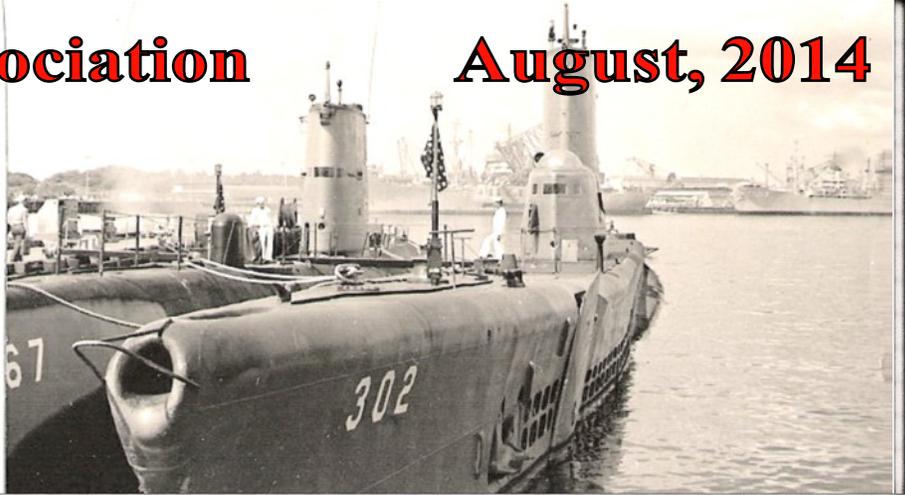


USS Sabalo Association

August, 2014

USSSABALO.ORG

Call Sign: Clever Boy



[Ed: Jeff has committed to a Sabalo Banquet and Hospitality Room at the Pittsburgh, Pa. USSVI National Convention in Sept. 2015. Dates are not firm, but I have suggested in this issue that, during the week before or after USSVI (to avoid conflict), we arrange an additional Sabalo reunion in North Little Rock, Arkansas at AIMM's (Arkansas Inland Maritime Museum) National Submarine Museum: **USS Razorback SS-394**. For you hearty souls, that's only a 900 mile drive, and an opportunity to avoid washing dishes and changing beds for almost two weeks! Or, alternatively, springtime at Razorback?]

HELP! Each issue of *Clever Boy* costs us about \$2 to send via US Mail, and our shipmates listed (page 2) regularly donate enough money to make sure it gets to all those 116 Sabalo Vets who don't have computers. These, our brothers, see it is a duty, and we are all honored to contribute, but ... **if you throw it away** with your junk mail, or just **don't care to read it** ... please call or send us a *No Thank-you* note so that we can save a little time and money.

[There are currently 8 men on our "No Thanks" Roster, for various and/or unknown reasons (eg.: I don't need one) Ed]



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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

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

To:



To our 59 Publication Donors — Thank You!

Your exemplification of the spirit of our Brotherhood means that 118 Sabalo vets without Internet access can receive CB! RonG Dozens of other contributors made the USS Sabalo Crew Association successful. You know who you are; thank you too— Jeff O.

Almeida, Fred	Giancola, Steve	Kelman, Bobby (2)	McCune, JD	Pierce, Steve	Scott, RD
Baker, John (X2)	Gove, D (RIP)	Kreuzer, James	Needham, Bruce	Polin, Paul	Sedlak, 'Skip'
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Chase, Alden	Hudaon, G.	Madsen, James	Phelps, Bob	Sanderlin, KW	Villarreal, N
Clark, Lee	Humes, Irv	Mast, Curt	Peters, Vic	Savela, John	Willhelm, Tom
Dunnagan, J (X2)	Kaefer, W.	McCoy, Frank (X2)	Piatek, Ralph (X2)	Schnieder, M.	



From the Tomato Basket:

A couple weeks ago, I had the pleasure of attending the change of command for the USS Scranton SSN-756 which is now in the yards at Portsmouth. Myself and five members from my USSVI Base were guests along with a couple wives. These days it's a pleasure doing a COC, unlike those I stood at attention for while on active duty. Getting decked out in dress whites with medals and such was somewhat of a nuisance, and standing in the hot sun wasn't much fun either. I didn't realize the significance of these events so much then, but this one was my second for the Scranton (the name sake of our Base and city).

I think I have a new appreciation for the feeling that a chief with over 20 had when a new seaman reported aboard - so young, and so dumb. Not really dumb, but still with so much to learn. Seeing the crew of the Scranton with my seniority to use as wisdom in evaluating these men, I felt those emotions of 'so young', but with the number of times our base has had contact with the officers and crew since our liaisons began in 2007, I am unequivocally impressed with the professionalism and esprit-de-corps.

As I write, the USSVI convention is underway in San Francisco. Communication from anyone who had interest in attending, or having a Sabalo event there was near nil, so there has been no effort to organize anything. There are many who have said they want something in the future, so let Ron or I know what we should think about next. There have been a few suggestions for

locations near where some shipmates reside that seem to hold some possibility. Help us out if you have such an idea with initial ground work by gathering materials from the travel bureau or chamber of commerce and forwarding the info to us. Also direct us to a point of contact so we don't have to start from zero on getting info.

The USSVI Convention for 2015 is in Pittsburgh, my backyard more or less. I will be there and will coax eastern U.S. guys to reserve the date. Guys are always saying they'll attend if a reunion is closer, so this is it. Norfolk didn't draw many, maybe Pitt is a little more convenient. There will be a Sabalo hospitality suite at minimum, other activities based on response.

Sabalo stuff has not gotten much of my attention over the past months due to my wife's continuing medical treatments and doctor trips. Her initial regimen of medication of six months had no effect. She's started a new and different one a couple months ago which seems to be working and she's now holding her own.

I trust that everyone has had a nice summer. Drop a line or an email so we can put news in the mailbag for all shipmates to know how you're doing. We also need your thoughts about the USSVI and Little Rock Sabalo reunions: tell us whether you are considering both, or just one of the two Reunion sites (see pg. 11); we're not getting any younger, and our visits are priceless. We could do them back-to-back, or schedule Little Rock for springtime?

V/R Jeff Owens



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With regard to shipmate Bert Buckle, we've found out that his family knows very little about his military career. Many of us knew him on Sabalo, but even we know little of his Navy life before and after running our QM gang. When you have the time, send us some info and we'll assemble a small bio for those he left behind. As his Chief, I have much to say about him too—it's just a matter of figuring out how to write it. (How would Dex Armstrong have described Bert?)

RonG



Thru the TBT: Housekeeping: Too many deaths in this issue! Not pleasant duty. Meanwhile, Jeff and Paula could use a few prayers and healing thoughts; she's always encouraged and cheerfully helped with Jeff's Sabalo obsessions. Thank You.

2015 Reunion. Here's the pitch I promised last CB:

- I hereby make the MOTION that the Sabalo Crew's Association hold its 2015 reunion (April? or Sept?) at the Wyndham Hotel in North Little Rock, Arkansas which is just over a hundred yards from the Museum Ship, **USS Razorback (SS-394)**. This MOTION would likely be SECONDED by, Curt Mast, who served aboard both: 302 (1951-2) and 394 (1943 in WWII), and by Enrile Trinidad, aboard 302 in 1964-6, and on 394 in '66-'69—I think Sal Trinidad, his brother also served on both, but I can't prove it yet. I was aboard Razorback from 1957-60, and Sabalo 1966-70.

- DISCUSSION: A walk through **Razorback** will bring back a flood of memories. Topside, she has a GUPPY IIA rounded bow, which was unchanged in **Sabalo's** Fleet Snorkel conversion (both in 1952). Below-decks; you'll find only 3 Fairbanks-Morris engines; and #7 MBT was converted for storage, but with exception of a few misplaced electronics, you'll recognize everything (see pg. 11). You might even spend a night dreaming/remembering—in your old bunk (pillow, sheets, and flash covers provided).

- So what else do these two boats have in common? Well, let me ask you where you were from Oct-67 to May-68 (a busy seven months for America's enemies)? I was aboard 302.

- NTINS! As a new 17-year-old **Razorback** deck-ape in 1957, I'd worked on quals with a snipe named Garlin Ray Denny, and we'd hit the beach after we qualified; later, our paths crossed on shore duty and he attended my wedding. In 1960 when I left **Razorback**, Garlin Denny had managed to convert to an RM3, and in '61, John A. Walker, RM1, POS (Piece Of Sh**), future traitor, reported aboard from a Carrier via sub-school (he later departed for a Boomer). I am certain Garlin worked under Walker, and I can not shake the notion that Walker killed Denny—who went down with **Scorpion** in 1968.

- Historical facts: In Oct-67, six years after leaving **Razorback**, and in debt from having failed as a part-time salesman, a farmer and bar-owner, Walker walked into the Soviet Embassy and sold the Russians our Top-Secret code card documents with the following month's settings for the American KL-47 encryption machine. This was about one-half of what the USSR would need to decrypt DOD's Top Secret messages.

Three months after Walker's treasonous bargain, the Soviets arranged for the North Koreans to hijack **USS Pueblo** (Jan-68, in international waters). They quickly took off its KW-7 device, including manuals and documents, and flew them to Moscow. This was the other half of what the USSR needed to develop the biggest espionage leak in U.S. Navy history; Russians had access to American naval communications until almost 18 years later.

- In May-68, shipmate Denny died with **Scorpion**. Three months earlier (Mar-68) the Soviet submarine K-129 had mysteriously sunk in the Pacific, and the Russians blamed the USA. Scuttlebutt abounded that sinking the **Scorpion** was pay-back—which was, and is still, ridiculed as conspiracy theory. I've considered all the *bad battery* theories and *final* analyses, but I also understand our government's positron: *You don't call a crazy guy's hand in a poker game when he's wearing a suicide vest!* Supposedly, no one knew that the Soviets had already gained, in just three months' time, the ability to read every encrypted message the Navy sent or received. A high ranking Soviet spy later said, "Walker's information allowed them to have an invisible seat at the Pentagon: They could monitor the Atlantic fleet, for instance, and follow U.S. troop movements around the world. Casper Weinberger, SecDef, later commented, "... access to weapons and sensor data and naval tactics, terrorist threats, and surface, submarine, and airborne training, readiness and tactics."

- I've tried to think of something Christian to say about Walker, but the best I can do is this: perhaps this POS inadvertently saved our **Sabalo** from the ignoble fate of the razorblade factory:

Sabalo's Final Mission Feb-73 (Jeff Owens' historical records): "Tanks, hatches, and ballasting... strategically rigged for partial internal flooding... Navy divers opened ballast tanks vents ... and left via inflatable launch." Lt. Cameron, the Diving Officer then in charge of the event served on **Razorback** from 1966-70, and is currently VP of the **Razorback** Association. "**Sabalo** was sunk in a position SW off San Diego ... to record sounds ... for investigating ... causes of the sinking of USS **Scorpion** SSN-589.

This small world of connections is very vivid in my mind, and is totally irrelevant, but if you canvassed four or five of your **Sabalo** shipmates, it's likely more than one knew somebody who sailed on **Razorback**. And, alone on the boat, you can almost feel the spirits of all the men who ever scrubbed her decks or skinned a knuckle aboard her. A clone of Jeff's SS-2 radar is in her Conning tower—I can still see Jeff chasing tiny screws scattered under **Sabalo's** radar console and rolling around on the green deck-mat near #2 scope-well—where I lost many a pipe on both boats.

Anyway, shipmates, the hotel will cost over twice what we paid in Sin City; but on the other hand, it's NOT a Vegas diversion from the memories we enjoy the most. There's a Timex factory with employee prices, great tours of Little Rock and the local area, an Arkansas River Dinner Cruise, and the Clinton Presidential Museum. (Whoopie!) Of course you already know that the Arkansas River's head-waters are in Leadville. (Whoopie again!). How about LR in the Spring, then Pittsburgh in September?

V/R RonG

P.S. John A. Walker died in prison last week; he was due for parole next year. Now I won't have to worry about one of my shipmates going to jail for bringing him to justice. That would not have been pretty!

George Ruybal, a Short Biography: Ron, Thanks for the great job on the Clever Boy newsletter. I enjoy receiving and reading it immensely.

I spent my U.S. Navy formative years in the submarine force, beginning with USS Sabalo (SS302). Jan 1963 thru Aug 1964. Great times. Grew up and left Sabalo as a salt after being an NQP for what seemed like forever but was really only six months of the time in Sabalo. Coming from a very small farm in Colorado, I still had straw and hayseed in my hair when I checked aboard. The crew cut me a lot of slack about my immaturity and helped me grow up. Sabalo's crew started me out on a successful Navy career that ended with my retirement in 1984. Along the way, much to my chagrin, I was surfaced when I was promoted to Warrant; (At the time, I was promised a submarine related billet by the submarine detailer; that liar! I didn't even belong to him. My promotion threw me into the surface detailer's bucket, unbeknownst to me).

In the submarine force, I was on Sabalo, Redfish, Bonefish, Louis & Clark and Greenling before being sent to the destroyer Navy.

On Greenling we spent eleven days on the surface steaming straight out toward the Azores as part of the phony search for Scorpion. I was one sea sick country boy due to the odd roll that a nuke sub experiences on even a flat sea. I would spend all my waking hours volunteering as a lookout up on the bridge. No need for a Sonarman on the surface. Being able to breath and extend my vision helped with the nausea. Greenling went on to bounce off the ocean bottom on my last patrol up around the Kara Sea. I don't really know the location. We were keeping an eye on the Russkies and chased a November up under the ice cap. Dropped off to return to station due to no under ice gear and while running at a deep level and high speed, the bottom sloped up beneath us and we banged into it. Scariest thing I have ever been involved in. I said "Lord if you'll

get me out of this I promise to apply for Warrant Officer". No, actually, I thought "I ain't going home." Fortunately, we didn't break the submarine and we were able to head back and finish our patrol. Sadder, but wiser. Don't run deep and fast when the nav charts are nothing but blank paper.

I have always considered myself a submariner and everything else in my Navy career was just an experience to be endured. Destroyer duty was fun once I got used to the discriminatory practices of a submariner-hating Commanding Officer and finally a new CO took over. Carrier duty on the other hand was the pits. Just a floating airfield with lots of noise, hullabaloo and aviators (even some Air Force guys. One of these exchange guys shot down one of our F4's because of the difference between Navy and USAF procedures when practicing dog fighting and shooting a missile. USAF inactivates the trigger, Navy didn't, back then. So much for interservice cooperation). Carrier - A very large ship with many places that the drug users could hide in. Couldn't ever catch the weed users. Booze ashore can be overdone. This, from personal experience, however, drugs ashore and especially at sea are not only stupid but extremely dangerous. Mix that with boredom, immaturity and a strong sense of anti-authority-itis and bad things happen.

I would like to donate a few "chavos" to the mailing fund and I would like to be able to use PayPal if it is possible. Would you give me info on where to send the donation.

Unfortunately, due to health limitations, my wife Catherine and I are in no shape to attend a submarine reunion or for that matter any kind of reunion. I would really like to be able to do that. Course, a shot of scotch to celebrate the event might be my only motive for that feeling. It has been dry as dust for a very long time in my vicinity. Warm Regards, George Ruybal, LCDR, USN (Ret)

U.S. Navy Expands Its Fleet Of Robotic Subs January 5, 2014:

Since 2009 the U.S. Navy has been developing and testing a series of robotic mini-submarines, or AUVs (Autonomous Undersea Vehicle) that are silent, very small, and able to operate on their own for up to a year. The first models were two meters (six feet) long and weighed 59 kg (130 pounds) and built to operate completely on its own collecting valuable information about underwater "weather". What this AUV does is automatically move slowly (30-70 kilometers a day) underwater, collecting data on salinity and temperature and transmitting back via a satellite link every hour or so as the AUV briefly reaches

the surface. This data improves the effectiveness of sonars used by friendly forces, making it easier to detect and track enemy submarines. That's because the speed of sound travelling through water varies according the temperature and salinity of the water. Having more precise data on salinity and temperature in a large body of water makes your underwater sensors (sonar, which detects sound to determine what is out there) more accurate. The current navy AUVs can dive as far down as 200 meters (620 feet) but new models will be able to go down to 1,000 meters or more.

These AUVs use a unique form of propulsion. They have wings, and a small pump, that fills and empties a chamber.

This changes its buoyancy, causing it to glide down, then back up. This maneuver moves the AUV forward. Equipped with GPS and a navigation and communications computer, the AUV is programmed (or instructed via the sat link) to monitor a particular area. The small pump uses less electricity than a propeller (to move it at the same speed). Thus these UAVs can remain at sea for up to a year on one battery charge. Before the battery runs out the navy has to direct the UAV and a ship to a rendezvous where the AUV will remain on the surface and the ship will haul it aboard, replace the battery and perform any other needed maintenance. Small AUV maintenance detachments (of two or three



sailors) can be flown to a ship that is close enough to make the rendezvous. In some cases you can direct the AUV to move close to land, which makes it even easier to find a boat to go out and get the AUV. These AUVs can be launched from ships or shore. In 2009 an AUV of this type crossed the Atlantic on its own,

as part of a civilian research project. The navy currently has 75 of these AUVs and plans to have at least 150 by 2015. This is part of a plan to have UAVs replace many of the ocean survey ships currently used for this kind of work. The survey ships take temperature and salinity reading from instruments

deployed from the ship as well as a global network of several thousand research buoys. Unlike the survey ships the AUVs could be deployed in areas where hostile subs are believed to be operating, and be kept at it as long as needed. If successful in regular use, larger versions are planned,



A little excerpt from old Jeff-Ron discussions:

"... about the SS-2. What's meant is, that while working, it operated pretty well for the purpose intended. I was Radar Operator for Maneuvering Watch and Special Ops, and we went into many a port through the fog with just radar shots, with the Quartermasters recording and plotting bearings and distance to maintain our track." —[A transit to Yokosuka comes to mind: Two weeks without Loran, no visible horizon for shooting the sun, stars—and intermittent radar; then making visual landfall, through the fog, within half a mile of our PIM (Position of Intended Movement), and the planned course change northward toward Tokyo Wan and Yoko] —

"It did have plenty of breakdowns. It was all tubes, no transistors or solid state devices. The lead ET, Fred Holcomb, ET1, my boss, fished a rectangular tomato basket with a handle out of the trash one day. We used to keep a complete set of tubes (pre drawn from supply) in that basket which was kept in a small locker in the control room with other "off the books" spares. When we would go to work on a newly-reported 'down' radar the guys would razz us with, 'here comes the fag ET's with their Easter basket'." — [Now you know all about the Tomato Basket, which Thank God, appeared to be bottomless]

Wonder What Old Gringo Is Doing- Bob 'Dex' Armstrong
[Old Gringo was Tom Parks, a WWII hero (SS) and a close friend of Dex while both were alive. This is Dex's tribute to Tom]

Did you ever wonder where old deep-water boat sailors go when they turn in their earthly issue and pick up their orders at St. Peter's receiving station?

We've all heard the Marines Hymn... "When The Army and The Navy takes a look on Heaven's scenes, they will find the streets are guarded by United States Marines."

So we know that we'll have to deal with jarheads on the gates. Can you imagine spending eternity pulling gate duty? And writing a gahdam song telling the world that that was the extent of your eternal ambition? I guess somebody has to do it... I can hear the boot pushers at Parris Island... "Listen up now... When you die, we make you an MP and detail you to stand watch on the Pearly Gates to see that those naughty submariners don't steal the gahdam streets."

"Oh goody... Tell me Sarge, do I get to wear my uniform?"
"You sure do... And you get to spend forever and ever, shining your shoes and brass."
"Wow!!"

Just another of the many reasons that submariners wouldn't have made 'worth a damn' Marines. The way I understand it, old worn-out submarine sailors get assigned to Hell but they are given liberty in Heaven... The part of Heaven where all the bars are located and cab fare is free. They don't issue them wings and the bastards hock their harps for beer money.

There is a bar up there called 'The Sterling Dolphin'... A real dump. It's on Admiral Burke Boulevard. Beer's a dime a quart and the furniture is made out of railroad ties. The barmaids are all big busted blondes... Farm girls from Kansas... And they hand out their apartment keys to all the qualified men. Old man Holland... You know, the clown who invented the first smokeboat and went around with that goofy walrus looking mustache and silly bowler hat... Holland plays the piano.

And there's an old Juke Box... With four hundred thousand

cigarette burns on the top. It only plays Tommy Cox... And Glen Miller... Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman... Margaret Whiting... Peggy Lee and Pattie Paige. The walls are covered with old yellowed photos of "E" Boats, "R" Boats... "S" Boats and all kinds of Fleet Boats... Old Tenders, ASRs and Admiral Lockwood.

The head is a mess... Four old air expulsion, 'Freckle Maker' heads... And a urinal trough made out of the air flask of a Mark 14 cut in half... And the walls are covered with the names of angels who come with removable bloomers.

The wall behind the bar has soft pine paneling and thousands of silver dolphins have been pounded into the wood and an old 127 year old E-3 keeps them Brasso'd up.

The pickled hard boiled eggs fall out of the back end of the Golden Goose and they only sell 'Beer Nuts' in fifty pound bags... For two bits. The Shore Patrols are blind and the liberty cards have no time limits.

There's only one thing on the menu, the 'Rig for Dive' Cheeseburger... It's cooked in all that stuff that comes draining out of the George Foreman grill. The name of every sub ever built and their hull numbers are carved in the tops of all the table tops...

At the bar there is a stool that belongs exclusively to Tom Parks... it has 'Old Gringo' on it in solid gold letters... And late in the evening you can find Old Gringo perched at the bar, tossing down suds and wrapping his arm around the best looking gal in the place. Beer is free for any boat sailor who wears a combat patrol pin.

Old Gringo has a beer mug made out of a 5-inch shell casing with a hatch dog for a handle. The barmaids keep him supplied with hand-rolled Cuban cigars and reports on who's reporting in and when the bus is leaving for hell.

I don't know if that's the way it is... But that is the way it should be. An old hard-core Diesel Boat Sailor should get something like that.

One thing is for DAMN sure... Tom Parks isn't standing a damn Gate watch. You can take that to the bank, Horsefly.



MAIL BAG

Sabalo

▪ Just a note to let you know that I appreciate what you and Jeff do. Also my previous contribution must be long gone by now so here's a little extra help. I suggest you use some for a libation and put the leftovers for postage. Either way stay healthy and have a good winter best regards Don Longnecker.

- Dennis always enjoyed *Clever Boy*, \$25 enclosed for others to enjoy—[Thank You to Nancy Gove, Dennis' widow]
- 7/13/14: **Robert "Dex" Armstrong, 74, departed on Eternal Patrol July 8, 2014. From USSVI: ... our beloved Shipmate, Submariner Poet, and Writer Extraordinaire will be buried at Arlington ... His escapades and documentation of them are legendary, especially in the diesel boat community....**

Not a Sabalo vet, but familiar to us—and he spoke for many of us when he wrote this: *Thanks for making me the man I am! I was an immature, 18-year-old knucklehead, fresh out of high school, and-still-wet-behind-the-ears Seaman Deuce, a freshly minted, submarine-school graduate when I tossed my gear aboard my first boat ... and became the subject of attention of a gang of lion tamers known as Chief Petty Officers. Under the not-too-gentle tutelage and sensitive "guidance" of these magnificent rascals, I became both a man and a damn good Sailor.*

There comes a point where lads grow up, recognize and accept a man's responsibilities. At that point the CPOs became our mentors. Under them we learned leadership, Bluejacket ethics, courage ... meeting the expectations of the Submarine Force, our wardroom, and shipmates. We learned that when things got dicey, all we had was ourselves to work out our salvation. But most important, we were taught the meaning of the concept of honor.

*We were red-blooded, testosterone-loaded, 20-feet-tall-and-bulletproof Bluejackets that case-hardened Chief Petty Officers forged into tough, hardworking men on the anvil of the age-old values that made the United States Navy recognized as the protector of the sea lanes. Chief Petty Officers were the men who made me the man I became. Bob "Dex" Armstrong [Ed.: Dex didn't just so much try to describe submariners — he had us hold hands around the table, sucked us down through the Main Induction with him, and showed us where we lived the better part of a century ago, sipping hydraulic-oil coffee and breathing diesel-filled air. His media for each séance was pure *NTINS*, — nobody did it better.]*

- **Bert C. Buckle (QM2(SS))** aboard 67-9, passed away Monday evening 7 July 2014. His caretaker/friend Debra Holscher (Bickerstaff) who accompanied Bert to a couple of the reunions called me tonight with the news...his health had been very poor for a while. I didn't ask for any further details. Jeff Owens
- [Obit] Bert, 69, of Emporia was born to Edward and Myrtle (Kirkwood) Buckle in Emporia on March 17, 1945. He served his country through Navy service and worked in Emporia as a land surveyor. He is preceded in death by his parents; son, Bert Buckle Jr.; brothers, Thomas Buckle, Jerry Buckle, Frank Buckle, William "Bill" Buckle, and James Buckle. He is survived by his brothers, Ed Buckle of Eureka, KS, Paul Buckle of Pittsburg, KS, and Mike Buckle of Orlando, FL; and sisters, Barbara Jacoby of Lakeland, FL and Mary Watson of Emporia, KS
- On behalf of the Association, and Bert's Sabalo shipmates... sincere condolences... a very likable shipmate and a skilled quartermaster. All those who served closely with him know his affable sense of humor and great zest for life. He was one of those rare individuals you find unforgettable...-Sailor Rest Your Oar- ...Jeff Owens, Sabalo Webmaster and Historian.
- Buckle... a fine sailor and always found a way to have a good time. He led a hard life. He will be missed. I hope he is with the Lord today. He will have no more pain. Bill Towry
- Bert had passed... my leader, my mentor and my friend ... certain people changed or made you what you are. Bert was one of those... along with many other Sabalo shipmates... be truly missed by me. Jamie MacLean
- ...After seeing him at the San Diego Reunion I knew he wasn't doing well. Laughing and drinking to the end. He lived life on his terms. Taught me a lot about being a good Quartermaster and more about steaming, partying and drinking... a zest for life ... unparalleled ... missed, but always remembered. Tom Wilhelm
- ... appreciated serving with Bert, his outgoing nature and wit. He will be missed here but evidently welcomed and needed on the other side. May God Bless Him. Terry Heisterman
- I lived downstairs from Bert in San Diego in the 60's. I enjoyed the humor and his larger than life presentation... Fair Winds and Following Seas. Good Bye old friend we will all see you soon. What a reunion that will be! Don Nelson/Bobbie.
- I couldn't possibly add a thing. He was so full of life. It's so sad to hear that he is on his final patrol. Peter Lary
- ... Bert. He was undoubtedly one of the most unforgettable characters I've ever met. I admired his party attitude and the way he lived life to the fullest. It was a pleasure to know him. Will Parks
- Buckle served his country well and with honor... tested and was not found lacking... loyal and trustworthy. ... he sails in the company of heroes like himself; when we are called to our Final Patrol we will be there to greet us. Fred Holcomb
- [Obit] **Brian H. "Bo" Ramsey, 73**, born in Twin Falls, Idaho... passed away, Sunday, May 25, 2014 at his home... Surviving are his wife, Sandra Richardson Ramsey of Theodore; his son, Sean (Laurie) Ramsey of Spokane; his brother, Bob (Marlene) Slover of Cal; 1 granddaughter, Lauren Ramsey... other nieces, nephews and friends... [Ed.: Bo, Auxilliaryman, knew the boat better than most; and like Bert, he took his job seriously enough for the crew's complete trust; these men had found the working man's sweet spot in life. What they did this side of the brow was GOOD—and they knew it. If that's why they burned themselves out at such a young age, I hope they both knew we appreciated this. Pride runs deep]

Budweiser, Salad in a Bottle?

When it comes to giving my body the fuel it needs to keep me looking like a silver-haired Adonis, I stick by the old Johnny Carson line: *I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy.*

And, when you're hitting the barbecue circuit this labor day, try this trick for adding candles to your birthday cake. Ignore those celery sticks, march right past the cantaloupe cubes, and wrap your lips around a cold bottle of Michelob because beer isn't just the nectar of the gods -- it's practically a salad in a bottle! In a study that's bound to have Budweiser stock soaring through the roof, Belgian researchers just announced at a major medical conference that beer will do more than add hair to your chest: A pint of your favorite brew may have as many vitamins and antioxidants as most fruits and vegetables.

Researchers compared the nutritional content of beer to watermelons, apples and carrots and the results have guys everywhere... well, bubbly. Beer is chock full of antioxidants like glutathione and proline and it tastes a heck of a lot better than carrot slices.

Can a cold one really stop disease cold? It's not wishful thinking -- it's a scientific fact. Beer has been proven to improve your heart health and it could even slash your rheumatoid ar-

thritis risk by a whopping 31%! So the next time you're sitting around some late-summer campfire, follow this piece of health advice. Skip the S'mores and pound some Coors—because enjoying the health benefits of beer could help you put a cap on nagging disease worries for good.

This Bud's for you,
William Campbell Douglas, MD.

Addendum by Jeff: How much we need to drink in order to meet the minimum daily requirements?

Due to the lack of fat in beer, I recommend beer should be consumed with some beef jerky and greasy potato chips or similar enhancement for strict dietary needs. Three beers a day usually keeps my cravings down for more, and proof that this is enough is that when I have done more, something happens to my lower abdomen - I seem to loose muscle control; the resulting sag is not pleasing to the females who ogle my body. And by the way, if you are thinking of getting pregnant, beer is not recommended.

Your health guru, Jeff
P.S. Men should never drink 'light' beer, people will question your sexual orientation.

Dex Armstrong never served on Sabalo, yet he's done a pretty good job of describing her and her crew (except for the incidental things like patrolling the world's oceans and keeping them safe, guarding our country, etc.) so, in honor of his passing, here's another gem:

NTINS

Remember "The Alley"? On Requin, it was six racks in the after battery - outboard - aft of the well manhole. Home of the most senior, most worthless non-rated wild men on the boat. The nest where every harebrained prank, underhanded scheme, diabolical plot and stupid idea germinated, hatched, and blossomed forth. Yup, you got it - *the Varmint Pit*.

The ringleader of this band of unrepentant idiots was known as the Mayor of the Alley. The motto was: "If you ain't heard a good rumor in four hours... Start one." In the annals of Naval history, Hogan's Alley ranks right up there with pirate dens and the foc'sle of the HMS Bounty. A rat hole whose only redeeming feature lay in the fact that the wardroom always knew where the 'usual suspects' were camped out and could be rounded up. On Requin, it was known to anyone above Ensign as the 'Headache Factory'.

To say the Alley was an untamed dump would be a master stroke of understatement. If they had not invented Aqua Velva, we couldn't have stood ourselves.

Hogan's Alley by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

After more than two weeks of no showers... You know, the point where you could throw your socks at the goat locker curtains and they would stick. If it wasn't for Aqua Velva and Lucky Tiger hair tonic, we would have been overcome by the smell.

No human beings should live like we did. I have no idea what the size of the accommodations were that they gave Jeffrey Dahmer, but you can bet your fanny it was a helluva lot more than we had in the Alley. It was so small, the gahdam roaches stood four on and eight off.

You could get anything in the Alley. The Alley was the control point for contraband, a stash of sea store smokes that never ran dry, a library of pornographic and well-worn cowboy paperbacks that the Library of Congress envied, and an award winning reel of Road Runner cartoons stolen from 16mm sea print films and spliced together into a two hour display of spectacular stupidity. The 'After Battery Road Runner Extravaganza' was beyond the shadow of a doubt, the best

kept secret of the entire Cold War. Over several years, dozens of non-rated members of our submersible forces afloat participated in a project to surgically remove all visual evidence of Mr. Beep Beep and Mr. Coyote from as many sea flicks as came aboard and assemble them into what became known as the 'Big Mother'. You could run a full charge on both batteries in less time than it took to run the Big Mother.

The only rule was the OD must be fully copped out before Big Mother could leave her secure perch in the after battery ventilation lines. Death would have been one of the lesser penalties that would have been paid by any sonuvabitch revealing the existence of Big Mother... The Alley Mafia was the all-knowing, all powerful enforcer of the highly regarded legal system, known as the 'Code of no Crow'. Anyone who crossed that invisible division point and entered the Kingdom of the Crow, became instantly socially unacceptable, forfeited his right of association and was evicted from all of the side lockers and

other real property he had managed to homestead, wheedle, or otherwise occupy in the land of nonsense and rarely condoned activity. To divulge the details of anything going on in the Alley was an invitation to have the major element of one's manhood promptly nailed to a line locker lid.

I don't want to convey the impression it was 'Eat or be Eaten' in the Alley... Far from it. The Alley was a benevolent society formed for the self protection of the lowest forms of submarine life... The Cub Scout den for the kids from the other side of the tracks... Like a leper colony where you went to commiserate with your fellow lepers and fantasize about Chief Petty Officers being eaten by sea life with big teeth.

We took care of our own. I was once in Portsmouth Naval Hospital following the removal of my appendix... Three inmates of the Alley made it past 30 ferret-eyed nurses, carrying a beautiful vase of daffodils resting nicely in two quarts of draft beer. We called them shipmates, one of the most honored and dearly earned terms in the English language. I would draw my last dime out of the bank to buy an airline ticket to go pump a pint of blood for any sonuvabitch who ever called me 'shipmate'. All you fellow bubbleheads really understand what I mean.

I remember one night, we pulled in

from God knows where... Doing ping time for Navy pilots who dropped PDCs (practice depth charges) on us and made sleeping damn near impossible.

It was late when we secured the boat and the married guys got stand-bys out of all the single guys... Another day in Paradise.

After the charge, the OD had a cup of coffee, bid us a pleasant evening and turned in for the night.

"Gentlemen, the OD has just planted the idea that we have a pleasant evening..." We then decided our idea of a pleasant evening called for pooled resources and cold beer next to the screw guards. We were simple people who enjoyed simple pleasures... on E-3 pay, the cheaper, the simpler.

We pooled resources, turned over the pilfered dog-eared community controlled liberty card and sent the guy who lost the coin flip, for beer.

In Norfolk, there was a locally brewed product known as 'Banner Beer'. It came in short brown bottles or cans, with a label showing a waving blue pennant with 'Banner Beer' in big white letters. The label went on to say that Banner Beer was a "Masterful representation of the Brewer's Art". What Banner actually was, was living proof that man had mastered the art of bottling fermented sheep dip and selling it for a dollar thirty a six pack.

The beer arrived... We had combed our lockers for floating change resulting in enough for 3 six packs. We knew the drill... Drag a CO2 extinguisher topside to cool the cans... Put the loose cans in a weighted laundry bag that could be deep sixed if the duty OD woke up in the middle of a Rita Hayworth dream and decided to have a smoke topside. Experience indicated that our wardroom contained no commissioned personnel so bent on ass chewing opportunities that they would scuba dive for evidence. We never considered the question that would be posed by six shirtless men congregated around an obviously recently discharged fire extinguisher.

There we were, the Navy's finest... sucking suds with a million stars overhead. Some animal speaks, "Gentlemen, I give you a beautiful night..."

"Beautiful night Hell, maybe an acceptable moment. My idea of a beautiful night' ain't got nothin' to do with drinking cheap beer with a bunch of ugly bastards at a time of night when the only people running around are burglars and whores."

That was the closest we ever got to. "I love you guys..." But it speaks volumes for the lads who rode boats and lived the legend of the final days of the diesel boat Navy.

[RIP Shipmate]

Anything you do can sink a submarine, including nothing.

'Ever A Submariner'

I liked popping the hatch at the top of the sail at sunrise and being the first to savor the scent of fresh air for the first time in 8 weeks... watching dolphins race in the bow wave on the way back home to Pearl... the tear-drop hull of the boat beneath me silently slicing through the sea.

I liked the sounds of the submarine service – sounds that we alone could hear, as we were the "Silent Service" where others were concerned – the ascending whine of the dive alarm sounding, and the haunting echos of "Cayoogah, cayoogah... Dive! Dive!" from the boats of yesteryear, the gruff voice of a Chief headed aft... "Down ladder; Make a Hole!" – the indescribable creaking sound of hull-steel compressing at depths that remain classified to this day.

I was impressed with naval vessels –

bracketed in the aperture of Periscope #2, the crosshairs gently rising and falling across their silhouette on the horizon, while obtaining range, bearing and angle off the bow.

I liked the names of proud boats of every class, from the "pig boats" of WWI to the sea creatures of WWII, like Barbel, Dorado, Shark and Seawolf, and the Cold War boats that bore with honor the names of these and 48 others that are "Still on Patrol." Boats honoring national heroes, statesmen and presidents: Washington, Madison, Franklin and more. Whole classes of boats honoring cities and states: Los Angeles, Ohio and Virginia.

I liked the tempo of opposed piston diesels and the "pop" in your ears when equalizing to atmospheric when the head valve first opens to ventilate and snorkel. I

miss the "thrill" of riding an emergency blow from test depth to the top at a nice steep bubble.

I enjoyed seeing places I'd only dreamed of, and some of which I'd heard of from my grandfather – who had seen them under very different circumstances and conditions... places like Pearl Harbor, Guam, Truk Island and Subic and Tokyo Bays.

I admired the teamwork of loading ships stores, the "brow-brigade" from pier to boat, and lowering them vertically through a 24" hatch to the galley below. I relished the competition of seeing who could correctly guess how many days underway before the fresh eggs and milk ran out and powder prevailed upon us henceforth.

I loved my "brothers," each and every one, whether their dolphins were gold or silver and regardless of rate or rank. We

shared experiences that bonded us evermore, and knew each other's joys, pains, strengths and weaknesses. We listened to and looked out for each other. We shared precious little space in which to live and move and work, and we breathed, quite literally, the same recycled air.

After weeks in cramped quarters, my heart leapt at the command, "Close All Main Vents; Commence Low Pressure Blow; Prepare to Surface; Set the Maneuvering Watch." When safely secured along the pier, the scent of my sweetheart's hair evaporated the staleness emanating from my dungarees.

Exhausting though it was, I even liked the adrenaline rush of endless drills, and the comfort in the knowledge that any dolphin-wearing brother had cross-trained just like I had... not only on basic damage control, but to the point of having a basic working knowledge of every system on the boat, such that when real emergencies inevitably arose, the response was so automatic and efficient they were almost anti-climactic.

I liked the eerie sounds of "biologics" through the sonar headphones, the strange songs of the sea in the eternal night below the surface of the deep blue seas.

I liked the darkness – control room rigged for red or black, the only illumination that of the back-lights compass and gauges of the helm and myriad of buttons and indicator lights across the BCP. I liked the gentle green glow of the station screens in the Sonar Shack and Fire Control. I grew to like coffee, the only way to stay awake in the numbing darkness of the Control Room with the constant rocking of the boat during countless hours at periscope depth.

I liked "sliders" and "lumpia" and pizza at "Mid-rats" at the relieving of the watch.

I liked the secure and cozy feeling of my rack, my humble little "den," even when it was still warm from the body-heat of the guy who just relieved me of the watch.

I liked the controlled chaos of the Control Room, with the Officer of the Deck, Diving Officer and Chief of the Watch receiving and repeating orders; the sound of Sonar reporting: "Con-Sonar: New Contact, submerged, designated: Sierra 1, bearing: 0-1-0, range: 1-0-0-0 yards, heading 3-5-0, speed: 1-5 knots, depth: 4-0-0'."

I liked the rush of "Man Battlestations; Rig for Quiet" announced over the 1MC, and the "outside of my rate" role I played as CEP plotter during war games, and later... SpecOps – the window to another world that I was allowed to peer through... the tactics, stealth and tenacity of our Captain making prompt and purposeful decisions to see us safely and successfully through the mission.

I appreciated the fact that I was a 19 year old kid, entrusted with operating some of the most sophisticated equipment in the entire world, and the challenge of doing those tasks in a 33' x 360' steel tube, several hundred feet below the surface, in potentially hostile waters.

I admired the traditions of the Silent Service, of Men of Iron in Boats of Steel, where you were just a NUB until you were "Qualified" and had EARNED the respect of the Officers and crew. I revered past heroes like inventor John Philip Holland and innovator Hyman G. Rickover. Such men and those that followed, both Officer and Enlisted, set precedents to follow, standards to uphold, and examples of bravery and self-sacrifice like the world has seldom seen. We were taught to honor these traditions. Somewhere far below the ocean's surface, I became a man... and

not just any man. I became... a Submariner.

Our story is seldom told, but we are truly un-sung heroes. We contributed significantly to the winning of wars, the liberation of the oppressed and the preservation of both peace and freedom. Many of us served during the "Cold War" – collectively, we stood the watch, patrolled and performed acts of top secret espionage – and we did so CONTINUOUSLY for 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year – for over four and a half DECADES. We kept a very fragile peace intact – very likely preventing global nuclear annihilation in the process – by virtue of our strength, vigilance, endurance and integrity.

Yes, we WON that war, and did so without ever once having to fire a shot in anger. Though we've been awarded many citations and medals, there are none that exist for that particular campaign as a whole. Our reward is the solemn pride that each of us possesses within our own hearts, the freedoms that we enjoy as a people, and the loving care of our friends and family—who stood the watch in their own way, supporting us in our absence when we were in harm's way far, far from home.

Decades now have come and gone since last I went to sea. The years have a way of dimming things, like looking at the past through a smoky mirror. I went, as many others, my separate way... raised a family, and moved on... but a part of me, my Sailor's Soul, will always be underway... somewhere... in the darkness, in the deep, making turns for twenty knots... pushing a hole through the water. *Written By: Jody Wayne Durham, MM2/SS (A-gang) USS Los Angeles (SSN-688), '85-'88*



After his command of Sabalo, the former Skipper returned to inspect the ship as Squadron Commander, and while eating breakfast with the crew he was impressed to see the dolphin insignia stamped on every biscuit.

He went to the cook, Willie, to ask how this feat was done, so it could be used on other boats under his command.

The cook replied, "well Commodore, after each one is cut out I just slap it here against my belt buckle which bears the insignia."

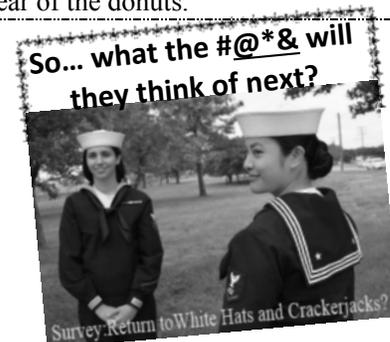
Horrified the Commodore exclaims "Well, that's very unhygienic!"

Willie shrugs and replies "well if you feel that way sir, I suggest you steer well clear of the donuts."

Exhaustipated: (Adj - too tired to give a sh*t)

Readers may notice that this issue contains fewer humorously-snide remarks regarding Governmental stupidity than usual. This is because they have finally scared the sense of humor right out of me: they've successfully overwhelmed our borders, our Military, our budget, our health care, and they ignore our Bill of Rights...or...

Maybe it's just that I've finally realized that telling a Democrat or Republican that he may not be as much brighter and smarter than our Founding Fathers as he thinks he is — is like explaining to a dog licking its nethers that what he's doing is bad manners.



Spotted Owls and California Condors Might Taste Like Chicken. Eagles Should Not. [RonG]

I just heard that the results of Jerry Brown's latest California Environmental poll will soon be available.

According to the radio, the first two questions went something like this: (A) "Do you feel California should do more toward Environmental Protection?" —OR— B) "Do you agree with large businesses who put Profit before Clean air and Water?"

Similar past polls show that 66% of respondents consistently chose (A). Presumably, many of these people are high-school graduates, capable of reading and understanding English, so it represents an accurate sample of the voting population. However, usually at least half of these mailed questionnaires go immediately into the trash, either unopened, or after the first question; that's a lot of people whose opinion is not represented. It's a bogus number and a warning of things to come

Mid-term elections are just over a month away, and we have learned that many people didn't vote in our last election because of two major reasons, both related to the survey's phony conclusions: One, because reported results like Moonbeam Brown's have convinced people that their opinion *must* be wrong since so many others — more aware, more involved, or even smarter—believe the opposite. Second, there are those who are extremely confident that their decision is right but are convinced that their one tiny vote is meaningless and ineffective against that gigantic 2/3 majority—wise or not.

Here are real world examples of how a bogus majority (San Francisco/ Los Angeles) can control lives of the "silent majori-

ty" (everybody else in Calif.), when non-voters won't even send in an absentee ballot.

Consider a stupid hunter who can't tell a duck from an eagle: He will be fined up to \$250,000 (double that if he's part of an organization) plus 5 years in jail for shooting either Golden or Bald Eagles. But not when Climate Change is invoked. California Wind Farms are chopping eagles up, and Solar Farms are frying them in flight.. The term 'streamer' is now in our lexicon, referring to the trail of smoke from a bird bursting into flames. A Monarch Butterfly and the small bird chasing it might not emit much smoke, but a large raptor, on top of its food chain cannot be missed. A ranger recently counted 200 streamers per hour at one California renewable power site.

California, leading the Country in progressive hope and change, could build us a future in which Wind and Solar collectors are inter-mingled at individual sites; spaces beneath propellers and mirrors are covered with biodegradable dinner plates to catch the food, which is collected two or three times a day and then distributed, for free, to America's hungry. Dishes like Owl Roast, Crispy California Condor and Baked Bald Eagle may be provided in diminishing quantities until Federal Government bird farms are up and running at full production.

California's Golden Rule: *Do not do unto others, what California has done to itself.*

Feel free to quote me or tell me where to stuff this, but...

PLEASE VOTE

The Sabalo Association

eMail is OK, but Send us a PO Address & Phone # or you'll be LOST

Your PO Address is OK but if you move, you'll be LOST; Please send us your phone number

Alcantara, Emmanuel:	Hoatson, Lee	Leach, Thomas	Post, Meryle	Cohen, George
Beatty, John	Hotes, Wm	Ledwidge, Joe	Saga, John	Porter, George
Edens, James	Huckfelt, Larry	Linder, Roy	Viduya, Napoleon	Wegner, Gordon
Ferguson, Charles	Koca, Gerald	Macaranas, B		

Sabalo LOST Contact Data

Shipmates w/NO KNOWN Address, Phone Number, or Obituary. Since last issue, we've gone from 449 'lost' men to the current 415. Unfortunately, anyone who changed their address without letting us know is added to this list, and will no longer receive *Clever Boy*. Please continue to contact Jeff or Ron with clues—without your help we'll soon only have the obits to search, as the clock keeps ticking. Each issue will cycle thru the next ~100 men. See Sabalo Association above.

Gallagher, JL	Gross, Lawr	Helms, Thom	Hunt, Edwa	Keeley, Stan	Lillig, Thom
Gapilitan, Rica	Gunter, Jame	Hendrick, Bruc	Hunter, Jame	Kennedy, Jame	Lipman, John
Garrott, Jame	Hagle, Merl	Hensley, Robe	Huntington, Will	Kincaid, Mich	Loftis, Herm
Gay, Leon	Hahn, Kenn	Higgins, Byro	Hutchinson, Jerr	King, Robe	Long, Roge
German, John	Hale, Char	Hill, GJ	Ihlen, Jame	Klein, MP	Lorenzo, Thom
Gerth, Thom	Hall, Haro	Himes, B "G	Jackson, Char	Kloppenburb, Leon	Loveless, Jerr
Gille, Lawr	Hall, Isaa	Hodgkin, Henr	Janke, Dale	Labrador, Dann	Lowrance, Davi
Giovannucci, Robe	Hall, Jame	Hoffman, Doug	Jenkins, Robe	Lackey, RL	Lowrey, Ronn
Gleason, Timo	Hamilton, Char	Holden, Will	Johnson, C V	Lahr, Larr	Lynch, Robe
Glockner, Jame	Harper, Verl	Holliday, Jame	Johnston, Albe	Lamb, Earl	
Goodman, Kenn	Harris, Jack	Horsman, Rona	Jones, Davi	Landrum, Char	(First names are truncated to 4 letters for space)
Graham, Benj	Harsh, Kenn	Howard, Erne	Jones, Ralp	LaPointe, Lave	
Gray, Robe	Hart, GF	Hoyle, Raym	Jones, Stew	Legaspi, Mags	
Greco, Vito	Hart, Jose	Huckabee, Bill	Jones, WD J	Leggett, Davi	
Greene, Will	Hartin, JW	Hughes, Raym	Judd, Kenn	Lennon, John	
Gregory, Will	Hawk, Rand	Hull, RD	Judy, Roge	LeSchiutta, HL	
Gresh, Gary	Haynes, Davi	Humphrey, Rona	Kaiser, Walt	Lewis, Jame	
Griffin, Euge	Heebner, Paul	Humphrey, Will	Kaltz, Jame	Lewis, John	



SS-302



SS-394

In transit (with a gentle roll—note the slanted horizons)

Reunion Poll for 2015

Pick a Season:

Pick a Place:

Spring	1	Pittsburgh	1**
Fall	1	San Diego	1
		San Antonio	1
		Little Rock	1*

** USSVI, Pittsburgh

* AIMM (Arkansas Inland Maritime Museum), USS Razorback Ship Museum, North Little Rock, Arkansas.

Remember Sabalo/Razorback XJA phone numbers? Match these with the photos...

- CIR "E" TEL CALL STA
- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. FOR'D TORP ROOM | 7. RADIO ROOM |
| 2. WARD ROOM | 8. CREW'S MESS |
| 3. CAPTAIN'S S.R. | 9. FOR'D ENG ROOM |
| 4. FOR'D BATT SPACE | 10. AFT ENG ROOM |
| 5. CONTROL ROOM | 11. MANEUV. ROOM |
| 6. CONNING TOWER | 12. AFT TORP ROOM |
| | 13. SONAR ROOM |



SS-394



SS-394



SS-394



SS-394



SS-394



SS-394



SS-394

A journey into the past for all hands!
 Sabalo and Razorback both began as Balao Class Fleet Boats. In 1952 Sabalo was converted to a Fleet Snorkel, and Razorback to a GUPPY IIA; Razorback donned her current North Atlantic Sail in 1961.

Razorback escaped scrapping via transfer to the Turkish Navy in 1971, and for research purposes, Sabalo was scuttled two years later in 1973.

Sabalo was commissioned in Jun-45; she had barely completed shake-down trials when WWII ended (VJ-Day was 15Aug-45), but a large number of WWII war veterans trained her new crew members (most of us) for years to come. The Razorback Crew Association and the Sabalo Crew Association both currently contain several names, on their *active* rosters, of these honored veterans.

The comparison pictures at top and bottom show the similarity of 302 & 394; few could identify which of the boats is in the other photos.

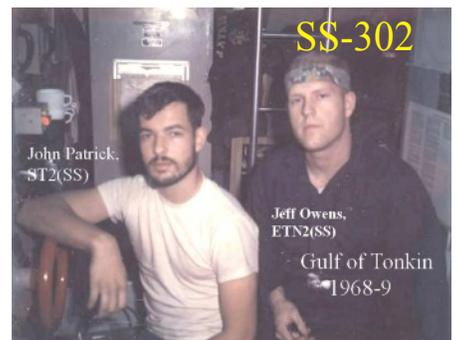
A journey into the past for all hands!



SS-302



SS-394



SS-302

John Patrick, ST2(SS)

Jeff Owens, ETN2(SS)

Gulf of Tonkin 1968-9



- 4/13/2006 Etlinger, Richard, EMFN(SS) aboard 1963-4
- 9/17/2013 Mau, Herman "Herkey" John, MoMM1(SS) aboard in 1945 (5 months)
- 5/16/2014 Baber, Goldie F. ENCS(SS) aboard 1951-3 WWII, Korea, Vietnam
- 5/19/2014 McElwain, Arthur, S1c , 91 years old of Texarkana, Tx aboard in 1946 (6 months)
- 5/23/2014 Gove, Dennis E, ETRSN(SS) aboard 1951-2
- 5/25/14 Ramsey, Brian "Bo", EN2(SS) aboard 1666-8
- 7/7/2014 Buckle, Bert C. QM2(SS) aboard 1967-9

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Maccini-Rice)

Maccini, Arth 2010/05/05	McGhee, John 1997/06/19	Navarro, Cand 2002/11/24	Perry, Jack Jul 1984
Madalinski, Arno 2009/01/21	McKeefrey, Will 1999/06/03	Nearhoof, Walt 1998/09/30	Pheasant, Will 2004/11/22
Madrid, Arma Jan 1980	McMullen, Clar 1990/03/31	Nelsen, Jerr 2002/04/02	Phelps, Robe 2008/03/03
Magnuson, Rob 2009/11/20	McNamara, Jose ??	Nero, Ceci Aug 2001	Pierce, Sam Dec 1988
Main, Elwi 1987/12/18	McVicker, Walt 2003/02/17	Nix, Paul 2008/04/15	Pizzano, Henr 1987/06/05
Maire, Rex 2004/01/29	Melim, John 2005/01/25	Nockold, Loui 2005/06/04	Pollgreen, Thom 2012/10/10
Makley, Phil 1990/10/13	Menkes, Murr Oct 1960	Northway, Ches 2001/05/15	Pope, Walt 2006/12/23
Mallory, Will??	Miller, Arno 2010/12/26	Ochoa, Robe 2013/11/24	Powderly, Jame 1978/02/28
Malone, Lawr 2001/01/23	Miller, Roy 2003/08/17	Odom, Char 23 Aug 13	Powell, Mart 2003/12/24
Mapes, Edwi 2002/12/31	Milloy, Robe Jul 1982	Offley, Robe 2007/09/22	Powell, Van 2003/06/16
Marcus, Clau 1955/06/04	Mills, Jon 9 Feb 2007	Oneto, Jame Aug 1976	Prentiss, Raym Mar 1984
Marrill, Arno 1970/12/25	Mintzer, Thom Sep 1976	Ostby, Dona Feb 1974	Priest, Char 2006/05/29
Marsh, Will 1980/03/22	Mitchell, Joe 1993/10/04	Ouellet, Bern Mar 2007	Prince, Gord May 1973
Martinez, Ermi 2001/03/12	Moe, Rich 2011/07/12	Owen, Lawr 2002/07/06	Proshuto, Jose 1986/11/24
Martz, Dani 1965/05/05	Molfino, Ted 2005/03/24	Oxford, Edwa 2004/03/15	Pugh, Bill 2000/07/27
Maschka, Gord 1993/01/14	Monje, Rona 2009/05/31	Ozmer, Robe 2004/11/27	Rabidou, Dona 2001/08/15
Masek, Will 1995/09/27	Moon, Max ??	Palad, Benj 1990/01/02	Rake, Marv 1963
Mathes, Robe 1992/11/22	Moore, Oley 1998/09/15	Palmer, Jame 2013/01/10	Ratliff, Thom ??
Matson, Bert 1989/07/31	Morgan, Davi ??	Pamogas, Jorg Mar 82	Reaves, Clin Jul 1986
Matthews, Thom 2010/11/07	Morgan, John 2009/06/07	Papadopoli, Anth 1970/10/16	Reeves, Denn ??
McClanahan, Vird Jul 1970	Morgan, Lacy 1983/05/20	Parra, Anto 1993/08/01	Regnere, Erne 1982/12/05
McClaskey, Phil 2002/11/14	Morgan, Robe 1993/06/02	Patterson, Davi 2001/05/12	Reiboldt, A 2004/07/29
McCue, John 2010/05/23	Morse, Euge 1994/04/15	Peer, Fred 2008/10/08	Reidinger, Jets 2004/10/26
McDaniel, Jame 1999/07/25	Mullins, Robe 2011/05/24	Pender, Jame 1990/01/23	Reyes, Mari 1989/04/23
McDaniell, Alto Sep 1970	Murphy, Jame 1982/09/14	Pennington, Coy 1998/02/17	Rice, Glen 1998/06/01
McDeavitt, Leo May 1987	Music, Howa Nov 1986	Perry, Dona 2000/08/18	
McFarlane, Rob 2007/08/31	Napper, Bill Jan 1978		

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, but he adamantly rejects any other form of payment. The "Thank You" on page 2 is to those Sabalo shipmates who regularly contribute to the cost of sending *Clever Boy* to our shipmates without online access. Unmentioned, are those loyal shipmates who send Jeff donations for website maintenance, and for communication costs other than those associated with *Clever Boy's* publication.

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 re-handle 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 #/QYear: _____ 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...." Often shortened to: *(T.I.N.S.)*

TBT - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)

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

Continued: 

The End: 