



United States Submarine Veterans, Inc (USSVI) and the U.S. Submarine Veterans of WWII will hold their 2011 National Convention in Springfield, Mo from September 5-11. "Home Port" will be the UNIVERSITY PLAZA HOTEL and Convention Center (1-417-864-7333 or www.upspringfield.com). Alternate "Berthing" is available at the CLARION HOTEL (1-800-756-7318; 1-714-883-6550; www.springfieldclarion.com) or at the DOUBLETREE HOTEL (A Hilton Hotel) (1-800-222-tree; 1-417-831-3131). Rooms are \$99 per night and parking is complimentary. The USS LAPON (SSN661) Sail and Submarine Memorial and Nathanael Greene SSBN 636 Memorials are located in Springfield. The local Veterans of the American Legion, VFW and FRA are also looking forward to welcoming you. Green/Straight Board and Dry Bilges Ronald L. Athey TMC(SS) USN Ret Base Commander, Convention Chairman Ozark-Runner Base USSVI Host Base , 2011 USSVI National Convention There are optional trips to various museum and several to Branson. Green/Straight Board and Dry Bilges, Ronald L. Athey TMC(SS) Base Commander/Convention Chairman Ozark-Runner Base, USSVI Host Base. Details/reservations: ussvispringfieldmo.com

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

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If you're one of the 100 men who receive Clever Boy thru the Post Office, feel free to send these guys a note of thanks via the Mailbag — they exemplify the spirit of our Brotherhood and deserve our gratitude.



•From the Tomato Basket:

The **2011 USSVI Convention in Springfield, MO** is only days away (5-11 Sept.). Reports from Sabalo men who will be attending and reporting to me have been very sparse. If you need any information to consider attending, the Sabalo web site has info and links to the full details. If you don't use the 'net, and want some info, call me: 570-942-4622. If you do go, and aren't familiar, there are logs for each sub in the main reception room of the host hotel where you can sign in and put your room number or cell no. for other attendees to find you. The last report said the main hotel was already filled with subvets, so it should be a fairly well attended affair, and there is still time to make plans.

The **2012 Convention** will be held in Norfolk, VA (2-9 Sept.). East coast guys who have been waiting for a convention to get close should start planning. I expect to be there, and most likely will arrange for a Sabalo hospitality suite, so check in with me if you want to attend so I can make plans. If there is enough interest, I will set up a formal get together for us. Some main convention activity details are still formative, but the general 'Plan of the Week' can be found on the convention web site: <http://ussvi-2012convention.com/>

SABALO SHIP'S STORE: There are still a few items left for sale. The main inventory consists of: ball caps; Sabalo lapel pins; "Submarine Service" luggage tags; "Submarine Service" embossed note pads (the finest 'wheel books' ever seen). If you want anything else, contact me or check online. New Sabalo ship's patches will soon be available.

Emails Lost: The gremlin has struck again - as it will to all computer users, sooner or later - and all of my archived email messages before 10 July 2011 have been lost, so if you are awaiting a reply for me for any reason or have submitted something important that I didn't acknowledge, please take the time to send me a new message.

Personal News: The summer has been busy here, and I also have been hampered in a few activities due to some surgery on my right knee in April. It shows some improvement over the previous condition, but not good enough yet for really strenuous stuff, so I won't be going to Colorado this year for archery hunting for Elk with my two brothers and friends. My brother, Roy (QM3(SS) on Sabalo with me), who lives in Montrose, CO will still be hunting and guiding a number of weeks during September and October.

Keep the feedback and communications coming, and enjoy the rest of summer. Jeff Owens '67-69, Webmaster

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Current pay scales:

E5 with 4 yrs active with sea and sub pay in San Diego = \$4,794/mo (I think I'm reenlisting!! My take home in 1969 was about \$285 every two weeks with the same service time)

Check it out at:

<http://www.military.com/benefits/military-pay/calculator>

Jeff

From 1955- "I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a week's groceries for \$10.00. "



Through the TBT: This newsletter is going out to over 356 email addresses, and another 97 via the US Post Office. I'll get a dozen rejects from the emails (changed, full mailboxes, required approval by recipient, etc) and about four bad street addresses. Costs for the last batch were just about \$1.00 each for paper, ink, postage, and I suspect they will be about the same for this issue, so I'll have enough cash (\$153) for at least one more issue to finish out the year. Total cost will increase some though because Pat Householder of USSVI has sent me about 150 names from USSVI who sailed on Sabalo, but are not on Jeff's list. I will send out emails to all of them, and printed copies to those without email, as time permits. Note to these new recipients, and a reminder to past readers: The expression of gratitude at the top of page 2 lists those great shipmates who have chipped in to pay for the publication of *Clever Boy* for those of us who do not have access to the Internet; if your name is not on that list, trust me, there is Sabalo vet somewhere who would greatly appreciate any small donation you might make to get him a copy. Also, there are copies of all previous editions of *Clever Boy* on Jeff's web site, and the first couple of issues discussed this need. (Just to clarify, there is NO \$ cost for email publication).

As most of you know, a major motivation for putting together this newsletter (if that's what it is) is our hope for regular and frequent future Sabalo reunions. Some of the Mailbag inputs reflect this same desire, but let me tell you how I screwed up a few years back: I was attending the USSVI business meeting at which Timbuktu (name changed to protect the innocent) was selected for the 20XX National Convention. I'd listened to several hours of business talk and presentations for site selections; Las Vegas (or Reno, I can't remember which) was a candidate as was Timbuktu, among others, and I got bored or wanted a beer—or something—so I left the meeting early. Call me stupid, but I had no idea that by leaving I was surrendering to the old excuse that *one vote won't make any difference*. No insult to Timbuktu intended, but I'd assumed the gambling city would be a shoe-in. Interestingly, the majority of attendees had also left, and I found out later that over 40 guys from Timbuktu were there for the vote plus about 30 from other basess—out of about 150 members, that's all that had remained for the voting! Guess what? Timbuktu won by about 10 votes! At first I was outraged, then dumbfounded. Finally, realizing there had been nothing improper with the USSVI's procedures, I had to admit that my disappointment had resulted from my won stupidity. In fact, none of the guys in the bar doing the bitching had voted either.

In my opinion, we need to discuss places of interest to all hands, and not simply select a site based on a few who will bother to vote or state an opinion—because that's the perfect recipe for failure. People came to San Diego because they'd been stationed here or were interested in local attractions. Reno was a sell-out a few years back. Perhaps we need to get lists of suggestions from the ladies (all I really need is a dingy bar where I can have a beer and collect NTINS data). How about Atlantic City? Washington, DC? New London? Reno? Vegas? N. Little Rock (where Razorback is)? Should Sabalo precede, follow, or join USSVI? Let's fill the Mailbag with discussions, volunteers, comments, dream vacations, etc., and I'll have a good summary in the Christmas CB. Jot me a note, write, call and I'll do my part. By the way, I'm going to Norfolk if Sabalo will be there, but in spite of the Olongapo article on pg. 5, Subic Bay is probably not a good choice. VR, RonG

USS Scorpion (SSN-589): Twenty-five minutes and ten seconds of terror!

The US Air Force Technical Applications Center (AFTAC) determined the point of origin of SCORPION signals by comparing the detection times at three sensor sites. The derived position was where the SCORPION wreckage was subsequently discovered at a depth of 3,380m (11,100 ft). The first reanalysis of the SCORPION acoustic data in 40 years identified the following new information in 2008:

18:20:44 - The initiating events responsible for the loss of SCORPION were two small explosions that occurred one-half second apart at 18:20:44Z on 22 May 1968 and were contained within the submarine's pressure-hull. The source of these explosions, which are estimated to have been equal to the explosion of not more than 10 kg (22 lbs) of TNT each, cannot be determined from analysis of the acoustic data.

18:42:34 - These explosive events prevented the crew from maintaining depth control. SCORPION slowly sank to 1530-feet at which depth the pressure-hull and all internal bulkheads collapsed at 18:42:34Z on May 22, 1968 in one-tenth of a second with a force equal to the explosion of 6,000 kg (13,200 lbs) of TNT.

- This energy was produced by the essentially instantaneous conversion of potential energy in the form of 680 psi pressure on the entire SCORPION hull to kinetic energy, the motion of the intruding water-ram which entered the pressure-hull at supersonic velocity.

- During the 111.6-second period when it was conjectured in 1968 that SCORPION had reversed course to deactivate a torpedo that had become active in its launch tube, the horizontal position of the submarine changed less than 100-feet. This time-of-detection based analysis refutes the course reversal/active torpedo theory.

18:42:34 — 18:45:54 - During the 200-second period following pressure-hull collapse, 17 additional acoustic events were detected. These events were produced by more pressure-resistant structures that survived within the wreckage to collapse at greater depth. Six of these events were produced by the collapse of the SCORPION torpedo-tubes near the following depths: 3370-, 3750-, 3810-, 3950-, 4510- and 4570-feet.

There were no explosions from a torpedo or any other source external to the SCORPION pressure-hull. **SCORPION was lost because of an onboard problem (the two internal explosions) the crew could not overcome.**

•MAILBAG

•Lynda Carrol [lynda0313@gmail.com]: My father, William Evans James served on the USS Sabalo from June 1951 until March 1954. I have in my possession over 250 letters he wrote during the period from 1944-1959 until he passed away from a brain hemorrhage. I am in the process of writing a book about his story and the stories of others who served during the same period and I stumbled across your site while doing research. I would be very interested in contacting anyone who might have been on the boat with him. Would that be possible? Thank you for your help. Lynda James Carroll

•Jeff's response: On the Sabalo web site the listing for all men who have ever served with their time period aboard have indications showing which have been located. Feel free to email anywhere an email is shown. For others, if you see an indication of the fact that they are located, and you wish to contact them, send me the names, and I will provide regular postal add. and telnos if avail. I will put the text of your email in our next newsletter. Let me know if I may be of further assistance.

•24 Apr from Charlie Darrell: We done done the deed. We got married Tuesday at the County Courthouse (eloped, of course). There will be no immediate honeymoon -- we are much too busy, but we will be able to kick back fairly soon, cruising...we're off for a two-week Med cruise. And we will be celebrating soon with all of you! Joyce & Charlie

•Re Joseph Proshuto's service USS Sabalo "Hi Jeff, I will forward you [dad's] time served on "Clever Boy".Also, can you add my email address to the contact information? Father has passed on, but my kids love his history and I am trying to find some shipmates to tell some tales... Many thanks, Keith Singleton <keith_singleton@msn.com>

•Reunions in our future?

•4/6/11 Ron,: Karen and I are planning on attending the USSVI reunion in Springfield. John Baker

•30 May 2011 Ron & Jeff,I just spoke to Bill Towery and he expressed an interest in having a reunion in Las Vegas sometime in the next year or so. We talked about appropriate dates and ruled out September through November due to hunting seasons. Our idea was sometime in February as there is not a lot going on, like holidays and the like, and it is not hot then. I am willing to do some of the work and Bill and I thought we should keep it simple. Any ideas or suggestions would be nice. I know many people are getting old but the 67/68/69 west pac crowd would show. There is a lot to do in Vegas and flights and motels can be cheap. I visited John Baker this past fall and he is interested in a reunion also. I also had Mick Ray out this year for a hunt and he is also up for a reunion. Last time I spoke to Terry Heisterman he said he would like to see everyone again. Bill recently retired this past Dec. and changed addresses and did not want to miss out on any Sabalo news. Roy Owens (Bigo O)

•5 Jun 2011 Sounds wonderful, however, I am scheduled to attend Vegas in September which he has ruled out. That's OK, I'm flexible, whatever you'all decide on, I will try to make it except that I can't be in 2 places at one time. Don't decide on someplace cold or snowy, I have a definite dislike for places like that! "DOC" Larry Davis

•Jun 2011 Hi Doc, Sorry that September is out. Actually, I am the one who cannot make it in September. Every year I host several relatives (including Jeff) and friends for a two week elk hunt in Colorado. Then during part of October and November I guide big game hunters for an outfitter and meet Bill Towery in Kansas for a Pheasant hunt, just before Thanksgiving. If we get enough interest for Las Vegas in late February or March we will try to have one last reunion. I know that there will always be some scheduling conflicts with someone, but these are unavoidable. I'd like to see everyone that I served with but we all know that is impossible .I hope you are doing well. I recently had back surgery and am recuperating on schedule.

Roy Owens (Big 'O')

•If all it takes is a demand and a place my wife Chris and I will put together a weekend reunion in Morro Bay or Avila Bay. Late summer or early fall is best There are several flights a day to San Luis Obispo [home of SLO USSVI Base] from LAX, SFO & PHX . There's lots to do golf,salmon, surfing, Hearst Castle. We can arrange some behind the scene castle tours. I'm sure we could get Tom & Jeanne Wilhelm, Brian Baumruk, LeConte', William & Gail Lary, Jamie lives nearby. Alan Volbrecht

•Jeff's response: Here's what I suggest: Pick two possible date ranges for what you might host. Pick two possible scenarios for events/activities. Investigate and suggest travel arrangements to get to SLO. These don't have to be set in stone. This is just to test the waters for interest. After you have these possibilities settled as far as what you can handle to organize, communicate to Ron a notice which he can broadcast to the email list. He indicates that the next issue of the Clever Boy will be in August, so if we need to give advance notice for something close to that, we will have to make a special mailing to the 100+ non-email types. This could be done by a one or two page special edition with just the reunion news as one way to get the word out. If there would be enough time after the August issue for guys to make arrangements, then that would be suffice - maybe 2-3 months. Without setting something definite down for guys to consider, just suggesting you'll do it near you won't get enough attention, in my opinion. Call or email anytime with thoughts. I'll offer whatever I can if you want to make this a reality.

DBF, Jeff Owens

111 Years of Navy Submarine Service

Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy (MCPON)(SS/SW) Rick D. West

"For 111 years, our Submarine Force has been protecting America's interests around the world, underway at sea on ships that sink by design, operating independent for weeks and months in the depths over the vast expanse of hydrospace. U.S. submarines are tasked with a range of missions including the collection of vital intelligence, operating as part of carrier strike groups, and defending our nations interests forward deployed.

At the heart of these operations, onboard every submarine is a finely tuned crew of expert submariners and operators. It takes significant dedication and teamwork to maintain these ships, keep them at sea operating and accomplishing the Navy's mission. Those deployments and missions would

not be successful without this team of Undersea Warriors we call submariners.

Let's not forget the submarine team ashore who work tirelessly to keep our submarines ready for tasking and on point. The submarine headquarters staffs ashore (Force, Group and Squadron), the nation's two submarine tenders, service support commands, and training commands, these organizations do the hard work it takes to prepare and deploy these ships into harm's way. They ensure we provide the support our combatant commanders require and continue to prove that our great Navy is a Global Force for Good.

Thank you, submariners, for what you do every day and for your continued service and dedication to our nation and our Navy. *Happy Birthday Shipmates! Going Deep*

Speaking of elevens, did you know...

A sure way to remember to observe 1 minute of silence on next Veterans' Day, 11/11/11, at 11 AM: That's nine one's, or 111,111,111. If you multiply 111,111,111 by itself, you get 12,345,678,987,654,321 (nine 11's, so count up to, nine and back down to one). No excuse now to forget!

Submitted by John Wade. Author unknown.

**I am an Old Sailor,
I stand at the shore and remember raging waves,
Or glassy calm shimmering under a soft, full moonlight.
In a harbor I remember leaving the shore,
Destined for seas and lengths of time unknown.
In a cemetery my memories honors those there,
Also those whose only graves are the depths of the cold uncaring sea.
On the deck of a memorial submarine, those that I sailed with,
Living, working, laughing, crying—sadly, sometimes dying.
I remember the thunder of huge engines and the klaxon's sound.
And sea stories and of chow-call going down.
As I finger the worn silver dolphins on an old ball cap,
I remember the day when, bright and shiny, they were pinned on my shirt.
At a Reunion, faces and names return to my memory,
As do fires, flooding and other challenges of the always-dangerous deep.
These memories give me the satisfaction of knowing I said, "I can do this."
I did this. I am one of a few who did; I earned my pride**

Return of US forces to Subic possible

By Robert Gonzaga Philippine Daily Inquirer

SUBIC BAY FREEPORT - High-level visits here by American officials have raised the prospect of a return of the United States' military presence in this former naval base in the wake of disasters that hit Japan, which have delayed the planned US military build-up in Guam.

US Senators Daniel Inouye and Thad Cochran visited this free port on Tuesday and met with Subic Bay Metropolitan Authority (SBMA) and Olongapo City officials.

In March, US Ambassador to the Philippines Harry Thomas Jr. also met with local officials and briefed them about the impact of the earthquake and tsunami that hit Japan on the transfer of US military bases in

Okinawa to Guam. The US government approved the relocation of its naval base from Okinawa, Japan, to Guam starting 2012.

Inouye and Cochran, chair and ranking member, respectively, of the US Senate committee on appropriations, appeared to be interested in the possibility of an increased presence of the US military in the country....a source, said: "Their official reason for being here was to obtain a situation report of developments in the area and to consult with local officials about these. They even brought their technical staff. Facilities in the free port that can be used by the US military, like the airport and seaport, are intact, according to the source.

Olongapo Mayor James Gordon Jr. said the senators wanted to see the success of the free port, which the Americans left 20 years ago after the Philippine Senate rejected a treaty extending the stay of US military bases in the country.

During their four-day visit, the two American senators also met with President Benigno Aquino III, Senate President Juan Ponce Enrile and Foreign Secretary Albert del Rosario, among other officials.

Gordon said Inouye and Cochran discussed the delays in the transfer of US bases in Japan to Guam. "[They cited]

not only the disaster in Japan as the reason for that, but also the [political turmoil] in Japan. That country has had a change of at least six prime ministers now since [the beginning of talks for the Guam military build-up]. Also, they are now focused on the [reconstruction] of the disaster-hit areas there," Gordon said.

Outgoing SBMA Administrator Armand Arreza said the possibility of Subic being an alternative site to Guam was

"officially not discussed." Arreza said Inouye, who last visited the Philippines in 2008 for what the US embassy described as a "learning tour" in Zamboanga City, "was interested about how Subic turned [and] were very impressed because they thought the withdrawal of the US Naval Base would result in [the collapse of the local economy]," he said.



NTINS:

We Were a Different Bunch

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

I remember a retired four-striper asking me one time, over late afternoon patio drinks,

"One thing I never understood about you lads in the submarine force... You were constantly at the center of damn near every 'dust up' and weird stunt involving in-port naval personnel."

He went on to relate a personal experience. While serving in some liaison role with Spanish Naval forces, he and his lovely wife Anna Marie attended a bullfight. Late in the afternoon, a gentleman dressed only in dog tags, skivvy shorts and an inverted white hat, leaped into the ring... Yelled, "Hey, POT ROAST!" and did a strange boogaloo in front of a confused bull until the Spanish constabulary forces carted him off.

"What did that accomplish? What do you think made him do it?" I gave him the 'This is probably what you want to hear' bullshit and went on.

Why did we do that kind of stuff? Blame the selection process.

The general population of naval forces contains the full spectrum of humanity... A cross-section of middle America. Running from the exceptionally bright to the walking brain dead. In the middle of this seething caldron of raw, unvarnished manhood, a call went out for volunteers for the United States Submarine Service.

Prior to this 'Come forth, you adventurous devils' call, there was a lot of 'Most of you ain't got the cajones' talk, and 'We only take the best' bullshit. This was a form of natural selection... You had to be or desire to be, something different to hop in that trick bag.

Next, they packaged up this band of 'Have no idea what they've gotten into' idiots and sent them to New London.

I have no idea what was involved in the New London selection process... Absolutely no idea what those strange practitioners of hocus-pocus did, or wanted to accomplish. The net affect of this process was to filter out everyone but the devious, the wild, the class clown, and the 'Wait 'til they get a load of me' lunatic... All having a good grasp of mechanics, physics, common sense, logical reasoning, and a sense of humor. By some major miracle, the process magically located men who could live together in close proximity... Like a fraternity moving into a construction site portable john.

Once the process implanted the basic knowledge, weeded out the sick, lame, lazy, and the 'What'n th' hell would I want

to live like this for?' crowd, and made sure you weren't a known carrier of some exotic tropical drop dead virus, they packed you off to various obsolete contraptions located up and down the coast.

Like being born, God and BUPERS just assign you to a family. When you arrive, you are just another orphan with a sea bag, dumped on the doorstep of your new home.

When you dump your gear on the brow and hand your orders to the topside watch, another subtle selection process begins. The deck force sees fresh talent... The messcook, relief! The COB, another pain-in-the-butt kid.

In three months, if you're not linked up with all the lads standing topside, in a lifetime cement job relationship, you're probably moving to a new address. Once you had been accepted and baptized with a nickname, you began to notice attitudinal and behavioral changes. You find that the Naval establishment makes allowances and allows a degree of latitude not given the rest of the fleet, supposedly to compensate for living compressed in a sardine tin... And knowing the type of lads that successfully negotiate the selection process, they constantly expand the allowances and latitude envelope, and plumb the depths of naval forgiveness.

The four-striper went on...

"Hell, you won't believe this... When the Spanish police turned this damn near nude idiot over to the duty officer, the corpsman said it was a touch of sunstroke and turned him into his rack. The exec apologized to the caribineri and that was it... If that SOB had been a lad off my ship, I would have roasted that sonuvabitch alive."

I rest my case.

There were times we didn't understand each other. If you were an East Coast smoke boat sailor, you will remember Maggie's. Maggie's house of carnal delights. Three girls - \$100 and Maggie, God bless her, would hold your I.D. and liberty card to ensure gentlemanly conduct. Maggie's was highly respected institution. I once saw a Connecticut state troopers hat hanging on a hook in Maggie's parlor.

"Jeezus Maggie, where'n the hell did THAT come from?"

"Oh rats, Bill left his hat here again... He'll be back, darlin'..."

I said to myself, if a Connecticut state trooper comes in, I'm going out a window.

One night, there was a sailor out of SUBRON 8 sitting in Maggie's parlor. I said, "Hey cowboy, what're you gettin' to-night?"

"Bed and clean sheets..."

"Bed and clean sheets? Why a bed and sheets?"

"Been out... Was out five weeks... Known Maggie a long time. If we come in and Maggie is having a slow night, she lets me shower and rack out for ten bucks. On an active night, Peggy takes me to her place when she gets off. Maggies' kinda like my mom..."

I never figured that guy out.

Last time I visited Maggies was '62... Left an I.D. bracelet I got for high school graduation, hanging on a toothbrush holder in room 2. Never went back.

If you never had breakfast, coffee, a hot shower, and a 6AM roll in the hay at Maggies home for boat sailors, you missed one of the great cultural experiences of Naval service. Breakfast at Maggies put a smile on your face at morning quarters. Lorine... Dusty... Or Lorine & Dusty... 'Breakfast of Champions', and one of the primary reasons we won the Cold War. Ivan had Katrinka and Natasha... Wool bloomers, vodka breath, all packed in a canvas nightie...

We won. .

Does anybody remember that sort-of husky officer we used to call *Sir Circumference*? (Too much Pi)

NTINS: One day a husky young submariner staggers down a narrow street drunk and before long, discovers that he's lost. Wandering about, he notices a frowning skimmer—a big hairy Boatswain's Mate— heading rapidly in his direction apparently with the intention of kicking some submarine butt.

The young submariner thinks, 'Oh, oh! I'm in deep doo-doo now!' Seeing the nearby door of a skimmer-bar, he quickly slips inside and sits down on a stool with his back to the approaching menace. Just as the Bosun enters the door and is about to leap, the submariner spills a drop of tomato juice from a nearby glass onto his white hat and throws it disgustingly on the bar-top while exclaiming loudly, 'Boy, that was one tough skimmer! Too bad I got blood all over his hat. I wonder if there are any more surface craft sailors around here?'

Hearing this, the hairy Bosun halts his attack in mid-strike, a look of terror comes over him and he slinks back out the door.

'Whew!' says the skimmer, 'That was close! That husky young submariner nearly had me!'

Meanwhile, Betsy the Bargirl who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby booth, figures she can put this knowledge to good use and trade it for a cash reward from the Boatswain's Mate. So, off she goes...

She soon catches up with the skimmer, spills the beans and strikes a deal for herself with the Bosun. The Bosun is furious at being made a fool of and says, 'Here, Betsy, come on and see what's going to happen to that conniving bubblehead!'

Now, the submariner sees the skimmer coming with the bar-girl behind and thinks, 'What am I going to do now?', but instead of running, the submariner sits down with his back to his attackers, pretending he hasn't seen them yet, and just when they get close enough to hear the young submariner says... 'Where's that Bar Girl? I sent her off an hour ago to bring me another surface sailor with a clean white hat!'

Not certified to be a bona fide NTINS for 2 reasons: (a) a clean white hat is only valuable to a submariner during the brief time he needs it to get off his ship for liberty, and, (b) submariners rarely say "doo-doo" [ED]

History: The U. S. S.. Constitution (Old Ironsides), as a combat vessel, carried 48,600 gallons of fresh water for her crew of 475 officers and men. This was sufficient to last six months of sustained operations at sea. She carried no evaporators (i.e. fresh water distillers). However, let it be noted that according to her ship's log, "On July 27, 1798, the U.S.S. Constitution sailed from Boston with a full complement of 475 officers and men, 48,600 gallons of fresh water, 7,400 cannon shot, 11,600 pounds of black powder and 79,400 gallons of rum. "Her mission: "To destroy and harass English shipping."

Making Jamaica on 6 October, she took on 826 pounds of flour and 68,300 gallons of rum. Then she headed for the Azores, arriving there 12 November.. She provisioned with

550 pounds of beef and 64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine .

On 18 November, she set sail for England . In the ensuing days she defeated five British men-of-war and captured and scuttled 12 English merchant ships, salvaging only the rum aboard each.

By 26 January, her powder and shot were exhausted. Nevertheless, although unarmed she made a night raid up the Firth of Clyde in Scotland . Her landing party captured a whisky distillery and transferred 40,000 gallons of single malt Scotch aboard by dawn. Then she headed home.

The U. S. S. Constitution arrived in Boston on 20 February 1799, with no cannon shot, no food, no powder, no rum, no wine, no whisky, and 38,600 gallons of water.



A Tribute to the Captain and Crew of the USS Alaska *By Dr. Elan Singer 8/20/11...FoxNews.com*

In an era where celebrities and professional athletes fill the airwaves and newspaper headlines, I recently had the honor of meeting some real larger-than-life individuals. For some, Derek Jeter is a hero, for me, it's the unnamed 20-year-old Petty Officer listening for contacts 650-feet below the water's surface. I'm speaking about the crew of the USS Alaska (SSBN 732), an Ohio-class ballistic missile submarine first put into service in 1986.

On June 28th, I, along with 14 others were guests of Submarine Group TEN. We were traveling with the Kaplan Public Service Foundation (a non-profit organization that encourages civilians to become more involved in the support of our servicemen and women) and were given the rare privilege of a 24 hour first-hand look at this great ship.

Our voyage began with these words... "Diving officer, make your depth 650 feet, 20 degree down angle." The bow of the submarine angled sharply and we were on our heels grabbing onto whatever metal we could.

It isn't very often that we get an opportunity to be aboard a nuclear-powered ballistic missile submarine. Take my word for it, it is nothing short of awesome. From the moment you see the sub cutting through the water, the USS Alaska is 18,000 tons of pure American muscle.

We boarded specially designed tug boats in Kings Bay, Georgia in the early morning for a two hour steam to the rendezvous point with the Alaska. She was surfaced, as we were well-within the boundaries of the shallow continental shelf.

Since the beginning of the War on Terror, the force protection of these boomers has increased dramatically. Seven Coast Guard vessels surrounded her along with two "blocking ships" whose main purpose is to deter would-be terrorists from firing any type of missile at the nuclear-powered vessel.

After the transfer, we were welcomed aboard the ship by the "COB," or Chief of the Boat (the senior non-commissioned officer) and made our way down the ladder into the ship's massive missile compartment. The scene at the end of "The Hunt for Red October" where Alec Baldwin is chasing after the ship's chef flashed before my eyes. We were in a different world—right out of a chapter from Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

The ship changed course and we were headed back out to open ocean. Once clear of the continental shelf and in deep water, the captain's voice came over the IMC to announce an historic occasion—the 1000th dive of the USS Alaska.

USS Alaska (SSBN 732) is an Ohio-class ballistic missile submarine first put into service in 1986. Since she was first put into service during the height of the Cold War, USS Alaska has had one mission—nuclear deterrence. Bombers can be shot down, land-based missiles can be destroyed, but Trident submarines are the core survivable arm of the nuclear triad. They operate in an environment that few others dare to and where attention to detail rules all. And no one knows where they are at any given moment in time—no one.

The Cold War is over, but the "MAD" (mutually assured destruction) Doctrine is still alive and well. The significance of these massive weapons is not the devastation they are capable of inflicting; rather, it's simply that they exist and stand ready. Unpredictable global players such as China, Iran, North Korea, and even Russia are kept in check by these silent behemoths, for they are our last resort in a doomsday scenario.

The Navy has adapted, however, to changing times by converting several other Ohio-class submarines to a multi-role platform including conventional weapons systems and deployment of special operations forces.

After "angles and dangles" (diving deep and coming up steep) we witnessed a young sailor get his Dolphins pinned to his chest, had some chow (rumored to be the best in the Navy) in the crew's mess and gazed at the moonlit ocean through the ship's two periscopes.

Lights out was at 2300 and it was the best sleep I had in a long while—total silence! By 0730 we were already on one of the blocking ships for our 6 hour ride home.

The captain and crew of USS Alaska are nothing short of spectacular. They are consummate professionals charged with the nation's most sacred mission—the ultimate defense of the homeland. These young men (and soon to be women), are highly motivated, thoughtful, and love what they do despite the harsh conditions and long separations from loved ones.

God bless the men and women of the Silent Service.

Dr. Elan Singer is a Navy reservist and a plastic surgeon practicing in Manhattan.

International Submariners Association

Future conventions (in May, 3-4 day events):

- Kiev – (Sept, 2012: The head of the Ukrainian delegation, Alexander Kuzmin, explained that after being awarded the convention in San Diego, the national football (soccer) association in Ukraine selected Kiev to be the location for a national soccer tournament and that it would take most of May and part of June. As a result, there will simply be no hotels or busses available for any reasonable rate.)

- Italy – May, 2013 (details TBD)

- Greece – May, 2014 (Possibly aboard cruise ship, changing island ports daily)

(Bill) William J. Windle, Membership Chairman, P.O. Box 664, Folsom, CA 95763-0664 (916)988-2239

Investment Advice [?]

If you had purchased \$1,000 of shares in Delta Airlines one year ago, you will have \$49.00 today!

If you had purchased \$1,000 of shares in AIG one year ago, you will have \$33.00 today.

If you had purchased \$1,000 of shares in Lehman Brothers one year ago, you will have \$0.00 today.

But, if you had purchased \$1,000 worth of beer one year ago, drank all the beer, then turned in the aluminum cans for recycling refund, you will have received a \$214.00.

Based on this, the best current investment plan is to drink heavily & recycle. It is called the 401-Keg.



Keeping in Touch, by RonG

At the last Razorback reunion, I was having adult refreshments in the Hospitality Room, surrounded by shipmates —among the best of my friends— several truly great wives possessed of a grace that these submariners have somehow seduced into marriage (which continually amazes me), some new friends, and a few faces I recognized, but couldn't identify. [Although my Sabalo shipmates may not recognize me as a youngster, some will no doubt be able to relate to this story]

“Are you Ron Gorence?” A guy pointed his beer bottle at me and asked.

“Yup... and, you DO look familiar... what's your name?” I said, trying hard to attach a memory to his face.

“Curt Borud. I was the guy who grabbed you by the throat and knocked you over the Acey-Deucey game in the crews' mess back in '57 or '58.”

“Damn, seems like I'd remember getting into a fistfight. What were we fighting about?”

Curt had such a big smile on his face that I knew he wasn't still angry, so I put my hand on his shoulder as we shook hands after all these years. In fact, I was confident that what was coming would be a highly-exaggerated and humorously-enhanced NTINS story with only a tiny grain of truth, so I prepared to defend my sterling reputation and smiled right back at him.

“There wasn't any fight. I yelled ‘you wrote those letters’ and I grabbed you right next to the coffee pot; checkers scattered all the way into the berthing compartment when I threw you across the table and down on the deck with your head banging on the chill-box door. I was holding your shirt collar with my left hand while I reared back with my right to smash your face — but all you'd do is laugh. I punched you once in the gut and that only made you laugh more so I just couldn't do it. I got off of you and went back into the Forward Engine Room and banged on the deck plates.”

“Damn,” I said, “what letters were you talking about?”

“Well,” Curt began, “Do you remember the night we went to Tijuana and picked up those girls from the States?”

“Was that in the Long Bar?”

“Either that or the Blue Fox; I think we hit ‘em both that night. Fifteen cent Tequila!”

“Two or three girls; from LA, weren't they?”

“Four! Can't remember the other guys with us, but they didn't want anything to do with American girls, so you and I walked back across the border with them.” Curt could tell that the memory was coming back to me as we talked.

Seems that we crossed into the USA and finally got sober enough to find the car that belonged to one of the girls: Could have been an Olds, but I think it was an old Buick convertible with springs sticking through the back seatcovers and a top that wouldn't go up; Curt was in love with the blonde, but even so, he and I necked with whichever girls didn't have to drive—they had to test each other one at a time to find the soberest driver—until we got to a house in National City (which we country boys assumed was probably somewhere in LA).

After another beer or two, smooching on a couch with more springs showing than the convertible's seat, and watching people throw up here and there, a bright light suddenly appeared in the driveway. It lit up the whole house.

“Quick,” said the girl who owned the car, “It's my husband— just hide in the bedroom ‘till he leaves; he just came to pick up some beer.”

The bedroom was on the opposite side of the house from the driveway, so Curt and I climbed out the window, not sharing her confidence that the guy would just grab a six-pack and leave. Curt lost a skivvy shirt and I lost my zippo and my socks, but after an eternity of busting through neighbors' hedges and bushes, we broke out of the jungle onto a street where we saw a red Lucky Lager sign in a broken, but taped-up, plate glass window. We entered the establishment to count our remaining money and plan our immediate future: we had about \$8.00 between us, it was 2210 and our Cinderella Liberty would be ending in one hour and fifty minutes.

Luck was with us: we weren't in LA, and a guy who, for a 50¢ mixed drink and \$5 in cash, was willing to drive us to the Nickel Snatcher (actually 25¢). I sure hope he had a good life, because we made it back to the ship, tied up to the Sub Tender anchored in the middle of San Diego Bay in the nick of time (We needed black socks to get off the tender, but not to get back aboard our ship).

So, back to the rocky part of our long friendship: A day or two later, Curt must have shown me the address his blonde had written out and given him in the Buick, and she'd promised faithfully to answer his letters; I'm basically a romantic, so naturally I asked him daily if she'd answered his letter yet, and, while others laughed at him, I kept our happily-ever-after hopes alive until a month or so later when we set off for a WesPac trip; there was no mail waiting in Honolulu for him either.

While we were getting another drink at the reunion, I was suddenly deep in thought, my mind going back over fifty years: I picked up a scrap of paper and traced a circle around a nickel. I drew a rectangle the size of a postage stamp next to it with scalloped edges, and drew squiggly lines through the stamp. I carefully printed *Los Angeles, California*

around the inside circumference of the circle I'd drawn, and a date horizontally inside it. As long as you don't touch my art with an eraser, you can't tell it from a genuine 1950's postmark complete with a stamp cancellation.

We'd gone from Pearl Harbor directly on a northern run for thirty-some days, so I had plenty of time to prepare for a big Yokosuka mail-call. Curt said he'd gotten suspicious when he'd found I was spending a lot of time on the typewriters in the Radio Shack, and all his love letters had been typewritten, except for an elegant signature, something like 'Lucy' with little X & O signs and hearts scattered all around it.

More telling of the story from one group to another around the Hospitality Room helped to fill in many of the details that time had dimmed: I remembered three or four of us collecting the juiciest parts of all the crotch novels aboard for creating these smoking-hot letters. We studied Curt's eyes, the wrinkles around his mouth, and then we wrote how sexually excited Lucy became whenever she was thinking of 'those sexy blue eyes'.

Much more has come back to me while writing this, but I'll just jump right to the moral(s) of the story:

First, nobody will ever treat his wife or mother with more sincere respect than a submariner's shipmate! BUT... if there's the slightest clue that it's a case of puppy-love, or just plain heat, don't expect violin music.

Second, Curt came to the 2010 reunion not for a whole week but for just the one day and one night he was in Little Rock. He had prior commitments, so he didn't attend the Banquet or any of the events—just an afternoon and part of an evening in the Hospitality Room. If I hadn't been standing Topside Watch duty at the bar in the hotel foyer to see who's coming or going, or frequenting the Hospitality Room, or if I'd been transiting my wife or myself from another hotel, I'd likely have missed him—and the opportunity of recapturing this part of my youth. (Actually, the little devil on my left shoulder is grinningly proud, but the angel on my right is ashamed of me — I'm working out my internal conflicts as you read this). 😊

Rep Allen West & Rep Duncan D. Hunter slam Military Leadership Diversity Commission report

A 31-member Military Leadership Diversity Commission, set up by Pelosi's Lame Duck Congress a year ago, requested that the Secretary of Defense, Robert Gates, execute a "social experiment on diversity"; the goal of the recommendations is to change the make-up of the leadership of the US Armed Forces. The Commission contains a sizable number of civilian-equal opportunity professionals, as well as some retired and active military personnel.

Because ethnic minorities are less likely to meet eligibility requirements for entrance into the US Armed Forces, the Commission is urging the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force to either lower or eliminate the standards that have always been used for acceptance of recruits into the military. The Commission proposal states education, entry test level scores, criminal records, and drug use that up to this time have been used to disqualify a large numbers of applicants, including some minorities and all felons, unfair and should be eliminated.

The commission completed a 162-page report and strongly recommended that the Secretary of Defense and the Congress endorse the proposals, that they act to execute the Commission's "social experiment on diversity."

The Commission wants Secretary Gates to appoint a "Diversity Czar" who will bypass the Congress on all future matters concerning their proposed "social experiment on diversity" and that in the future the Diversity Czar be permitted to by-pass Congress and report directly to the Defense Secretary.

Another of the many recommendations is that at confirmation, all future flag officer selectees be required to demonstrate to the Senate Armed Services Committee that they have a rich background in promoting the "social experiment on diversity"; future promotions to flag would no longer be based upon what senior officers are best qualified

to lead military personnel into combat and/or would be most effective at improving their command's "Combat Effectiveness."

While the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs is driving the current aggressive indoctrination of the US Armed Forces, in order to turn the US Military into an openly homosexual organization, the Military Leadership Diversity Commission is pressing the Pentagon to make additional destabilizing changes to the US Armed Forces in the midst of three theatres of armed conflict. Among the many initiatives in its study, is a recommendation to open infantry and armor units to women; the study said that women should be allowed into male-only units to "create a level playing field" in promotions "for all service members who meet the qualifications."

Hardened Combat Veterans say that "direct ground combat" is not like an MP being subjected to exchange of small-arms gunfire with insurgents, or of military personnel being wounded by an IEDs when transiting in a convoy, or a service member being abducted by terrorists while on patrols or on guard duty. There is a true lack of understanding of exactly what direct ground combat entails, what closing with and destroying an enemy combatant by the most violent means available is; often it is a direct eye-to-eye confrontation, then being required to employ upper-body physical strength that physically fit US Marines, US Army Rangers, or US Navy SEALs train for. Direct ground combat is defined as an action when opposing forces engage in violent, intense, close-in, hand to hand combat. According to former Commandant of the US Marine Corps, General Carl Mundy, units which are trained repeatedly into fine-tuned teams to engage and defeat the enemy directly, exist and operate on the basis of masculine cohesion. "I believe that female service members bring tremendous skills and talents to many sectors of our armed forces, but I believe equally strongly that they are not best suited for the unique demands associated with direct combat units."

Congressman Allen West as well as Congressman Duncan D. Hunter, 2 of the 12 endorsed Combat Veterans For Congress who were elected in the 2010 mid-term election (out of the full slate of 27 endorsed candidates who won their primary elections), have already gone public on their view of the proposed "social experiment on diversity"; they feel the proposal is intrusive and inappropriate.

"This is the last thing the military should be thinking about," said Cong. Duncan D. Hunter, a member of the Armed Services Committee who saw combat in Iraq and Afghanistan as a US Marine Corps Officer. "Our military is engaged in a shooting war," the California Republican stated. "This is just another distraction that can't interfere with what's most important - winning in Afghanistan . Congressman Duncan added, "some people seem to think the military is a staging ground for social testing, and that attitude only puts lives at risk."

Congressman Allen West, a Florida Representative, who as a senior Army officer completed a 1-year combat tour of duty in Iraq , and a 2-year combat tour of duty in Afghanistan said, "The US Military is a merit based organization where anybody can succeed." Congressman West said the report "is a slap in the face to those minorities who have achieved seniority." In an interview with The Daily Caller, Congressman West, who is black, was not pleased with the report, and said that the military is not a social experiment for outside groups to impose their theories.

The US Naval Academy Admissions Office now openly practices the "social experiment of diversity." The Naval Academy Admissions Board now admits student with SAT scores in math as low as 410 and verbal scores as low as 370; the SAT score cut off for Midshipmen had normally been around 600 out of a possible 800 score.

A former Admission Board Member agreed to make the following statement on conditions of anonymity; he said " The unfairness is absolutely real." The "social experiment on diversity" has been driven by the Chairman of the Joint Chief of Staff's and the CNO since their appointments, and has resulted in the admittance of marginal students, mostly athletes and minorities, while by-passing fully qualified white students in the pool of 15,000 applicants annually. The results of the admittance of marginal students has been an increase in serious violations of regulations such as drug use (resulting in multiple dismissals), excessive use of liquor and inebriation on weekend liberty, increased violations of the Honor Code requiring retraining to retain minority students (as a former member of the Honor Committee there was no such thing as honor retraining; Midshipmen do not lie, cheat, or steal) and recently, one Midshipman lied to a law enforcement officer when in custody for a federal offense.

The Brigade of Midshipmen have been negatively affected by the "social experiment of diversity," and now the US Armed forces will be subjected to that same experiment

during a wartime environment. The Supreme Court has ruled that admission procedures at institutions of higher education that consider percentages of race and gender as a consideration for selecting and making up an entering freshman class is discriminatory and those actions by a college Admissions Board are a violation of federal law.

The "social experiment on diversity" imposed on the Brigade at the US Naval Academy, pushing an openly homosexual environment on the US Armed Forces, and now the proposal by the Military Leadership Diversity Committee have all put the US Military under unreasonable destabilizing pressure. The proposal by the Commission to select future flag officers of the US Armed Forces using some type of litmus test on diversity will not improve the "Combat Effectiveness" of the US Military.

By recommending that senior military officers only be selected for flag if they pass a test on diversity, and considering their race and gender by some percentages, will not result in the promotion of the most qualified senior officers who would improve the "Combat Effectiveness" of the US Armed Force (there will be no more Admiral Bull Halseys, General Pattons, General Chesty Pullers, General Jimmy Doolittles, etc., because they would not be "politically correct" selectees).

The American people are unaware of the aforementioned coordinated assaults on the most effective and professional military force in the world, they are not aware that the agenda that is being driven by socialists and liberals who oppose the US Armed Forces high standards of duty, honor, country, and its support for the Judeo-Christian religions is hurting the stability of the force. Those coordinated assaults by progressives, pushing a "social experiment on diversity", will weaken the US Military over the long term.

The actions of outside forces supported by the Obama Administration are continuing to push the above listed changes that are marginalizing the "Combat Effectiveness" of the US Armed Forces. The US Military has protected and defended the US Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Republic for 234 years, experimenting with the structure and make-up of the US Military organization and assaulting its leadership structure will destabilize the US Armed Forces. We must rely on the judgment of the 12 elected Combat Veterans For Congress and other Congressmen to coordinate their efforts to halt the above listed dangerous experiments with the US Armed Forces.

Joseph R. John, USNA '62 Captain, USN (Ret) Chairman, Combat Veterans For Congress PAC Reagan Associate/Reagan Administration Alumnus Former FBI/Former DHS Federal Law Enforcement Officer 264 S. La Cienega Blvd., Suite 186 Beverly Hills , CA 90211 Fax: (310) 859-0811



Japanese Captain: "I was scratching my head, wondering why that tiny speck of white water was getting bigger and bigger... and then, it hit me."

Navy: Sub Crew Was Encouraged to Cheat

August 16, 2011 Associated Press/by Michael Melia

HARTFORD, Conn. -- When the Navy discovered an exam-cheating ring aboard one of its submarines, it swiftly fired the commanding officer and kicked off 10 percent of the crew. Navy officials describe the case aboard the USS Memphis as a rare lapse in integrity, but some former officers say the shortcuts exposed by the scandal are hardly unique to a single vessel.

The former submariners tell The Associated Press it is not uncommon for Sailors to receive answer keys or other hints before training exams. They say Sailors know how to handle the nuclear technology, but commanders competing with one another to show proficiency have made tests so difficult -- and so detached from the skills Sailors actually need -- that crew members sometimes bend the rules.

An investigation report obtained by the AP through a Freedom of Information Act request describes an atmosphere aboard the USS Memphis that tolerated and even encouraged cheating: Sailors were emailed the answers before qualification exams, took tests outside the presence of proctors and openly asked officers for answer keys. One Sailor told investigators that test-takers were encouraged to "use their time wisely" during breaks, insinuating that they should look up answers to exam questions.

As an instructor at the Navy's submarine school in Groton in 2005, Brownfield said he heard from members of roughly a dozen other crews that cheating also took place on their boats. He blamed pressure to hit ever-higher performance targets. "They've expected more and more paperwork, with higher levels of compliance, and over time those expectations diverged from what people are actually doing," said Brownfield, who is now researching nuclear sustainability as a graduate student at Columbia University. "In the nuclear department, the test became so difficult it really had no bearing on what people were doing on a daily basis."

Submariners have to make it through rigorous, highly technical training and testing before going to sea. Once deployed, they face more exams to test their knowledge and preparedness for worst-case scenarios. Low scores can lead to consequences up to removal from a sub, and hurt the overall rating of the crew.

The scandal aboard the Memphis broke in November when Navy brass learned that an answer key to one such test had been discovered in a junior officer's email.

The sub's commanding officer, Cmdr. Charles Maher, was relieved of duty within two weeks. He wasn't accused being involved in the cheating, but the Navy said he fostered an environment that failed to uphold the expected standards of integrity. He did not respond to messages left by the AP. Of the 13 crew members who were punished, only three returned to the Memphis for its final deployment. The other crew members were reassigned, kicked out of the Navy or are awaiting possible dismissal, said Navy Lt. Jennifer Cragg, a submarine group spokeswoman at Naval Submarine Base New London in Groton. The 33-year-old submarine was decommissioned in April.

Spokesman Thomas Dougan said that out of 16,000 nuclear-trained officers and enlisted Sailors taking several exams annually, there are on average one or two cheating cases per year that result in the removal of nuclear qualifications. Most cases involve only a few Sailors, he said. Dougan said the written exams are one of several measures used to assess the effectiveness of a continuing training program, and the kind of cheating that occurred on the Memphis would not put the ship or reactor plant at risk.

ELK SEX: Two guys are drinking in a bar. One says, "Did you know that elks have sex 10 to 15 times a night?" "Aw crap..," says his shipmate, "and I just joined USSVI !"



Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges no dues for membership, for the quarterly newsletter or other operational expenses. The Association's founder, Jeff Owens, spent many, many hours collecting data on all USS Sabalo shipmates over the years, and the Clever Boy newsletter now reaches over 450 (SS-302) Veterans. Jeff's data was obtained from sources like USSVI, hundreds of phone calls and/or postcards, micro-fiche, etc. and then painstakingly transferred from stacks of 3X5 cards to the database from which this issue was addressed. The "Thank You" on page 2 is to those Sabalo shipmates who contributed to the cost of publishing *Clever Boy* for those of our shipmates who can't access a copy online.

The bulk of the work has been done, but each change of address will cost either the editor of Clever Boy or 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:

UQC –An underwater telephone (AKA *Gertrude*). Sabalo's voice call-sign was Clever Boy

NTINS –Now This Is No Sh*t. (As opposed to Nursery rhymes, which begin with 'Once upon a time...')

TBT - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)

Bravo-Zulu (Well Done): 