



Hail Mary Passes

We've been sending this newsletter to several of the boat's veterans—based on having found their email (a few USPO addresses too), but we don't know how many passes were completed! A few have joined the Association but many have not. If not, please fill out/send the application on page 12, or tell us you're not interested—this will save us a lot of time and money. Call somebody listed on the next page if you need more info. Zero Bubble, shipmate! Editor, Ron Gorence

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



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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:
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San Diego, Ca 92105-4734

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To our 41 generous Publication Donors: Thank You!

They exemplify the spirit of our Brotherhood!

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From the Tomato Basket:

Future Reunion? - Many want some conversation and revelry at another reunion, but there's no concrete proposals for location and timing yet. RonG's informal survey came up with votes for Vegas or San Diego again. Vegas airlines may be more reasonable than Greensboro, Cody, or other off-the-wall places.

Sabalo's past reunions:

In 2000, Larry Davis (HM, deceased) gathered a few Sabalo vets in Atlantic City; then Jim Palmer (see *Eternal Patrol*, page 12) organized one in Groton for ten men in July, 2001 (Note: that list he assembled from the Archives, plus his encouragement, became the basis of Sabalo's current roster of over 1,400 names). Later came Peoria in Sept, 2001, Reno in Sept 2003, Saratoga Springs, NY in Sep 2004, Kansas City, MO in Aug/Sep 2005, and San Diego in April 2007 and Sep 2009. Other small gatherings with USSVI were held in 2007, 2005, 2010, and, the last was 2012 in Norfolk. The most well-attended event was the 2007 bash: 4 days in San Diego, with 68 Sabalo men.

The USSVI 2013 Convention will be Aug 25 - Sept 2, 2013 in Rochester MN. A couple men have already indicated they will be

attending- I'll post a list on the web site, however, my personal feeling is that this isn't exactly a tourist mecca, so maybe something else is more desirable.

Here's what I need you to do right after you read *Clever Boy*: Pick two dates & two locations you'd prefer. Send them to either me or to Ron, or give us a call to discuss anything in more detail. From that, I will investigate the possibilities from consensus and make a proposal for the next *Clever Boy* reunion maybe late April at the earliest for kicking the 'winter blahs' of those in cold climes. (temps are in the 30's now in Vegas, so a wait for climate shift is needed anyway). Many wives would be excited about this choice.

Over a dozen of you readers, men who, for one reason or other, have not attended one, yet have expressed strong desires for a Sabalo reunion. If we can get you off your duff, and also a dozen of the hard-core guys at most reunions, to commit once the word's out, then we'd have two dozen-the minimum required for a nice event. Future hopes and pleas will decrease because time is running out for all of us, so get with it NOW!

V/R Jeff Owens

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SABALO SHIP'S PATCHES

The fish image no longer looks more like a bulldog than an Atlantic Tarpon, or Sabalo as it is alternately called. The new excellent quality versions are available for \$10 including mailing.

Remember the good old days when you could do something utterly stupid, and then laugh about it? NTINS:

You are not drunk if you can lie on the floor without holding on.



Thru the TBT:

•Progress Report: Our mailing is at 352 emails and 114 USPO mailings. We've made some progress finding 8 Sabalo Vets, but leaving 478 who I have no way to contact. See page 10 for some details. Also on page 12, there are next 100 names of our EP list.

- I'd like to say thanks to a couple of you guys who recently sent Jeff some warm comments; he's said twice lately, that that's what drives his immense dedication to our brotherhood; and in his latest email to me regarding Charlie Odom's mention as a SubVet centenarian (see page 12), he made a typical Jeff Owens comment: *"He has communicated with me numerous times and submitted many writings and mementos. Check on the net for info about his boat the S-1 the only aircraft carrier sub the U.S. has ever had (not counting Regulus boats). I have a scrapbook of all of his stuff which has been at our reunion for viewing. I wish there was time for me to put all of the stuff from everyone I have online. If I hit the lottery, I hire someone to make the best sub site ever envisioned."* In my humble opinion, he's well on the way, and I'd like to add my thanks to the guy who's kept me in touch with some of my dearest friends. Three BZ's to Jeff (3 cheers don't cut it).
- For our WWII Vets, see **Honor Flight**, following this blurb. H.F. is a great organization. The inaugural Honor Flight took place in May of 2005. Six small planes flew out of Springfield, Ohio taking twelve World War II veterans on a visit to the memorial in Washington, DC. Started by a dedicated doctor who gradually came to realize that many of his elderly patients were not only gracious and undemanding, but were also war heroes—but they had never mentioned it until he asked if any of them had visited their Memorial in D.C.; They said no,

and the rest is history. I assume we might have half a dozen WWII Vets (not sure because my database is missing many DOB entries) who have not yet visited the National memorials in D.C., and there will never be a better opportunity.

- If you've only been receiving *Clever Boy* for a year or so, chances are you've been picked up by a *Clever Boy* Hail-Mary-Pass and just haven't gotten around to joining up. Welcome Aboard! And... please send in the application on pg. 12 to Jeff or me (we share) for our database. I'm even missing the Date Of Birth of 159 current members, and 217 Spouses, addresses/phone numbers of over 60, and even qual boat data of 230 men, so mail/email me the data on the app anytime. (Why is that urgent? Many of the missing DOBs might be WWII vets, and I have no way of knowing).
 - Before starting this issue, I read one statistician's boast: he said they could state flatly, for instance, that Reggie Jackson was a pathetically-lousy baseball player—and prove it by showing 6-8 clips of Reggie clumsily striking out at the plate, or watching stupidly as a strike went by. He admitted that he could easily be proven wrong, but, in his estimation, over half the group would never be dissuaded at a later date by any contradictions, which kind of ties in with the the fact that most of today's news absolutely blows my mind with similar crap. So, shipmates, my sense of humor's at low tide—but I have tried. Thank God for good old Dex and whoever invented copy/paste!
 - Publishing finances are OK (looks like \$94 left after this run) and several promises of future funding. Would be nice to get our snail mails down from 114—but I'll never, ever go to email only (SD USSVI base just did and I'm pixxed).
- V/R, RonG**

On the bright side : "My luck is so bad that if I bought a cemetery, people would stop dying." - Rodney Dangerfield

Did You Know? A New Zealand author [*Secrets & Treasures*] Ray Waru discovered ... "Project Seal," ... uncovered evidence that the United States perfected a "tsunami bomb" that can flood whole coastal cities decades ago... blasts from a series ... can create waves ... 33 feet high... wipe out small towns or villages along the coast. The U.S... partnership with NZ—perfected the bomb during WWII testing ... off the coast of NZ throughout 1944... U.S. ultimately dropped the nuclear bomb, rather than the tsunami bomb, on Japan ... Tsunami Bomb later became the name of a short-lived California punk band in the late '90s & early 2000s. Laura Gottesdiener is a freelance journalist & activist in New York City.

Honor Flight

Honor Flight 's sole mission is to honor America 's veterans for their sacrifices. They transport our heroes to Washington, D.C. to visit and reflect at their memorials at no cost to the veterans.

Honor Flight Network, which consists of over 100 independent non-profit "hubs" across America, is funded separately by private donations from individuals, foundations, associations, business owners and corporations wishing to thank our veterans for their service to the United States and our citizens. Top priority is given to senior

veterans – World War II survivors, and other veterans who may be terminally ill.

Of all of the wars in recent memory, it was World War II that truly threatened our very existence as a nation—and as a culturally diverse, free society. Now, with a thousand World War II veterans dying each day, our time to express our thanks to these brave men and women is running out.

Thank you again to all of our veterans and a special thanks to our most Senior WWII Veterans for their dedication and commitment to protecting the freedoms enjoyed by so many citizens of the

greatest nation on earth, The USA. Please join us on your "Mission of Honor." Sincerely, David A. Smith, Chairman, Honor Flight San Diego

Veterans:

Honor Flight recognizes your sacrifices and achievements by flying you to Washington, DC to see YOUR memorial at no cost. In order for Honor Flight to achieve this goal, guardians fly with the veterans on every flight providing assistance and helping veterans have a safe, memorable and rewarding experience. For what you and your comrades have given to us, please consider this a small token of

appreciation from all of us at Honor Flight.

Guardians:

Honor Flights would not be successful without the generous support of our guardians, who play a significant role on every trip, ensuring that every veteran has a safe and memorable experience. Duties include, but are not limited to: physically assisting the veterans at the airport, during the flight, at the hotel and at the memorials. Guardians contribute (\$400) toward their own travel expenses.

Volunteer Application

Honor Flight would not be successful without the dedicated help provided by our volunteers, including office/clerical, fundraising, and trip planning. Please

consider the wide range of opportunities, as every little bit helps.

Other Facts:

1. This year there are 16,000 eligible vets on the waiting list; for that reason, spouses and widows are not eligible.
2. Guests need absolutely no cash (unless they wish to buy souvenirs, etc)
3. Guardians are selected for their skill and ability to take care of guests,; a son or daughter is rarely accepted as a guardian.
4. Priorities: first come, first served, with priority given to WWII vets (and all vets with a terminal illness) are top priority; 2nd priority is Korean and Vietnam wars.
5. There are HF Hubs in most states, and a *Lone Eagles* program for those too far from a hub..

6. Southwest Airlines has donated thousands of tickets, and is HF's official carrier; many veteran groups donate, but contributions are not accepted from WWII veterans who have not yet made an Honor Flight—they have already given enough.

IMPORTANT NOTE:

Honorflight.com and Honorflights.com are NOT associated with Honor Flight Network, Inc. (honorflight.org). The aforementioned sites are for companies that charge a fee for flights to visit the World War II Memorial. The flights and tours that Honor Flight Network provides World War II and terminally ill veterans are **absolutely FREE**



Silent sub: Russian noiseless Borei class nuclear submarine (as we reduce our military capabilities)

Super-modern, powerful & almost noiseless Russian nuclear submarine Vladimir Monomakh...third ship of the Borei project...operational in 2013.
Length: 170 m Beam: 13.5 m Draught: 10 m Test depth: 450 m. Displacement: 14,720 tons surf. 24,000 tons subm..
Speed: 29 knots (54 km/h) Complement: 107 (55 officers).
Armament: 16-20 × Bulava SLBMs 6 × 533 mm torp tubes.
...new generation of nuclear reactor...safe to depth of 480 meters...three months in autonomous navigation...almost silent...armed with new missile system...16 - 20 solid-fuel ICBM Bulava (SS-NX-30 by NATO classification)...able to

overcome any prospective missile defense system....August 27, 2011...successful test of Bulava...maximum range ... launched...lew 9,300km in just 33 minutes, & then fell in the specified area in the Pacific...Borei class...equipped w/ floating rescue chamber to fit in the whole crew.
...hoisting of the flag...igning of the acceptance act... Sev-mash shipyard in Severodvinsk...December 30[2012]... a fourth, more advanced submarine, the Knyaz Vladimir, with enhanced technical characteristics & increased ammunition is being built...Russia plans...10 Borei class submarines... state armaments program of 2011-2020.

Politicians should wear uniforms,you know, like NASCAR drivers, so we could identify their corporate sponsors.

The Great Submarine Sailor Shortage

by James Dunnigan, strategypage.com 9/24/12 (advice to Wash D.C.?)

The British Royal Navy is the latest to admit that it is unable to recruit and retain a sufficient number of qualified sailors to man its submarines. Some smaller nations, like Australia and South Africa have one or more subs idle because there are literally no qualified sailors available to operate them. Even the United States, currently the nation with the largest submarine fleet, all of them nuclear, has been battling the manning problem for decades. The shortages keep getting worse.

During the Cold War Russia had the largest sub fleet, most of them diesel-electric boats. These required crews with less extensive training and could be manned with lots of conscripts (especially if these boats did not go to sea a lot). But since the end of the Cold War in 1991, no one puts conscripts on submarine crews anymore.

Volunteers work much better, if only because it takes so much training to acquire the needed skills. But there is tremendous demand in the civilian economy for those

skilled submarine crewmen, especially those with experience in running a nuclear power plant. Then there's the discipline factor. Submarine sailors not only have excellent technical skills but a proven track record of disciplined performance. All this, and the resulting shortages, is a major reason more and more navies are willing to allow women to join submarine crews.

[Well,OK James; if you say so! Silly me; I thought the recruiting problem came from a few little things like mandating gangway breathalyzers, or proving a female rat can be safely dropped into a cage of sex-deprived males—all for the purpose of replacing the love of noble tradition with Politically-Correct fairness.

Your reasons are a little like raising your ceiling when you notice the living room is flooding, or spending more money to manage debt, or shutting the depth gauge's gate valve when plunging below test-depth. Actually, you are a pretty sharp analyst, just out of your depth. RonG]

I rode Requin. Today the wonderful old gal sits out in the Ohio River at Pittsburgh all dolled up looking one helluva lot better than when I rode her. They gave her a total battery hysterectomy and ripped off her screws... She's also a little light in the rack (bunks) department. But, like the gahdam stuffed owl you have perched on your mantle, she looks the same. Looking at her sitting in quiet water securely fastened to a green riverbank... Out to stud, so to speak... a floating jungle gym for school kids. You only have to close your eyes and it all comes back.

It's '60 and the old girl is slicing through the North Atlantic with a bone in her teeth. It's nighttime, phosphorescent water smashing through the limber holes, sliding aft through the superstructure then sliding down over the tanktops and cascading back into the sea, creating a million twinkling stars passing the screw guards. Cutlass (SS-478) was somewhere up ahead. The lookouts couldn't raise her light so she had to be hull down over the horizon. Her voice call was "Cabbage" and ours was "Rocketwolf" (the trivial crap you remember forty gahdam years later). On the bridge: two lookouts and the OOD. Night baking smells floating up from the open conning tower hatch. The only sound other than water slapping at the limber holes and doing its damndest to pop our line locker lids was a breeze making weird sounds with the whip antenna.

"Cabbage, Cabbage this is Rocketwolf...Rocketwolf ... do you read me?"

"Rocketwolf, Cabbage we read you two by two... Too loud and too often. What'cha need Rocketwolf?"

"Halifax Radio says rain your direction; seen any?"

"That's affirmative. Coming down like a cow pissing on a flat rock."

"Flat rock, aye... Much obliged. Rocketwolf out."

"Bridge, conn... We should be hitting a low pressure front with heavy squalls any minute now. You want us to send up rain gear?"

"Conn, bridge... That's affirmative. Have whoever is camped on the trim

manifold run us up some gear... And a black and bitter, two blond and sweets and a load of whatever the night baker is pulling out of the oven."

"Very well."

The lieutenant turns toward the lookouts... They've been a team for damn near two years. A watch section... Smallest bloodbrother fraternity on earth. Born by COB assignment, but a union consummated in ice and saltwater.

"Hey, either of you guys want to slip down into the sail and take a piss, catch a quick smoke and screw up your night vision?"

"You bet, sir!"

"Conn, bridge. Wake up whoever is playing radarman down there... Have him take a couple of sweeps around and report anything in our area."

"Bridge, conn... Just the 'Cuteass'... She hasn't changed course for two hours."

"Any aircraft?"

"That's negative."

"Very well."

"OK gentleman, quick smoke and a whiz... One at a time... No screwin' around. The old man or exec come up, get rid of the butt and the usual cover story - Checking the running light connection, thought it was flickering. You know, the standard 'smoke 'n pee' cover story."

It's O.K. to tell this stuff now. The statute of limitations has run out on screwin' off on lookout. At the time, catching a smoke down next to the snorkel diffuser required an oath involving the future health of your mother and the drinking of chicken blood. The Navy frowned on less than three men on the bridge...The old multiple eyeball theory. We had junk bolted to the bridge that could pick out people in Scandinavia and tell the boys from the girls, but John Paul Jones said three man minimum. J.P. Jones was an officer who obviously never understood the raghats appreciation for a pee and a Pall Mall. Capt. Jones was also surface navy. Once, I saw a painting with Jones standing on the deck of an old sailing ship. He was up his knees in dead bluejackets, 70% of his guns had been dismantled, busted masts, collapsed sails. tackle, rigging and aloft gear littered the decks. What was left of his

gunnels were dished in and there was blood all over the place... And here was John Paul standing in the middle of this painting looking like he had just stepped out of a naval tailors, yelling, "I have just BEGUN to fight!"

Remember the old saying, "Ten percent never get the word"? Classic example: Where in the hell were we? Oh yes... Some clown would bring up the foul-weather gear. Salvation Army dumpsters and Pakistani P.O.W. s got better issue than we carried in our foul-weather gear locker. The gahdam rubber boots were designed for some monster with rhino feet. We had eight right boots and two left boots. Didn't matter, you could wear two rights, two lefts or any combination thereof, it just didn't matter. The gear was ripped and had become rather gamey. In the winter, the North Atlantic gets a tad chilly. To survive, diesel boat sailors played the "lets see how much gear I can laminate my body with" game. Multiple layers of foul weather pants can turn urination into a never to be forgotten skill... A real Olympic event when you add 14 degree rolls and the bow chopping. The inside of our gear needed Dr. Scholl's odor eaters. Rumor had it that somewhere in our gear locker there was a dead mule no one could find.

Once the rain hit, all the fun went out of being a lookout. Webster could use the following example to illustrate "miserable"; Being on lookout north of Halifax, late January in heavy rain. Cold and wet the basic ingredients of a long night. But long nights are where lasting friendships are forged. You don't recognize that at eighteen or nineteen... It hits you in your fifties when you stand on the deck of your old boat welded to the dock in Pittsburgh and peer through recently acquired glasses for some old sonuvabitch who shared long nights, strong coffee and wet gear with you many years ago. The fraternity has no expiration date... We get older... We get uglier, but we've left too many beer glass rings on too many tables in weird places to forget each other. When your tour was over you'd turn your binoculars over to the poor half asleep sonuvabitch who relieved you, and you turn over your visual contacts, collect

coffee cups and head below.

Our control room doubled as a clubhouse for clowns. Senior petty officers were rewarded by the gods of underwater service by being given watch assignments where you got to sit in the control room on a padded locker where it was warm and dry and you could drink coffee and smoke while you talked about something called "The good old days where they rode wooden submarines and plugged the leaks with various body parts ripped off messcooks and lookouts." We figured if bullshit ever got to five cents a pound, we were going to sell anything assigned to a manifold watch.

"Hey sweetheart, how's the weather out tonight?"

You and your watch mate are standing there trying to light soggy cigarettes dripping water all over the deck and now Mr. Submarines wants to play Mr. Comedian...

"Great Chief... Back in the old days when me, Noah and all the animals went to sea, this was a shower. Just think, if we had just killed all of the monkeys, there would be no gahdam Chief Enginemen or machinist mates."

When you got tired of batting horse manure fore and aft with the elderly set, you would head into the crews mess and draw a cup of whatever was passing for hot coffee on that particular night. We called it "Boiled Yugoslavian army sock." You always could find something

that would pass for food in a third world country, on a messdeck table. They called the stuff midnight rations... "Midrats"... Usually a couple of loaves of fresh baked bread, some navy mayonnaise, and cold cuts. Navy mayonnaise healed itself. It came in an unlabeled can... You zipped the lid out of the can and damn near immediately, a vulcanized scum formed on the top like a self-sealing tractor tire. To get to the damn spreadable mayonnaise, it was like trying to punch your way through the side of a weather balloon. Nobody ever recognized what-in-the-hell the cold cuts were made out of, or cared. Could have been Cocker Spaniel for all we knew. But it made a sandwich and no diesel boat sailor passed for a gourmet. Once you had wrapped yourself around a couple of mid rat sandwiches, you pulled a couple of cups out the rack and drew coffee for the oiler and throttleman in the forward engine house. Then you worked your way through the snoring mob in the after battery.

The A.B. was like 25 bums living in a refrigerator crate. When we got to the engine room and handed out the coffee, we pulled off our wet foul weather gear and draped it over the Fairbanks engine covers. All throttlemen had the straight poop on everything. Never knew why—Some kind of underground telegraph, probably. We always figured the engineman could hypnotize the yeoman, or had an 8x10 glossy photo of the exec

checking into a motel with a sheep. Whatever it was, enginemen always knew what was happening. After a while, you returned to the after-battery to look for an empty rack to turn in to, and some sound sleeper whose blankets you could steal.

I loved the boat. Great crew. Great wardroom. Best damn cooks and our corpsman, Master Chief Rohr was better than anything you'd find at the Mayo Clinic. I love kidding boat sailors. Aside from marrying my bride and the birth of my kids, the highpoint of my life came on the morning Cdr. Ed Frothingham pinned silver dolphins on my wet dungaree shirt.

I hope I don't step on too many nuke toes... Those of us who rode conventional boats put up with a lot of nuclear power tribal bullshit. We didn't initiate it... Some idiot planted a seed that going nuke was going first class... Diesel boat sailors were inferior—less than desirable folks. Jet pilots never treated prop fliers like trash... Marines who arrive by helicopter don't trash fellow Marines who arrive by landing boat. If a nuke boat sailed up my storm sewer, I wouldn't walk across the street to see it. I know it's wrong to feel like that. Hell, I've always blamed Rickover... He was in charge. He not only condoned it, but pushed it. I've never felt comfortable about that kind of thinking. Keep a zero bubble... Dex.



Did It Feel Warmer Today Going From the Limo's A/C to your Mansion's ?

Earth's inner core—4000 miles beneath our feet—is a roiling mass of radioactive fission, 70% the size of our moon, and the same 10,000° mean temperature as our sun. Its heat and pressure are constantly vented off and replenished through the earth's crust by volcanoes and earthquakes as our tectonic plates move.

Overhead, the sun's nuclear fusion constantly bombards our planet with light and heat; the sun is 1,000 times the size of the earth—but the duration of its intensity is constantly changing because of our axial *rotation*—placing half of the globe in cold darkness each earth-day, and—since that axis is tilted and fixed in space—our *revolution* around the sun causes the northern and southern hemispheres to experience one summer

and winter each earth-year. Since long before man walked earth's habitable surface, trapped between the sun's fires and an explosive core, our temperature has been adjusted and controlled by an atmosphere—in intimate communion with all studied and unknown dynamics—uniquely capable of creating and maintaining life.

We'd known for twenty-five centuries, by way of Chicken Little, that panic was an inefficient response *to* fear of turbulent skies; Shakespeare's Horatio elucidated, *There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy*, and Galileo dreamt the heresy of our sun at the center of our universe. Voltaire, seeing that humans could not resist the urge to fix the unbroken, said: *If God did not exist, it*

would be necessary to invent him. The fact of Climate Change is real; and it is necessary, but if we'd possessed today's technologies during the Little Ice Age during Shakespeare's, Galileo's and Voltaire's time, a Chicken Little could have been very dangerous indeed. Today, I believe, on the other hand we are witnessing the greatest Ponzi scheme in all of history, whose adherents are bent on 'inventing' a new throne upon which the inadequacy of Nature and God can be 'fixed'. With the religious fervor and audacity of know-it-all adolescents, they proposed to save the world. Their 'Settled Science' has engendered fear of cataclysmic Global Warming, (Oops! Climate Change) so successfully that the USA has actually given its EPA legal control of AIR (CO₂, U.S. Energy, etc.),

and an obscenely mandated tax called *Cap & Trade* to finance the future disparagement of Nature's role, gilding their throne, and 'settling' other arbitrary findings, like the flaccid blade on their hockey stick, or shoring up claims that volcanoes are minor in comparison to man's influence.

Smell test: Mt. Pinatubo, (Philippines, June, 1991): global temperatures down 1° C for 2 years. **Krakatoa**, (Indonesia in 1883): a force 13,000 X Hiroshima's blast; temperatures down 1.2 degrees & world-wide cool weather. **Mt. Tambora**, (Indonesia, 1815): *1816—The Year Without Summer*; extended Little Ice Age. **Toba**, super-eruption, Indonesia, 70,000 years ago: plunged the planet into a 6-10 year volcanic winter; science says reduced world population to as few as 1-10,000 breeding pairs of humans; a bottleneck in human evolution; catastrophic volcanic winter, & 1,000-year cooling episode.

In addition, our often torrential atmosphere keeps our temperature at life-sustaining levels; it stirs, circulates, mixes, and redistributes temperatures. Dust and debris from horrendous earthquakes and volcanoes is the dominant source of the rich recycled nutrients necessary to grow crops and forests. When the winds rise, the air cools, clouds form and it rains, when air

descends, it warms and deposits little rain; In the Sahara and Gobi Deserts the wind is descending; it is ascending in the rainforests. Great plumes of dust arise from the Sahara during a dust storm; lighter particles settle in the Brazilian rain forest. Twelve million tons of rich nutrients per day give Amazonia's poor soils a dose of fertility.



All life on Earth shares the same life-materials, recycled over and over. Each atom in our body has been circulating between plants and animals. Part of you was part of a plant yesterday or last week. Your exhaled breath will soon become part of a nearby tree. Some of your molecules have flowed down every river that ever existed on earth, and some arrived recently from outer space.

Air spreads the bacteria and fungi that alone can return the dead to the soil, and air brings the pollens that sustain generations of trees and grass. In one mood, air holds a plane or a hang glider aloft; in another, it drives a wisp of straw straight through a telephone pole. Air

carries the scents that tell a beetle where to go, a termite how to dig its labyrinthine den, a newborn how to find her mother's breast. The shades of a color and the notes of a melody are made by changing patterns in the air.

Humans don't know what they don't know, but we continue to put our trust (& billion\$/trillion\$) into the IPCC & UN to finance a new science, *Geoengineering*, on the way to **zero-emissions**. Some frighteningly-boneheaded

ideas: deploying a great fleet of ships to spray a fine mist of seawater into air, distributing ultra-fine particles, such as sulfur, into the atmosphere, fertilizing the oceans with iron, mandating white streets, roads, roofs, deploying satellites with football-field sized reflective mirrors etc.

CC cultists refer to people like me as a 'denier, skeptic' and 'atheist.' Perhaps, but God and Nature are synonymous in my mind (I hope, not a deal breaker with Him), and I'm not young/brave enough to be atheist (more and more CYA as I get older/closer to the inevitable) but, except for adolescents, I intensely dislike people who assume they are smarter than God (and me)" [I stole much of the previous two paragraphs from: *Air*, by WB Logan (An interesting and fun book; also, is his book *Dirt*)]RonG

Subvet Centenarian Birthdays

Thanks to Pat Householder (& Vinny McCrum for the idea) 1/7/2013

- **Frank S Kimball** of 406 Copper St, Salmon ID 83467 will be **102** on 8/5/2013. (Born 8/5/1911). A Hawkbill Base member, He served from 1929 to 1957 and retired a CDR, having been a EMC(SS) prior. Frank qualified aboard the S-33 in 1932 and also served aboard USS Saury (4 War Patrols) and USS Cod (7 War Patrols)
- **Edward F Jones** of 2305 Corn Valley Rd Apt 153, Grand Prairie, TX 75051 will be **100** in 2013. (Born on 1/27/1913), YN2(SS), 1942-1945 - served aboard USS S-13 (Qualified in 1944), USS S-11 and USS Plunger.
- **Charley Tom Odom** of Ben Atchley State Veteran's Home, 9910 Coward Mill Road, Knoxville, TN 37931 will be **100** in 2013. (Born on 4/8/1913) A member of the Smoky Mountain and Volunteer bases, Charlie served in the Navy from 1934 to 1956 and qualified aboard USS S-1 in 1935, retiring as ENC(SS). Charley also served aboard USS Snapper, Sargo, Billfish, Sabalo and Bang. **His WWII service was aboard Billfish and Sabalo.**

Birthday cards are encouraged.

[We have enough "youth". How about a fountain of "smart"?](#)

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

December 29, 2012 was the 122nd Anniversary of Wounded Knee (Creek) in South Dakota: 297 people, in winter camp, were murdered by federal agents and the 7th Cavalry who had come to confiscate their firearms "for their own safety and protection". The slaughter began AFTER the majority of the Sioux had peacefully turned in their firearms... two thirds (200) were women/children. Wounded Knee was among the first federally backed gun confiscation attempts in United States history. Second Amendment ... refers to the right of American citizens to be armed for defense ... should such tyranny rise in the United States.

“If new gun laws can save just one child”

- A 1997 high school shooting in Pearl, Miss., was halted by the school's vice principal after he retrieved the Colt .45 he kept in his truck.
- A 1998 middle school shooting ended when a man living next door heard gunfire and apprehended the shooter with his shotgun.
- A 2002 terrorist attack at an Israeli school was quickly stopped by an armed teacher and a school guard.
- A 2002 law school shooting in Grundy, Va., came to an abrupt conclusion when students carrying firearms confronted the shooter.
- A 2007 mall shooting in Ogden, Utah, ended when an armed off-duty police officer intervened.

- A 2009 workplace shooting in Houston, Texas, was halted by two coworkers who carried concealed handguns.
- A 2012 church shooting in Aurora, Colo., was stopped by a member of the congregation carrying a gun.
- At the recent mall shooting in Portland, Or., the gunman took his own life minutes after being confronted by a shopper carrying a concealed weapon.

2,500 times last year alone legal gun owners stopped violent crime when confronted with it long before any police assistance—removing rights from responsible people is exactly the opposite of protecting them;. Not turning our ‘boisterous’ young boys into drugged-up zombies for the past twenty years might also have saved a few children.

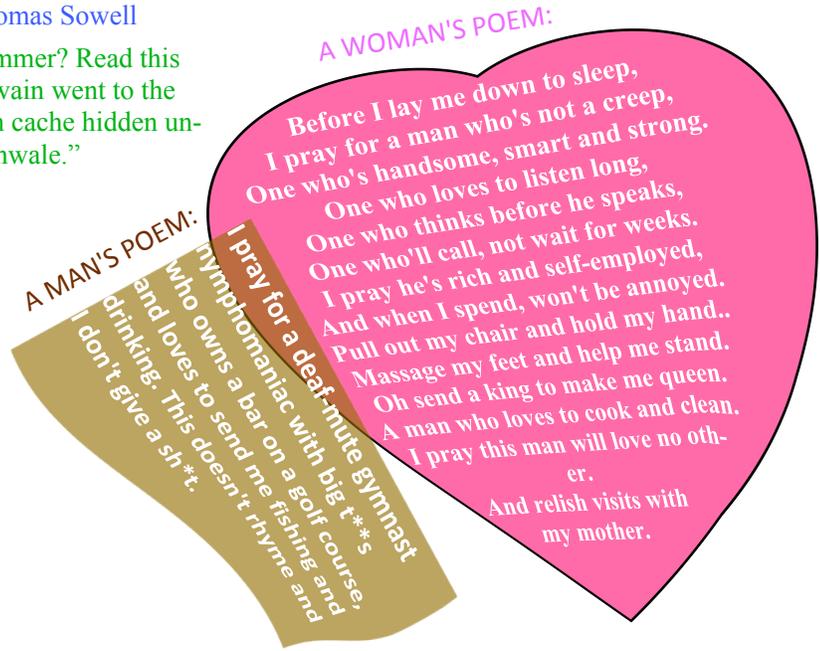
It is truly a triumph of rhetoric over reality when people can believe that going into politics is *public service*, but that producing food, shelter, transportation, or medical care is not. —Thomas Sowell

Don't worry about avoiding temptation. As you grow older, it will avoid you. Winston Churchill

Can you speak Skimmer? Read this aloud: “The Boatswain went to the forecastle for his cash cache hidden under the gunwale.”



Remember these ads? ... Now, even little old ladies just run away! Somewhere along the line, somebody changed my tobacco.



Americans: Never Give Up Your Guns!

By Stanislav Mishin (published 27 December 2012 on a Russian blog)

“...Russia was one of the most heavily armed societies on earth...under the Tsar... swords and spears to pistols, rifles and shotguns everywhere... concealed... holstered ...prominent part of traditional costumes ...criss-crossing on ...Cos-sacks... bullet holders for rifles.

Various armies...Poles...Napoleon...Germans... found that holding Russian lands...harder than taking them...no easy walk in the park but...holding...well-armed...Hell bent on exterminating...the aggressor...well-armed population ... allowed... White factions to rise up...in 1918...savage civil war against the Reds...armed peasants, villagers, farmers and merchants, protecting their own.

If...not for Washington's clandestine support of...Reds, his-tory would...differently.Moscow fell...not from a lack of weapons...but...guile of the Reds. 10,000 Reds took Moscow...opposed...few hundreds of officer cadets ...instructors...in the city alone. 30,000 military officers ...with...weapons and ammunition, plus tens of thousands ...citizens...Soviets promised to leave them all alone if they

did not intervene. They did not...asked afterwards to ... register...their weapons...were promptly shot...Reds learned ...to disarm ... population...mass repression ... arrests ...deportations...murder...starvation... a safe game for the powers...worst they had to fear...pitchfork ...the Soviet Un-ion now dead 21 years...still denied ...traditional rights to self-defence. Why? We are told...everyone...shooting each other...crime...everywhere...but criminals...still armed and still murdering...often...criminals wear the uniforms of the police...local authorities...do not...need to act...for the people...do as they please—a tyrannical class...nothing to fear from...unarmed population...breeds...absolute contempt...criminal abuse.

...US 2nd Amendment...rare light in...darkening room. Governments...the excuse...protect the people from maniacs and crime, but...the bureaucrats protecting their power and position. In all cases where guns are banned, gun crime continues...increases. As for maniacs, be it nuts with cars (NYC, Chapel Hill NC), swords (Japan), knives (China) or home-made bombs (everywhere), insane people strike...acid

(Pakistan, UK)...fire bombs (France)...the best way to stop a maniac...not psychology... jail...talking ...it is a bullet in the head...they are a maniac...incapable of living in reality ...stopping themselves.... that people will...shooting each other is...silly... politicians saying...never be...it is...total power over the people...a lot of...bad mouth the Tsar...the Communists...claim he was a tyrant...but under him we were armed...under the progressives disarmed. Do not be

fooled...that progressives, leftists hate guns...they do not...they hate guns in the hands...not marching in lock step...They hate guns...of those who think for themselves ...not obey without question...hate guns in those...slated for a barrel to the back of the ear.

So, do not fall for the false promises; do not extinguish the light that is left to allow humanity a measure of self-respect.

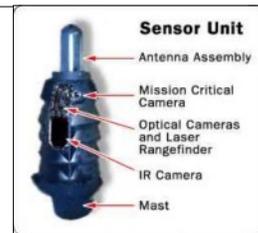
"Clearly, a civilization that feels guilty for everything it is and does will lack the energy and conviction to defend itself." - Jean-Francois Revel [French author of *Marx or Jesus* 1970]

Mail Bag

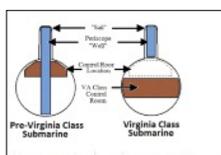
- Ron, ...remove Robert B. dePeyster from your mailing list ... Dad died on June 30, 2010 - two years ago....Mom says, she doesn't know anyone in ... so the money should be saved... we appreciate all the time and effort you put into... newsletter... all the Sabalo veterans appreciate it, as Dad did. Many thanks and blessings to all our fine veterans! Donna de Peyster[daughter]
- I'd like next reunion in the mid-west somewhere. Irv Humes P.S. I finally got my hearing disability last Sep 2011 - Got 40%
- Keep sending [CB] I look forward to reading them...part of what keeps me going. Thanks, Jim Wallace•
- Perhaps I have not been reading all the newsletters thoroughly, but I believe this volume was the best in a long time. The culture and value of our shipmates and predecessors as they set the standards of performance and conduct (no matter how outrageous - both "good" and " bad") is so important. The World has changed, the Navy has changed and most of us don't appreciate or like the changes but we positively reflect on the honor, bravery, chicanery, and wisdom of our shipmates. I learned more about how to be a submarine sailor during my short stint as a "9901 Nuc" on Sabalo than I did in the next 30 years. I was fortunate to be totally accepted by the crew and I returned the honor by qualifying as quickly as possible. I started as an oiler cleaning fuel oil filters in the bilge of the forward engine room, I could load and shoot a torpedo, I carried the shore power cables onto and off the boat, I became leading seaman and most of all I could carry five cups of coffee from After Battery to the Bridge in state 3 seas without spilling a drop! I made friends with the Stewards, I was honored to be the After Battery Head Cleaner, I volunteered in my spare time to be a mess cook and I was on the midnight raid as we stole the Buddha from the Doghouse on the Remora. I loved every minute of my experience with those who lived "DBF!" Thank you for a great newsletter. R. E. (Bob) Frick, RDML, USN (Ret) SS ['63-64]•
- Ron,Jeff, Great job" in keeping us all well informed in CB. [Ree] Jim Boyd's request for help w/ Claim for loss of hearing: I too had a 50% loss-of hearing in both ears, which was noted in my final discharge physical at Treasure Island Naval Station, but took the VA more than two years before they would acknowledged a 30% disability rating. My injury occurred during an intelligence gathering mission known as a "Northern-Run" (1960) , where we lost control of an emergency dive while snorkeling and pulled a considerable vacuum in the boat, before the main engines shut down. However, the VA responded by stating; the Sabalo was never on any intelligence gathering missions and went on further to say, Sabalo was nothing more than a "Yard-Boat"...and she was either in the Yards or on a training cruise during my onboard tour of duty ... Jeff may recall the articles in U.S.S. Sabalo 302's " MailBag", which confirmed our deployment. Most submarine Operational Logs are purposely left blank or incomplete and I'm not sure of what Ron's particular VA Claim is all about , but if I can help him in anyway, please ask him to call. Earl Meggison
- Great read, Ron...professional/interesting manner...keep up the great work you do for us all. Dennis McCord
- As usual, superb, superb choices of content and editing. Carry on and Bravo Zulu, Ron!! Regards, A. Reyes
- I just attended the funeral of a shipmate from one of the nukes on which I served... Mesothelioma ...an awful death. Is there any known evidence or case of any Sabalo sailor coming down with Meso? Bill Gillen
- Ron, thanks for contacting me, I do appreciate you staying in touch even though I don't do well at responding. You go overboard on keeping things together, for this a huge thanks. I am still working for a living and a bit hectic at that, I will try to do better at attending reunions and making reservations. Oggie [Terry Heisterrman]
- [Re Frank Bush, RIP] Dear ...Owens and ...Gorence, thank you so much for your prompt reply. It will be our distinct honor to present this to Frank with your most sincere thoughts and thanks to your fellow shipmate. I'm quite overwhelmed by this and thank you sincerely. I will keep you posted about Frank , but thank you so much for thinking of him. With great thanks and deepest respect, I remain Most sincerely yours, Matt Polka **The American Cable Association**
- ... I am not"previously lost". (Williams, Monroe (Tim) USNR. SN(SS) USS Sabalo SS302 Oct 1961- Sept 1963. ...retired after 36 years with Coca Cola, ...can't help with much info. ..."M. Reyes" was one of our enginemen. "Mario" was from Luzon, Phillipines and was going to retire there after he got his 20 in. William Coon Jr. had one year left at a University in Florida, to get his degree as an architect,when he started getting burned out, and enlisted in the Navy. Both these gentlemen served on the Sabalo during my two years aboard. Maybe this little info. may help jog someone's memory. Keep up the good work, (some of my fondest memories occurred in the two years I spent on the Sabalo). Like most former crewmembers I have lots of old stories, that still bring a smile to my face. Sincerely Tim "Willie" Williams
- Aloha Shipmates: On 19 November I was playing golf ... at Makaha a...violent coughing/gasping for breath...thought was ...a cold, but this was lots worse...diagnosed with lung cancer... lengthy and unpleasant treatment in my future... will be fighting this all the way...to get out on the golf course as soon as possible. Dave Follo, Sabalo '68-9 [see EP page; RIP shipmate]

It may be unrelated, but I spent most of my submarine years in Conn or on the bridge; most of you can remember the time when a snipe bragged, in the crew's mess, that he'd spotted a contact from the bridge way before the OOD and lookouts. It hit me—before I even said “WOW” about this ‘scope—that I really, really miss that experience.

Scoping Out the New Technologies: I can't remember who sent in the picture on the lower-left, demonstrating just how far a submariner would go to catch a little sun. The latest way of looking at the world [RIGHT] is an absolutely brilliant use of technology, but one can't help but feel nostalgic for the day when an ass-chewing sufficed for our little outside-the-box shenanigans—vs. the current use of a CYA service record entry.



The Photonics Mast (PM) Subsystem is the Imaging system [ABOVE] for New Attack Submarines (VIRGINIA Class). PM provides visible/infrared (IR) imaging, image processing/enhancement, Electronic Warfare Support Measures (ESM) & RF comm. capabilities ... shock hardening, latest stealth tech. & non-penetrating mast [LEFT] which telescopes like car antenna: does not require Control Room (Attack Center, etc.) to be directly beneath—cabling can place TV monitors anywhere on the ship] VIRGINIA Class sail configuration houses two PM sensors.... Commercial-Off-The-Shelf (COTS) components facilitate state-of-the-art technology introduction throughout the life of the class... avoids obsolescence.



The original point and click interface was a Smith & Wesson.

[Ed note: Of 1,406 known Sabalo veterans, we send Clever Boy to 466. On Eternal Patrol there are another 456, and 478 are still out of contact. A Quote of myself from a past issue: ... *all those years after retirement when I was thinking I was the only dolphin-wearing, gray-haired, old fart left in the world...* emphasizes, at least to me, just how urgent this problem is. I've put the second hundred on the list of them below (the second 100 names) and will cycle ~100 through more each issue over, and over, until the last 5-6 men— those who just don't like us—remain. Read it over and send us what clues you can. Additionally, on page 12, the next 100 names are on our Eternal Patrol list, which unfortunately, is probably our most accurate—but it would certainly make my day to remove somebody!]

Sabalo no-contact data list: #2

Jan 2013 list of Shipmates who have no address, phone number or known obituaries: Dadas, N to Holden W

Next spring's **CB** will include **Sabalo #3**, listing the next ~100 men: Holliday - Miller. and we hope to have gone thru all 478 men by the end of 2013, when we plan to re-start with 'A' with a much-reduced total. Please continue to contact Jeff or Ron with clues (without help we will soon only have obits to search, because the clock keeps ticking).

Dadas N.	Dougherty J.	Everton K.	Gapilitan R.	Gresh G.	Hart J.
Danielson D.	Dummar A.	Ferguson D.	Garrott J.	Griffin E.	Hartin J.
Davis J.	Dunham W.	Ferrer J.	Gay L.	Gross L.	Hawk R.
Davis J.	Dunn D.	Ferris W.	German J.	Gullatt J.	Haydel A.
Davis J.	Dunn W.	Fitzgerald P.	Gerth T.	Gunter J.	Haynes D.
Davis R.	Dwyer E.	Fitzpatrick J.	Giefer L.	Gwaltney T.	Heebner P.
Decker J.	Eastman J.	Fletcher J.	Gille L.	Hagle M.	Helms T.
Deguzman R.	Eby R.	Forman I.	Giovannucci R.	Hahn K.	Hendrick B.
Deniz L.	Edwards J.	Foster T.	Gleason T.	Hale C.	Hensley R.
Dennison J.	Ehlen J.	Fox E.	Glenn S.	Hall H.	Herbertson G.
Derbigny D.	Ellington C.	Franklin R.	Glockner J.	Hall I.	Higgins B.
Dickerson J.	Ellis M.	Frear D.	Goodman K.	Hall J.	Hill G.
Dillon P.	Enriquez L.	Frederick H.	Graham B.	Harding W.	Himes B.
Diosomito E.	Eppinette D.	Freeman R.	Gray R.	Harper V.	Hodgkin H.
Dolan T.	Escalante D.	Fried P.	Greco V.	Harris J.	Hoffman D.
Donaldson C.	Estrada J.	Furchak J.	Greene W.	Harsh K.	Holden W.
Donovan J.	Evans D.	Gallagher J.	Gregory W.	Hart G.	

After careful consideration (and Before Sequestration Cuts...)

U.S. Navy Rethinks The Silent Service July 6, 2012

The U.S. Navy is rethinking how it will use its submarines in a future Pacific War. The problem is that a campaign against Chinese shipping is unlikely, in part because of what actually happened during the last great anti-shipping campaign, which occurred during World War II (1939-45). After the war, the U.S. analyzed its operations against Japanese shipping and found that submarines were important but not the only weapon effective against shipping. Some 8.9 million tons of Japanese shipping was sunk or so seriously damaged (disabled) at the end of the war. Submarines accounted for 54.7 percent of this. But 16.3 percent was attributable to carrier-based aircraft, 14.5 percent to land-based planes, and 9.3 percent to mines (most dropped by B-29s). Less than one percent was due to surface gunfire and the balance of 4 percent was caused by accidents. Because of their ability to operate in enemy-controlled (mainly by land-based aircraft) waters, submarines accounted for about 60 percent of the damage until the final months of the war. Then, during late 1944, carrier task forces went deep into enemy controlled areas, defending themselves against land-based warplanes and sinking a large numbers of ships. After April, 1945, Japanese shipping was restricted to the Korean and Manchurian runs and to shallow coastal waters. At this point the naval mines dropped by B-29s in Japanese harbors and inland waterways accounted for 50 percent of all ships sunk or damaged. That was then, but sixty years later the United States is able to monitor large ocean areas and has aircraft that are able to hit anything that's spotted.

Meanwhile, the U.S. has adopted a new approach to any potential war with China. The U.S. Department of Defense has been told that, for the foreseeable future, there will be no more large-scale land campaigns. The air force, navy, and marines responded with a plan (AirSea Battle) that has been in the work for years. The new strategy is designed to cope with the rising power of China in the Pacific. AirSea Battle involves tighter planning and coordination of navy, marine, and navy forces, plus the devel-

opment of some new weapons and tactics and cooperation with allies.

AirSea Battle has been widely accepted, as China continues to make all its neighbors nervous. That's because the Chinese name for China translates as "middle kingdom" as in "China is the middle of the world." The Chinese government, a communist dictatorship by any other name, is using nationalism to keep its pro-democracy opposition off balance. China has border disputes, expressed or implied, with all its neighbors. This has made the neighbors uneasy, especially as Chinese military forces have been modernized and more aggressive over the last decade.

While Air-Sea Battle was developed to keep the United States out of extensive land combat (the navy still has commandos and marines for brief operations ashore), those kinds of wars tend to show up when you least expect, want, or are prepared for them. For the moment, U.S. military planners believe they can avoid a large land war.

The U.S. Navy has been studying (and wargaming) the situation, and that included an examination of American submarine use since World War II. After the 1960s, the U.S. shifted to using only nuclear propelled submarines. During the Cold War (1948-91) American subs were meant for use in defeating the growing Soviet (Russian) fleet. That force disappeared in the 1990s. At that point the Chinese fleet got larger and modernized but is still nowhere near the size of the Soviet Navy. But this time the U.S. was facing a major trading nation. Unlike Russia, which was largely self-sufficient (or could get what it needed overland from neighbors), China requires thousands of ships a year to handle exports and imports. Like Japan during World War II, China is vulnerable here.

AirSea battle concentrates on military operations. But these will be heavily influenced by economic factors. For example, during World War II the United States was a largely self-sufficient "continental power." We exported much (more than any other nation on the planet), but did not have to import much. That has changed. Now the U.S. has to import a lot of its oil, special raw materials (like "rare

earths" from China), and a lot of manufactured goods. The U.S. is now like much of the rest of the world, China included. If there were a maritime blockade of China, the U.S. and many other Chinese trading partners would suffer severe economic disruptions. There would be massive unemployment for all concerned and that would happen despite energetic efforts by everyone to find alternative sources to goods no longer available because of the disruption of the China trade.

Then there is the risk of nuclear war. Since the first nuclear weapons were used in 1945, there has been the longest period of peace between major powers in human history. These days a "major power" is one that has nuclear weapons and can deliver them against other nuclear armed nations. Thus any maritime blockade of China will be a very risky undertaking. That said, it can be done without submarines. Simply order the Western maritime insurance companies to withdraw insurance for ships or cargoes entering or leaving China. That will have immediate effect. China can scramble to try and replace the insurance covering, but along with the "insurance bomb" comes the U.S. declaration that the coastal waters of China are now under blockade and any ship ignoring that is subject to attack. It goes downhill from there, until compromise and moderation replace the war fever.

Meanwhile, the nuclear submarine community has done the math and found that their greatest contribution these days is not attacking enemy warships but land bombardment with cruise missiles and intelligence collecting. Since the first nuclear subs showed up in the 1950s, only one, a British boat, has used a torpedo to sink a hostile warship. But hundreds of cruise missiles have been launched at land targets and uncounted (because they are highly classified) intelligence missions have been, and continue to be, carried out. All that is the recent past for subs and is likely to be the future as well. World War II in the Pacific is not likely to be rerun. The U.S. Navy still expects its subs to go after enemy warships and its surface and air forces to battle enemy subs. But a major war on shipping is  much less likely.

Eternal Patrol

Frank Bush with his Sabalo Certificate



- **1/10/13 James Palmer**, ET3(SS), aboard 1951-3 , died of massive stroke in his sleep. RIP shipmate
- **12/03/12 Dave Follo**, TCMC(SS), aboard 68-9; Sabalo was his 5th of 10 boats Wife: Fumiko [see mail call]
- **12/11/12 Frank E. Bush**, MoMM3c(SS) at 99 (aboard 1944-5 ... my honor to help reunite Frank with shipmates... he loved...the service so proud 10 years ago...Frank and our youth group to visit the USS Requin...Pittsburgh...aboard .. as if he never left...kept attention of...teenagers...recounting experiences on Sabalo...where he worked, ate, slept and drilled...loved his Sabalo hat...proudly...enjoyed Clever Boy... prayed that God would be with you and his shipmates...today...losing WWII veterans...alarming rate...thank you ... record this history and remember their service...lost a true hero...prayer warrior in the body of...unassuming...humble friend, sailor, truck driver, and elder...loved his service...his service to the Lord more and prayed shipmates would know the same wonderful grace, mercy and forgiveness he knew for so many years. May God richly bless and keep the crew, family and friends of the USS Sabalo. Thank you all so very much for your service. With deepest respect, Matthew M. Polk

Our Sabalo Shipmates on Eternal Patrol: McClanahan, V. — Townsend, G.

McClanahan V.	Moe R.	Nix P.	Phelps R.	Reidinger J.	Schisler H.	Shillings B.	Stroleny D.
McClaskey P.	Molfino T.	Nockold L.	Pierce S.	Rice H.	Schmidt A.	Shumake D.	Sullivan F.
McDaniel J.	Monje R.	Northway C.	Pizzano H.	Rice L.	Schultz G.	Sidol W.	Sullivan M.
McDaniell A.	Moon M.	Offley R.	Pope W.	Rismiller R.	Schultz R.	Slinker F.	Sunga A.
McDeavitt L.	Moore O.	Oneto J.	Powell M.	Roberts V.	Schwehm F.	Smelker G.	Swartz E.
McFarlane R.	Morgan D.	Ostby D.	Powell M.	Robinson J.	Scott D.	Smith L.	Swenson C.
McGhee J.	Morgan J.	Ouellet B.	Powell V.	Rohrbacher V.	Seaman J.	Smith P.	Swenson E.
McKeefrey W.	Morgan L.	Owen L.	Prentiss R.	Roripaugh N.	Seeber R.	Sojka F.	Tabing V.
McMullen C.	Morgan R.	Oxford E.	Priest C.	Roseland R.	Settle H.	Starks L.	Taylor T.
McNamara J.	Morse E.	Palad B.	Prince G.	Rouse D.	Severson E.	Stetler W.	Thomas P.
McVicker W.	Mullins R.	Pamogas J.	Proshuto J.	Salud G.	Sewell T.	Stevens B.	Tierney W.
Melim J.	Murphy J.	Parra A.	Pugh B.	Samuel L.	Shaffer C.	Stevenson C.	Tingle H.
Menkes M.	Music H.	Patterson D.	Rabidou D.	Sanders S.	Shannon F.	Stiefbold D.	Torgeson D.
Miller R.	Napper B.	Peer F.	Rake M.	Santana E.	Shaw P.	Stieff D.	Townsend G.
Milloy R.	Navarro C.	Pender J.	Ratliff T.	Sauncy E.	Shaw V.	Stiles R.	
Mills J.	Nearhoof W.	Pennington C.	Reaves C.	Saunders P.	Shea R.	Stockton J.	
Mintzer T.	Nelsen J.	Perry J.	Reeves D.	Savadkin L.	Shelby S.	Story G.	
Mitchell J.	Nero C.	Pheasant W.	Regnere E.	Schillings B.	Shepard C.	Stothard R.	

Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges no dues for membership, *Clever Boy* or other expenses. The Association’s founder, Jeff Owens, spent thousands of hours collecting data on all U.S.S. Sabalo shipmates over the years—our newsletter now reaches over 460 Sabalo Veterans. Jeff’s data was obtained from sources like USSVI, phone calls, postcards, and micro-fiche; then it was painstakingly transcribed from 3X5 cards to the database from which this issue was addressed. The “Thank You” on page 2 is to those Sabalo shipmates who contribute to the cost of sending *Clever Boy* to our shipmates who have no access to online copies.

The bulk of the work has been done, but each bad address and change of address will cost the editor and Jeff at least half an hour’s work—usually two or three times that for each of us—if we have to handle misdirected rejects. Please help us keep the following records up to date.

Name: _____ Low/Highest Rank/Rate on Sabalo: _____
 Address: _____
 Home Phone: _____ Cell Phone: _____ Date Of Birth: _____ Spouse/next of kin: _____
 Years on Sabalo (Month, if known): _____ to _____
 Qual Boat/Year: _____ USSVI Base: _____ Retired (Y/N, Yr): _____
 E-Mail Address: _____ Home Town: _____

Footnotes:

Bravo Zulu: =“Well Done!” 

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

TBT - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)

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

Continued:  The End:  