

Call Sign: *Clever Boy*

Las Vegas Sabalo Reunion November 11-15, 2013

JSSS SABALO.ORG
Harrah's

When you get to Flamingo, your room might not have a Bible, but there will be a magazine like *Las Vegas Life*, *What's going on in Vegas*, or something similar. Before you put your skivvies in a drawer, look through it for current shows and Vegas activities—you may need to reserve your spot a couple of days before the event. Shows run from \$40-\$175 (I might hesitate to pay that much even to watch the original Gettysburg Address—on the other hand, slot machines can eat up \$100 in minutes). There's also a map in the magazine; keep in mind, that walking that small distance on the map is a lot further than it looks: the Flamingo Hotel is about a city block long. See the Flamingo and Harrah's in the picture? Plan on a 5 minute brisk walk just to get thru the Quad.

•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, I consider it an honor 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:

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



Last edit: 8/9/13

To:



To our 55 Publication Donors — Thank You!

Your exemplification of the spirit of our Brotherhood means that 120 Sabalo vets without Internet access can receive CB!

Almeida, Fred	Forman, Irv	Kurowski, Marvin	Nelson, Bobbie	Potts, James	Sullivan, L
Baker, John (X2)	Giancola, Steve	LeConte, John	Odom, Charlie	Reyes, A	Thompson, DM
Baumruk,	Grantham, F. (X3)	Longenecker, JD	Oles M.	Roberts, Joe	Towery, J
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Dunnagan, J	Kreuzer, James	Needham, Bruce	Polin, Paul	Smith, C.	



From the Tomato Basket:

I have received many comments about not attending reunions; some examples with my response:

I really can't remember anyone:

Review the web site reunion list; check the roster for their on board dates/ jobs. Memories dim with age. I started looking for Sabalo sailors 30+ years after my departure— could only remember about ten names.

I won't know anyone there:

Reunions are more like get "RE-acquainted" parties; haven't seen someone years? That's what it's all about; you'll be surprised about how much you have in common, even if they weren't serving the same time as you.

A couple guys I do remember

aren't on the list: Let me know — I'll personally contact them and let them know you'll be there, or better yet, I'll give you their phone number, and you can invite them personally— tell them we sure hope they'll join us at the Banquet and/or the Hospitality Suite to meet and add some facts or alternate sides to the sea stories.

What else besides conversation happens in the hospitality suite?:

800 photos in the Sabalo files,

ship's plans, patrol reports, and more on lap tops. Sabalo's web site it will be viewable— you'll be missing a great opportunity to see Sabalo history in pictures.

While many pics are on the web site, organizing and posting online is too large a job (now, anyway). Ample snacks and beverages available all the time in the Hospitality Suite as long as someone is there to stand watch to keep out riff-raff.

Maybe I'll make it next time:

Time slips by—time and health have a way of altering plans without warning— so do it now, and save the excuses for the "next time".

The prospective attendees list has been revised almost daily and the web site has the latest, so the data in this issue will not be correct as soon as someone else signs up. In any case, whether you have online access or not, I will answer any questions directly - Call Me.

If you have Sabalo pics that I don't have, bring Ron/me a copy, or we can maybe copy them there.

Smooth sailing, your shipmate, **Jeff Owens**



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Anonymous warning about e-Bay:
If you buy stuff on line, check out the seller carefully, and be sure to read the specific descriptions. "I have just spent \$100 on a penis enlarger. BS%@\$ds sent me a magnifying glass."
Instructions said, "Do not use in the sunlight."

Thru the TBT:

• **Housekeeping:** There are Sabalo vets who would miss their grand-daughter's wedding or her graduation to attend a rubber-chicken Sabalo dinner; those people are mostly signed-up and paid-up by now. There are others who really want to get together with their shipmates, but only if it's convenient and not in conflict with a trip to Branson or a dental appointment—these will probably panic sometime in September/October and scramble aboard. Then there's the 60% in between!

We professional herders of (cool) cats probably look a little insane to most people, but then we did volunteer to get into a sewer pipe and sink it, so we do understand one another. However, I need to offer another salute to Jeff Owens—I had no idea what he'd gone thru for us in preparing all our past reunions; here's our current status:

Sabalo vets have reserved 15 rooms so far at the Flamingo, so we're short 15. There are almost 40 + wives/guests paid-up for our Banquet, so the numbers don't compute. Give Flamingo a call and make a reservation—you can cancel up to 72 hours before the event, but if we don't have 30 rooms reserved by August 19, I have to put up \$1,000 to keep them open. **Make a reservation now—you'll have almost 3 months to re-adjust your arrival/departure date.** Mention **Sabalo Crew Association**, or Group Code **SFUSS#3** when you call: **1 (888) 373-9855**.

High-Roller that I am, Flamingo has my credit card number; if we cancel the entire block of rooms after August 19, they will keep my \$1,000; after October 21, \$1,500. If you don't cancel your room at least 72 hours before your reserved date, \$40 ++ will be charged to your credit card—or

it will be billed to my card. No rooms will be guaranteed at our rate after Oct 21, and will be subject to availability. Meanwhile my contact has agreed to hold 10 rooms for November 10 (Sun) and 16 (Sat) at the same rate.

Remember, **check in at the VIP or Diamond Check-in** booth to the left of the regular hotel registration counters (where the landlubbers will be waiting in long lines). And check out page ten for a map and some hot skinny.

This issue is a quickie for the reunion, so I have not updated any of the tables (EPAT, Lost men, etc.) because I just published last month. REUNION IS NOV 11-15 with room rates good one day before and one after. See you there.

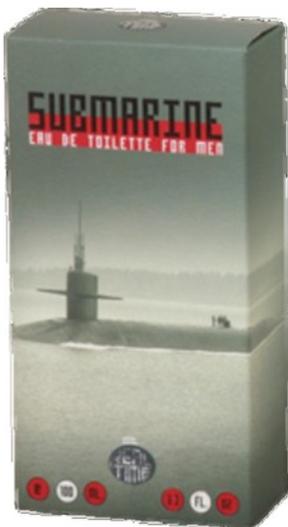
I enjoy watching *How It's Made*, and *Myth Busters* on TV...but I knew an actual IC Electrician who could fix the master gyro with bailing wire and bubblegum—and even knew, hundreds of miles from any land, where to find the bailing wire! I knew an Engineman who was divorced a couple of times, but could read the disposition of his Fairbanks Morse engines by their breathing and moaning, and then make them purr. A Stew-burner opened a box of tiny white snowflakes that melted in my hand, and then turned them into delicious lumpy mashed potatoes and gravy, and I saw a Torpedoman stop a torpedo from exploding—with a hammer...the Discovery and Science Channels are kindergarten by comparison.

Well, my friends, these guys will be at our reunion; all you'll have to do is sip a drink in the bar, or look around the tables during our banquet—and you'll recognize them. They're the ones who ensured each of us would surface exactly as many times as we dived!

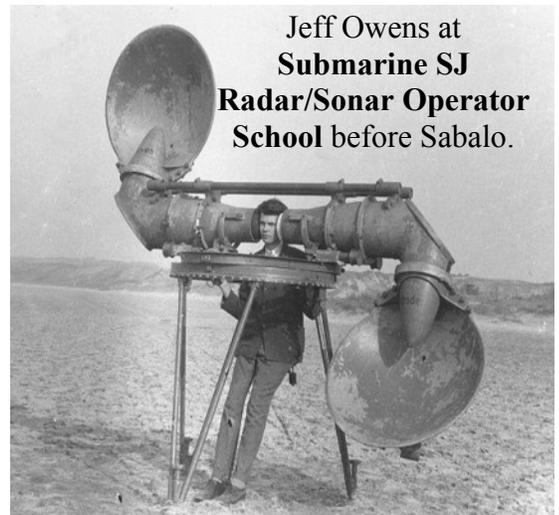
V/R RonG

Even ignoring G.B Shaw's advice, "When we drink, we get drunk. When we get drunk, we fall asleep. When we fall asleep, we commit no sin. When we commit no sin, we go to heaven. So, let's all get drunk and go to heaven!" our reunion is the perfect gathering since speed limits are no longer a challenge, and we've reached the age when our supply of brain cells is finally manageable (we've already culled the weak and lame cells from the herd). Our secrets are safe with our shipmates—they can't remember them either. At our age, especially for us, there is nothing left to learn the hard way.

A shipmate rolled his suitcase right up to the reservations desk and, noticing that he was stark-naked, Gentle Ben jabbed Spooks in the ribs and said, "Isn't that Ol' Wingnut? What do ya' think?" Spooks took another sip of beer, "I think he packed too much."



Sabalo ladies: You might be able to smuggle your perfume aboard the airplane, but the Flamingo will probably not admit you with both him and this.



Jeff Owens at Submarine SJ Radar/Sonar Operator School before Sabalo.

(42) Shipmates Signed-up to Attend Las Vegas Reunion To Date:

(Shooting for 50)

Andresen, Don/Anne 68-9	Gellett, Jim/Kathy 62-3	McKnight, Bob/Isuzu 67-71	Sullivan, Larry/Marsha 63-5
Bates, Joe 59-62	Gorence, Ron/Martin 66-70	Owens, Jeff/Paula 67-9	Thompson, Dave/Bev '60-2
Braun, Jim 58-62	Gonzales, Pastor/Linda '66-7	Owens, Roy 66-8	Towery, Bill 66-9
Bolen, Terry/Carol 70	Heisterman, Ed/Paula '64-7	Patrick, John 67-9	Tucker, Charles 59-63
Bulos, Gem/Julie '69-70	Heisterman, Terry/Jani '66-9	Peters, Vic 64-6	Venezia, Vinnie/Barbara 53-7
Carstensen, Bill/Sandra 55-9	Kaefer, Will/Mary 68-70	Port, Dick 63-4	Villarael, Noel/Ana '58-61
Clement, Art/Guest 59-62	Lary, Peter 68-9	Potts, Jim/Laura '58-60	Wade, John 68-9
Costarakis, Dennis/w '70-1	Le Blank, Ron/Wife 65-8	Roberts, Joe/Sharon 52-3	Watson, Bud 62-3
Dominguez, Ed/wife 63-6	Losby, Harold/Shirley 65-70	Sanborn, Chris 67-8	Wilhelm, Tom/Jeanne 68-70
Elzinga, Mike/Connie 59-61	Lyons, Joe/Mary '68-9	Sausman, George/Gayle 61	+30 wives
Foster, Ron/Nance '57-8	McCoy, Frank/Pat 67	Schwichtenberg, Del/M 52-3	

A New Age of Sail? Clipper ships are back in business: Business Week, by Janet Fang | July 31, 2013

Sail last dominated freight hauling during the clipper ship era of the mid-1800s - with vessels averaging 19 mph and carrying up to 1,500 tons - until coal-powered ships gained an edge. Betting that regulations to curb air pollution emissions will increase fuel costs for conventional ocean freighters, Rolls-Royce wants to develop a modern-day clipper ship that's 55% more efficient. Is it time to herald a New Age of Sail?

Around 90% of the world's cargo fleet is currently propelled by bunker fuel. While it's relatively cheap at about \$600 per ton, it's also one of the heaviest and dirtiest of crude oil distillates.

International Maritime Organization sulfur caps already require cleaner, pricier grades of fuel. Additionally, ships entering Emission Control Areas were required to reduce to 1% sulfur fuel in 2010, and all oceangoing vessels will have to adopt 0.5% sulfur by around 2020.

- London-based Rolls is predicting that trimmer designs and innovative propulsion systems - such as liquid natural gas and "high-tech wind" - could more than offset the extra cost.

- The sail-powered freighter from Rolls partner B9 Shipping will measure 330 feet long and carry 4,500 tons of freight (right). • It'll derive primary power from a 180-foot sail, augmented by biomethane engines.

Lesson #1 from history: Grenadier, Under Sail

-On April 6, 1943, USS Grenadier (SS-210) sank a small freighter off Phuket Island, but the boat remained on the surface for the rest of the patrol as her lookouts searched in vain for targets. This patrol was frustrating. Without targets no amount of aggressive action could bring results. At last she sighted a two ship convoy and gave chase on the surface.

When it looked as though they were getting into a favorable position a lookout reported an aircraft on the quarter. Grenadier immediately dove to 130 feet.

As the captain and crew relaxed when reaching what they thought was a safe depth, a shattering explosion above the maneuvering room drove the boat deeper. Out of control, it plummeted to 267 feet where it struck bottom. The Grenadier's interior was dark, while the electricians in maneuvering struggled to put out an electrical fire in the AC panel.

The fire was extinguished and a careful inspection of the boat revealed its fatal condition. The blast had twisted her stem out of shape. The pressure hull was dished in between frames in

the after torpedo room. Torpedo tubes and propulsion shafts were bent out of alignment. The shafts were frozen and the boat was therefore powerless. The after engine room and after torpedo room hatches were sprung. Severe leaks in the after part of submarine were handled by a bucket brigade and the trim and drain system; however it became clear to the captain and executive officer that Grenadier was doomed.

The decision was made to rest on the bottom until next morning. Hunched over the chart in control the skipper and executive officer agreed that if they could drive the boat closer to the coast which lay about three miles from their estimated position, they could slip into the jungle and be helped by natives. A detail of torpedomen assembled blankets, mattress covers and curtains. They began to work stitching the pieces into a sail. They would rig the makeshift sail to the periscope and sail the boat toward shore. When close, the plan was to scuttle the boat, and then each man was to swim ashore. It was a desperate plan, but the crew's only chance for survival.

On the morning of April 23, 1943 preparations were made to surface. The crew was to man the deck guns while others would handle every portable weapon on board. When all was set the ballast tanks were blown. The boat came to the surface and men scrambled through the hatches. When the captain came onto the bridge his hopes for a jury-rig sail were dashed by a dead calm and a glass sea. He tried to think of an alternative as a Japanese plane came in to bomb the stricken submarine. The men put up a hail of fire and managed to hit the plane which dropped its bomb harmlessly some distance from the boat.

Fitzgerald [CO] ordered the IDC, sonar, radar, radio and code machine destroyed. The code books were burned and every crew member donned a life jacket.

Opening all vents, Grenadier's crew abandoned ship and watched her sink to her final resting place. A Japanese merchantman picked up eight officers and 68 enlisted men and took them to Penang, Malay States, where they were questioned, beaten, and starved before being sent to other prison camps. They were then separated and transferred from camp to camp along the Malay Peninsula and finally to Japan.

Throughout the war they suffered brutal, inhuman treatment, and their refusal to reveal military information both frustrated and angered their captors. First word that any had survived Grenadier reached Australia on 27 November 1943. Despite the brutal and sadistic treatment, all but four of Grenadier's crew survived their two years in Japanese hands.

Lesson #2 from history: R-14, Under Sail

-The R-14 had been launched in 1919 from Quincy Shipyard. Her displacement was 569 tons and in mid-1920 she entered the Pearl Harbor squadron and thereafter for a period of years conducted operations in the Hawaiian area. In May 1921 in the seas surrounding the Hawaiian Islands, the boat lost all propulsive power. History is not clear on what caused the failure. Some sources say it was fuel starvation, but that wouldn't explain the simultaneous electrical failure. Additionally, radio communication was lost. Whatever the reason the boat was adrift some one hundred miles off the big Island of Hawaii. Boats of the era carried canvas awnings to cover the bridge during daylight hours. Various rates went to work constructing a sail. In addition to the topside canvas, bunks were made of canvas stretched across a frame. There was ample material and a large sail was supported by the deck gun's cleaning rod and several boat hooks. The result was a rather sea-worthy spinnaker-type sail which was mounted to the periscope and bridge.

R-14 sailed at an SOA of two knots over one hundred miles into Hilo, Hawaii. The boat had been given up for lost and all hands were jubilant at their successful sailing venture.

For those of you who are sloop sailors an additional subject of interest is the best type of sail for a submarine. An in-line sail would probably work well, since the length of the hull provides a built-in keel. Of course, it would require a substantial boom and that might be a problem. While a spinnaker type sail or square rigged sail might be more efficient it would only work with a wind from abaft the beam. All these salty considerations make for interesting after battery conversation, however, it is unlikely that any modern nuclear submarine could be navigated under sail, no matter how big the canvas.

Sources: Edward Crawford of R-11, John Baker, World War Two Submarine Veteran, *The Devil's Triangle to the Devil's Jaw*, Richard Winer, Bantam Books, New York, 1977, *Silent Victory*, Clay Blair Jr., J. B. Lippincott, New York, 1979, *Navy Times Book of Submarines*, 

1955: I'm afraid to send my kids to the movies any more. Ever since they let Clark Gable get by with saying DAMN in GONE WITH THE WIND, it seems every new movie has either HELL or DAMN in it.

OLD SAILORS Larry Dunn RMC(MSS)

Old sailors sit and chew the fat
'bout how things used to be
of the things they've seen
and places they've been
when they ventured out to sea.

They remember friends from long ago
and the times they had back then
of the money they've spilled
and the beer they've swilled
In their days as sailing men.

Their lives are lived in days gone by
with thoughts that forever last
of cracker-jack hats
and bell-bottom blues
and the good times in their past.

They recall long nights with a moon so bright
far out on a lonely sea
and the thoughts they had
as youthful lads
when their lives were unbridled and free.

They know so well how their hearts would
swell
when the flag fluttered proud and free
and the stars and the stripes
made such beautiful sights
as they plowed through an angry sea.

They talk of the bread ole' cookie would bake
and the shrill of the bosun's pipe
and how the salt spray fell
like sparks out of hell

when a storm struck in the night.

They remember mates already gone
who forever hold a spot
In the stories of old
when sailors were bold
and lubbers were a pitiful lot.

They rode their ships through many a storm
when the sea was showing its might
And the mighty waves
might be digging their graves
as they sailed on through the night.

They speak of nights in a bawdy house
somewhere on a foreign shore
and the beer they'd down
as they gathered around
cracking jokes with a busty whore.

Their sailing days are gone away
never more will they cross the brow
But they have no regrets
for they know they've been blessed
'cause they honored their sacred vow.

Their numbers grow less with each passing day
as their chits in this life are called in
But they've nothing to lose
for they've all paid their dues
and they'll sail with their shipmates again.

I've heard them say before getting underway
that there's still some sailin' to do
and they'll exclaim with a grin
that their ship has come in
and the Lord is commanding the crew.

*I'm not really
grouchy, I just don't
like traffic, waiting,
crowds, lawyers,
loud music, unruly
kids, snake-oil
commercials, Tom
Brokaw, Dan
Rather, barking
dogs, politicians and
a few other things I
can't seem to
remember right now
I'm usually
interested in going
home before I get to
where I am going.
I'm smiling all the
time because I can't
hear a thing you're
saying.
I'm very good at
telling stories; over
and over and over
and over...
I'm aware that other
people's
grandchildren are
not nearly as cute as
mine.*

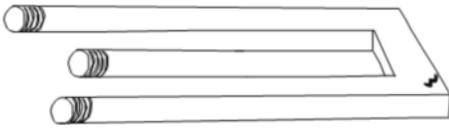
Have you seen the new cars coming out next year? It won't be long before \$2,000.00 will only buy a used one.

The Old Sailor

I've crossed the bar at last, mates,
My longest voyage is done;
And I can sit here, peaceful,
And watch th' setting sun
A-smilin' kind of glad like
Upon the waves so free.
My longest voyage is done, mates,
But oh, the heart of me,
Is out where sea meets skyline!
My longest voyage is done. . . .
But - can I sit, in peace, mates,
And watch the settin' sun?

For what's a peaceful life, mates,
When every breeze so free,
When every gale a-blowin',
Brings messages to me?
And is the sky so shinin',
For all it's golden sun,
To one who loves the sea, mates,
And knows his voyage is done?
And, can a year on land, mates,
Match with one day - at sea?
Ah, every wind a-singin'
Brings memory to me!

I've crossed the bar at last, mates,
My longest voyage is past,
And I must watch the sunset,
Must see it fade, at last.
My steps are not so light, mates,
As they were, years ago;
And sometimes, when I'm tired,
My head droops kind of low -
Yet, though I'm old and - weary,
The waves that dance so free,
Keep callin' to my soul, mates,
And thrill the heart of me!
M.E. Sangster



Submarine trivia

Examine this qual-book diagram of a Fairbanks/Morse Main Engine CC (Coffin Cover) Mounting Assembly, then answer the following questions:

Note: Right side of diagram is down and against engine when installed; threaded rods are vertically inserted through top of CC)

1. How was this assembly mounted to the engine block?
2. Is this assembly hogged-out, cast, or welded together in pieces?
3. How best can the crack in the base (right side of diagram) be repaired?
4. How many nuts are required?

Scoring: If you answered 1, 2, or 3, you will be added to the number of nuts (in #4) who even considered answering.

Obama Care by the numbers:

Upset about what's going on in your medical future? Well relax; your Federalized Doctor has got your back, and ¹ICD-10 in the American Care Act (ACA) will help him track and fix your problem. For instance, if you're disgruntled, you'll likely be covered by one or more of these four "F" Classification Codes. (Note: there are either 60,000, or 200,000 Codes in the ICD list; Pelosi may finally read the ACA soon—and then fine-tune that little 140,000 code-count discrepancy):

- Transient Adjustment Reaction: **F43.2** (not transient as in homeless; — just on & off nausea)
- Overanxious Disorder: **F41.1** (often shouting, "My God! Now they've done WHAT?")
- Acute Stress Reaction: **F43** (Behavior which mimics that of a rat trapped in a sewer pipe)
- Panic Disorder: **F41** (confusion about Orwell's 1984: fiction or reality?)

State of the art Obama Care is so efficient that your doctor simply factors-in, for example, your medical-history-chip, your IRS/ACA status confirmation, background checks from Associated Press, internet, gun registrations, GPS, drone and mini-cam sources, plus your profession, union status, age, body fat, smoking and drinking proclivities, etc. Once in the system, you're set for life (defined by budget). The U. N. has ensured there are multitudinous clarifying guidelines and instructions within the codes. e.g.: *Certain conditions have both an underlying etiology and multiple body system manifestations due to the underlying etiology*—to which you might reply, "WTF?!" Relax; your doctor will calculate and apply your ACA treatments without bothering you with these minute details. Effects on your current Bill Of Rights protections may vary.

Although our leaders will opt themselves out of ACA, they could use other codes as additional suffixes following LL.D., Ph.D., J.S.D., Esq., etc. to indicate immunity from political malpractice (Insanity Plea?).

- Narcissistic Personality Disorder **F60.89** (self-fascination)
- Histrionic Personality Disorder **F60.4** (overly dramatic)
- Factitious Disorder **F68.1** (artificial, contrived)
- Schizoid Personality Disorder **F60.1** (withdrawal—fanaticize)
- Paranoid Personality Disorder **F60** (irrational fear/distrust)
- Dissociative Retrograde Amnesiac **F41.2** (missing background)
- Dissociative Fugue Amnesiac **F44.1** (no memory related to event causing amnesia)
- Dissociative Stupor Amnesiac **F44.2** (no response to external stimuli)
- Dissociative Identity Disorder **F44.4** (Multiple personality)

¹ 10th revision of the United Nations' International Statistical Classification of Diseases and Related Health Problems.

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

We tend to think of pirates as bloodthirsty thieves, brutal rapists, and vicious murderers, concerned only with indulging their every whim and amassing as much wealth as possible, forever living at the expense of others. And this is absolutely true.

However, in some ways, pirates were bizarrely ahead of the societal curve. In fact, some of their viewpoints would be heartily endorsed by the campus newspaper of a liberal arts college.

You probably feel safe in assuming that pirates didn't have much in the way of medical benefits, because the 16th and 17th centuries didn't have much in the way of actual medicine -- the most effective treatment for gangrene was a woodcutter's ax, a bucket of hot tar, and a bamboo reed to bite down on. Beyond that, when a typical workday consists of shooting terrified sailors in the face while rival pirates hurl themselves at you with blood-tarnished daggers clenched between their teeth, you'd imagine you'd be expected to cover the cost of any lost limbs or eye gougings on your own doubloon.

But you would be wrong. In reality, the crew of renowned pirate Captain Henry Morgan had one of the first comprehensive, all-inclusive health insurance systems in recorded history. Before the assault on Panama, Morgan drew up a charter for his crew that guaranteed certain benefits for any man who was injured in battle. Any one of his 2,000-strong pirate crew was entitled to 600 pieces of eight for the loss of a hand or a foot, 1,800 pieces for the loss of both legs, 200 pieces for one eye, and 2,000 pieces for total blindness -- that's about \$153,000 in modern currency. We assume peg legs and eye patches were covered by a joint flex account.

Also, any member of the crew could opt to receive his de-limbing payout in slaves rather than money (we said they were progressive, we didn't say they were paragons of virtue).

Our First Casualty: The F-4 Sinks off Oahu

In 1914 Pearl Harbor was still just an unimproved harbor. The Navy had yet to begin its development. Four submarines, the F-1, F-2, F-3 and F-4 were towed from San Francisco to Honolulu where the boats were to be stationed at the foot of Richards Street, next to Pier 5. The boats had hardly begun to operate from their new harbor, when F-4, under the command of Lieutenant Alfred Ede, sank in 50 fathoms of water at the harbor entrance. The little craft simply failed to surface at the designated time. There was no warning of impending difficulty, but surface craft found an oil slick and minor debris about two miles off the harbor entrance.

F-4 was only 400 tons with a crew of 21 men and had a test depth of 200 feet. The depth of the water at the location of the sunken submarine was 305 feet, but charts showed that the boat rested on a steep shelf that plummeted into deep water to seaward. The maximum diver's depth in 1914 was about 200 feet, but since the F-4's sinking was discovered almost immediately, the Navy hoped that some of the crew might still be alive. Chief Gunner's Mates Evans and Agraz exceeded the limits of the time, found the bottom, but could not locate the boat. Two tugs, the Navajo and Intrepid, swung wire rope over their sides and lowered the cable down to the sea floor.

They then dragged the line, hoping to snare the boat and pull it to shallower depths. Repeated attempts failed to snare the submarine, although the hull was thought to have been struck.

A dredging barge was pulled to the scene and its cables trapped the F-4. At the same time, the two tugs managed to sling their cable under the boat. While the tugs put a lateral strain on the boat, the dredge winched in on its centerline cable. The strain was too great on the dredge's cable which parted and whipped onto the deck injuring several men. So much time elapsed that further efforts to rescue possible surviving crew members were abandoned. Operations of the other three F type boats were restricted to surface work.

Lieutenant Commander Julius Furer organized a salvage operation that included bringing divers from New York and Dr. George French from San Francisco. These experts arrived in April of 1915. At the same time various equipment from private companies was borrowed and inflatable pontoons were constructed. Furer's intent was to lift the boat to successive shallower depths in small increments. The divers found the boat, secured the cables and by inflating the pontoons the F-4 was slowly moved up the incline. When it rested in the harbor at a depth of 48 feet, the pontoons were again inflated. This brought the boat up to 25 feet, the depth that was

shallow enough for it to be transferred into Honolulu's dry-dock.

The dock was drained, the boat was drained and bodies of the crew were extricated. The Navy then conducted a thorough inspection of the pressure hull to determine the cause of the sinking. It did not take long to discover corroded metal around rivet holes under the battery compartment. It was concluded that during operations, battery acid had spilled beneath the cells and had slowly eaten away the most vulnerable pressure hull points. Both rivet shanks and elongated holes had been seriously compromised. When F-4 had reached a depth near its test depth, the hull plate seam beneath the battery compartment had split open with accompanying catastrophic flooding. All hands died immediately from compression/flooding or from chlorine gas poisoning moments later.

In 1929, Chief Petty Officer Frank Crilley, diver, was awarded the Medal of Honor for his heroism in trying to rescue possible F-4 survivors. The sinking of the F-4 was America's first submarine disaster and much was learned about the dangers of riveted hull construction and methods of raising a sunken submarine. The pontoon system was later used in the raising of the USS Squalus (SS-192).
From: Edward Monroe Jones, Submarine Research Center, Port Ludow, Washington

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

SAN ANTONIO (Bertrams, AP) 11/12/2012

Palm scanners are installed in more than 50 school systems and more than 160 hospital systems in 15 states and the District of Columbia, Yanak says.

A palm scan's precision record-keeping also avoids possible confusion if patients have the same name. For instance, a hospital system in the Houston area with a database of 3.5 million patients has 2,488 women in it named Maria Garcia – and 231 of them have the same date of birth, Bertrams says.



Have you spent any time teaching your grandchildren to write? In a recent poll, 84% of submariners said yes; and 81% preferred to give instructions out doors in the fresh air.



Why the Scorpion (SSN-589) Was Lost (A Non Russian Involvement Theory) by Chuck Haberlein, Former Director of the Naval History and Heritage Command

18:20:44 GMT till 18:42:34 GMT had to be 22 minutes of the worst underwater hell any of us could ever imagine. God Rest the souls of all who served in the 589 Boat and rode her to the bottom. May they always rest in peace...

When the US nuclear submarine Scorpion was lost in the east central Atlantic on 22 May 1968, the event produced a series of acoustic signals detected by underwater sensors on both sides of the Atlantic.

By comparing the detection times of these signals, the position of the Scorpion was determined. That position provided the basis for the search that identified the Scorpion wreckage.

The first reanalysis of these acoustic signals in 40-years, in combination with conclusions drawn in 1970 by the Scorpion Structural Analysis Group (SAG), has provided the following new information:

- The initiating events that caused the loss of Scorpion were two explosions with an energy yield of not more than 20-lbs of TNT each. These explosions, which occurred one-half second apart at 18:20:44 Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) on the 22 May 1968, were contained within the Scorpion pressure-hull,
- Based on the examination and microscopic, spectrographic and X-ray diffraction analysis of a section of the Scorpion TLX-53-A main storage battery cover recovered by the U.S. submersible, Trieste-II, the SAG determined the battery exploded before flooding of the battery well occurred.
- Collectively, the acoustic data and the physical evidence confirm Scorpion was lost because of two explosions that involved the ignition of hydrogen out gassed by the battery, i.e., these explosions were the initiating events responsible for the loss of Scorpion.
- These explosive events prevented the crew from maintaining depth-control. The Scorpion pressure-hull and all internal compartments collapsed in 0.112-seconds at 18:42:34 GMT on 22 May 1968 at a depth of 1530-feet. The energy yield of that event was equal to the explosion of 13,200 lbs of TNT, the essentially instantaneous conversion of potential energy (680 psi sea pressure) to kinetic energy, the motion of the water-ram which entered the pressure-hull at supersonic velocity.
- The more than 15 acoustic events that occurred during the 199-second period following pressure-hull collapse were produced by the collapse of more pressure-resistant structures, including the six torpedo tubes, within the wreckage.
- Reanalysis of the acoustic data also confirmed:
 - (1) Scorpion did not reverse course to deal with a torpedo conjectured to have become active in its launch tube;
 - (2), there were no acoustic detections of either a torpedo or any other naval surface ship or submarine when Scorpion was lost,
 - (3), there were no explosive events external to the Scorpion pressure-hull.

In summary, Scorpion was lost because two battery-associated explosions created onboard problems the crew could not overcome. There was no Soviet involvement.

This information has been provided to the Chief of Naval Operations, OPNAV N87, the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI), Commander Submarine Forces, and the Naval History and Heritage Command.

Source: analysis of acoustic data that has been in the public domain for over 40-years.

Analyst: B. Rule, for 42-years, the lead acoustic analyst at ONI, the national laboratory for passive acoustic analysis.



I have had a recurring idea about a hunting camp with Sabalo alumni. Even if the old farts can't hunt much it would be great having a camp experience for a few days. We can see if there's interest among the reunion group and talk about it in the suite. Jeff.

- Send out your prayers for Jim White's son who has cancer. Jim was on Sabalo 1965-7



One of our single shipmates got to the hotel a day early, and feeling a bit lonely, he decided he'd call one of those gals in the yellow pages under "escorts".

Young, well-endowed, Lucy Lou looked very tempting in her photo. *What the heck, nobody will ever know*, he thought. So he picked up the phone. "Good evening. How may I help you?" responded a very sexy voice. "Hi, I hear you give a good massage," he mumbled, knowing it wasn't really what he'd meant to say, "I'd like ... No, wait ... I'm here all alone and what I really want is sex." *Yeah, that's better*, he thought, "... is that OK?" The sexy voice said, "It's OK Sir, but you need to press 9 for an outside line."

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.

S. Korean Navy offers insight into demanding submarine life -

globalpost, Aug. 4

JINHAE-Life aboard a submarine can be tough. Operations are hectic, quarters are cramped and the health of crew members can suffer as a result.

Captain Hyun Chang-hoon used to have strong teeth before he joined the submarine fleet more than 20 years ago, but now the 47-year-old suffers from dental disease, which is a common health problem for veteran submariners due to the higher-than-normal amount of carbon dioxide inside a submarine.

"Think about artificial teeth left in a can of Coca-Cola, which contains carbon dioxide. Teeth will dissolve a couple days later," Hyun said. "My bad teeth are just one example of life in the deep sea where there's no light."

Colonel Hyun, the captain of a 1,800-ton submarine named after famous independence fighter Ahn Jung-geun (1877-1910), spoke of the intense lifestyle of soldiers during a Yonhap reporter's visit to the ninth flotilla submarine base in the southeastern port city of Jinhae.

Poor dental hygiene is just one of the hardships crew members face when living in cramped quarters for extended periods of time.

"When I returned home after completing months-long missions, I went to a public sauna to get rid of all kinds of body odor. But it didn't go away," said

a vice admiral who had served in the submarine unit for nearly 30 years.

Due to the confined space, no women have been allowed in the unit since its establishment in the early 1990s.

The Navy recently revealed the Type 214 submarine -- the third of its kind in operation since 2010 -- to give the public a very rare insight into various aspects of its weaponry, machinery, confined spaces and life aboard.

The atmosphere in the unit is derived not only from the nature of its missions, which require about 40 men to remain together underwater in an iron tube for many long days but also because very few soldiers serve in the unit.

Secrecy and noise reduction is important to the submarine crew so they won't be detected by the sonar of other submarines. One way they reduce noise is by wearing boots with layers of soft cushions on the heels.

The diesel-powered submarine is operated by Air Independent Propulsion (AIP), which extends the ship's submerged endurance compared to conventional submarines. The AIP system enables the crew to carry out underwater missions for several weeks without the need to access atmospheric oxygen.

It is equipped with ship-to-land missiles and torpedoes as well as an advanced sonar system for anti-submarine warfare, surveillance and reconnaissance missions.

South Korea currently operates over 10

submarines, including 1,200-ton Type 209 subs and 1,800-ton Type 214 subs. The Navy plans to acquire nine 3,000-ton level heavy-attack submarines after 2020 with significant improvements in their radar and armament systems compared to their predecessors. A total of nine 3,000-ton submarines are expected to be built in South Korea with indigenous technologies, according to officials. By 2020, there will be over 20 ships operated by the Navy.

As the flotilla is expected to receive more ships in coming years, it is due to become South Korea's submarine headquarters in 2015.

The procurement plan reflects the intensifying hidden underground battle with North Korea after a South Korean corvette, the Cheonan, was sunk by a suspected North Korean submarine attack in March 2010. A total of 46 sailors were killed in the incident.

Navy officials stressed the need to beef up submarine capabilities, citing growing naval tensions around the Korean Peninsula that could turn into an armed conflict.

China's growing naval presence and Japan's military build-up to counter it also highlight the need for better anti-submarine warfare capabilities, they said.

"We will play a key role in deterring North Korea's naval provocations and protect national interests in the deep sea," Hyun said.

The biggest challenge for that goal is

attracting and retaining skilled officers and crew members, as fewer cadets have applied for the intense submarine unit in recent years as the recruiting system was changed.

When the flotilla was first launched two decades ago, top-ranking cadets were selected for the submarine program and joined the ranks of the submarine flotilla to operate strategic naval weapons against North Korea. The communist

country has operated a large submarine fleet since the 1960s.

After the recruiting system came under criticism for depriving cadets of the opportunity to choose other units, the Navy now accepts applications for volunteers who want to become submariners. Instructors say they have difficulties enticing cadets and non-commissioned officers in joining the crew.

To tackle the manpower problem, the

Navy is seeking to increase the pay of submariners but receiving more government funding is no easy task, said a Navy captain in charge of the submarine training unit.

"We need more crew with in-depth knowledge and passion for the role submariners are expected to play in maritime strategy," Hyun said.



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A young man learns what's most important in life from the guy next door.

Over the phone, his mother told him, "Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is Wednesday." Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days.

"Jack, did you hear me?"

"Oh, sorry, Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago," Jack said...

"Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it," Mom told him.

"I loved that old house he lived in," Jack said.

"You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life," she said.

"He's the one who taught me carpentry," he said. "I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important. Mom, I'll be there for the funeral," Jack said.

As busy as he was, he kept his word. Jack caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away.

The night before he had to return home, Jack and his Mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time. Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture. Jack stopped suddenly...

"What's wrong, Jack?" his Mom asked.

"The box is gone," he said

"What box?" Mom asked.

"There was a small gold box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was, 'the thing I value most,'"

Jack said.

It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Belser family had taken it.

"Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him," Jack said. "I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom."

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died.

Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox. "Signature required on a package. No one at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days," the note read. Early the next day Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention.

"Mr. Harold Belser" it read. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside.

"Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the thing I valued most in my life." A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filling his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch.

Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved: "Jack, Thanks for your time! -Harold Belser."

"The thing he valued most was... my time"

Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. "Why?" Janet, his assistant asked.

"I need some time to spend with my son," he said.

"Oh, by the way, Janet, thanks for your time!"

Think about this. You may not realize it, but it's 100% true.

So... before anymore time passes, I want to say thank you again for teaching me a little about quartermastering. To my friend Ron, "Thanks for your time." Jeff Owens

[And we thank you for the Sabalo Crew's Association, shipmate]

Reunion Time!

Romance in the air:

No dishwashing...

No cleaning up...

No making the bed.

Luxurious relaxation:

Sheets turned down &
Breakfast in bed...

Only a DBF man
could screw that up!



Give a submariner a crowbar, place him in the middle of the Sahara, and he'll figure out a way to break it. H. M. Losby -1968



"I feel sorry for people who don't drink. When they wake up in the morning, that's as good as they're going to feel all day." L.B. Johnson



• Ron Gorence

• J

Kvj

Our Sabalo Shipmates on Eternal Patrol. This list re-started at 'A': Abbey — Budding

Bunn, T. 4/4/09	Charlton, C. 12/13/93	Cook, J. 5/13/11	Davis, E. 5/3/86
Bush, F. ??	Clark, C. 1/0/00	Corbly, R. 5/22/09	Delapaz, R. 1/9/05
Bushman, W. 9/18/10	Clark, O. 1/19/98	Cottrell, W. 8/11/88	Dellacalce, N. 1/24/06
Bushnell, J. 10/6/99	Clark, W. 4/29/77	Coughtry, J. 11/9/65	DeNeen, H. 4/26/96
Cajka, A. 8/1/88	Clemenger, J. 11/6/10	Cox, F. 4/6/95	DePeyster, R. 6/30/10
Cameron, W. 2004?	Clifford, R. ??	Crain, W. 2/22/09	Dewitt, W. 7/1/92
Campion, P. ??	Clingersmith, L. 11/21/08	Cramer, P. ??	Dibsie, A. 4/1/85
Cantwell, W. ??	Close, E. 1987?	Credo, C. 9/7/07	Dilley, C. 12/10/63
Capper, C. 7/5/96	Cohoon, A. 4/3/03	Crist, D. 3/17/03	Dipley, D. 11/2/02
Carney, W. 5/15/90	Cole, L. 1/0/00	Cruz, J. ca 2000	Dirko (Dutko), . ??
Caroff, K. 3/7/79	Coleman, S. ??	Cunningham, R. ??	Dispennette, E. 9/22/08
Casanova, J. 1/8/04	Comfort, B. 11/16/53	Curtis, D. 5/7/94 ?	
Casey, H. 4/9/08	Condron, R. 8/22/08	Danyla, E. 11/30/65	



I have one consolation that lives with me today
That God is near to them, in his own special way
So God in all Your mercy, keep near Thyself the soul
Of every Submariner, still on final Patrol

Lord, this departed shipmate with Dolphins on his chest
Is part of an outfit known as the best

Make him welcome and take him by the hand
You'll find without a doubt he was the best in all the land.

So, heavenly Father add his name to the roll
of our departed shipmates still on patrol
Let them know that we who survive
Will always keep their memories alive.

Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges **no dues** for membership, *Clever Boy* or other expenses. Our Association's founder, Jeff Owens, spent many hours collecting data pertaining to all the shipmates he could find over the years, and this newsletter now reaches over 460 Sabalo Veterans; he adamantly rejects any other form of payment. The "Thank You" on page 2 is to those Sabalo shipmates who contribute to the cost of sending *Clever Boy* to our shipmates without online access. Unmentioned, are those shipmates who send Jeff donations for website maintenance, and for communication costs other than those which *Clever Boy* provides.

The purpose of this form is to collect your initial data, and your address changes—which cost Jeff and myself [editor] hours of work whenever we have to rehandle misdirected rejects. **Please** help us keep the following records current:

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: 