

USSABALO.ORG

Call Sign: Clever Boy



USS Sabalo Association August 2012

Let us know if you're going to the: USSVI 2012 National Convention, in Norfolk, VA Sept 3-8 2012: No namelist means there can be no planning and no arrangements! Ok to change your mind, but if you think you're likely to go, call, email or just tell somebody! See page 2 for contact info.

You can view all of the past newsletters on our web site.

Also, be sure to check the rosters for your shipmates, and establish communication with them. RonG

•If you received a hard copy of this Newsletter through the mail, but have access to the Internet, please send me an email with your current email address— AND MENTION THAT IT'S A NEW ADDRESS. Printing and Postage is our biggest expense. In all sincerity, it I consider it an honor to to print, collate, fold, staple, address, stamp and mail 120 copies of this issue—but like all submariners, if there's an easier way.... [Ed]



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

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

To:

To our 32 generous Publication Donors: Thank You!

If you're one of the 112 men who receive *Clever Boy* thru the P.O. feel free to send these guys a note of thanks via the *Mail Bag* — They exemplify the spirit of our Brotherhood & deserve our gratitude!

Almeida, Fred	Forman, Irv	Kurowski, Marvin	Nelson, Bobbie	Roberts, Joe	Thompson, DM
Baker, J	Giancola, Steve	LeConte, John	Odom, Charlie	Sanderlin, KW	
Breckenridge, W	Grantham,	Longenecker, JD	Ouellette, WW	Savela, John	
Bush, Frank	Fredrick	Losby, Harold*	Padgett, Red	Schnieder, M.	
Baumruk, Brian	Hall, Ernie	Macaraeg, Lino	Parks, Will	Scott, RD	
Chase, Alden	Humes, Irv	McCune, JD	Piatek, Ralph	Sedlak, 'Skip'	
Dunnagan, J	Kelman, Bobby	Needham, Bruce	Polin, Paul	Smith, Carl	



●**From the Tomato Basket:** Adjacent to this article is the list of those who have responded with a desire to have a meeting in Norfolk. Due to the disappointingly small number of men who have so far indicated interest in a separate Sabalo function at the September USSVI Convention, it is not practical to make any special reservations for a banquet, or large scale event.

In the past, last minute outings were set up right from the convention hotel using the yellow pages, and making reservations at a local restaurant. This worked especially well in Peoria and over 40 persons were accommodated with only a couple hours advance notice.

It is suggested that any who will be attending, or thinking about it, explore the possibilities among yourselves and arrange to meet up in Norfolk. My own plan to attend has been cancelled due to other travel demands in September, so I won't be able to facilitate anything directly. Ron has indicated he will be there, so all of you guys who have been waiting for an east coast affair need to get on the stick and set your course for the first week in September in Norfolk.

If you want to be in Norfolk, please send me your desire, and the list on the web site will be updated and maintained right up until the last minute. The more, the merrier, so get with the program.

MISSING SABALO MEN -- "The harder I work, the behinder I get!"

Not only is the task of keeping up with tracking down men who fail to keep their contact data current falling behind, help is needed to find the remainder of Sabalo vets who have not yet been found. See plea on page 3.

At present there are more than 200 men whose file has a potential phone number or multiple numbers to call to see if it is the man we're looking for. Some have only a possible address, and no potential number. A few times in the past some shipmates have volunteered to follow up on information discovered which might lead to identifying and locating which possibility might be the right man in the electronic search files that have been assembled using the internet or clues provided by others. However, the process has never been completely followed through to a dead end. Also, in recent months, additional info has been supplied from the USSVI national data base with a number of previously non-included names to add to our list.

Making these calls requires a little time, and also some tact to get verification one way or another. Firstly, from experience, leaving a message doesn't seem to be a reliable method. In today's world of phone solicitors, many people are shy of taking calls from strangers and answering any personal questions. Even one as innocuous as, "Did so & so serve on the Sabalo" many times does not get a response. Secondly, if you are speaking to a relative, they sometimes do not know where or when their relation served. In a few cases I've had a relative tell me yes their husband was on submarines. After finally getting to speak with him, the truth is that he was in the Army or on destroyers.

Past efforts have had some success in finding additional men. Continued effort has fallen short because of limited help from others, and admittedly some short fall in follow-up on my part. Also, at some point, phone possibilities are exhausted and post card contact is the only way to get in contact with potential suspects which requires additional time and tracking of what has been tried. Jeff Owens

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) 264-6995
mgorence@yahoo.com

Sabalo 2012 Prospective Attendees:

Fred Almeida '66-67, Charlie Darrell & wife '57-59, Mike Elzinga & wife '59-61, Robert Frick & wife '62-63, Ron Gorence '66-70, Connie Moore '66-68, Les Peters '58-61, Ralph Piatek '53-56

Note: Please call/email RonG with your thoughts about making reservations at (1) City Dock Rest. (Seafood, patio-view of harbor, happy hour), in Sheraton Hotel -or- (2) Outback Steakhouse, next door to Sheraton— 400' from Marriott. Reservations for 11 (±) for Wed, 9/6 at 1800. Dutch treat, majority vote by email/call. Assumed: 8 members, 3 wives/ guests. Others welcome, but let me know.

You don't need a good crew to dive a submarine, you need a good crew to dive a submarine twice.



Thru the TBT: I still smoke my pipe and I still drink, so I have an attitude. Let me be clear: I greatly admire all my shipmates who have mustered up the self-discipline to stop smoking and/or drinking; I am also in awe of those who have never had a need to do either. That said, I think you all know I detest Politically Correct (as opposed to wise) changes in our Navy. Again in this issue, I'm wrestling with what many of us consider a plethora of devastating news regarding our beloved service, and, at the same time, we're seeing evidence of amazing resilience in our Silent Service replacements! That's why I often use the only rationalization I can think of: *they must be better men than me*. So, in this issue there are articles about Alcohol abuse/smoking, how the British humor offers to rewrite Navy history in conformance with PC, remembering back to how it was in our day by Dex (note a gift from Dex on page 11), memories of WWII submariners rejuvenating themselves in the Pink Palace, an officer's reaction to mandatory breathalyzers, our DOD honoring LGBT (Lesbians Gays Bisexuals & Transgendered), a Yale civilian's positive appraisal of submariners, and another from our (female) SubForce Chaplain, a tongue-in cheek effort to make the Brit Navy PC, and other signs we're still OK (stolen from the *Signal Ejector* NL of Mobile Bay Base), or not OK with headlines about using green fuel, and, finally, a small example of lousy reporting, which I suspect is probably a typical source from which our leaders in DC get their info used in PC decision-making). I've posted some junk-art here & there, in case anybody wants screensavers, posters, etc. Sorry the NL looks so cluttered—but y'a never know! I'll bring the files to Norfolk if anybody wants copies.

- I try to avoid politics as much as possible, and I have tried to post both sides for the assistance of all those shipmates who have told me at one time or another, "I wouldn't last an hour in today's Submarine Navy."

- Now, for some housekeeping: I am sending out 463 *Cleaver Boys* (112 sent thru the USPO, at a cost of about \$120). There are 390 on our Eternal Patrol list, and page 8 lists 83 still missing all contact data. That's closing in on 900, still a few hundred short of what Jeff has counted, but ... in October, 2011, I reported 439 copies of *Cleaver Boy* sent, so we're adding more men than we're losing. Also, at that time we had 23 donors contributing money for postage, paper, and ink for our Post Office shipmates and a balance, after mailing, of \$300 in the kitty; today, after this mailing, there are 36 contributors, and we'll have \$340 left in the pot. So, shipmates, we're doing just fine. Keep in mind that the last few hundred men will be the most difficult to find and document, so see Jeff's plea below (he's like a dog with a bone, and I say that with the greatest respect).

- By the way, Harold Losby sent me \$25 when my wife passed away and it's in the fund. I thought long and hard, and decided that she'd want me to put it into this job that she knew I love; she genuinely loved many of my Sabalo shipmates.

Finally, thank you for all your prayers and messages re. my wife's death (small article on page 12)

VR, RonG

A Seaman Apprentice, fresh out of sub school, reported aboard the boat. The topside watch asked, "Got any ID?" The kid from Washington, DC replied, "Bout whut?"

My plea at this point is for some of you with a little time to spend to please come aboard with this project. If you volunteer to take ten of these files and try to find out if the right information has already been discovered, surely some more men will be happy discovering our crew association, and the opportunity to communicate with former shipmates. You will also make the history of the Sabalo more complete. The Navy doesn't keep lists of who all who served aboard any ship or duty station—and we will be in rare company as a crew which has researched its ship's full history of manning-rosters and sailing-lists.

I can send you these files via email or via regular mail. Some names may only have one phone number to call, while others, a half dozen or more from which to identify the Sabalo vet we seek [e.g.: 'Willie' Williams, or 'Willie' Wilson].

There are two places on the Sabalo web site that you can check to see what has already been learned about a shipmate. The roster pages have the info about each man's service, and expanded personal information is on the "Bio" pages, if data was provided by the man himself or by others. Please check your own listings and send any corrections or additions. Jeff

Going to D.C. doesn't make you a statesman any more than standing in a garage makes you a car.

New Navy rules take aim at alcohol abuse, smoking (Breathalyzers on ships)

"The Navy will take a more aggressive approach to curbing alcohol and drug abuse and continue moving toward a smoke-free force under initiatives announced by Navy Secretary Ray Mabus.

In response to concerns about alcohol abuse, particularly among younger sailors and Marines, the department this year will install Breathalyzers on every ship so that crew members coming aboard to work will be tested. Crew members already on board will be randomly tested. "

Thank God! Finally, our betters have solved the age-old problem:

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,

What shall we do with a drunken sailor,

Early in the morning?

- Let's have none of that 'bailing out the boat 'til he's sober' or keelhauling, hosing him down or flogging (as the song suggests), nor using the primitive methods we simpletons used after years of trial and error. No, now we'll maintain Freedom of the Seas with a new volunteer Navy manned with all the disciplined precision of wind-up toy soldiers!
- Surely, we can assume that all those in the entire chain of command (and its advisors) who directed this brilliant innovation in military planning have included themselves in the testing program— the people at the helm, so to speak.
- On the other hand, perhaps (in the words of a blogger on this subject): "...they are using the Military as the canary in the coal mine of social experimentation...."
- ...or... (of another insightful blogger): "If someone in the chain of command needs a friggin' breathalyzer to determine if a Sailor is fit for duty— maybe HE/SHE is more of a problem than drunken Sailors."



Front Page -- Avast Ye Carbon Dogs! Obama's Great Green Naval Fleet Sets Sail! For the first time, the U.S. Navy will be using biofuel to power ships -- at a cost of a mere \$26 per gallon. PJTV daily pulse, 7/9/12

Remember, Noah's Ark was built by amateurs; the Titanic by professionals.

It was to the Submarine Force that I looked to carry the load until our great industrial activity could produce the weapons we so sorely needed to carry the war to the enemy. It is to the everlasting honor and glory of our submarine personnel that they never failed us in our days of peril. **Fleet Admiral, Chester Nimitz**

And we're not alone in improving our fighting forces:

Nelson at Trafalgar 2011

Nelson: "Order the signal, Hardy."

Hardy: "Aye, aye sir."

Nelson: "Hold on, this isn't what I dictated to Flags. What's the meaning of this?"

Hardy: "Sorry sir?"

Nelson: (reading aloud): "England expects every person to do his or her duty, regardless of race, gender, sexual orientation, religious persuasion or disability." - What gobbledygook is this for God's sake?"

Hardy: "Admiralty policy, I'm afraid, sir. We're an equal opportunities employer now. We had the devil's own job getting "England" past the censors, lest it be considered racist."

Nelson: "Gadzooks, Hardy. Hand me my pipe and tobacco."

Hardy: "Sorry sir. All naval vessels have now been designated smoke-free working environments."

Nelson: "In that case, break open the rum ration. Let us splice the main brace to steel the men before battle."

Hardy: "The rum ration has been abolished, Admiral. It's part of Navy policy on drinking."

Nelson: "Good heavens, Hardy. I suppose we'd better get on with it full speed ahead."

Hardy: "I think you'll find that there's a 4 knot speed limit in this stretch of water."

Nelson: "Damn it man! We are on the eve of the greatest sea battle in history. We must advance with all dispatch. Report from the crow's nest, please."

Hardy: "That won't be possible, sir."

Nelson: "What?"

Hardy: "Health and Safety have closed the crow's nest, sir. No harness; and they said that rope ladders don't meet regulations. They won't let anyone up there until proper scaffolding can be erected."

Nelson: "Then get me the ship's carpenter without delay, Hardy."

Hardy: "He's busy knocking up a wheelchair access to the foredeck Admiral."

Nelson: "Wheelchair access? I've never heard anything so absurd."

Hardy: "Health and safety again, sir. We have to provide a barrier-free environment for the differently abled."

Nelson: "Differently abled? I've only one arm and one eye and I refuse even to hear mention of the word. I didn't rise to the rank of admiral by playing the disability card."

Hardy: "Actually, sir, you did. The Royal Navy is under-represented in the areas of visual impairment and limb deficiency."

Nelson: "Whatever next? Give me full sail. The salt spray beckons."

Hardy: "A couple of problems there too, sir. Health and safety won't let the crew up the rigging. And they don't want anyone breathing in too much salt - haven't you seen the adverts?"

Nelson: "This is infamy. Break out the cannon, tell the men to stand by to engage the enemy."

Hardy: "The men are worried about shooting at anyone, Admiral."

Nelson: "This is mutiny!"

Hardy: "It's not that, sir. It's just that they're afraid of being charged with murder if they actually kill anyone. There are a couple of legal-aid lawyers on board, watching everyone like hawks."

Nelson: "Then how are we to sink the Frenchies and the Spanish?"

Hardy: "Actually, sir, we're not."

Nelson: "We're not?"

Hardy: "No, sir. The French and the Spanish are our European partners now. According to the Common Fisheries Policy, we shouldn't even be in this stretch of water. We could get hit with a claim for compensation."

Nelson: "But you must hate a Frenchman as you hate the devil."

Hardy: "Don't let the ship's diversity coordinator hear you saying that sir. You'll be up on ort."

Nelson: "You must consider every man an enemy, who speaks ill of your King."

Hardy: "Not any more, sir. We must be inclusive in this multicultural age. Now put on your Kevlar vest; it's the rules. It could save your life."

Nelson: "Don't tell me - Health and Safety. Whatever happened to rum, sodomy and the lash?"

Hardy: As I explained, sir, rum is off the menu! And there's a ban on corporal punishment."

Nelson: "What about sodomy?"

Hardy: "I believe that is now legal, sir."

Nelson: "In that case..... Kiss me Ass, Hardy!"



NTINS Internal Air a Man Could See

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

I catch hell about writing about life on submarines, specifically confining my observations to diesel boat duty. There's a reason for that. I rode leaky old wornout diesel boats... Smokeboats on the verge of scrapyard euthanasia. I don't write about life on nuke subs because I've only been on two... Walked through Nautilus and Toledo... I might as well have been taking a guided tour through a dinosaur colon. I didn't have a clue.

Smokeboat sailors are like cannibals and nukes are like college students. We had as much in common as Hindus and Holy Rollers. I write for the lads who rode petroleum-powered boats that collapsed before reaching 1,000 feet (depth gauges stopped designating depth at 800 feet because the law of physics would have a smokeboat crew shaking hands with marine life at any depth below that).

One thing you didn't see on a moonbeam boat pier were raghats walking around on a hot day in red lead spattered dungarees with a pack of sea store Luckies carried in a twisted tee shirt sleeve. Right about now, old smokeboat sailors are smiling and moonbeamers are asking each other, "What 'n the hell is he talking about?"

Today's modern day sailor grew up in a world that fully understands the negative effects of tobacco smoke. In the 'old days', the navy sold cigarettes to be distributed at sea, in international waters beyond the jurisdiction of all domestic tax authority. In the late '50s, we got 'nickle-a-pack' sea store smokes that were distributed from cases of cartons, stacked prior to issue in the forward torpedo room.

"Attention, all hands... We have cleared the international buoy and sea store cigarettes are being issued forward."

When you arrived in the forward room, there was the Chief of the Boat...

"Okay... Okay... Keep it down. Gahdammit, get into line! Pall Mall smokers up front. Jack, bust open a case of them Pall Malls."

"Hey chief, how 'bout bustin' open a case of Camels? I'm out."

"To hell with you, hacksaw... Bum a smoke off Stuke and get the hell in line."

"Any you bastards smoke Raleighs? Nobody in their right mind smokes gahdam Raleighs... It'll take 35,000 Raleigh coupons to buy an iron lung."

"Hey chief, find out if anyone has Zippo flints."

"Mr. Andrews... JGs hafta' stand in line with the animals... You gotta be a two-striper to go to the head of the line."

"Pipe down, Willie..."

"Mr. Andrews smokes Kents... I thought they only smoked Kents at girl scout camp."

"Girl scout camp and the air national guard."

"You buy two cartons of Kents and you get a free pair of nylon panties."

As the COB handed out the pre-purchased cartons of smokes to the animals lined up in the forward battery passageway, men with armloads of cartons worked their way aft.

Buck a carton Camels, Pall Malls, Winstons, Marlboros, Philip Morris, Tareytons, Kools, and Kents were picked up and hauled aft to be ratholed and squirreled away in bunk and side lockers, above ventilation lines and tucked away under flashpads on bunks.

Diesel boat submariners smoked. We lit up on the bridge topside, at ordered depth, snorkeling, watching depth gauges when operating the bow and stern planes, battle stations after the old man 'lit the lamp', and at morning quarters. Smokeboat sailors smoked.

When the non-rated bottom-feeders (like me) passed through the boat emptying butt kits, it was common to fill an empty sharpshooter bucket with discarded butts.

The atmosphere of an American diesel submarine contained enough of what today is called 'secondhand smoke', that the crews had to clean nicotine film off gauge face lenses. Part of the signature stench of a veteran smokeboat was recirculated cigarette smoke. It permeated everything... Uniforms, pea-coats and blankets, to name a few. I would hate to find out what percentage of our breathable atmosphere was oxygen laced with incinerated tobacco gas.

No complaints... No idiot aboard enjoyed an 'authorized smoking lamp' more than I did... And I wasn't alone. There was nothing any more relaxing or satisfying than a smoke and a cup of coffee, strong enough to float three links of your anchor chain.

Most of my most wonderful memories are wrapped around recollections of 'coffee and a smoke' conversations with my butt parked on a padded crews mess potato locker.

Caffine and nicotine seemed to facilitate discussions on very important subjects like the effect of engine stroke, low and outside ball pitching, bust sizes, and sex with fat girls.

Submariners may be the most opinionated rascals inhabiting the planet. They could create controversy out of the 23rd.

Psalm. The clowns could argue about anything from the par value of monkey bones in Palu Pango to the Statue of Liber-

ty's panty size. Most of the great discussions, debates, conversations, and heated arguments, were held over cups of King Kong strong, 'bottom of the pot' Maxwell house in a smoke-filled messdeck. We solved complex international confrontational situations by applying the universal submariner solution...

"Just drop The Bomb on the dumb bastards."

Given our propensity for applying the 'bomb the bastards' solution, the guys assembling nuclear ordinance would have had to put on a late shift.

Coffee came in 20 lb. cans. When we loaded stores, we stored the cans outboard the main engines.

Boatsailors love coffee. In a situation where priorities would require choices to be made, diesel submariners would have traded 20 canned hams, their attack scope, the starboard screw, port bow plane, four barmaid house keys, ten whorehouse rain checks, and their corpsman, for a coffee resupply.

Another point needs to be made. Submarine coffee is about as strong as coffee gets before it makes the metamorphic transition to solid granite. Late night, bottom of the pot, midwatch coffee was like liquid asphalt. I came to consider regular restaurant coffee to be one step above iced tea. Real coffee had to have hair, horns and tree bark.

It is fair to say, that the undersea service operated on coffee, diesel fuel and 'nickle a pack' smokes.

Returning to the value of sea store cigarettes...

In Mediterranean liberty ports, cigarettes had a most inflated barter value. It was amazing what a bum boat entrepreneur would offer you for a carton of sea store Camels. One bum boat vendor had an ugly girl in his boat and was pandering her services for four cartons of Luckies.

For a bunch of eighteen or nineteen year old, redblooded American hetrossexual, testosterone-loaded bluejackets who had spent the better part of four weeks filling their lungs with snorkel air, this appeared to be a wonderful bargain. That is to say, it seemed to be a heaven-sent transaction until the Chief of the Boat showed up topside and announced that any member of ship's company who ventured beyond our tank tops, would see no liberty for the next six weeks. That, and a closer look at this offered darling killed all erotic desire. She was old, had a nice crop of upper lip hair, scraggly unwashed hair, and a face like Jack Palance.

It will seem silly, irrelevant and of little or no importance to the

uninitiated to discuss the relationship of cigarettes and submarine sailors. But to men who rode those old scrap yard cheaters, those beloved stinking steel contraptions, there are wonderful memories associated with cups of joe, burning a butt and watching God secure His day with one of those magnificent sunsets. Memories of conversations about home, growing up, childhood sweethearts, sports events, leaving blood on playing field grass, transferred or lost shipmates, and mom's vegetable soup.

Any of you bastards remember when boats came with 'cigarette decks' aft of the bridge, shears and radar mast? You've got to be long in the tooth and drawing Polident and soft rations to remember cigarette decks. If you are old enough to have ventured topside at sundown to enjoy an 'after chow Camel and coffee', you probably have a dinged-up Zippo in a dark, forgotten desk drawer, that has visited a lot of seedy gin mills in faraway places you never mentioned to your dear mother and sweet old aunt Margaret. You can probably remember tossing a spent cigarette butt in the air and laughing at the seagull that grabbed it in mid-flight. You're also old enough to remember when the navy removed the deck guns, waved a magic wand and made gunner's mates into instant torpedomen, constipating the advancement process leading to a geriatric second class logjam.

You are old enough to remember late night stores loading, tender paint locker raids and sixty-five cent blind barber haircuts given by wardroom stewards for beer money. You remember sitting near hemp mooring lines on the forward capstan with a coffee, a smoke and a few close buddies. You remember when the closed chock aft that had the stern light mounted on it, was called the 'bull's ass' and officer's and chief's garrison caps were called 'piss cutters'. In short, you don't have to show I.D. to get a senior citizen discount.

Saltwater and a good smoke go together... Nothing better. Yep, thanks to chief Clear, I've quit the habit. My lungs still probably look like the inside of a locomotive firebox. But if tomorrow, my doctor told me I'd be turning in my earthly issue in six months, I'd head out, buy a carton of Marlboros, find a nice spot at the beach and watch the sun come up with a coffee and a smoke, cuss seagulls and shuffle through a seabag load of stories, lies and memories.

I would smile and restore my pride in having worn Dolphins and rubbed shoulders with the finest group of men I've ever known. A smokeboat Zippo is an Aladdin's lamp.



The Royal Hawaiian Hotel today (During WWII, these surrounding towers didn't exist)

During World War II, the *Pink Palace*, AKA *Pink Lady* was closed to tourists and instead served as a place of rest and relaxation for U.S. submariners. While the *Royal Hawaiian Hotel's* lush tropical garden was tranquil and poetic, on the beaches fronting the RH one saw reminders of the war with rolls and rolls of barbed wire planted in the sand.

The Government regularly paid damages and repair bills running into the tens of thousands of dollars as submariners vented off a little pressure between their perilous war patrols.

"Great food, sea-store smokes and good drinks! The \$100 rooms cost us only 25¢ a day," said one of these men, almost all of whom volunteered to go out again and again, fully aware that 25% of them would never return to any port."

A potential career officer's point of view re. breathalyzers:

So here is one version of how this plays out: Lt. Umptefrats and Capt. Beltbuckle, classmates at the Academy, meet up in Honolulu. Close friends at the Academy who boxed the same weight class and remain within 5 pounds of each other, Umptefrats is a division officer on the USS Chosin and Beltbuckle commands a company in Third Marines.

Smart, sharp, dedicated, and diligent, they work hard — real hard — enduring separation from their young families for months at a time conducting and supporting combat and presence operations at sea and ashore. Their wives give them their liberty card to go out together. It's a weeknight, so both officers are keenly aware that they have to keep it in check. Still, the beer starts flowing and the stories about misdeeds in Bancroft Hall abound. Each of them has 5 beers before they call it a night just after midnight. They take taxis home.

When each of them reports for duty at 0630 the next morning, their breathalyzers register .013. Neither is impaired, and both are fully prepared to execute a full workday. Absent a breathalyzer, no one on the ship or in the battalion would likely know or care that either officer had even been out the night before. Now, with both officers showing up and blowing very low alcohol levels, their COs are notified. Each officer is called in to see the XO so he can evaluate them for himself and counsel them on responsible use of alcohol. Whispers about "drunk on duty" start circulating, both officers get a little scared for their careers. Then they get pissed at being treated like a problem child trooper with 3 NJPs in his book, snatched by the Shore Patrol out of a drunken bar brawl in Phuket. How long before both these guys start counting the days until their five years are up so they can go back to grad school on the GI Bill? By "John Paul Lejeune"

[MORE MORALE BOOSTS:] Washington (CNN) -- The Department of Defense announced Thursday that it will be commemorating lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender pride later this month. The event will be the first of its kind for the Pentagon.

"The Defense Department is planning an LGBT Pride Month event for later this month," Pentagon spokeswoman Eileen Laniez said in a statement issued Thursday.

Press Secretary George Little said senior Defense Department officials will take part in the event, but had no other details. Just a year ago, a member of the military faced punishment or discharge if he or she admitted being homosexual, but last September the administration scrapped the policy known as "don't ask, don't tell." By Larry Shaughnessy, CNN Pentagon Producer Thu June 14, 2012

- *The last thing congress wants to do is hurt you with unintended consequences, which means it's still on their list.*

[ON THE OTHER HAND—] Under the Deep (Yale) Blue Sea March 16, 2011

Yale University ... returning (ROTC) to campus, ending a 30+ year absence... extended ... invitations to join a submarine excursion aboard the USS Missouri [SSN-780 commissioned 2 years ago this month] Virginia Class sub is home to 130 officers and crew... reactor is fueled for the life of the sub (33 years)... Oxygen is produced via electrolysis..., carbon dioxide, via amine scrubbing, water, via forward osmosis, and a battery & diesel engine ... for back-up... photonic / fiber optic based imaging system [vs] traditional periscope... Sound sensor arrays ... passive / active sonar detection of vessels... ocean floor topography under 500 feet of water and packed to optimal efficiency... more impressive ... are the officers / crew....

Captain Rexrode, the sub's Commanding Officer, is focused and knowledgeable, and manages to spend some time with us despite his extensive duties. Some of the officers ... young: Lt. Sullivan is 25... while his civilian peers are finishing school ... commands a full division.

Whether commanding the ship or cleaning the mess hall, these men "own" their jobs like no one else. Knowledge, dedication, and a sense of responsibility lead to a certain "presence," as evidenced by the confident and eloquent responses given when asked about their duties.... What (if any) these men trail Yale students in academic breadth and depth, they make up in purpose and experience.

The control room is the most fascinating ... the captain, pilot, co-pilot, and several others collaborate in ... operating the vessel... atmosphere is focused and serious... calm and controlled... High technology indeed, but also an art! The most exciting moment is the dive, a well-choreographed ... numerous checks, the audible "dive" command is given... expected siren... flooding of the main ballast ... a depth from 55 to 500 feet in about a minute... maximum tilt angle of about 14 degrees... atmosphere remains calm and peaceful – more like men watching a Hollywood movie than men acting in one.

Morale aboard the sub is exceptional. 90% of the men on board are under 30 (and for the moment, it is all men), but cynicism and sarcasm are totally absent ... combination of pride, confidence, humility, respect, good-humor, and "wonder" pervades... support and teamwork are balanced with respect and duty. Although hierarchical, the atmosphere is never tense and not even that formal. I smile repeatedly at the good natured banter... analogy from civilian life is probably an athletic team, but even there discipline and honor can succumb to swagger and machismo. I've never been called "sir" more often ... in no encounter did I ever feel anything but welcome.

What to take home from this experience? ... Three days wandering an underwater war machine's corridors, and shadowing its dedicated keepers, and three nights of bunking with five men in a room the area of a kitchen table, has provided an unforgettable and eye-opening look at a rich and storied institution, and one of its true engineering marvels.

To the officers and crew of the USS Missouri, for your kindness and hospitality, my most heartfelt thanks. **Paul Van Tassel**,
Chair, Department of Chemical & Environmental Engineering, Yale

When God Created a Submariner

15 May 2012 - Groton Sub Vets Holland Club Luncheon guest speaker: Captain Jane F. Vieira, Sub Force Chaplain. (Retired in May), had this to say [Her speech copied with only one minor edit required-Ed]:

When the good Lord created a Submariner, it was almost 2300 on the sixth day. An angel appeared and said, "You're having a lot of trouble with this one. What's wrong with the standard model?"

And the Lord replied, "Have you seen the specs on this order? It has to be able to think independently, yet be able to take orders; have the qualities of both a scientific mind and a compassionate heart; be able to mentor juniors and learn from seniors; run on black coffee; handle emergencies without a Damage Control Manual, respond competently to critical incidents, decipher cryptographic codes, understand pneumatics, hydraulics and sonar, have the patience of a saint and six pairs of hands, not to mention the strength of three its size.

The angel shook its head slowly and said, "Six pairs of hands - - No way!"

And the Lord answered, "Don't worry, we'll make other Submariners to help. Besides it's not the hands which are causing the problem. It's the heart. It must swell with pride when a Shipmate earns his Silver Dolphins - which above all else signifies the crew members trust it with their lives, sustain the incredible hardship of life at sea in a steel tube, beat on soundly when it's too tired to do so, and be strong enough to continue to carry on when it's given all it had."

"Lord," said the angel touching the Lord's sleeve gently, "Stop! It's almost midnight!"

"I can't," said the Lord. "I'm so close to creating something unique. Already I have one whose hands blend knowledge with skill to perform the most intricate procedures, yet are strong enough to patch a ruptured seawater pipe; whose ears can discern the sonar sounds of a myriad of ocean life, yet detect the slightest shift in ventilation; whose mind can practice the science of [nuclear] submarining, yet not lose sight of the art of teamwork; and whose eyes can peer through a periscope to identify a hull down ship, yet search within to embrace and personify honor, courage and commitment."

The angel circled the model of the Submariner very slowly. "It's too serious," the angel sighed.

"But tough," said the Lord excitedly. "You cannot imagine what this Submariner can do or endure."

"Can it feel?" asked the angel.

"Can it feel! It loves Ship, Shipmates and Country like no other!"

Finally the angel bent over and ran a finger across the Submariner's cheek. "There's a leak," pronounced the angel. "I told you you're trying to put too much into this model."

"That's not a leak," said the Lord. "It's a tear."

"What's it for?" asked the angel.

"It's for joy, sadness, disappointment, pain, frustration and pride!"

"You're a genius!" exclaimed the angel.

The Lord looked pleased and replied, "I didn't put it there."

Filled with pride, the Lord continued, "Great things are planned for this Submariner. It will be one of many and together they will lead a legacy of excellence like none has known before."

And with that the Lord rested. It was the seventh day. **CAPT Jane F. Vieira, Chaplain Corps, US Navy**

ARRRUGGHH! The Devil made me do it! (At least the U.S. Navy isn't alone)

Subject: IN THE NAVY....Wed, March 7, 2012 8:28:19 PM
The Royal Navy is proud of its new fleet of Type 45 destroyers. Having initially named the first two ships HMS Daring and HMS Dauntless, the Naming Committee has, after intensive pressure from Brussels, renamed them HMS Cautious and HMS Prudence. The next five ships are to be named HMS Empathy, HMS Circumspect, HMS Nervous, HMS Timorous and HMS Apologist. Costing £850 million each, they meet the needs of the 21st century and comply with the very latest employment, equality, health & safety and human rights laws.

The new user-friendly crew's nest comes equipped with wheelchair access. Live ammunition has been replaced with paintballs to reduce the risk of anyone getting hurt and to cut down on the number of compensation claims.

Stress counsellors and lawyers will be on duty 24hrs a day and each ship will have its on-board industrial tribunal. The crew will be 50/50 men and women, and balanced in

accordance with the latest Home Office directives on race, gender, sexuality and disability. Sailors will only have to work a maximum of 37hrs per week in line with Brussels Health & Safety rules, even in wartime!

All the vessels will come equipped with a maternity ward and nursery, situated on the same deck as the Gay Disco. Tobacco will be banned throughout the ship, but cannabis will be allowed in the wardroom and messes.

The Royal Navy is eager to shed its traditional reputation for; "Rum, sodomy and the lash"; so out has gone the occasional rum ration which is to be replaced by sparkling water. Although sodomy remains, it has now been extended to include all ratings under 18. The lash will still be available but only on request. Condoms can be obtained from the Bosun in a variety of flavours, except Capstan Full Strength. Saluting officers has been abolished because it is deemed elitist and is to be replaced by the more informal, "Hello Sailor".

All information on notices boards will be printed in 37 different languages and Braille. Crew members will now no

longer be required to ask permission to grow beards or moustaches - this applies equally to women crew members. The MoD is working on a new "non-specific" flag because the White Ensign is considered to be offensive to minorities. The Union Flag had already been discarded.

The newly re-named HMS Cautious is due to be commissioned soon in a ceremony conducted by Captain Hook from the Finsbury Park Mosque who will break a petrol bomb over the hull. She will gently slide into the

water as the Royal Marines Band plays "In the Navy" by the Village People.

Her first deployment will be to escort boat loads of illegal immigrants across the channel to ports on England's south coast. The Prime Minister said, "While these ships reflect the very latest in modern thinking, they are also capable of being up-graded to comply with any new legislation coming out of Brussels."

His final words were, "Britannia waives the rules!"



Mail Bag

- Ron: My personal plans have changed, and regretfully I will not be attending the 2012 USSVI Convention in Norfolk. The list of those planning to attend is listed elsewhere in this issue, and on the Sabalo web page. I hope there might still be some late comers out there who might show, but you can read the current status. If I may answer any questions or be of help in any way, please contact me. Your shipmate, Jeff DBF
- Ron, I had planned to attend the reunion but my 95 year old father passed away in May and I've had some family duties to attend to. Please keep me on the list. Thanks Jerry Hamilton
- Can't keep up with things anymore! 2 submarine grandsons, both electricians. Robert W. Jensen
- Ron, Great newsletter! Thanks for keeping the SABALO veterans informed. Best regards, Mike Schneider 9/ 63 - 3/ 65
- Jeff, Ron, Re Clever Boy newsletter: you can add my name -- I would also be interested in attending a Sabalo event at Norfolk in Sept. I also need to update my Sabalo Bio: as of May 1st: I am now re-married - tied the knot 26 Apr 2011.... my new bride's name is Joyce Darrell. ...Retired from JHU Applied Physics Lab Jan '11. Since I haven't previously helped with the Association costs, I'm sending a check separately. Charlie Darrell
- 7May2012 ...I personally really enjoy reading the newsletter, and even though I was only on board the Sabalo for a couple years, it was a couple of the greatest years of my life....(I just didn't know it then) God, we had fun, and no responsibilities, other than to the boat, and the rest of our crewmembers. It is sad to see the names of those I knew way back when, that are no longer with us. Please keep up the good work. I don't often see stories about people I remember, as I was on board such a short time, but the boat treated us all the same. I came aboard in Oct. 1961, in Pearl while the boat was in drydock, undergoing a total retrofit. ..There were less than about 25 crewmembers when I went aboard, and I was fresh from SP/SG and boot camp. Consequently, I relieved an E-5 by the name of Stafford, who, because he was the most junior member on board, had been mess cooking. I ended up mess cooking almost 6 months and was a crewmember SN(SS) until Sept. 1963. M.E. 'Tim' Williams, Jr.) Bothell, Washington; Retired 2001.

Korean Era veterans should be aware of the "Korean War Medal", awarded by the R.O.K., but not previously recognized, was not authorized for U.S. award until 1996. **This is different from The Korean Service Medal 1950-1954** previously awarded. Sabalo men are eligible for both of the medals for the ship's participation between 10 Jan 53 - 10 Jun 53 info: <http://www.history.navy.mil/medals/korea.htm>

WE ARE SUBMARINERS

We are not the first of them and we will not be the last. Our heritage runs back to the first submarine. This heritage line continues forward into an unseen future. Each generation is trained by the one before. This will remain so until there is no more use for submarines, which will be never. If one of us goes aboard a new or old submarine, we are comfortable with the men there; they are us and we are them, for we are the same. Stand us in a line in all our dress uniforms or naked in our coffins, we are the same. We are and forever will be submariners. We are one.

We can have everything taken from us, uniforms, medals, our sanity and our lives, but we will always be recognized by others and ourselves as a submariner. This status cannot be removed from us. Our Dolphins worn on our chests then, on our blazers now or later pinned on molding uniforms in our graves mark us forever. We are first, last, and always men that stepped forward and worked long and hard to become what we are. We are unique amongst seafarers for we sail down deep into dark and always dangerous waters. We do this not with foolhardy go-to-hell bravery, but with cool calculation and care. We challenge the dangers with training and practice. We know that the time for bravery will come when two shipmates have to shut themselves in a flooding compartment, knowing that the whole boat and crew depends on them alone to control the flooding.

We believe in each other, because we must. Alone at sea, the crew and a pressure hull are all we have to reach the surface again. Men with confidence in each other dive and surface submarines countless times. Each man trained by others holds the lives of those shipmates in his hands. Dolphins are the qualification symbol of this tradition. Submarine hulls have numbers and men have hearts and souls. We carry those numbers in our hearts in life, and they mark our souls in death. Dolphins are the symbol of this. Our Dolphins are the ultimate insignia; no other symbol matters or means anything to us as much as they do.

From the "Signal Ejector", the newsletter of Mobile Bay Base USSVI.



USS Triton Sail Park Dedication Submitted by: Pat Householder on 11/12/2011

The dedication was held November 10, 2011 in Richland WA, exactly fifty two years after her commissioning. Triton's massive sail stands 26 feet high and 67 feet long and includes her conning tower, which was open for this occasion.

When commissioned, USS Triton was the largest submarine ever built. She was decommissioned in 1969, the first U.S. nuclear submarine to be taken out of service and her recycling was completed in November 2009.

Many crew members who had served on the Triton, including some who made the trip around the world, attended with their families, as well as many other submariners, all excited to see and tour the sail of the Triton, which was specially opened for the occasion.

Originally built as a Radar Picket sub, the USS Triton submarine was the first to circumnavigate around the world submerged, and is the only U.S. submarine built with two nuclear reactors, and the last to have a separate conning tower, twin screws or a after torpedo room.

Brief dedication remarks were made by Bob Rawlins, CAPT Ret, 3rd CO of USS Triton & Mare Island Base member, Harold Weston, MMCM(SS) Ret, COB from 1961-67 and a member of the Hampton Roads Base, and by **Al Steele** of San Diego, TM3(SS) during Triton's trip around the world and a retired CDR. **[Sabalo Weapons Officer, LT '66-68]**

A buddy wrote his wife from Yokosuka asking her to send him \$25.00 to buy "cigarettes and soap and stuff."

Her next letter came with this response: "**Here is \$5.00 for cigarettes and soap... your 'stuff' is at home!**"

Submitted by Ken "Pig" Henry

SABALO SHIP'S PATCHES
(new version announced last issue) \$10 postage paid.



Dali Dolphins

Generous offer from favorite submarine author:

A vet whose last active duty (other than for training) terminated honorably & who has been awarded one of the following decorations can be buried in Arlington:

(1) Medal of Honor, (2) Distinguished Service Cross (AF Cross or Navy Cross), (3) Distinguished Service Medal, (4) Silver Star, (5) Purple Heart.

If you have no combat decorations listed in your DD-214 you can only be placed in the Columbarium or be buried in another less crowded National Cemetery. If you have ANY

desire to seek burial or to be cremated and placed in the Columbarium in Arlington National Cemetery, use me as your "on site" contact and family representative. Leave my name and number with your spouse or next of kin, and I will handle your "on site" arrangements & tell you what documentation is required. My name: Robert D. ARMSTRONG; present phone (703) 229-3569 & (703) 399-9575 I find it an honor to assist in representing families in having their beloved veterans placed in Arlington National Cemetery...To date I have done that for six families and my dear bride. DEX For eligibility details go to <http://www.arlingtoncemetery.net/eligib.htm>

This is a partial list of known Sabalo vets for whom we have no US Post Office or email -address, or phone number. If you can add any info, please contact Jeff Owens, or Ron Gorence. Help erase this list!

Albert, James G	Deguzman, Ricardo D	Huntington, William F	Ross, Martin
Alley, William P.	Diosomito, E. j.	Husky, John Robert	Sanares, Olympio P
Alonzo, Frederick L	Donovan, John Joseph	Kirk, Harlow R	Schachterle, Conrad R
Arndt, Thomas C	Eastman, John L	Landrum, Charles D	Seevell, Roger
Ash, Keith Leroy	Eppinette, Donald G	Legaspi, Jr, M. c.	Sherman, Alan R
Beech, James E	Everton, Kenneth J	Leggett, David H	Spailer, John Lawrence
Bessette, Eanest Th	Forsman, Ronald S	Lewis, John D	Spears, Sidney Leroy
Birchmore, Jr, Henry H	Forsman, Wayne A	Logan, Jr, William C	Stephens, Robert H.
Bishop, Jr, George W	Franklin, Randal	Long, Roger	Sumich, John E
Bouchard, Andre D	Furchak, Jr, John	Loveland, Kenneth W.	Thompson, Harold A
Carlas, Antonio S	Gapilitan, Ricardo M	Lynch, Robert Forrest	Tolliver, Frederick K
Capilitan, Ricardo	Greene, William H	Miltner, Gerald A	Urvin, Edward L
Christian, Samuel L	Giovannucci, Robert	Minard, James N	Villalobos, Pedro
Collins, John A	Golladay, Denny D	Mullis, William H	Vincent, Robert B
Cone, Robert Howard	Gregory, William T	O'Donnell, Peter F	Wallace, Francis T
Coon, Jr, William J	Harris, Jackie L	Payne, Robert E	Wayte, Arthur M
Corpus, Mauro	Harsh, Kenneth C	Perkins, Robert D	Winkler, Frederick J
Crossley, Richard J	Haynes, David J.	Pointer, Daniel R	Count (Jan) = 88
Cummings, Edward	Hensley, Robert J	Purtilo, David P	April Issue = 85
Dadas, Narcisco Felix	Higgins, Byron Robert	Reed, Jack D	This issue = 83 (5 found)
Debick, Thomas Andrew	Honore, Palmer J	Reyes, M.	
Decker, Jerry Lynn	Humphrey, Ronald J	Rice, Lester J	

\$2 Bolt Caused Millions In Damages To One Of America's Premier Nuclear Subs

Eloise Lee| May 15, 2012| from Sam Fellman's article in Navy Times

... crew members of the USS Georgia (SSGN-729) heard a "whump!" noise when the vessel's propulsion shaft started spinning...subsequent actions were in complete ignorance of "standard operation procedures and common sense."...not simply shutting down the shaft and calling for help... the crew ... spinning the shaft and ... trying "in vain" to figure out what was wrong...severe consequences. USS Georgia was scheduled for operations against Libya Failing to deploy ... Georgia's sister sub, Florida, [had to] fire[d] more than 90 Tomahawks in the operation — the first by a guided-missile sub."

...what was the cause of the "whumping" noise? A single bolt that cost less than three dollars,... had been accidentally left in the submarine's gear housing during a routine inspection in December 2010... has no place aboard a Navy vessel...crew members even "tape down their coveralls and remove all personal items, like rings, pens and watches" to prevent anything from falling into an opening.

...crew's "inadequate" preparation and oversight resulted ...officer and a senior sailor...stripped of their responsibilities... three crew members "went to mast" ... dereliction of duty... three others "letters of caution"....this new \$350 million combat ship has nearly two equipment failures for every million bucks!

[Ed note: This article angers me in many ways: "Praise in public; reprimand in private" is apparently no longer politically correct, even in the Navy Times. "Shutting down and calling for help"? Sounds more like the 'common sense' of an arm-chair-quarterback member of congress than of anyone who's ever gone to sea. The implied solution, apparently, is to have at least one Officer, a Master Chief and couple of Petty Officers overseeing the next poor snipe who has to replace a housing cover. Can't ever remember anything like this happening on diesel boats; and, I guess, that's my point: we kept all our problems inside the pressure hull and our mistakes were learning experiences, not entries in our service record. Again, I say these men must be better men than me if they can take enough time away from covering their a** to complete the mission—amazingly, Pride still seems to Run Deep based on recent submarine accomplishments.]

WWII: Submariners had an attitude: *It was 6 May 1944 Gurnard attacked a convoy headed south in the Celebes Sea ,sinking three large Marus and damaged a fourth. The escorts came down on their attacker with a vengeance. Delbert Ryder was sitting at a mess table counting the depth charges . He asked me, "What does a depth charge cost?" Making a wild guess I told , "About \$600 dollars." His remark,"Damn we're going to bankrupt these SOBs". --*

Nukes have an attitude: Submariners' poetic response after Thresher?

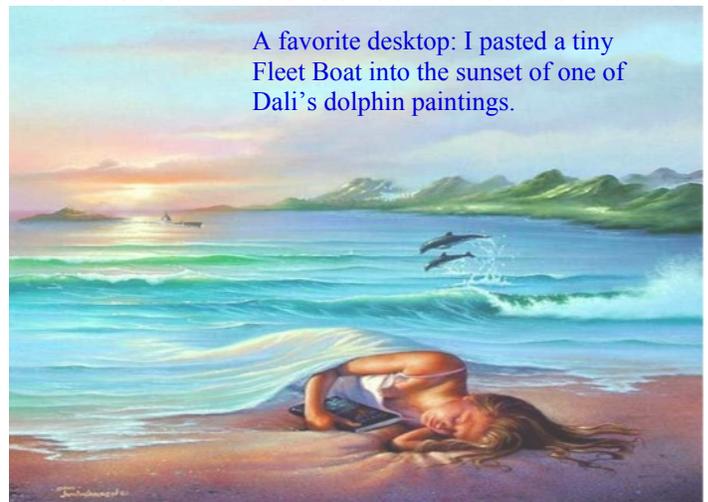
"F% the Depth, F*% the Pressure,
Take Us Down, Beside the Thresher."*



Sunsets with boats dubbed in



A favorite desktop: I pasted a tiny Fleet Boat into the sunset of one of Dali's dolphin paintings.



Our Sabalo Shipmates on Eternal Patrol [Third segment, G-J]

Galland, James Harold
Garcia, Ambrose M. "Andy"
Gard, Arthur Clinton
Gartley, James T. Jr.
Gates, Earl Ray "Gator"
Gerfin, Melvin Arthur
Getzwiller, Gordon H.
Gibbs, Barney E.
Giles, Willis Ray "Willie""Ray"
Glans, Dale Carl Jr.
Goldsmith, James Bryant
Gomil, James Patrick
Gorman, Michael Thomas
Greenawalt, Robert W. "Snake"

Gregory, Walter G
Griffin, Warren J.
Guy, Clyde William
Hall, Roland T.
Halperin, Hymen H.
Halstead, Edwin C.
Haney,
Harding, Howard Raymond
Harris, James Richard "Dick"
Harris, Mervin R.
Harshey, James M.
Hawkins, Edward Joseph
Hayes, Daniel Edward
Hefner, David L.

Henetz, Alex James
Hibbert, Edmund L.
Higgins, James L.
Hinrichsen, Stanley C.
Hoffstrom, William E.
Hoitt, Scott G.
Holian, James J. "Jim"
Holmquist, Raymond Ernest
Horsman, Wallace Stanley "Wally"
Horton, James William
Howe, Gary Eugene
Hudson, Steve M., Jr.
Hughes, Robert Lorraine "Larry"
Hundley, Tom (nmn)

Hungerford, Steven E.
Hunter, H Reid
Husak, Otto John
Huska, Martin Wayne
Irvin, Harold James "Jim" "Pinky"
Ivey, Loy Edwin
Januszewski, Francis J.
Jarvies, John E
Jett, George L.
Johnson, Charles Franklin
Johnson, Donald
Jordan, Robert Albert
Joslin, Lester M. "Jos"

Final Patrol

- Carroll E. Cutting SN aboard Sabalo 1955, d. 4 Apr 2011 in Matoon, IL
- Vernon Richard “Dick” Everly, Cdr, Ret, LT aboard Sabalo Dec ’62-Jan ’65, d. 4 Jun 2011 in Baltimore, MD
- Dale Charles Jung, CWO4, Ret., TM aboard Sabalo Feb ’61- Apr ’65, d. 19 May 2011 in Oviedo, FL
- Stanley Altenhein, SK1 aboard Sabalo Dec ’65-Jan’66, d. 1 Oct 2011 in Virginia Bch, VA
- Thomas Hayden Taylor LT aboard Sabalo Jul ’55-Jun ’58, d. 25 Jan 2011 in St. Augustine, FL

Shipmates: My marvelous wife, Mary Ann (age 69) passed away at midnight, May 25/26/12. Thanks for the prayers.

She had been diagnosed with myelofibrosis in February 2002 and was given 4-6 months by an intern—later corrected by a real doctor who informed us that there was a 50%, five-year survival rate—so, we began setting goals: like surviving until 2006 to witness little Martin’s grade-school graduation.

I could have used help from my four sons (two are Pharmacists), but she made me promise to tell no one: she did not want people looking at her with sympathy in their eyes. Finally, she began needing weekly red blood cell transfusions, so we had her spleen removed in December; since we could no longer hide her condition I was authorized to tell everyone. We didn’t make our latest goals: Harrah’s Rincon Casino for our 48th Wedding Anniversary and the USSVI Conv. in Norfolk.

On Wednesday, our anniversary, she ate three small meals

and took her pills. She slept the whole day and night, but still seemed comfortable. On Thursday, she refused all food and medication, and in bed that night she said, “Let me go” several times—the submariner in me kept trying to fix things so instead of hearing her, I stopped trying to feed her pills and tugging her into more comfortable positions. Friday morning I took her, via ambulance, to the emergency ward at Balboa Naval Hospital for re-hydration, and found out she’d had heart failure, renal (kidney) failure, and was beyond any medical help. We transferred her to San Diego Hospice late that day.

Mike, our third son, had the watch as I went home for a short nap and a shower, and he summoned me, just after 2300, to the hospice where I felt the warmth gradually leave her hands and body. She was cremated and her wedding band, never off her finger in forty-eight years and two days, was placed on top of her ashes. She precedes me at Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery in San Diego.

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:

Bravo Zulu: =“Well Done!” 

NTINS: “Now This Is No Sh*t,” as opposed to Fairy Tales which begin with, “Once upon a time....”

TBT - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)

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

Continued:  The End: 