gol Durn*. If you can think of some way to fix these problems, to avoid my moving members into and out of the Lost Contact roster, do it or drop me a line—and always keep me informed if you move.

• **This issue:** Dex honors the dolphins we wear, and I offer some history (probably more than you ever wanted to know about the dolphins we don't wear) plus a great speech by Adm. Konetzni (a youngster, but outstanding submariner). Then, there's a smattering of current articles related to two frequently-used DOD headline words: Sequestration and Decimation. And, as usual, when I get frustrated with all the bad news, I try to substitute humor. Enjoy. **V/R, RonG**

At our last reunion, a shipmate suddenly decided to start walking 5 miles a day. We still haven't found him.

NTINS:

The Men With The Pin by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

They returned ... Thousands of them... No, they numbered in the hundreds of thousands... Faces weather beaten, tanned... Smiling as they stepped down from trains all over America. Smiling that smile, universally recognized as that 'Damn!! It's great to be home!' smile.

They were home again... Those that were left. The survivors of a generation who left their homes and families to undertake the obligation of freedom-loving men to go into combat and ultimately defeat some of the most vile proponents of evil. They wore the story of their deeds and where they had been in rows of multi-colored, mute reminders above their pockets. What they had seen... What they had done and the personal losses they had suffered would forever be in their minds when they looked up at their national colors floating gently in the breeze.

They are rapidly passing into the cold pages of history. The awesome respect in which they were held a half-century

ago has given way to the gentle viewpoint of the Monday Morning Quarterbacking of those who have grown up in a world of safety and extravagance... Of promiscuity and excess made possible because of *their* self-sacrifice.

Soon it will be impossible to find a combat pilot who stared at oncoming aircraft through a rotating propeller blade... A sailor who passed 40 mm shells to a loader in a battleship gun tub... A soldier who carried rifle ammo in eight round clips and ate crap that resembled dog food out of an olive drab can... In a Dutch ditch... In the rain.

Men who fought wars that lasted years, rather than days and ended with a clear-cut result. For those of us who rode boats that went below the surface, there were men who rode our boats when the close aboard sound of fifty pounds of TNT detonating would be clearly heard through several inches of steel. That 'steel' was U.S. built pressure hull and audible public prayer could be heard in every compartment. And when it was over,

hardened men could hug each other, secure in the knowledge that no one would feel that they might be gender-confused. These same men knew the sound of torpedo hits and the telltale sound of the result of such hits as the bulkheads of an enemy target collapsed while the enemy vessel made its way to the bottom. Pressure-folding steel is a sound most of us will never hear, thanks to what these men did.

They had executed their war way beyond the established battle lines... Deep within the home waters of the Jap Empire. At a time when the Jap emperor and his militaristic toadies were assuring their easily duped people that they were secure, the people of Japan witnessed their merchant ships burning all along their coastal horizons. Ships, whose burning hulks were disappearing nightly, compliments of our *Undersea Warriors*.

So they returned ... What was left of them. They crossed the brow of boats that wore freshly painted enemy flags... Flags that chronicled their kills. A si-


lent statement of their contribution to our victorious effort in the Pacific. It may have been a *Silent Service*, but little Jap flags painted on the sides of conning towers made it clear that the presence of our submarine force had been felt. And above the jumper pockets of the men crossing to the pier, could be found the sterling silver representation of a submarine. The pin itself and each star worn below it, represented a war patrol which resulted in excess of ten thousand tons of enemy shipping sent to the bottom. The man or men who wrote the requirements for the awarding of that insignia wrote those requirements in such rigid and specific terms that the pin has never been watered down and reduced to the 'Crackerjack' prize that so many other military badges have become. Today, the U.S. Submarine Combat Patrol Pin remains a symbol of men who have gone to sea and have drawn blood in defense of their country and way of life at the risk of their personal safety—If not the sacrifice of their futures. Someday, the powers that decide such

things, will come to their senses and will stop naming our submarines after geographical locations and hack politicians and start naming our undersea warships after the heroes who wore *'The Pin'*. Why they feel compelled to look elsewhere when we have such towering heroes of our own makes no sense to this old E-3. They named a whole *class* of tin cans after Admiral Arliegh Burke, proving that they can do it right... At times. But, the men who parked torpedoes in the sides of so many enemy ships, held no inflated sense of their own importance. When you try to thank the old meat-eaters, they always reply with, "Hell, I was young, scared and just doing my job." Volunteering for submarine duty in wartime has never been routinely expected of U.S. Sailors. Volunteering has never been an exercise in goat-roping the timid and reluctant. The Draft Board never forced any citizen to fill the ranks of the Submarine Service. Any man, who found wartime employment inside a pressure hull, was there because he put himself

there.

"Just doing my job." Right.

Who in their right mind would choose a line of work that included sitting, sweat-soaked in darkness, 400 feet below fresh air and sunshine listening to canisters of high explosive detonate and shatter gauge faces and incandescent bulbs? No, can't buy, "Just doing my job." To buy that, would mean that our Submarine Force was comprised of the world's largest collection of complete raving lunatics. The last idiot who called a World War II submariner a complete lunatic is still trying to get used to his new glass eye, figuring out how to talk with his new teeth and walk upright. They are ours... They handed us an unblemished record of service *'faithfully performed'*. A gallant record of deeds performed by incredibly brave and dedicated men.

Their ranks thin daily. We do not have a lot of time left to buy them a beer... Listen to their amazing stories and thank them for what they gave us and left in the pages of the history of The US Navy. 

You won't find much Claustrophobia (fear of closed spaces) among submariners-until it's announced that the bar will close in ten minutes.

NTINS: An answer to that old question: "What's that on your chest (cap, etc.)?"

Ninety years ago, a relatively new submarine force seemed to offer good prospects for advancement, so Capt. Ernest J. King (later, Fleet Admiral, CINCUS & CNO in WWII) accepted command of ComSubDivThree and hoisted his pennant on USS S-20. Though he was never to earn a Submarine Warfare Insignia, on 13 June 1923 he suggested a distinguishing device for qualified submariners with a sketch of his own: a shield mounted on the beam ends of a submarine, with twin dolphins resting on the bow planes forward of, and abaft, the conning tower.

In 1924 the final design—a bronze gold plated metal pin for officers—was accepted, and enlisted men wore an embroidered insignia sewn on the outside of the right sleeve, midway between wrist and elbow.

In 1941 Uniform Regs permitted a submariner to wear Dolphins for the duration of his career—not just when

assigned to a boat. In 1947 the insignia was moved from the sleeve to above the left breast pocket.

On 21 September 1950 a bronze, silver plated, pin-on insignia was authorized for enlisted men.

Why Dolphins? Perhaps, because like us, they were air-breathers, confronting and surviving the menaces of the deep sea.

Greek myths (800 BC) told of men—changed into dolphins by Dionysus, God of Wine and Ecstasy, and by Poseidon, rescuing the souls of lost seamen—who in turn rescued drowning sailors; Pliny describes children riding on dolphins, and Plutarch wrote. "To the dolphin alone, beyond all others, nature has given what the best philosophers seek; friendship for no advantage." New Zealand Maori legends also refer to children riding on dolphins, and to these gentle sea beasts that rescue people.

The Legend of Hatteras Jack: In the

late 1700's sailors summoned Jack with their foghorn and the dolphin would appear ahead of them in the treacherous waters off Cape Hatteras. Hatteras Jack could gauge the size of the ship he was guiding and would not see it through until the tide was high enough for the ship to pass the area to safety. Hatteras Jack would then show off for the sailors before leaving. Legend has it that Hatteras Jack never lost a ship.

NTINS or not, reports of friendly dolphins still make the news. In 1966 a bather was rescued from sharks and helped ashore by dolphins in the Gulf of Suez; in the same year, a diver was attacked by a shark and companions aboard the diving boat heard him scream. *Something took a bite of my side...*, said the 29-year-old diver later, *...then, it took another chunk of my upper arm.*" Three bottlenose dolphins encircled the wounded man, flapping their fins and tails and scaring off the

shark; the dolphins continued to circle for several minutes until his companions reached him.

In 2000, A dolphin saved a teenage boy from drowning; His father was still unaware his son had fallen overboard, when a dolphin, continually pushing the boy to the surface, bore down on the boat and got close enough for the surprised father to grab his gasping son.

In 2004, four swimmers were saved from a great white shark by a pod of dolphins, swimming in circles around them until the humans could escape. When the dolphins suddenly appeared, they thought the mammals were being playful, but soon realized the danger: *They herded us up, pushed all four of us together by doing tight circles around us; one person tried to drift away from the group, but two of the bigger dolphins herded him back – just as he spotted a ten-foot great white shark heading towards him. They had corralled us up to protect us.* The dolphins kept their vigil for 40 minutes until the shark lost interest, and the group could swim back to shore.

In 2007, a shark — a monster great white, ... *came out of nowhere, no warning at all; I saw him a quarter second before it hit me.* It hit him three times, peeling the skin off his back and mauling his right leg to the bone, when a pod of bottlenose dolphins intervened, forming a protective ring— allowing him to get to shore, where quick first aid provided by a friend saved his life. It is not unusual for dolphins to rescue stranded whales: two had been beaching themselves and human rescuers had been attempting to guide the two whales to safety for hours — investigating dolphins managed to coerce the whales into following a safer course.

Dolphins have been called, arguably,

the most intelligent mammals. Ranging from the ironic joke, “Dolphins are so intelligent that, within a few weeks of captivity, they can train people to stand on the very edge of the pool and throw them fish!” to communication with humans even when they have not been trained to do so: a group of divers off the coast of Hawaii were observing manta rays, when they were approached by a bottlenose dolphin. Keller Laros heard an unusual squeal from the dolphin, and realized it was in distress: a fishing line was wrapped around its pectoral fin: “I was trying to unwrap it, I got the fishing hook out of the pectoral fin. ... I was worried if I tugged on it, it might hurt him more.” ... Amazed at how cooperative and gentle the dolphin was... Laros was able to get the hook out and snip the fishing line near the dolphin's mouth.

Our relationship with them continues to grow: Michael Zasloff, at Georgetown University Medical Centre believes bottlenose dolphins may be the key to finding better ways to promote healing in humans: In the *Journal of Investigative Dermatology*, the professor claims he witnessed large wounds healing without infection, scarring or any visible signs of pain in a number of dolphins. Similar wounds in humans, he noted, would be fatal: *When it came to healing, even large sections of missing tissue were replaced in weeks without significant scarring, possibly as a result of special regenerating stem cells within the tissue. The dolphin's healing is similar to how mammalian fetuses are able to heal in the womb*, the professor said. Since dolphins are structurally similar to humans, understanding the processes behind these processes could be the key to knowing more about healing in humans. Professor Zasloff believes further study could lead to new anti-bacterial and analgesic treat-

ments for use in hospitals and medical centers.

Conversely, the Navy is shutting down a program at Point Loma which trains dolphins to detect underwater mines and enemy swimmers because the mammals are no longer needed due to newer, high-tech anti-mine capabilities. They began using dolphins in 1960, studying the animal's sonar and deep-diving physiology which lead to improvements in the design of torpedoes and other underwater weapons, to detect and mark mines and human swimmers. Dolphins excelled at these tasks with their extraordinary sonar capabilities where hardware did not work because of poor acoustic conditions. They were used in Vietnam in 1970-71, in the Persian Gulf in 1987-88 and in the Iraq war in 2003—now to be replaced by the sophisticated SeaFox mine neutralization system. The dolphin program will be closed within the next 5 years, but will continue to care for roughly 24 bottlenose dolphins as part of the Navy Marine Mammal Program.

Did Captain King simply choose, at random, a mascot for Submariners? Why not sharks?

Perhaps he was influenced by legends. Or, could it be that he'd been a Boy Scout in Ohio who later picked a sea mammal that was physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight (ideal human traits), and then was amused to notice that submariners and dolphins are both a bit too frisky for merit badges?

There's no doubt that advancements in Undersea Warfare since S-20 were inspired and developed by men forever aware of the twin dolphins carried on and in their chest. Would that be true if we'd adopted a Great White? RonG



Let Jeff know if you're going to Rochester; he's tracking shipmates' attendance there on Sabalo's website

USSVI National Convention, Rochester Mn.

Hosted by the Minneapolis/St. Paul Base

August 25-Sept 2, 2013

At the Kahler Grand Hotel (507) 285-2741

Mall of America, Amish Country, Oktoberfest, Casino, Mayo Clinic, Nat'l Eagle Center, Spam Museum, Tolling of the Boats, at Veterans Memorial—and much more.

More information: ussvi-2013convention.com

Knowing full well I was at least slightly over the limit, I did something I've never done before: I took a taxi home. Sure enough I passed a police road block but because it was a taxi, they waved it past. I arrived home safely without incident, which was a real surprise. You see, I have never driven a taxi before and I'm not sure where I got it.

Submarine Veterans Of World War II Closing Ceremony

7 Sept. 2012V. ADM Al Konetzni, USN (Ret)

It all started on December 7th 1941, the Day of Infamy. After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, many of our Navy men were left with a feeling of deep, PERSONAL loss. For several days after the attack a heavy pall of gray smoke hung like fog over the entire harbor and the Navy shipyard. And as veterans sailed slowly past Battleship Row and viewed the horrifying destruction: ARIZONA, on the bottom; OKLAHOMA, capsized and keel up; WEST VIRGINIA; CALIFORNIA, MARYLAND; PENNSYLVANIA; TENNESSEE; and others, all heavily damaged and some still burning with smoke pouring from their bowels, they just stood at the rail and did not speak. These were not ships that belonged to some remote population back in the States who just happened to have built them and paid for them with their tax money. Many felt, "This is MY Navy and these are MY ships and the Japanese have destroyed them." It left a sense of fury that for some never entirely abated.

And then the war progressed ... and one by one, 52 of our submarines were sent to the bottom. And now the sense of loss became even more personal and many said, *Those were MY shipmates*. This is a story that had to be told. It is a story of great suffering, a story of tremendous sacrifice, a story of heroic achievement. To that end the US Submarine Veterans of World War II was established in 1955.

There is a tiny island out in the Pacific. It's one of a small group of islands known as French Frigate Shoals. It lies about halfway between Pearl Harbor and Midway Island. Those of you who were involved with the navigation of our boats, you who were officers, quartermasters, or signal men, will recall them dearly because you passed them either to port or starboard whenever you put in or out of Pearl on war patrol. On this tiny island is an abandoned Coast Guard Station. One of its former occupants was so taken by the beauty and serenity of the place that he left a note in a wooden box which was subsequently recovered and recorded. The message of this note, with some modification, is an appropriate addition to each of the submarine memorials. It would impress upon future generations your purpose in putting them there. Here is the message:

Walk softly.

Walk softly stranger.

You stand on holy ground.

As you journey across this broad and beautiful land from sea to shining sea, you cannot help being moved by the wonder of the things you see: Historic New England with its rocky coast and frothy surf, still breathing an aura of whaling ships and sailing days; the majestic mountains of the west with their towering peaks and pink spires and sun gleaming off granite cliffs rising sheer for thousands of feet; the grandeur of the old south with flowering trees and scented air and golden beaches that dazzle the eye; the dynamic west coast with its cloud-piercing mountains looming over the shore and curving roads that overlook the sea.

This is the beauty that is America, the wonder that is America. It is your God-given inheritance to use and enjoy at your pleasure. But these pathways to the good life did not come free of charge. More than a million Americans down through the yellowing pages of history have sacrificed their lives for your irreplaceable legacy and your American way of life. For more than 3,500 of these who gave their lives on American submarines in World War II, there can be no rows of polished markers. Their tombs are buried in the silent depths of the oceans, forever rocked by the eternal tides of history.

Every country owes an enormous debt to those heroes who have given their lives to protect the freedom of its people.

You, our Submarine Veterans of World War II helped our great Nation understand the sacrifice, professionalism, and the camaraderie that come with being a Submariner in the Great War. You kept the flame burning bright by establishing the Submarine Veterans of World War II.

In September 1955, approximately 60 of you registered for the first meeting in Atlantic City, New Jersey. The actual attendance was about 25. You decided then to establish an annual reunion to perpetuate the memories of all submarine veterans who served in World War II. The organization was granted its first incorporation papers on February 15, 1956 in the state of New Jersey. The name of the papers was Submarine Veterans of World War II. The title caused

some initial concern as it attracted men who had served in submarines from other countries. The name was changed to include U.S.

At the San Diego reunion in 1960, the first application was made for a Federal Charter. After 21 years of hard work, a Federal Charter was granted in November 1981. At that time you had United States President Ronald Reagan and Vice President George Bush to thank for approving the Federal Charter. Following the sixth annual reunion, membership grew rapidly. Each state, to commemorate the loss of at least one submarine during World War II, was designated a lost-boat to represent their state in setting up a Memorial to their lost Submarine Veterans.

As a result, memorials have been erected throughout the country in various forms. There are plaques, torpedoes, WWII Submarine Conning Towers, and actual restored submarines for visitors and gravestone markers for families of deceased; all providing a wonderful history of the sacrifices of our World War II Submariners.

In closing, there is a story ... a story not easy to tell. And yet one that must be told. There was no one in the entertainment field more admired and appreciated by the American GI than Bob Hope. Bob was once asked why he did it, why he continued to travel all over the world, giving so much of his time and energy to entertain our troops. And his answer was this: "Because you've got to be there! You can read about it in the press or you can see it on the screen, but if you really want to know what our boys are going through, you've got to be there." And so it was with you.

World War II has been well documented; stories, books, movies but the full story of the submarine service has never been told ... nor can it be. Can gut-wrenching fear be recorded by a camera? Can interminable fatigue and discomfort that goes on for days and weeks on end? And what about dedication to duty ... and the deep fraternal bond that was forged only among men who took our submarines to war? We know they can't... and this was the story of the submarine service.

And now as YOU look back on it. I suspect it's like an observer of a dark-

ened stage; all the players are gone and the huge theater is empty. And yet, out of the emptiness, there still echoes the excitement, the laughter, and the sadness that was part of the play. But supposing our observer should leave the theater and step out onto the busy street. Would a passing stranger be able to understand his faint half-smile as he recalls some cheerful part of the story? Or would that stranger be able to hear the haunting melody of the theme that keeps echoing through the background of his mind? To

understand it you had to be a part of it, you had to be there.

You, Shipmates, were there! You were in the theatre! You experienced the horror, you lost 3,500 Shipmates; and you defeated the enemy!

We all owe you great homage. As you close the US Submarines Veterans of World War II Charter, please know that we who have followed you will never forget your valor, camaraderie, or professionalism. Your exploits will only grow in stature. You have taught succeeding

generations well regarding patriotism and taking care of others. If it is true that you can define leadership by authenticity and community support - then you need to know that your organization truly invented what we call leadership.

Thanks to you Submarine Veterans of World War II, thanks to your Spouses and families for what they endured, you were there! God Bless you and God Bless America.



They need to make their instructions to us seniors a little clearer! I STILL DON'T THINK I LOOKED THAT BAD! A submariner's wife began fumbling a bit as she was paying for groceries, but when he heard the cashier say, "Strip down, facing me" he gallantly pushed his wife aside and did just as the clerk had instructed. As he stood there, stark naked and surrounded by yelling customers, his wife calmly explained that the gaping young girl had been referring to the credit card.

Think a gallon of gas is expensive?

At \$4.00/gal, you're paying for:

Oil—Raw material (80%).....\$3.20/gal.
Taxes (12%).....\$0.48/gal.
Refining/Marketing (8%).....\$0.32/gal.
Total, Gasoline at the pump...\$4.00/gal.

Vs.

Lipton Ice Tea 16 oz \$1.19 ...\$9.52 /gal.
Ocean Spray 16 oz \$1.25\$10.00 /gal.
Gatorade 20 oz \$1.59\$10.17 /gal.
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Brake Fluid 12 oz \$3.15\$33.60 /gal.
Vick's Nyquil 6 oz \$8.35\$178.13 /gal.
Printer ink\$5,200 /gal!

Not to panic. I've been told the cost to publish this newsletter with my laser printer would be half what it would be with an ink jet printer.

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

Instead of overusing "C.R.S.", submariners could be more suave with a little French:

- Déjà vu—remembering having seen something unexperienced before **We all knew this one, but ...**
- Presque vu—almost, but not quite, remembering something; "on the tip of my tongue" feeling.
- Jamais va—when the connections between things go away: “,, what were we talking about?”
- Jamais vu—do not recognize a word, person, or place already known: opposite of déjà vu.

Or if you're Italian:

Emma come first. Den I come. Den two asses come together.

I come once-a-more! Two asses, they come together again.

I come again and pee twice. Then I come one lasta time.

This is an easy way to remember how to spell Mississippi. (Will be interesting to see how many of you memorize this.)

Or lost in cyber-space: e-Bay Warning

If you buy stuff on line, check out the seller carefully, and be sure to read the specific descriptions. I have just spent \$100 on a penis enlarger.

Bastards sent me a magnifying glass. Instructions said, "Do not use in the sunlight."

How Are the Mighty Fallen

by Navy Capt. Kevin Eyer Ret.

While the total number of ships in commission has continued to decline to what is now the smallest inventory of ships since 1916, the total number of ship COs being relieved is steadily increasing year by year... as of midyear 2010 [when article was written] 15 Navy commanding officers, six of them ship captains, had been relieved for cause.

You can still get fired for collision or grounding. Not always, but sometimes. ... As for personal misconduct, one might also think that a given number of COs, for example, are fired for alcohol-related incidents. Again, this is untrue. Even if alcohol is cited as a contributing factor, it is almost never the central issue. In fact, by far the main reason captains are being fired is for charges connected to fraternization, sexual misconduct, or reasons connected to either of these....

Casual observers — those who have never served in a fully integrated ship's company — seem convinced that men and women can serve together in ships with utter disregard for one another's sex.

That sounds ridiculous, because it is. It only sounds sensible to people so determined to make something work that they are able to discount fundamental human nature. Simply put, you cannot put men and women in a small box, send them away for extended periods of isolated time, and expect them not to interact with one another. They're like magnets put into a box and shaken — they stick. It is what has kept our species going for 250,000 years. *Naval Institute Proceedings.*

Sequestration: 1. Confiscation- act/process of legally confiscating somebody's property temporarily until a debt is paid/dispute settled, or a court order obeyed

Five Things You Need to Know About March 1– March 1, 2013; *Be Ready, Sailing Directions* By Jason Kelly

... sequester... trims roughly half a trillion dollars from defense spending over the next 10 years. 5 things that you need to know.
1. ... today? Will I notice? ... the sky is not falling ... we have a mission ... some cuts you notice right away ... may be months before you notice the full effect ... support our forward deployed forces ... our best to preserve the readiness of those next to deploy.

2. *What ... impact?* ... impacts will be long lasting. We just took an \$11 billion hit across many of our budget accounts ... If ... spending bill and sequestration is unchecked... long-term readiness. We won't be able to respond to crises ... CNO ... said. 'we won't be where it matters, when it matters.'

3. ... *my family* ... leadership cares, understands ... impact ... doing everything possible ... we will continue to keep you informed

4. *What's next?*... reductions ... live within our fiscal means. We are now in execution mode. When able we will do what we can to make these actions reversible ... an impact — especially among our civilian workforce ... furloughs ... lost wages ... reduced services on our bases

5. *Does this end the fiscal uncertainty?* No. ... until Congress .. appropriations bill ... fixes sequestration or gives ... ability to

Decimation: 1. Destroying a large proportion of something - to kill off or remove a large proportion of a group of people, animals, or things.

FOREST HILL, NC, January 15, 2013 — The time honored rite of the U.S. Navy Chief Petty Officer (CPO) initiation process has been eliminated. Political correctness has won out over more than 100 years of having gotten it right in the Chief's Mess. "The process was a relatively dark chapter in our Navy's history. We, in our technologically-advanced military, can ill-afford to revert back to archaic and backwards practices."

In the aftermath of the "Tailhook" incident at the Las Vegas Hilton (1991), the Navy had a stand down in training to reassess its core policies & objectives. One result was a significant change in the Navy core values which were (at that time): Honor, Loyalty and Tradition. Because of the "tradition" of the Naval aviation convention in Las Vegas, and the fact

that many officers were "loyal" and refused to snitch about the Tailhook incident, the core values were eventually changed to: Honor, Courage and Commitment. The new core values are excellent. But the unfortunate implication of Tailhook was that the Navy needed to get away from many of its former traditions.

... excerpt from a CPO induction (pinning) ceremony:
"During the course of this day you have been caused to humbly accept challenge and face adversity. This you have accomplished with rare good grace. Pointless as some of these challenges may have seemed, there were valid, time-honored reasons behind each pointed barb. It was necessary to meet these hurdles with blind faith in the fellowship of Chief

Petty Officers. The goal was to instill in you that trust is inherent with the donning of the uniform of a Chief."

It is the hope of this retired U.S. Navy Master Chief that the Chief of Naval Operations, Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy, and all cognizant decision makers consider taking another look at this new policy to determine if it is possible to salvage and reinstate the valuable essentials of the CPO induction and initiation process. Battle Stations in Boot Camp should not be the crowning event of a Navy Senior Enlisted's career. Rather, it should be the time honored and properly conducted CPO initiation process. Bill Randall is a retired U.S. Navy Master Chief

Sub firings at 4 for 2013 (Navy Times Feb, 2013): CO of Montpellier, SSN-765 — Collision; CO Pasadena, SSN-752 — Lost confidence; CO & XO of Jacksonville, SSN-699 — Collision..." How many in 2012? Since 2009? ...but our New Navy is not alone in losing top commanders: President Obama has accepted resignations [reluctantly] from several top honchos: General McKiernan in 2009, General McChrystal in 2010, General Petraeus in 2011, General Ham in 2012, and General Allen and General Mattis in 2013.



Aug 97 edition of Navy "All Hands" Magazine: To provide market driven food, beverage and entertainment services, Navy clubs continue to change from traditional rank segregated military clubs to consolidated facilities known as community clubs. Quick service, catering/conference centers and entertainment centers that are not alcohol sales dependent are today's focus. Traditional club operations are consolidated into all hands operations and provide rank-specific lounges for officers, chiefs and enlisted members.

Feeling grouchy? Find a bar with Happy Hour; works every time.

Mail Bag

- I like May in either Reno or Las Vegas—Frank McCoy '67 [Frank lives in San Diego]
- Last post was a bit long, happens when spending the winter in the Mt's, cabin fever. Let's see; I don't have a phone, but I use the call phone in gmail for outbound. No cell phone, but I have an icom T90A ham radio (call sign KF7ENE), works better in the Mt's than a cell. mostly I monitor repeater freq 146.62 2 meters (UHF). Cell phones don't work from where I fish. DOB 04-11-43. TKS and 73's to ya Jim Gellett '62-3
- I'm for another (separate) Reuion. San Diego was fun in '07 and would be my choice for the next one. BZ on the Newsletter. Again, a great piece of info gathering and the spark plug for superb memory jogs. Have to admit, reading of shipmates who have crossed the bar left me a bit teary. Gonna miss my prime-mover/seadaddy for quals, Wally Pope, the driving force in the Fwd Torp Room that wheel-barreled me back to the boat on a "dry island", Joe Proschuto, and the world's best haranger of cooks and messmen and a great auxilliaryman to boot, Moose Smelker. I know I'm leaving some out and I'm sorry for that, but these few measured pretty high on my list of great guys.Thanks! Howard (Vinny) Venezia...'53-'57
- 1st Choice for reunion San Diego 2nd choice- Las Vegas either in June,July or August John Patrick '67-9
- Good job and thank you for all the work required to put out this very good product. Ken Burtner
- This is the information you were asking for on the Clever Boy you sent out. Thanks for all you are doing to keep the Boats alive. Frank Miller EM2SS '68
- Hello Jeff and Ron, Thanks for the newsletter and the heads-up on a possible reunion. Connie and I could get to a reunion any time after April 21. Either San Diego or Las Vegas would be fine with us; and our daughter Cheryl could join us at these locations. I am gradually getting over the shingles after coming down with them the day after Thanksgiving. Get your shingles shot and your flu shot. You really don't want shingles. Best wishes, Mike Elzinga '59-61
- I vote on Las Vegas or Reno for the reunion. You might tell Earl Megoison, If I remember right; we had to change a hull fitting (antenna cable) in Adak on a north run,Morse worked in the Radio room and me and Mac worked topside, My Heck, but that water was cold, we had to change places about every 10 minutes. Might be a record of it somewere. Who went down to the Yeoman's office on the Pickrel, and typed " The Budda bandits where here." I have no idea, I was not there. Was it the Tunny that took the totem pole from the fire station on Adak. Was it not the under 21 crowd that burned down the barracks (that the SP's let them use for a party) on Adak? JG I think the QM did it. No proof tho. Not sure where page 12 is. No spouse, had one tho. She lives in Calif. with the 4 children we had. I did kidnap my two boys and kept them with me at Lake Powell for 2 years. Not a real kidnap, she knew where they where at all times, they loved it. After I got out of the Navy (legend's could be written about that.). I worked for Ma Bell as an installer on the Russian River (northern California), I also took flying lessons on the GI bill, got my instructors license, and flew for the Air force foreign student program (teaching Viet Nam students in T-41s) I may have lied about having a college degree (Navy training). After that I worked in a lumber mill, pulling green chain, best shape of my life, after work we drink like sailors. Went from there to Lake Powell (divorce time) at the time the nearest grocery store was 200 miles away, and we lived a lot off the land in 72-74. After the boys went back to Calif. I headed to the Blue mesa country of Colorado, worked as a cowboy and broke my ankle, figured I was not John Wayne, and returned to civilization. Got a job driving truck, moved to Fleet Mgr, sales, safety, dispatch and brokerage. Like all lives there were interlude's between. Jim Gellett '62-3
- Ron, Thanks, Nice birthday present for today. Willie [William Williams '68-70]
- Older email: From: Fred Holcomb To: Owens, Jeff:
Russian Trawlers: (A picture was sent around the internet of a soviet Trawler (in dry dock) which exposed a large chin sonar dome with torpedo tubes on each side.) This is the first time I've seen below waterline on one of these trawlers. Made me think one that followed us after the Pueblo was captured by the North Koreans. Memory has a way of fading...
- Jeff to Fred: The Pueblo was captured on 23 Jan 1968. Sabalo ... in1968:1 Jan Moored Yokosuka, Japan. 4 Jan UW to San Diego. 21 Jan Moored S.D. alongside USS Perch AGSS-313 at the Adm Kidd Club Pier.
We never had any incident with a trawler during the deployments of 67-68 & 68-69. (If you remember something, it is possible something has failed me, but I don't think so.... You may be confusing and mixing certain other dramatic events we did experience during the WesPac of 68-69.
14 Apr. 1969 - A Navy EC-121M aircraft from Squadron VQ-1 was shot down by North Korean aircraft over the Sea of J apan. Thirty Naval personnel and one Marine were killed. Sabalo was on station in the Tonkin Gulf at the time and shortly afterward was dispatched with a large battle group of surface craft, and possibly two or three other subs, to the Sea of Japan in waters off the coast of North Korea as a response to this act of aggression.
- RonG to Jeff/Fred: we participated in Op Fortress Wall, in the Koreas Straits, Dec, 1968 with Razorback and Caiman, Mine Ops in Buccner Bay and A/C rescue search off Thailand in March of 1969, and I think a couple of Tonkin visits on that trip.
- Other misc. eMail votes (no other message): Las Vegas-4. San Diego-1. Either Reno, Vegas, or S.D.-2. And verbal L.V.-3.
-



HAPPY **100th** BIRTHDAY TO CHARLIE ODOM on 4/18/2013. A faithful member of USSV—Smoky Mountain and Volunteer Base, Charlie served from 1934 to 1956, qualified aboard the S-1 in 1935 and sailed on Sabalo in 1945-6.

At our 2009 Reunion, when asked why he drove all the way across the country, he responded that “There’s nobody left to tell me I’m too old to drive.” At ast report, Charlie was still driving a stick shift and swimming at the YMCA.

“I loved fixing engines” and enlisted for \$21 a month.” He said he knew somebody on almost all of the 52 submarines (80 men on each) that were LOST in WWII: “... friends... implusions, crushed, drowned, or just ran out of oxygen... they’re still out there. The boat “Did a hairpin curve and hid under our own oil slick—tested for 412 feet, but we went 600—and got away.”

Send him a card: Ben Atchley State Veteran's Home, 9910 Coward Mill Road, Knoxville, TN 37931.

Living Sabalo Vets: 1945-46, known whereabouts to date

ENLISTED

- Buckles, James Richard, S1c (Baker), CottageGrove, OR
- Denham, William Alfred, S1c(SS) Northport, MI
- Forman, Irving L., F1c, DelRayBeach, FL
- Heck, Benjamin J., S1c, Southport, CT
- Kelly, Earl J., TME3(SS), Jacksonville, FL
- Mau, Herman J. Jr., MoMM1(SS) 45-46, Floral City, FL
- Murr, Clifford B. "Cliff", S2c-S1c, Anaheim, Ca
- McElwain, Arthur (n), S1c(SS), Texarkana, AR
- Odom, Charley T., MoMMC/ENC(SS), Knoxville, TN

OFFICERS

- Martin, Perry L., LTjg, Ocala, FL

USS Sabalo Skippers: (more details on ussabalo.org)

Name	Assumed Command	Relieved	Eternal Patrol
LCDR J. G Andrews	19 June 1945	21 June 1946	d. 2/9/1996
Lt. W.C. Logan, Jr.	21 June 1946	7August 1946	d. 4/27/1995
LCDR L.U. Savadkin	1 June 1951	6 July 1953	d. 4/1/2007
LCDR N.C. Woodward	6 July 1953	19 May 1955	d. 5/17/2006
LCDR G. H. Mahoney	19 May 1955	8 June 1957	
LCDR W. Masek, Jr.	8 June 1957	4 Sept 1959	d. 9/27/1995
LCDR A. A. Burki	4 Sept 1959	24 June 1961	
LCDR H.R. Hunter	24 June 1961	14 Dec 1962	d. 9/21/2009
LCDR J. L. Cariker	14 Dec 1962	2 Jan 1965	
LCDR H.D. Barker	2 Jan 1965	March 1966	
LCDR A.R. Barke	March 1966	15 Jun 1968	d. 8/20/1998
LCDR A.L. Andrade	16 Jun 1969	1970	d. 11/22/1997
LCDR W.A. Booriakin	1970	1971	

Think of how fat I'd be if I hadn't worked so hard getting over the hill; every time I hear that dirty word 'exercise' I wash out my own mouth with Bud. I don't mind admitting secrets like these because they are safe with my shipmates—they can't remember them either.

Sabalo no-contact data list: #3

March 2013 list of Shipmates who have no address, phone number or known obituaries: Holliday, J to Miltner, G
Next **CB** will include **Sabalo #4**, listing the next ~100 men: Minard - Slocum. and we hope to have gone thru all 466 men by the end of 2013, when we plan to re-start with 'A' and much-reduced total. 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 = now OK or EPat**

Holliday, J.	James, J.	Kincaid, M.	LeSchiotta, H.	Mahoney, P.	McDonald, G.
Honore, P. OK	Janke, D.	King, R.	Levine, D.	Makely, P.	McFadden, J.
Howard, E.	Jenkins, R.	Klein, M.	Lewis, J.	Maliwanag, A.	McGowan, J.
Hoyle, R.	Johnson, C.	Kloppenbug, L.	Lewis, J.	Mansur, A.	McGraw, D.
Huckabee, B.	Johnston, A.	Koca, G.OK	Lillig, T.	Mapes, E.	McGraw, J.
Hudson, T.	Jones, c. EPat	Labrador, D.	Linder, R. OK	Marek, D. OK	McGriff, ?.
Hull, R.	Jones, D.	Lackey, R.	Lipman, J.	Marryat, D.	McKay, J.
Humflet, J.	Jones, R.	LaCourse, J.EPat	Livermore, L.	Marsh, J.	McLaren, R.
Humphrey, R.	Jones, S.	Lahr, L.	Loftis, H.	Marsh, W.	Meehan, J.
Humphrey, W.	Jones, W.	Lamb, E.	Logsdon, H.	Marshall, P.	Messick, M.
Hunt, E.	Judd, K.	Landrum, C.	Long, R.	Marshall, R.	Metcalfe, J.
Hunter, J.	Judy, R.	LaPointe, L.	Lorenzo, T.	Martin, P. OK	Meyer, J.
Huntington, W.	Kaiser, W.	Leach, T. OK	Loveless, J.	Martin, W.	Miller, A.
Hutchinson, J.	Kaltz, J.	Legaspi, M.	Lowrance, D.	Martin, W.	Miller, D.
Ihlen, J.	Keeley, S.	Leggett, D.	Lowrey, R.	Mays, D.	Miller, G.
Jackson, C.	Kennedy, J.	Lehnhoff, L.	Lynch, R.	McAnally, J.	Mills, S.
Jackson, L.	Kenner, R.	Lennon, J.	Mahn, W.	McCabe, D.	Miltner, G.

Marine's View Of What Is Really Going On

From a Recon Marine in Afghanistan

From the Sand Pit. It's freezing here. I'm sitting on hard cold dirt between rocks and shrubs at the base of the Hindu Kush Mountains, along the Dar'yo'i Pomir River, watching a hole that leads to a tunnel that leads to a cave. Stake out, my friend, and no pizza delivery for thousands of miles.

I also glance at the area around my ass every ten to fifteen seconds to avoid another scorpion sting. I've actually given up battling the chiggers and sand fleas, but the scorpions give a jolt like a cattle prod. Hurts like a bastard. The antidote tastes like transmission fluid, but God bless the Marine Corps for the five vials of it in my pack.

The one truth the Taliban cannot escape is that, believe it or not, they are human beings, which means they have to eat food and drink water. That requires couriers and that's where an old bounty hunter like me comes in handy. I track the couriers, locate the tunnel entrances and storage facilities, type the info into the handheld, shoot the coordinates up to the satellite link that tells the air commanders where to drop the hardware. We bash some heads for a while, then I track and record the new movement.

It's all about intelligence. We haven't even brought in the snipers yet. These scurrying rats have no idea what they're in for. We are but days away from cutting off supply lines and allowing the eradication to begin. But you know me, I'm a romantic. I've said it before and I'll say it again: This country blows, man. It's not even a country. There are no roads, there's no infrastructure, there's no government. This is an inhospitable, rock pit shit hole ruled by

eleventh century warring tribes. There are no jobs here like we know jobs. Afghanistan offers two ways for a man to support his family: join the opium trade or join the army. That's it. Those are your options. Oh, I forgot, you can also live in a refugee camp and eat plum-sweetened, crushed beetle paste and squirt mud like a goose with stomach flu, if that's your idea of a party. But the smell alone of those 'tent cities of the walking dead' is enough to hurl you into the poppy fields to cheerfully scrape bulbs for eighteen hours a day.

I've been living with these Tajiks and Uzbeks, and Turkmen and even a couple of Pushtuns, for over a month-and-a-half now, and this much I can say for sure: These guys, all of 'em, are Huns...actual, living Huns.. They LIVE to fight. It's what they do. It's ALL they do. They have no respect for anything, not for their families, nor for each other, nor for themselves. They claw at one another as a way of life. They play polo with dead calves and force their five-year-old sons into human cockfights to defend the family honor. Huns, roaming packs of savage, heartless beasts who feed on each other's barbarism. Cavemen with AK-47's. Then again, maybe I'm just cranky.

I'm freezing my ass off on this stupid hill because my lap warmer is running out of juice, and I can't recharge it until the sun comes up in a few hours. Oh yeah! You like to write letters, right? Do me a favor, Bizarre. Write a letter to CNN and tell Wolf and Anderson and that awful, sneering, pompous Aaron Brown to stop calling the Taliban 'smart.' They are not smart. I suggest CNN invest in a dictionary because the word they are looking for is 'cunning.' The Taliban are

cunning, like jackals and hyenas and wolverines. They are sneaky and ruthless, and when confronted, cowardly. They are hateful, malevolent parasites who create nothing and destroy everything else. Smart. Pfft. Yeah, they're real smart.

They've spent their entire lives reading only one book (and not a very good one, as books go) and consider hygiene and indoor plumbing to be products of the devil. They're still figuring out how to work a Bic lighter. Talking to a Taliban warrior about improving his quality of life is like trying to teach an ape how to hold a pen; eventually he just gets frustrated and sticks you in the eye with it. OK, enough. Snuffle will be up soon, so I have to get back to my hole. Covering my tracks in the snow takes a lot of practice, but I'm good at it.

Please, I tell you and my fellow Americans to turn off the TV sets and move on with your lives. The story line you are getting from CNN and other news agencies is utter bullshit and designed not to deliver truth but rather to keep you glued to the screen through the commercials. We've got this one under control. The worst thing you guys can do right now is sit around analyzing what we're doing over here, because you have no idea what we're doing, and really, you don't want to know. We are your military, and we are doing what you sent us here to do.

Saucy Jack Recon Marine in Afghanistan Semper Fi "Freedom is not free...but the U.S. Marine Corps will pay most of your share". Send this to YOUR FRIENDS so that people here will really know what is going on over there.

Story from a Minnesota State Trooper:



I made a traffic stop on an elderly lady the other day for speeding on MN State Highway 210 at Mile Marker 197 just East of McGregor, MN.

I asked for her driver's license, registration, and proof of insurance.

The lady took out the required information and handed it to me. In with the cards I was somewhat surprised (due to her advanced age)

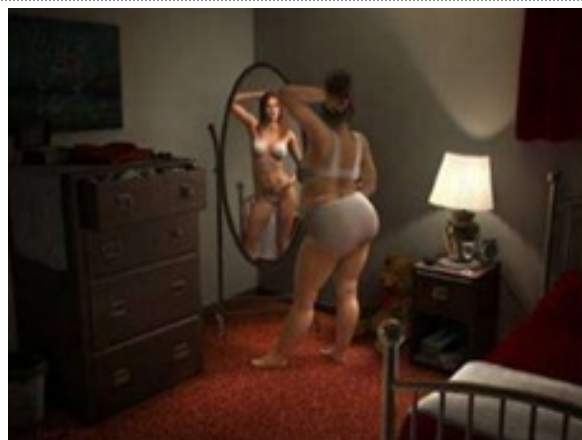
to see she had a Conceal Carry Permit. I looked at her and ask if she had a weapon in her possession at this time.

She responded that she indeed had a .45 automatic in her glove box.

Something---body language, or the way she said it---made me want

to ask if she had any other firearms. She did admit to also having a 9mm Glock in her center console. Now I had to ask one more time if that was all. She responded once again that she did have just one more, a .38 special in her purse. I then asked her what was she so afraid of.

WATCH OUT FOR...



She looked me right in the eye and said, "Not a f---ing thing!"

WOMEN WITH AN ATTITUDE

Eternal Patrol

- **Ducette, Alex**, ETCS(SS), passed away on 2/26/2013. Served in WWII, Korea. Vietnam (Sabalo 1966-68—COB).
- **Hoe, Richard A.** EM3-2(SS) passed on 10 Nov 2012. Transferred from Pollack, aboard 302 1945-6.
- **Giancola, John A.** EN3(SS) passed on 29 May, 2011. Aboard 1954-55.
- **Crew of USS Thresher** fifty years ago on 10 April 1963.

Our Sabalo Shipmates on Eternal Patrol: **Trevelyan, W. To Zarate, J.**


Trevelyan, W.	Vergot, M.	Weyer, R.	Witt, R.
Trimble, D.	Vincent, M.	Whelan, J.	Witzke, V.
Trone, P.	Vincent, R.	Whelan, J.	Woodward, M.
Tupaz, T.	Voltz, R.	Whitall, R.	Woodward, M.
Uncapher, R.	Votaw, H.	Whitehead, J.	Woodward, N.
Utterback, D.	Walker, L.	Whiting, W.	Yaden, R.
Vallier, A.	Way, J.	Wilburn, R.	Young, E.
VanBuskirk, L.	Wells, C.	Wiles, J.	Young, E.
Vance, W.	Wells, P.	Wilkinson, E.	Yutze, O.
VanCleave, B.	Wendling, G.	Willhite, A.	Yutze, O.
VanKeuren, L.	Werner, S.	Williams, F.	Zarate, J.
Vela, H.	Westberry, W.	Williams, R.	

To All Who Sing the National Anthem:

With all the kindness I can muster, I give this one piece of advice to the next pop star who is asked to sing the national anthem at a sporting event: Save the vocal gymnastics and the physical gyrations for your concerts. Just sing this song the way you were taught to sing it in kindergarten — straight up,

no styling. Sing it with the constant awareness that there are soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines watching you from bases and outposts all over the world. Don't make them cringe with your self-centered ego gratification. Sing it as if you are standing before a row of 86-year-old WWII vets wearing their Purple Hearts, Silver Stars and flag pins on their cardigans and you want them to be


proud of you for honoring them and the country they love — not because you want them to think you are a superstar musician. They could see that from your costume, makeup and your entourage. Sing "The Star Spangled Banner" with the courtesy and humility that tells the audience that it is about America, not you. [I don't know who wrote this, but good advice!]

 **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 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: 