

Call Sign: *Clever Boy*

USS Sabalo Association

USSABALO.ORG

Bullnose??

Capstain?

Sonar Dome
BQS-XX??

Bridge coweling?

May 2016

HELP! Each issue of *Clever Boy* costs us about \$2 to send via US Mail to our shipmates who don't have computers. This is a duty, and we are honored to contribute what we can but... **if you throw it away** with your junk mail, or **if you just don't care to read it** ... please call or send us a *No Thank-you* note so that we can save a little time/money. All known WWII Vets receive USPO copies. There are currently 10 men on our "No Thanks" Roster, for various known and unknown reasons



Sabalo's 2016 REUNION: ----- Pride Runs Deep -----

The Sabalo Association will join the United States Submarine Veterans, Inc. (USSVI) National Convention to be held in **Reno, Nevada at the Grand Sierra Resort Hotel for a week: Sunday, August 14 through Saturday, August 20, 2016.** Some may wish to arrive earlier or stay later, but with nothing exciting happening then, most Sabalo participants will be arriving on **Tuesday, 16 Aug** – in time for the 1800 Welcome Aboard party (see Plans Of the Day on pg 11) and leaving **Sunday, Aug. 21.** First, reserve your hotel room with Sabalo's assigned ID & phone number: **"USVET" 1 (800) 648-5080.** Reserve it now and, if necessary, cancel 48 hrs before arrival at no cost. See pages 2, 3, 5, and 11 for more info.

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

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

To:



Last edit: 5/8/16



To our 57 Publication Donors – Thank You!

Your exemplification of the spirit of our Brotherhood means 74 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.

Almeida, Fred	Ferguson, Chas	Kelman, Bobby (2)	McCoy, Frank (3)	Potts, James	Scott, RD
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Dunnagan, J (2)	Hudson, G.	Madsen, James	Peters, Vic	Savela, John	
	Kaefer, W.	Mast, Curt	Pierce, Steve	Schnieder, M.	



From the Tomato Basket:

•**August Reunion Instructions:** In the TBT column, Ron outlines the details of arrangements. I will collect monies and keep a list — my address is to the right. Let us know your intentions now for planning, and please send \$100 per person to me by 15 July. The roster on page 5 will be updated and revised to verify those paid. Make your hotel reservations now and making your air travel reservations soon will avoid price increases.

The hospitality suite is a great bargain. For 45 bucks -- you get five days & nights of a place to lounge with beverages and snacks included. Hell, the other day I had lunch at a small place here in Scranton and beers were 5 bucks each. Some places charge 3 bucks for a bottle of water. Reno is worse. Our prices are great, so get to Reno and enjoy the camaraderie!

Sabalo Database Progress: Wow, I sure wish in 1999 when I started searching for Sabalo vets that I knew how to use Excel or some kind of computer database, and had started with a format like what is now being kept. Transferring data and also keeping up with moves and changes would have been a lot simpler.

There has been a lull in activity for about the past two months. As a result of many revisions over the first 3 months this

year, Ron and I may be out of sync on mailing and email addresses for this issue. Because the web site is updated continually updated Sabalo information there is usually good. Shipmates seeking the latest should always check there first. As always, even if you have moved, and changed email, you can see what we know about you and see any plans or new info. Additionally, there is DeckLog.com which will eventually be the only reference for shipmate data. The plan is for both Ron and I to phase out of chasing any more info. If shipmates don't keep their own data current, it will be only their loss.

Personal: My wife, Paula continues to do very well on her very expensive medication for lymphoma. Thankfully, we have found a couple sources which pay for the ridiculous cost which is all part of big drug companies out of control. Thank you all who have expressed concern. I have developed some health issues myself which is hard to take because I have had 72 years of good health and thinking about and dealing with VA doctors who seem to have exited medical school without much ability is most frustrating. Hopefully, my visit with shipmates in August will improve my spirits.

V/R **Jeff Owens** ETN2(SS)

USS Sabalo Association Staff



Webmaster, Historian, Reunion Coordinator & Association Founder:

Jeff Owens
273 Pratt Hollow Rd
Nicholson, PA 18446
(570) 942-4622
owensj@epix.net

Editor:
Ron Gorence
2563 Roseview Place
San Diego, CA 92105
(619) 264-3327
mgorence@yahoo.com



The latest in Auxiliarmens' fashions

Tours: Call Convention Activities directly (775) 786-8687 and pay by credit card -or- go to ussviussviconvention.org/2016/ and pull down the *Tours* tab, and click on *Convention 2016 Tours* to make your selections. -or-

To bypass the USSVI site, and go to *Tours* directly, paste this into your browser: ussviconvention.org/2016/wp-content/uploads/2015/10/Convention-2016-tours.pdf

There, the following tours are available; deadline for registration is July 17, 2016

8/17- Tue	10:00am — 4:00pm	South Lake Tahoe, Museums	\$58
8/18- Wed	09:30am — 14:30pm	Lake Tahoe Luncheon Cruise	\$112
8/19- Thur	10:30am — 3:30pm	Historic Virginia City	\$53

Hospitality Room Hi-Finance

\$45 X 40 guests = \$1,800.
So does \$40 X 45 guests. = \$1800
But we'd have \$225 extra to raffle off or refund if 5 more people attended. Let's hope for 50!



Thru the TBT:

• **Housekeeping:** Jeff continues to work on the huge task of cataloging all Sabalo vets – I can't help him

much, and edit *Clever Boy* too, but if anybody interested in typing in data to help Jeff out call me/him. I'd estimate an hour on the phone would be adequate to turn even a QM or a TM into an expert. . Try it, you'll like it.

✓ **USSVI Events:** Go to ussviconvention.org/2016/ and fill in their Registration Form — or cut-out & mail the one on pg 11. You must be registered to participate in USSVI's listed events, so a minimum would be \$30. I've sent them \$200, because, like Winston Churchill, I enjoy the unique company of submariners; he said, "...no one shows more devotion, and faces grimmer perils than the submariner ...," also, I like the long Awards Banquet because it carries me back to the days of growing up among them, while learning what Rudyard Kipling called "... the trade." No one will ever check to see if you've anted up \$30 to enjoy USSVI's large Hospitality Room (**HR**, open Mon thru Fri, 0900-2300) so, at reduced price, you can share memorable drinks with these inimitable men about whom James Michener said, "*submariners, the way they stood aloof and silent, watching their pigboat with loving eyes ... in the entire fleet they stand apart!*"*

✓ **Tours** such as *South Lake Tahoe Museums, Lake Tahoe Luncheon Cruise, and Historic Virginia City* can be reserved with a credit card either by pulling down the *Tours* tab at the website above and registering, or just calling (775) 786-8687 to reserve your spot. **Deadline: July 17!**

• If you're arriving on Tuesday, you might plan to arrive early enough to unpack in time to attend USSVI's \$25 Welcome Aboard Party @ 1800 – Schmoozing with actual shipmates and other brothers of the 'phin (who all think their boat was the best in the fleet) is never a boring experience.

• The International Submariner Association (ISA) meeting Tues. (possible free beer and great life-membership rates) is always interesting — a Sub Convention at a submarine base in Europe or Asia would be pretty high on my bucket list.



• There's a bike ride on that day too, so borrow a motorcycle and check the schedule (pg 11) before buying airline tickets.

✓ **Room Reservations:** Call **Grand Summit Resort (GSR) at 1 (800) 648-5080** and mention USSVI or USVET to get the group rates: for a *Grand King* at \$91, after taxes, or a *Summit King* at \$114 (added designer furniture, Mwave, Fridge). Reserve your room now at that price and, if necessary, you can cancel 48 hours before arrival at no cost. **Deadline is July 15.** The above rates include 13% tax and \$2 /day Tourism Tax (no \$15 Resort Fee for USSVI/USVET).

♣ **Reacting to membership demands, we've also reserved our own private HR.**

♣ Sabalo's HR (Room #1650) will be a 1279 ft² *Grand Executive Suite* at \$44.74 each for 40 people (\$1,800 Tue thru Sat). 50+ attended Vegas, so \$45 should be a safe bet.

♣ Sabalo's \$45 private Banquet, (1830 on Thur 18 Aug) at the local VFW, about 10-15 min from GSR (transport still to be arranged): Buffet style featuring Roast Beef of Baron and VFW prices for drinks.

✓ Please mail a check to Jeff Owens for \$100, each person, made out to him. \$45 is for **HR** 5-day rental, another \$45 our VFW Banquet, and \$10 apiece for HR succor & sustenance.

• You should remember that our HR is #1650 – because the clerk's not allowed to give out room numbers. And y'all should check-out the **HR** frequently for notices/scuttlebutt.

• Speaking of **HR #1650**, I'm proposing that we offer it to Jeff Owens nightly from midnight on— or whenever the last shipmate bails out. Jeff's had a few financial set-backs lately, and he's talking about possibly skipping this Reunion — but he's the heart and soul of our organization, so the least we can do is spare him that expense. Why? Maybe we just need him there to guard our beer! Or, maybe we're showing our gratitude for years of tracking us all down and gathering our best friends around to shamelessly toast each other. If we do it, then all he'll have to do is get to Reno (Almost. Packing a few spam sandwiches wouldn't hurt, though I doubt he'd be allowed to go hungry). And ... personally I'm grateful to Jeff and Paula for caring about us – for years They deserve to be there, and I'd miss his grouchy old voice.

***Kipling, Mitchener, Churchill + Whittle! — More Silent Service praise — if you can get online, this is a MUST WATCH!**

(copy/paste this to your browser): <https://www.billwhittle.com/afterburner/under-sea-angles-and-dangles-uss-pasadena>



Not touch-screen adept? You could get very hungry!

When you're dead, you don't know you're dead; it's only difficult for others. (It's almost exactly the same thing when you're stupid.)



Walk With Me While I Age

Walk With Me While I Age is worth the read. I hope this poem has the same effect on you as it did on me; then my forwarding it will be worth the effort.

A beautiful poem about getting older:

SH!T I forgot the words.

For Your Health:

To treat a persistent cough, try taking a large dose of laxatives — most people find they are too afraid to cough.



One morning I was eating my customary in-port breakfast... Three eggs scrambled, Spam and toast. I can't be the only sonuvabitch in the known world who loves Spam... The supermarket shelves are packed with Spam cans and I'm sure as hell not supporting that kind of production at the rate of a couple cans a week. I just may be the only guy who will admit it... It's like IC Electricians having sex with owls... They all do it but none of them own up to it.

Where in th' hell was I? Oh yeah, I was wrapping myself around morning chow when the COB comes up, puts his hand on my shoulder and tells me to lay topside when I get through "Stuffing my face." (Chief had the social grace of things that lived in trees in Kenya).

I finished... Scraped my scraps into the sharpshooter bucket, handed my plate to the kid douching dishes in the deep sink, made no attempt to tuck my shirttail in and climbed topside. It became clear that the Chief of the Boat and I were going to have another 'father and son' discussion about the course of my future. These intimate moments always began,

"Armstrong, I am firmly convinced that you are not as stupid as you do your best to convince me you are... Nobody is that gahdam worthless. There are times when you appear quite smart... Then, you go and do something very dumb and destroy my faith in you... Why do you do that? Why do you take pride in being Clown King of the Second Fleet? Where is your ambition? Where is your desire to seek advancement and rise to the leadership challenge presented by service in submarines? Armstrong, what IS your problem?"

"Listening to this bullshit every time you and I have one of these 'Come to Jeezus' sessions."

"Dex, I am just about to toss your worthless butt into the bullring of life. From this point on, consider yourself a torpedoman striker."

"Jeezus Christ Chief... Is this negotiable? Is there anything short of an abnormal sex act that you would take to forget we had this little career adjustment conversation?"

"Get used to it, sweet pea."

"Does this mean I gotta go up to the forward room and listen to old men snore... Officers going to the head... Stewards cuss in Philipino... And the gahdam ocean trying to flatten bow buoyancy?"

"No, the deal I made with Dyshart to take you, specifically stated that you would remain the Crown Prince of Idiotville in the after battery alley. Your new sea daddy will adopt you only if you live in another location in case lunacy is contagious."

And that was how I became a torpedoman. I was the victim of a kind of shotgun wedding...

"Fleet idiot, do you take heavy tubular ordinance for your wedded wife? To love, honor and obey until your DD 214 doth part?"

"I do."

"Do you torpedo gang, take this self-professed jerk... To love, honor and obey... To crush his toes... Put knots on his head... To dive tubes... To check NAVOL monitors... Rig loading hatches... Clean Cosmoline-covered spare parts... To check exploders... To be little Miss Mary Sunshine gopher and low man on the totem pole whore for every sadistic animal calling himself a torpedoman?"

"I do."

"I now pronounce you man and gang. You may now kiss all the torpedo pusher's fannies."

And that was how it was. How a kid from East Tennessee was kidnapped and forced to marry the ugly toad that never became a princess.

My career change put me in direct contact with mature senior rated men... Family men so gahdam henpecked that they had to make a deal with 'Rent-A-Set', the testicle leasing folks, to enjoy overseas liberty. They taught me the torpedoman's trade and I taught them how to double team and steal anything not firmly fastened to Orion's hull. Being a Master Orion Thief was a real asset.

Loved the torpedo gang... Great guys. The low man got to be the owner-operator of the forward and after signal ejectors... The Pyrotechnic Prince. I got to shoot 'smokes and flares'... Wrestle Mark 14s and 16s... Mark 27s and 37s... And clean the lower flats. I got to

rig the torpedo recovery boom and handle a vang line... And a snubber when we slid 'em back into an elevated skid in the forward room. And I got the honor of re-establishing the collapsible frame you had to drop to get fish into the room.

If it weighed a ton and had to be monkeyed with, it belonged to Mr. Career Ladder Climber.

Requin had no tubes aft. When they converted her to be a radar picket in the 40s, they cut out the four after tubes and never reinstalled them when they converted her back to straight 'SS'. They put in a big 'poker table' with a horse-shoe-shaped seat that had over padded red naugahide cushions.

It was a great place for poker and beer... Convenient too, allowing you to dispose of empty beer cans by shooting the sonuvabitches out of the signal ejector. Because of this unique feature, it was not unusual to see the heavy hitters of the payday poker games crossing the nest and dropping down Requin's after hatch.

"0600... Gentlemen, straight stud or draw poker... No bugs... None of that one-eyed jack shit... No gahdam Girl Scout camp games... Nobody is interested in any games your gahdam grandmother taught you when you were sick... High-low split pots are okay... Any friggin game invented in Louisiana and played by Cajuns is out... Oh, You, Tee, OUT! Any game that takes more than 15 seconds to explain is out. Progressive pots are a no-no... Nickel, dime, quarter, and maximum three raises... After 2300...

Table stakes shoot-the-moon poker until Saturday morning prep flag. Should the sound-powered phone buzz three times indicating wardroom occupant heading aft, chips in table pot go in the Colonel Sanders Chicken bucket, all hands get tossed into this white hat that goes into this side locker and players responsible to get money and chips in their pockets... Put full cans or partially full cans in the locker with the Pabst Blue Ribbon sticker on it... And shoot the signal ejector. When the officer steps through the watertight door, I will say '...and she had a glass eye.' and everyone laughs. You got it?"

The torpedomen were responsible for



the coordination of enlisted vice and clandestine activity.

As time passed by, I did my damned-est to mature but in spite of my disconnect with the planet, I recognized the wisdom of my placement. Torpedomen are strange folks... I fit right in.

When I see nuke movies, I see the fish running into the tubes by some hydraulic ramming system. I wonder if the lads of the present force know that there was a time when torpedo ordinance was as heavy as an average car and grown men had to jackass the sonuvabitches into the tubes. Having been part of the jackass team, I can tell you that the distance from skid to stop bolt was a mile and a half on a hard reload night. It cost a gallon of sweat and made for an interesting evening... We didn't need exercise bikes, weights or treadmills to get a workout on Requin.

We were good at what we did... Not bragging, that's just a fact. Officers felt good about our record of dependability.

One night, we had a malfunction on a one fish shot. The damn thing cleared

the outer door, failed to activate and went straight to the bottom.

Over the conn circuit, we heard the word 'Range'.

I was standing close to the guy holding the forward room handset. I said,

"The only way those sonuvabitches will get any range on that one will be for the Old Man to throw the old girl into reverse."

My comments were picked up on the handset and within the hour I got called to the wardroom.

"Armstrong..."

"Aye, sir."

"Armstrong, your worst enemy is your big mouth."

"Aye, sir."

"Your comment didn't win you the Mr. Wonderful Award in the conn tonight."

"Aye, sir."

"Do you want to be the ship's clown... Is that what you're striking for?"

That hurt... Because it was true.

After that, I eventually became a respected member of a great gang. I was still stupid... I still stepped on my crank

occasionally, but I worked at being good.

A couple of months later, we delivered two critical hits on a firing evolution. We got a 'Well done' from the Old Man. Chief Long grabbed the handset and said,

"Sir, both were maintained and loaded by the ship's clown."

"Damn fine work... Clown."

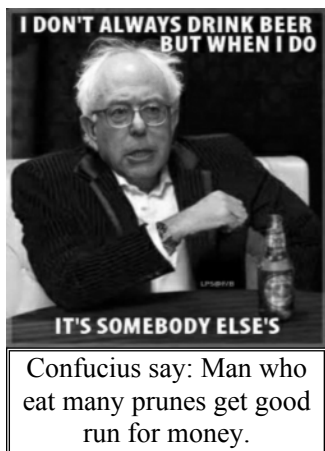
From then on, things were great. The gang was great.

Torpedo pushers were a rare breed who never tired of telling the entire crew that their entire purpose was to get us to where we could deliver lethal valentines to nasty people. It was our way of triggering interesting reactions.

If you weren't a torpedo pusher, you missed something wonderful... The forward room was a great place to work... Except when the damn stewards racked out up in the Bridal Suite below the loading hatch and played their gahdam ukes and sang weird songs... And when officers sang in the shower.

Why did all the cows return to the marijuana fields?

It was the pot calling the cattle back.



Several years after Sam retired from the Submarine Service, he called his nurse, his wife, his daughter and 2 sons, to be with him on his deathbed, and he asks for 2 witnesses to be present and a camcorder be in place to record his last wishes; when all is ready he begins to speak:

"My son, Bernie, I want you to take the Mayfair houses."

"My daughter, Sybil, you take the apart-

ments over in the east end."

"My son, Jamie, I want you to take the offices over in the City Centre."

"Sarah, my dear wife, please take all the residential buildings on the banks of the river."

The nurse and witnesses are blown away as they did not realize his extensive holdings, and as Sam slips away, the nurse says,

"Mrs. Smith, your husband must have been such a hard-working man to have accumulated all this property".

The wife replies, "The a-hole had a paper route."

Planning to attend the Sabalo 2016 Reno Reunion: (20 as of today) Drop us a note to ensure our name will be added.

Bolen, Terry/wife	Losby, Harold/Shirley	Parks, Will	Wallace, Jim
Davis, Larry	McKnight, Bob/Isuzu	Potts, Jim/Laura	Wilhelm, Tom/Jeanne
Gorence, Ron	Owens, Jeff/Paula	Ray, Mick/Caroll	
	Owens, Roy/Bonnie		





MAIL BAG ⇒ Frank Redford, not poss to. attend reunion, unemployed. . .

⇒ 2/15/16- From Jeff: I just spoke with John/Karen Baker at 573-243-5377. He is doing better after having treatments, radiation, surgery, etc for two brain tumors over last 3 years. Currently in remission, going for MRI soon to see if everything gone. John Patrick/wife visited him two weeks ago. He hopes to make the reunion but currently unable to drive and not sure he will be able to travel. Karen seems to be doing well and wants to make it happen. He told me the Baker motel is open. We have been there for a visit in 2010 just after Thanksgiving. He has a great place and am sure he'd like a visit from shipmates

⇒ 1/6/12 Dear Ron, Received your newsletter. Thanks ever so much. It must be some job finding all those shipmates. I joined the Navy in 1941. Spent 1 yr on BB42, USS Idaho. In Dec 1942 went to sub school. In 1943 was assigned to SS-143, USS Seal, and made 2 patrols. Went to Portsmouth to put USS Razorback in commission; made 5 patrols. In 1952 was assigned to USS Sabalo. Received medical discharge in '53. I am now living in assisted retirement home 'till I expire. I lost my wife in 2010. Best regards to all, Curt A. Mast

⇒ Ron, I was last crew of the Sabalo '70 as the Supply Officer and am 2016 USSVI Reno's Nat'l Conv. Chairman ... wish we could track down Robert Forest Lynch, LTJG, the last officer to earn dolphins on Sabalo. LTJG Terry Bolen

⇒ Interesting...unlike Ron, I do not remember Midshipman Brian Riggs, but if anybody could have impressed him the QM gang could. I would have been an QM3 – and low man on the totem pole. Mac and Bert were both QM2's with Ron teaching all of us how to fish his Corn Cobb pipes out of the periscope wells. Tom Wilhelm

⇒ 2/14/16 ... Jeff to all hands: any remember something ... help narrow search for Michael John Moore, Eng Off, Aug '66 – Feb '67. ... on the Greenfish prior

⇒ 2/24- Lt Leeke: relieved him as Eng in the shipyard as he was leaving the Navy. He left in early 1967...only had a short overlap ... Will, Jim and Al... know more... remember him as a terrific officer/shipmate. Warrie

⇒ 2/24- Lt. Parks: ... can't add anything... He and his wife were in the Quonset housing in the SFran shipyard... getting out ... from up north somewhere... everybody is from "up north" unless they're from Texas. Wil

⇒ 2/25- Lt Steele: ... worked for him... couple of weeks before I took over Weaps from Will when he fled up to Navigator... hard working officer ... always in his blue coveralls... I think his wife was from Palos Verdes: ... Marla or Michelle. I dated her cousin for a while ... remember here successor, Kathleen ... Art Barke...at his Hail and Farewell, "if he were getting out, he would probably not work as hard as Mike." And Mike did like his cigars-- Al Steele



Not many years ago, General Motors made Cars in Flint, Michigan, and you couldn't drink the water in Mexico.

Now, we are witnessing a perfect example of what they meant by *fundamental change*.



GREAT LAKES, Ill. (April 4, 2016) Engineman 2nd Class Shanice Floyd, a recruit division commander, ensures the proper fit of SR Megan Marte's white enlisted hat, or "Dixie cup," during uniform issue at Recruit Training Command. Marte was among the first female recruits to be issued the Dixie cup as part of the Navy's efforts for uniformity in service members' uniforms. (U.S. Navy photo by Sue Krawczyk) [... *I remember grinding my teeth when somebody called my hat "Dixie Cup."*]

NTINS

Outsiders Are Welcome, But Beware the Klaxon. 12/24/98 Tony Perry, Navy Times

Business: The Horse and Cow bar in San Diego caters to a select and highly secretive fraternity of sailors. SAN DIEGO — Happy hour is underway at the Horse and Cow, and the subject is submarines.

The subject is always submarines at the Horse and Cow, a drinking, pool-playing, jukebox-listening, sports-TV-watching establishment just outside the rear gate of the former Naval Training Center.

In an era of niche businesses, the Horse and Cow may be the niche-iest. With its distinctive decor and gung-ho attitude, the Horse and Cow caters to members of a select and highly secretive fraternity: sailors of the U.S. submarine fleet.

The Horse and Cow is one of the few bars to proudly advertise itself as a dive, with the pun fully intended.

Surface-ship sailors, Marines and even civilians are welcome at the Horse and Cow, but they are never allowed to forget

that they are but visitors in someone else's domain--in this case, three oddly shaped, dimly lit rooms with well-trod floors.

If outsiders are inclined to forget their whereabouts (and manners), reminders include the submarine banners, submarine pictures, submarine memorabilia, submarine graffiti ("Best Sonar Shack In the Navy") and submarine gear and a newly arrived submarine toilet behind the bar.

And if all else fails, a submarine klaxon erupts periodically with the ear-shattering sound of ooooo-gah ooooo-gah.

After four decades of owning submariner bars in three Navy towns (including the last eight years in San Diego), the Looby family knows the secrets of putting on a submariner bash deluxe.

On Saturday, the Horse and Cow will host a belated Christmas bash for homesick submariners, complete with a



visit from Santa, \$1 shots of a secret and particularly lethal house mixture called "nuclear waste," and the usual fare of cheeseburgers, fries and hot wings. Plus country-Western music played at a raucous level.

"When I was first in [the Navy], all I heard from the old salts on long deployments was Horse and Cow, Horse and Cow, Horse and Cow," recalled Rod Pavlak, a senior chief petty officer stationed in San Diego. "Horse and Cow is famous. It's a place where you can cut loose, hoist a few and tell a few stories."

Until recently, the Horse and Cow tradition had gone largely unnoticed by the non-submarine world. Then it was outed in this year's best-selling book "Blind Man's Bluff: The Untold Story of American Submarine Espionage," as a place where submariners engaged in off-duty high jinks to decompress from their high-stress job of shadowing Soviet submarines wherever they dared roam.

"There are a lot of sailor bars, but only one real sub bar," said Sean Keck, a former submarine sailor. "It's like 'Cheers' for submariners."

Max Monningh, a former nuclear electrician aboard the submarine Seawolf, agreed. "A lot of submariners only feel comfortable with other submariners," he said.

By nature and nurture, military culture breeds a certain clannishness, with pilots preferring the off-hours company of pilots, Marines of Marines, and tank drivers of other tank drivers, and so forth.

But there is a factor specific to the submarine service that sets its sailors apart even from the rest of the Navy: an ironclad code of secrecy.

The Navy takes the uncompromising position that all details about submarine missions after 1950 are top secret, even in cases where retired submariners from the Soviet Union are gladly chatting away about the chases, confrontations and near-collisions that were commonplace as fully armed submarines from the two superpowers played a daily game of hide and seek at hull-crushing depths.

The publication of "Blind Man's Bluff" prompted the Navy to require all submarine commanders to remind their sailors that, although the Cold War is kaput, the secrecy code is still in effect, now and forever.

Nothing in the secrecy code prohibits a sailor from pronouncing proudly that he is a submarine sailor--indeed, the Navy has begun inviting reporters along on submarine training cruises. Still, some sailors are not taking any chances.

At the approach of a reporter armed with a notebook, two uniformed sailors left the Horse and Cow at a speed akin to a cruise missile headed for Saddam's summer palace. Three others, dressed in civilian clothing, remained in place but went into evasive maneuvers, information-wise.

"Excuse me gentlemen, are you submariners?"

"Sorta."

"Kinda."

"Depends on how you define the word submarine."

Alcohol Awareness Instruction

While it would be wrong to confuse the Horse and Cow with a Christian Science Reading Room, it would also be a mistake to typecast it as a brawling-and-boozing sailor haunt like those seen in the movies.

The modern Navy has spent considerable effort to dispel the hoary cliché of the drunken sailor on leave. Alcohol awareness instruction is given to young sailors. If that fails, they are warned that an alcohol-induced incident, particularly off-base, can torpedo their career and benefits.

Police Department records show that in the past year, police have visited the Horse and Cow on only three occasions, all for minor matters, and none for drunkenness, fighting or other antisocial behavior.

Which is not to say that drinking and behavior that pushes the envelope of civilized demeanor does not occur at the Horse and Cow.

It is common for enlisted submariners who have just won their "dolphins"--insignia attesting to their mastery of several competencies--to hie to the Horse and Cow with their confreres. The dolphins are dropped in a large pitcher, which is then filled with every kind of beer, spirit and liquid available.

The new inductee is encouraged by his shipmates to drink the entire pitcher until he reaches the dolphins. Only then is he truly accepted.

And then there is a unique submariner ritual dating back to the days of diesel subs.

To show their moxie, submariners, usually fortified by strong drink, remove their pants and underwear, affix a tail of toilet paper to their bare backsides and light it on fire. Some jump on tables to display their bravado and flaming posteriors.

Memorable Moments

"It can get kind of wild in here when the boats are just back from a WesPac," said Laura Looby, referring to the six-month deployment to the Western Pacific.

She owns the Horse and Cow with her husband, Mike. Behind the bar, they keep a framed collage of memorable Horse and Cow moments, including particularly flamboyant examples of the toilet paper ritual.

In 1959, Mike's father opened a Horse and Cow bar in San Francisco for submariners from Hunter's Point. In 1974, after Hunter's Point closed, he started a Horse and Cow in Vallejo where it lasted for two decades until subs were transferred as part of the Cold War cutback. Mike and Laura Looby had already opened the San Diego version in 1990 at 2734 Lytton St. in the abandoned space of a notorious and dank sailor bar, just a mile from the San Diego sub base.

Horse and Cow has a mythological pedigree. Neptune, god of the sea, is often portrayed as accompanied by a small horse and a small cow (or bull). In World Wars I and II, merchant sailors, terrified of being sunk by submarines, tattooed a horse on one ankle, a cow on the other, in hopes of ensuring safe passage.

The submarine fleet is not an expanding client base. San Diego once was home to 22 fast-attack submarines; now there are six. Mike Looby has reduced slightly the presence of submarine paraphernalia to avoid alienating non-submariners.

"I'm a businessman," he said. "I have to diversify."

Diversity, however, has its limits.

Horse and Cow rules prohibit any kind words for the nuclear missile submarines known as "boomers," stationed in Bangor, Wash., and King's Bay, Ga.

To fast-attack submariners, whose duty is to chase enemy



boats, boomer sailors are slackers who loll away their days in comfort, waiting for an order that has never come. (Thank goodness!/ed)

Says one graffiti on the barroom wall: "I'd rather have a sister in a whorehouse than a brother in a boomer."

To the Navy brass, Horse and Cow is not an authorized member of the family. Yet the unofficial ties are strong. When the submarine Pogy was recently decommissioned, its farewell banner appeared at the Horse and Cow just as soon as the official ceremony was completed and the admirals were

stowed in their offices.

Beyond succor and sustenance, the Horse and Cow also performs an unofficial educational role, particularly for young sailors unable to remember when the United States and U.S.S.R. were hull-to-hull in every ocean in the world..

"Sometimes one of the old guys who remembers the Cold War will tell us stories," said one young sailor from Pearl Harbor, perched atop a bar stool, sipping a soft drink. "That's why we love coming to the Horse and Cow."

So, now you know how the Horse & Cow got its name!



We had a goldfish that could break-dance on the conning-tower deck-mat. But, for only about 20 seconds. And, only once.

BANANAS & MILKDUDS by Rick Reilly of *Sports Illustrated*

Someday you may be invited to fly in the back-seat of one of your country's most powerful fighter jets. Many of you already have. John Elway, John Stockton, Tiger Woods to name a few. If you get this opportunity, let me urge you, with the greatest sincerity...

Move to Guam.

Change your name.

Fake your own death!

Whatever you do,

DO NOT GO!

I know.

The U.S. Navy invited me to try it. I was thrilled. I was pumped. I was toast! I should've known when they told me my pilot would be Chip (Biff) King of Fighter Squadron 213 at Naval Air Station Oceana in Virginia Beach.

Whatever you're thinking a Top Gun named Chip (Biff) King looks like, triple it. He's about six-foot, tan, ice-blue eyes, wavy surfer hair, finger-crippling handshake -- the kind of man who wrestles dyspeptic alligators in his leisure time. If you see this man, run the other way. Fast.

Biff King was born to fly. His father, Jack King, was for years the voice of NASA missions. ('T-minus 15 seconds and counting'. Remember?) Chip would charge neighborhood kids a quarter each to hear his dad. Jack would wake up from naps surrounded by nine-year-olds waiting for him to say, 'We have liftoff'.

Biff was to fly me in an F-14D Tomcat, a ridiculously powerful \$60 million weapon with nearly as much thrust as weight, not unlike Colin Montgomerie.

I was worried about getting airsick, so the night before the flight I asked Biff if there was something I should eat the next morning.

'Bananas,' he said.

'For the potassium?' I asked.

'No,' Biff said, 'because they taste about the same coming up as they do going down.'

The next morning, out on the tarmac, I had on my flight suit with my name sewn over the left breast. (No call sign — like Crash or Sticky or Leadfoot — but, still, very cool.) I carried my helmet in the crook of my arm, as Biff had instructed. If ever in my life I had a chance to nail Nicole Kidman, this was it.

A fighter pilot named Psycho gave me a safety briefing and then fastened me into my ejection seat, which, when employed, would 'egress' me out of the plane at such a velocity that I would be immediately knocked unconscious.

Just as I was thinking about aborting the flight, the canopy closed over me, and Biff gave the ground crew a thumbs-up. In minutes we were firing nose up at 600 mph. We leveled out and then canopy-rolled over another F-14.

Those 20 minutes were the rush of my life. Unfortunately, the ride lasted 80. It was like being on the roller coaster at Six Flags Over Hell. Only without rails. We did barrel rolls, snap rolls, loops, yanks and banks. We dived, rose and dived again, sometimes with a vertical velocity of 10,000 feet per minute. We chased another F-14, and it chased us. We broke the speed of sound. Sea was sky and sky

was sea. Flying at 200 feet we did 90-degree turns at 550 mph, creating a G force of 6.5, which is to say I felt as if 6.5 times my body weight was smashing against me, thereby approximating life as Mrs. Colin Montgomerie.

And I egressed the bananas. And I egressed the pizza from the night before. And the lunch before that. I egressed a box of Milk Duds from the sixth grade. I made Linda Blair look polite. Because of the G's, I was egressing stuff that I never thought would be egressed.. I went through not one airsick bag, but two.

Biff said I passed out. Twice. I was coated in sweat. At one point, as we were coming in upside down in a banked curve on a mock bombing target and the G's were flattening me like a tortilla and I was in and out of consciousness, I realized I was the first person in history to throw down.

I used to know 'cool.' Cool was Elway throwing a touchdown pass, or Norman making a five-iron bite. But now I really know 'cool.'

Cool is guys like Biff, men with cast iron stomachs and freon nerves. I wouldn't go up there again for Derek Jeter's black book, but I'm glad Biff does every day, and for less \$ a year than a rookie reliever makes in a home stand.

A week later, when the spins finally stopped, Biff called. He said he and the fighters had the perfect call sign for me. Said he'd send it on a patch for my flight suit. 'What is it?' I asked. 'Two Bags'.

Cold War Victory

The Cold War against the Soviets lasted from September 2, 1945 until December 26, 1991. Most of us served between those dates and as submarine sailors were at the “tip of the spear.” The Cold War was not always “Cold.” Many Americans, both military and civilian, died during this so-called Cold War. We lost many of our submarine brothers individually as well those lost on the USS Thresher and USS Scorpion.

After the Cold War ended, veterans groups and individual veterans began contacting their elected representatives to get authorization for a Cold War Victory Medal. It seems like a simple request, authorizing a medal for those who helped win the Cold War, but not so for our elected officials, most of whom never served in the military. In 1998 Congress passed the National Defense Authorization Act which authorized Cold War veterans a Cold War Recognition Certificate. In 1998 there were still active duty personnel who were Cold War veterans. Were they expected to pin this sheet of paper to their chests?

My grandfather served in the Navy during World War I as a Chief Printers Mate on Guam. He never saw Europe, but was always proud of his WWI Victory Medal. Growing up, I met several WWII veterans who never left the states during the

war, but they all received WWII Victory Medals.

So, what is the government’s excuse for not issuing the medal? It is money! Each time Congress tries to pass an authorization bill the Department of Defense shoots it down because of cost. Their objection is that “the Cold War Medal will by law have to come from the DOD budget — not the VA budget — even though the award will principally go to veterans.”

Well, the merry go-round is still spinning and we are getting another shot at the brass ring! Last April New York Congressman Steve Israel introduced H.R. 2067, the Cold War Service Medal Act of 2015. The bill is currently in committee. H.R. 2067 web page: <https://www.congress.gov/bill/114th-congress/house-bill/2067/text>

Congress could take the cost out of the equation by just authorizing the medal and veterans would gladly purchase if for they. If you search the Internet you’ll find several vendors currently selling an unofficial “commemorative “Cold War Victory Medal.

We have another chance at this and if you are interested I would encourage you to write your Congressman or Senator.

George D. Hudson, Blueback Base Commander

SABALO T-SHIRTS

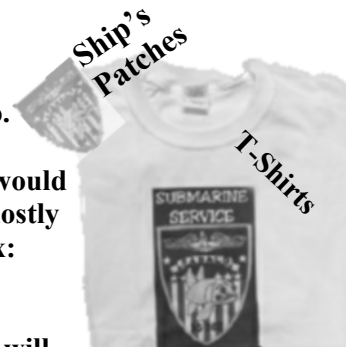
There have been requests for Sabalo T-Shirts and patches to be available in Reno.

I have a new T-Shirt design in mind, or maybe some old salts attending both events would prefer the design from the 2003 Reno Reunion. There are a few leftovers available, mostly going for 10 bucks, and some new things. Type this into your browser address box:

http://ussabalo.org/Ship's_Store.html and look around, or just call me.

Send me your size and quantity and design idea, and even if not attending Reno, I will ship direct.

Jeff



Of course you knew about Buddy Poppies!

On May 20, 1924 the VFW trademarked Buddy Poppies, classed as artificial flowers. The VFW has guaranteed that all poppies bearing that name and the VFW label are genuine products of the work of disabled and needy veterans. No other organization, firm or individual can legally use the name *Buddy Poppy*. Today, VFW Buddy Poppies are still assembled by disabled and needy veterans in VA Hospitals. The program provides compensation to the veterans who assemble the poppies, provides financial assistance in maintaining state and national veterans' rehabilitation and service programs and partially supports the VFW National Home For Children.

In Flander's Field by John McCrae

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead.
Short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved and now we lie,
In Flanders Fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you, from failing hands, we throw,
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us, who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow,
In Flanders Fields.



Rostov-on-Don Russian subs.

Moscow is introducing new classes of conventional and nuclear attack submarines, among them the Yasen class and the Kalina class, the latter of which is thought to include air-independent propulsion. AIP, which considerably reduces the noise level of conventional submarines, was until recently seen only in Western navies' most capable conventional subs.

Russians have deployed a fleet of submarines off the coast of Syria. And not just any subs. These are the quietest

subs in the world. NATO has termed these Russian subs "Black Hole." They are diesel electric powered and fire Tomahawk-style rockets from the sea. The subs are also known as Rostov -on-Don and the Russians have already used them against ISIS and al Qaeda. Russian Defense Minister Sergei Shoigu with Russia President Vladimir Putin recently held a televised meeting, and broadcast footage of the submarines striking at ISIS targets. This Russian sub can remain submerged for forty-five days. Weighing in at 4,000 tons, it is very

small and very fast and can cruise at an underwater speed of 20 knots. Because of its small size, it is able to get into shallow water. Because it is so quiet, it leaves no sound signature. It becomes invisible. "Black Hole" is one of Russia's secret weapons and it is now taking up residence just off the coast of Syria, Lebanon, Turkey and Israel (Intel says 20). In the med there are probably 6 or 7 plus boats of USA, GB, Germany, France, & Israel.

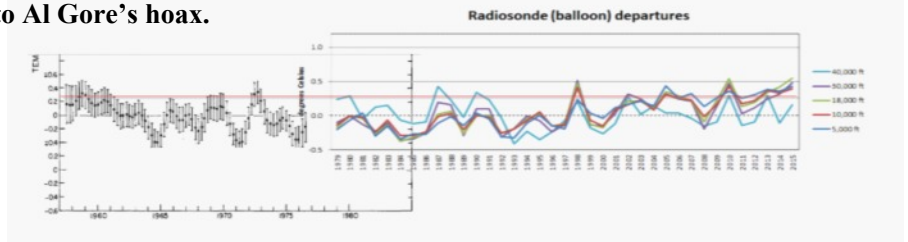


NOAA Radiosonde Data Shows No Warming For 58 Years

Leaving out 1958-1978 (Left portion of graph below), the graph will indicate rising temperatures; **however, the prior global cooling scare serves as a suitable preamble to Al Gore's hoax.**

Two ways to look at it:

1. "The Science is settled." – Al Gore
2. "Science is the belief in the ignorance of the experts." – Richard Feynman



Five Things [a few of] You Didn't Know About Submarines

1. One Ohio Class Nuclear Sub can produce 2,880 times as much destruction as the first bomb dropped on Hiroshima.
2. Presidential orders not all bad: Theodore Roosevelt directed submariners get a special incentive pay March 25, 2005 starting with USS Plunger (\$10/month, plus \$1/day underway)
3. The Longest patrol was made by USS Pennsylvania in 2014 which lasted 140 days; average FBM patrol is about 70 days. [This pales in comparison to my personal record of 34 days without a shower, and I know Enginemen who would regard that as amateur hour. -Ed].
4. In WWII, USS Trout transported \$10 million in gold/silver from the PI to Hawaii because her delivery of ammunition to the fighters there had left the ship too light to submerge; sandbags of sand and rock was determined to be the solution, but fear that the Japanese would capture it, gold and silver were substituted (the most expensive ballast in history).
5. We lost 2 nukes in 60 years: Scorpion (SSN589) and Thresher (SSN563) 1963.

The Magic Bank Account

Imagine that you had won the following prize in a contest: Each morning your bank would deposit \$86,400 in your private account for your use. However, this prize has rules:

The set of rules:

1. Everything that you didn't spend during each day would be taken away from you.
2. You may not simply transfer money into some other account.
3. You may only spend it.
4. Each morning upon awakening, the bank opens your account with another \$86,400 for that day.
5. The bank can end the game without warning; at any time it can say, "Game Over!" It can close the account and you will not receive a new one.

What would you personally do?

You would buy anything and everything you ever wanted, right? Not only for yourself, but for all the people you love and care for. Even for people you don't know, because you couldn't possibly spend it all on yourself, right?

You would try to spend every penny, and use it all, because

you knew it would be replenished again in the morning, right?

Actually, this game is real. Shocked? Yes! Each of us is already a winner of this prize. We just can't seem to see it. The prize is Time!

1. Each morning we awaken to receive 86,400 seconds as a gift of life.
2. And when we go to sleep at night, any remaining time is NOT credited to us.
3. What we haven't used up that day is forever lost.
4. Yesterday is forever gone.
5. Each morning the account is refilled, but the bank can dissolve your account at any time WITHOUT WARNING.

SO, what will YOU do with your 86,400 seconds?

Those seconds are worth so much more than the same amount in dollars. Think about it and remember to enjoy every second of your life, because time races by so much quicker than you think.

So take care of yourself, be happy, love deeply and enjoy life!

Some people complain about old age; others don't get that privilege. Here's wishing you a wonderful and beautiful day. Start "spending."



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)

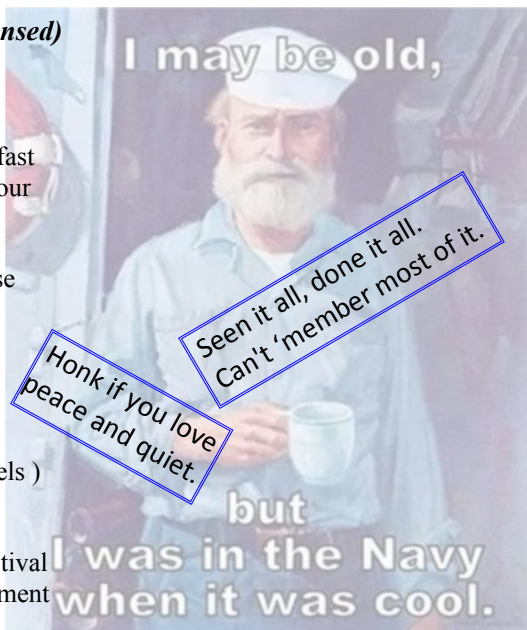
Saturday August 20, 2016

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 20, 2016 — Depart



USS Sabalo (SS302)

Useful info on USSVI's website:

ussviconvention.org/2016

Pull-down tab Information

- Registration — GSR Rooms call (800) 648-5080
- Tours — Tours, excursions etc call (775) 786-8687
- Shipmates — Who's signed up? (302 Update Next CB)
- Reunions — Boats' events
- Plan/Week — USSSI activities
- Visiting Here — Reno/Tahoe area



A shuttle leaves the Grand Sierra Resort/Casino Hotel on the hour and half-hour, daily between 5:00 am and 11:30 PM The 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

Pardon my driving, I'm reloading.



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 <i>(Note see above)</i>	\$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	Cash Drawing Tickets: <i>(at Awards Banquet)</i>			
	1 Ticket	\$5.00		
	5 Tickets	\$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



• 9/13/2014- Younker, Len H, EM1(SS), @81 Aboard 1953-6, qualified 1954

Rest In Peace, Shipmates

• 4/3/2016 - Dickmeyer, Frederick Henry , Jr , EN1(SS) 99 yrs old Aboard 10/27/1951 – 11/19/1951 (23 days)

• 12/1/2015 - Macaranas, Benigno (n) , MSCS(SS) @91 Aboard 1952-6

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Maccini - Pugh) 115 of 599

Macaranas Benigno 2015	McDaniel, James, 1999	Morgan, David, 1970?	Padgett, David, 2015
Maccini, Arthu, ??	McDaniell, Alton, 1970	Morgan, John , 2009	Palad, Benja, 1990
Madalinski, Arnol, ??	McDeavitt, Leo, 1987	Morgan, Lacy , 1983	Palmer, James, 2013
Madrid, Arman, 1980	McElwain, Arthu, 2014	Morgan, Rober, 1993	Pamogas, Jorge, 1982
Magnuson, Rober, 2009	McFadden, James, 2005	Morse, Eugen, 1994	Papadopoli, Antho, 1970
Main, Elwin, 1987	McFarland, Rober, 2007	Moss, Paul , 2007	Parra, Anton, 1993
Maire, Rex E, 2004	McGhee, John , 1997	Mullins, Rober, 2011	Patterson, David, 2001
Makley, Phili, 1990	McGowan, Josep, 2007	Murphy, James, 1982	Peer, Frede, 2008
Mallory, Willi, 1989	McKeefrey, Willi, 1999	Music, Howar, 1986	Pender, James, 1990
Malone , Lawre, 2001	McLaren, Rober, 1980	Myers, Rober, 1954	Pennington, Coy E, 1998
Mapes, Edwin, 2002	McMullen, Clare, 1990	Napper, Billi, 1978	Perry, Donal, 2000
Marcus, Claud, 1955	McNamara, Josep, ?	Navarro, Candi, 2002	Perry, Jack , 1984
Marrill, Arnol, 1970	McVicker, Walte, 2003	Nearhoof, Walte, 1998	Pheasant, Willi, 2004
Marsh, Josep, 1981	Melim, John , 2005	Nelsen, Jerry, 2002	Phelps, Rober, 2008
Marsh, Willi, 1980	Menkes, Murra, 1960	Nero, Cecil, 2001	Pierce, Sam H, 1988
Marshall, Paul , 1997	Mikolajczyk, Frank, 1992	Neville, John , 2014	Pizzano, Henry, 1987
Martinez, Ermin, 2001	Miller, Arnol, 2010	Nix, Paul , 2008	Pollgreen, Thoma, 2012
Martz, Danie, 1965	Miller, Georg, 1998	Nockold, Louis, 2005	Pope, Walte, 2006
Maschka, Gordo, 1993	Miller, Richa, 2015	Northway, Chest, 2001	Post, Merle, 2013
Masek, Willi, 1995	Miller, Roy A, 2003	Ochoa, Rober, 2013	Powderly, James, 1978
Mathes, Rober, 1992	Milloy, Rober, 1982	Odom, Charl, 2013	Powell, Marti, 2003
Matson, Bert , 1989	Mills, Jon P, 2007	Offley, Rober, 2007	Powell, Van S, 2003
Matthews, Thoma, 2010	Mintzer, Thoma, 1976	Oneto, James, 1976	Prentiss, Raymo, 1984
Mau, Herma, 2013	Mitchell, Joe C, 1993	Ostby, Donal, 1974	Priest, Charl, 2006
May, Lesli, 2011	Moe, Richa, 2011	Ouellet, Berna, 2007	Prince, Gordo, 1973
Mays, Delbe, 1995	Molfino, Ted A, 2005	Owen, Lawre, 2002	Proshuto, Josep, 1986
McClanahan, Virda, 1970	Monje, Ronal, 2009	Owens, Newma, 1995	Przbyla, John , 2014
McClaskey, Phill, 2002	Moon, Max R, 1983	Oxford, Edwar, 2004	Pugh, Billy, 2000
McCue, John , 2010	Moore, Oley , 1998	Ozmer, Rober, 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: 