

Call Sign: *Clever Boy*

USS Sabalo Association January, 2014

USSSABALO.ORG



Great reunion, Shipmates! Las Vegas was a success: great prices, and with ample able volunteers to do the grunt/brain work, there were no complaints (yet). Not only that, but this issue of *Clever Boy* is already paid for with two cash donations and sales of submarine “art.” The picture above (14” X 20”) was the most popular, with five successful bids. Including others, we made \$175 over cost, so we still have \$94 left in the kitty for our next issue (probably April).

HELP! The last issue of *Clever Boy* cost us \$270 to send via US Mail — but the shipmates listed (page 2) regularly donate enough money to make sure it gets to all those 117 Sabalo Vets who don’t use the Internet. They 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/unknown reasons. Ed]



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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

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

To:



To our 56 Publication Donors — Thank You!



Your exemplification of the spirit of our Brotherhood means that 120 Sabalo vets without Internet access can receive CB! Dozens of other contributors made the USS Sabalo Crew Association successful." You know who you are; thank you too— Jeff O.

Almeida, Fred	Dunnagan, J	Kreuzer, James	Needham, Bruce	Polin, Paul	Sedlak, 'Skip'
Baker, John (X2)	Forman, Irv	Kurowski, Marvin	Nelson, Bobbie	Potts, James	Smith, C.
Bartsch, Bob	Giancola, Steve	LeConte, John	Oles M.	Reilly, Dave	Sullivan, L
Baumruk,	Grantham, F. (X3)	Longenecker, JD	Ouellette, W (X3)	Reyes, A	Thompson, DM
Brian(X2)	Grubbs, C	Losby, H.(X2)	Padgett, Red	Roberts, Joe	Towery, J
Bergwerk, Joe	Hall, Ernie	Macaraeg, Lino	Parks Will (X2)	Sanborn, "H"	Villarreal, N
Breckenridge, W	Huckfeldt, L	Madsen, James	Phelps, Bob	Sanderlin, KW	Willhelm, Tom
Bush, Frank	Humes, Irv	Mast Curt	Peters, Vic	Savela, John	
Chase, Alden	Kaefer, W.	McCoy, Frank (X2)	Piatek, Ralph (X2)	Schnieder, M.	
Clark, Lee	Kelman, Bobby	McCune, JD	Pierce, Steve	Scott, RD	



From the Tomato Basket:

THANKS TO OUR DONORS

When mailing and phone costs began to reach a noticeable amount, I was justifying them to my wife as less expensive than most other hobbies but without no solicitation, shipmates realized that the expense was worth the expansion of the web site and lists of known Sabalo vet. Donations came in, loosely earmarked for beer at the next reunion or stamps, or just to help out.

At one point, I switched my phone service to a free long distance plan, with big savings. Remaining expenses are my mail and printing costs, web site hosting fee, and the 'usssabalo.org' domain name registration. Most costs for printing and mailing are now related to the newsletter managed by Ron Gorence. Mailing and printing on my end are for postcards and letters relating to finding missing Sabalo men—a process still in progress—and keeping up with those not online. Over time costs have reduced to about ~\$150/yr.

Over the years, I never kept account of the contributions, but these now anonymous persons helped greatly to get us to where we are today. Ron has permanently added my "Thank You" to his report above.

REUNION: To 50 Sabalo Shipmates and 37 Wives and Guests who attended our 2013 reunion: Thank you for coming! Even though the "Metropolitan Suite", is the biggest in the hotel, we had to arrange for extra seating for ac-

commodating the big turnout. We planned for 30 shipmates and guests, but the late surge of reservations forced us to 'squeeze in' somewhat.

Thanks to **Ron Gorence** for a big accomplishment in bringing our contract to fruition. I had to pass off some of the duties to him mid-stream due to health issues. Vegas isn't as hungry for reunions as most locales. And thanks to **Art Clement**, living in Vegas, who did the shopping, and made good deals at Costco for the beverages and snacks in the suite.

Caroll Ray also gets a really big thanks for donating the nice jewelry she supplied for our raffle, and for making a beer run (paying for 2 cases of brewski to keep us from going thirsty toward the end.

As in the past, there were laptop computers for viewing the Sabalo photo collection and other info on computer files. Most in attendance were more interested in conversing with others, getting acquainted or re-acquainted, and swapping stories. It was a goal to have the show running on the large flat screen TV's in the suite (3 of them), but it just didn't happen. Next time we'll do better.

Numerous suggestions have been made for another get together in two years. Various locales have been proposed, and more ideas are welcomed. Future issues of *Clever Boy* will feature the possibilities.

Until next time, your shipmate,

Jeff Owens



**USS Sabalo
Association Staff**

**Webmaster, Historian,
Reunion Coordinator
& Association Founder:**

Jeff Owens

273 Pratt Hollow Rd

Nicholson, PA 18446

(570) 942-4622

owensj@epix.net

Editor:

Ron Gorence

2563 Roseview Place

San Diego, CA 92105

(619) 264-3327

mgorence@yahoo.com

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

A considerate Sabalo husband left this message on his hotel room phone: *Honey, I'm having just one more beer with my shipmates. If I'm not back in 20 minutes, listen to this message again.*



Thru the TBT:

• **Housekeeping:** First, a personal note regarding Jeff and his recognition on page 2 of members' dona-

tions for the Association: He seems to be absolutely obsessed, like a mad bulldog, when he's negotiating prices for Sabalo's benefit, and yet, whenever he hasn't collected enough to cover costs, he just shrugs like a millionaire too busy to be bothered with petty cash.

Second, to illustrate what one man can do, I'd like to make some comparisons of Sabalo to my other obsession, the USS Razorback Crew Association. Razorback has a total roster of 1,100 known vets who have served aboard her, and is in contact, via my other newsletter, with just over 200 of them (<20%); about 300 are on EP, and the rest are in what I call the *Lost Roster*. Razu elects a President, VP, Treasurer, and a Membership Chairman, and collects dues of \$20 per year.

Sabalo, on the other hand, has 1,400 known vets, and is in touch with 470 (over a third) of them via newsletter. The Razorback team works hard, it has plenty of money, and my job is exactly the same for both organizations but, there is one reason SS-302 is doing a better job of moving *Lost* shipmates to her roster of *Active* newsletter customers—instead of waiting for nature to put them on the *Eternal Patrol Roster*—than SS-394. Obviously, that reason is Jeff. From all of us: THANK YOU, Mr. Owens.

• **Las Vegas** The reunion in Sin City seems to have been a big hit. Flamingo's Metropolitan Suite, our free Hospitality Room (HR), was on the 26th floor overlooking The Strip. Floor to ceiling windows (for those of you not there, that means deck to overhead) afforded views of Caesars Casino's vast real estate and the amazing Fountains of Bellagio across Las Vegas. Blvd.. The Sabalo Banquet on Wednesday night was just as advertised, so we drank and ate from 7 to 9-ish to our hearts' content, and then retreated to the HR to finish off the night. Though a few went into the gardens just outside the door to smoke, there were no reports of damage to the expensive Koi; during the meal however, one unnamed nut came running back in, waving large pink drumsticks and shouting, "I caught the Flamingo," but his *drumsticks* just turned out to be cotton candy from the Buffet which he then shared with each table. In the HR, Jeff raffled off several hundred dollars left over from the \$70 we collected from

each guest and some jewelry donated by Carroll Ray.

There were a few shipmates who never left Flamingo, a few others made trips to see the *Pawn Stars* shop and other Vegas sights, but I heard no complaints and generally high enthusiasm for the venture. I broke from the wolf pack a couple of times to play slots/donate for Flamingo's carpets, chandeliers etc. just to make sure they want us back—by the way, *free* drinks while gambling are no bargain. I spent several hours figuratively 'sitting on the capstan, shooting the sh*t' with my shipmates—a great pleasure, available nowhere else in the world to most of us.

The next Sabalo event? How about The 50th Golden Anniversary of the USSVI Convention which will be in **San Francisco Sept 1—7, 2014?** Host hotel is *SF Airport Hyatt Regency* in Burlingame (12 miles South of downtown SFO,



free shuttles 24/7 to/from airport), Rooms: \$104 (double). Banquet: \$65. A little higher than Vegas, but, those who *left their heart...* will be excited about tours of the City, Mare Island, Harbor Cruises, Wineries, Alcatraz, and/or visits to Fisherman's Warf & USS Pampaneto (SS-383), etc.

This venue would simplify Jeff's organizing efforts considerably, since USSVI does most to the advance work.

Alternative sites (perhaps for 2014, or beyond) are Reno, San Diego, or—a personal dream—North Little Rock, Arkansas at the *Wyndham Hotel* next door to the USS Razorback Museum? Razorback is very similar to Sabalo below decks, with 3 FM diesels instead of 4, #7 MBT converted to storage space, but little else you won't be familiar with—you can even show the bride where you bunked! Let Jeff or Ron know your preferences, and we'll start a list (again looking for st least 30 to start things rolling).

WWII Mike Skurat's DBF article on the next page is a long but good read. Between 50 and 60 of us are in the photos inside—sorry if I missed yours, but it's all I had. If there is an error on the attendance list (pg.7), let me know.

V/R RonG



This was not taken in Las Vegas, but if we can locate any of these *centers*, info will be posted.

Remark by Obama Complicates Military Sexual Assault Trials- Jennifer Steinhauer, July 13, 2013

WASHINGTON — When President Obama proclaimed that those who commit sexual assault in the military should be “prosecuted, stripped of their positions, court-martialed, fired, & dishonorably discharged,” it had an effect he did not intend: muddying legal cases across the country, “unlawful command influence,” tainting trials as a result.

Mr. Obama's comments come at a time of intense scrutiny of sexual assault in the military. A recent Pentagon survey found that an estimated 26,000 men and women in the military were sexually assaulted last year, up from 19,000 in 2010. At the end of the last fiscal year, Sept. 30, there were roughly 1,600 sexual assault cases in the military either awaiting action from commanders or the completion of a criminal investigation.

Subject: Fw: WWII Diesel Boat Era by Michael Skurat

There have been many major changes in the U.S. Navy Submarine Service since the WWII Diesel Boat Era. It might be interesting historically to note some of them.

Initially there were only seven pay grades (actually eight). They ran from one to seven with Apprentice Seaman (AS) as one, Seaman Second Class (S2/c) as two, Seaman First Class (S1/c) as three, Petty Officer Third Class (e.g. MM3c) as four. Petty Officers Second and First Class as five and six. Chief Petty Officers were initially promoted to "seven A" for one year (Acting Appointment) and then to Chief Petty Officer as pay grade seven. There were no Master or Command Chief, etc. The "C" for Chief Petty Officers preceded the rate designation, for example CMM not MMC as today. For all of the seaman ratings there was a comparable Fireman (F)

The Officer's rank structure has remained consistent with minor exceptions. During WWII a five star Fleet Admiral rank was added and bestowed on Nimitz and King. No one promoted to that rank since WWII. Another thing there was no Commodore rank utilized. Officers were promoted from Captain to Rear Admiral (lower half) and hence to Rear Admiral (upper half). The Rear Admiral (Lower Half) replaced the Commodore rank. As it is custom to call any Commanding Officer Captain it also was custom to call a Submarine Squadron Commander Commodore.

Before WWII an Apprentice Seaman's pay was \$21.00 per month. Pays increased in WWII with Apprentice Seaman to \$50.00 per month and to around \$120.00 per month for a Chief. All personnel on Submarines got 50% submarine money and 20% sea duty pay. When added together added up to about 80% extra pay.

If you were married and/or had dependents your pay was reduced by \$28.00 per month the U.S. Navy supplemented another \$22.00 and your dependent was sent a monthly check for \$50.00. Consequently, an Apprentice Seaman would get \$22.00 per month. However, enlisted personnel below pay grade four could not marry without the permission of their Commanding Officer. This breached more often than observed and obviously many entered the service married.

At one time the Navy Paymasters would pay personnel with \$2.00 bills so that when spent it would indicate to the local economy the impact of the service. Also when being paid by the Paymaster on board a tender you would line up with your "pay chit" to draw your pay. When you reached the pay desk you would salute the Paymaster, put your fingerprint on the "pay chit" and draw your money. There was a posted pay list indicating what you had on the "books" and you could draw all or whatever amount you desired

Submarine and sea pay were a real boon especially when sea store cigarettes at six cents a pack and a bottle of beer on Bank St. was twenty-five cents. Later when you came in off patrol you would have that back pay and be really flush.

Due to rapid expansion of every aspect of the U.S. Navy, if you could cut the mustard, promotions were forthcoming. Many a serving enlisted person commissioned (called mustangs) or advanced in rating because of the enormous need to fill billets in new construction and replace casualties. Classes at the U.S. Naval Academy graduated early.

Personnel with special qualifications were coming into the service rated and/or commissioned. You could see a Chief Petty Officer with no hash marks. These ratings were derided and called "slick arms" (no hash marks) and/or "Tajo" ratings by the old-timers. Some enlisted personnel commissioned as regular line officers, Warrant Officers and Limited Duty Officers (LDOs) in specific areas. Such commissions initially were considered temporary with reversion back to their permanent grades at the conclusion of hostilities. They created many specialty ratings. In their "Crow" specialty designator was a diamond with a letter inside, e.g., the letter "A" would be for a coach or professional athlete who would conduct physical conditioning, etc. Most, if not all, of these ratings ceased to exist with the end of the war. Some referred to these as "square knot" rates.

There were right and left arm rates. Right arm rates were considered "Sea Going Rates" (BM, QM, GM, SM, FC, TM, etc.) and the "Crow" was worn on the right arm. Left arm rates were ancillary and were MM, Y, EM, RM, MOMM, ET, etc. Right arm rates were senior to left arm ratings. There was no Boatswain Mate Third Class they were called Coxswains. Seamen and Firemen wore a "watch stripe" round the right shoulder - white for seamen red for firemen. There was other colors of "Watch Stripes" for aviation, CBs, etc. Indication of rate was on uniform cuffs. One white/red stripe for AS/FA, two for S2c/F2/c and three for S1/c and F1/c. The present diagonal 1, 2, or 3 stripe(s), in color was originally for WAVE uniforms and after WWII were adopted for the present enlisted uniform and the watch stripe was eliminated.

The "T-Shirt" a part of the enlisted uniform initially served two purposes. (1) It was to be worn without the Jumper on work details, especially in tropical locations. (2) It was meant to have the high white neckline to show in the "V" of the Jumper. Some personnel, to enhance the appearance would cut the tab off and wore the "T-shirt" backward for a better appearance especially if with age and washings it seemed to sag. The popularity of the T-Shirt expanded into wide public acceptance after WWII and is now utilized, not only as an undergarment but as outerwear with various designs, logos, etc.

There were no Silver Metal Dolphins for enlisted personnel. Dolphins for enlisted personnel consisted of embroidered "patches". (white for blues and blue for whites) sewn on the right forearm. Silver Metal Dolphins for enlisted personnel was authorized after WWII.

All enlisted personnel wore embroidered "patches" as distinguishing marks e.g., if you were a designated striker you could wear the insignia for that specialty on the left upper sleeve.

Other distinguishing marks for enlisted personnel were "patches" on uniforms, e.g., an Expert Lookout "patch" binoculars, a diver a divers helmet (M for Master. with degree of qualification indicated on the chest section of the helmet. These worn on the right upper sleeve and there were many of them. One "perk" that has persisted is the wearing of gold rating insignia and hash marks for those with 12 years of good conduct.

Chief Petty Officers merely pinned their fouled anchor hat insignia to the front top of their hat covers. The black band

and background for the insignia was initiated after WWII. Officers did wear Gold Metal Dolphins as they do today. Unknown today was also the fact that there was a dress white uniform for enlisted personnel. The collar and cuffs were blue and were adorned with piping. What is worn today are "undress whites". Pictures of them are in old "Bluejacket Manuals".

Officers wore swords for ceremonial occasions as they do today but back before WWII Chief Petty Officers had a cutlass for ceremonial dress occasions.

Another uniform item that is now passé is the flat hat. Once the ribbon had the name of your ship but this discontinued for security reasons and all flat hats merely had U.S. Navy in gold on the ribbon. In boot camp all of your uniform items were stenciled with your name and service number. There were no doors on lockers and each item had a prescribed method of folding and stowing. It was even prescribed as to how you would pack your seabag.

Originally, the entire submarine base was literally below the railroad tracks. Later as the base expanded it was called "lower base". Most of the upper base buildings, i.e., Morton Hall, Dealey Center, etc., were constructed for WWII. The road from the present main gate past the golf course was the Groton-Norwich road. About half way up the road was an overhead railroad bridge. The entrance to the base was under the bridge and the Marine guard stationed there in a guard shack. The base commanders office was housed in a small brick building about half way between the training tower and the Torpedo Shop. Submarine School - six weeks enlisted and three months for officers.

Of some 250,000 men who applied for submarine duty less than 10% made it to Sub School and many of those washed out. Submarine School was the sole tyrannical domain of one Chief Torpedoman Charles Spritz. Submarine School was called "Spritz's Navy". He ruled with an iron hand and was feared by instructors and students alike. He had little regard for rate whether you were a Seaman First Class or a Petty Officer First Class. To call him eccentric was a gross understatement. He did not smoke, did not drink and was single. It is open to debate as to if he ever even pulled a liberty. His total devotion was to the Submarine School. It was universally conceded that he had gone "asiatic", not 100% stable and perhaps as a youngster he might have been dropped on his head.

He insisted that personnel, at all times, be properly and neatly attired in the regulation "Uniform of the Day" without exception. No tailor made, proper rolled neckerchief down to the "V" in the Jumper with immaculate white T-Shirt showing, shoes well shined, etc. He did not permit smoking nor any type of horseplay. He demanded that all personnel move at a fast pace.

Chief Spritz had the uncanny ability to be everywhere at all times and pity the poor individual who crossed his path. His discipline was swift and sure. He felt it was his personal mission to ascertain that anyone leaving sub school for submarine duty was in every respect ready. He had many axioms but his favorite was "There is room for anything on a submarine except a mistake". Sub school students were not "boots", many, if not most, had time in the U.S. Navy and

were rated.

There is an article in POLARIS issue of August, 2000 (Submarine Saga segment) which delves into more detail relative to Chief Spritz and is briefly incorporated here as it is a definite part of the Diesel Boat Era.

Sub Vets of WWII in recognition of respect, and a fealty obligation to this once feudal lord and master, wear a "Spritz's Navy" patch on their vests.

It would seem that the screening at Sub School served us well. Friction between members of the crew was unbecoming and unacceptable. If an individual demonstrated an inability to "get along" he could be transferred to another boat. If the same conduct prevailed there he would be transferred out of submarines.

The training tower caused many a wash out for both physical and mental reasons. If a person could not "pop" his ears it could cause pain and even bleeding from the ears. Your voice changed dramatically to a high pitch under pressure. All personnel had to qualify from the 100' lock with the Mommsen Lung. Right after the war it was noted that some German submariners had made emergency escapes using free ascents. A number of crews from boats went to the tower and made free ascents.

We had less pomp insofar as the ceremony observed when a member of the crew qualified than is apparent today. The individual, thrown over the side then sewed dolphins on his uniforms and wore them with pride. They have always been, and always will be, a badge of honor regardless of manner in which bestowed.

There was less reverence on some other occasions also., e.g., when a "Good Conduct Medal" was awarded to a member of the crew it would be given by the Captain (or perhaps the Exec) at quarters amid "hoots and hollers" with cries of "Undiscovered Crime". There was also a bonus system for awards ranging from \$1.00 per month for the Good Conduct Medal to \$5.00 per month for the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"Tailor Made" dress blues were the uniform of the day for liberty. The jumper was skin tight with a zipper in the side so that it could be taken off. Accentuated bell bottoms were mandated. The inside of the cuffs were decorated with embroidered color decorations, usually dragons, etc., and were only visible when the cuffs were turned up.

When you made Chief you initially bought the cheapest hat you could find since it was also considered appropriate and properly respectful to have all of the crew urinate in your first hat.

Sad to note in this day and enlightened age all of the military services of the United States were segregated during our era. The practice abolished by President Truman over 50 years ago. Stewards, at that time, recruited from America territories and from American minorities. Even in such a tight knit group as American Submarines two racks in the Forward Torpedo Room hung off the overhead beneath The Torpedo Loading Hatch were reserved for the Stewards. Rated Stewards wore uniforms similar to Chiefs.

The submarine sailor was a very irreverent individual with an avid distaste for regulations, etc. The average life span of a submarine sailor was four patrols (about a year). Despite



bravado, that thought prevailed to varying degrees depending upon the individual. That premise however, was unsaid but used as an excuse for hell-raising. Rarely mentioned in tales of WWII submarine lore was the fact that going through minefields was as apprehensive as being depth charged. Submarine Officers and crews were very young - anyone past thirty was a very old man. Admiral Charles Lockwood (Uncle Charley) Com Sub Pac was most forgiving, as were Skippers and Execs, of transgressions of both Officers and men. Returning from patrol crews were treated extremely well. Another "perk" of the submarine force was that any record of "minor" disciplinary action that a member of the crew suffered would be entered into the "page 9" of his service record. Virtually all disciplinary action was handled internally on the boat. However, both the original and carbon copy (BuPers Copy) retained in his jacket. When transferred, the original and copy, removed by the Yeoman to be deep sixed. Unless there was a serious offence personnel transferred with a clean record.

Many friendships were formed in sub school, plus other training and schools and transfers were not uncommon due to the needs of new construction, promotions, etc. Consequently, the force became even more closely knit. It was the rare boat that did not have personnel whom you knew. Submariners were very independent and resourceful, both individually and as a group. Needs (and desires) of the boat as prescribed by the U.S. Navy, did not always coincide with what was considered proper nor adequate. Therefore, a system of "midnight requisitioning" and "midnight small stores" developed to enhance efficiency. This avenue of acquisition considered a solemn duty in promoting the war effort. Those proficient and innovative in this endeavor were greatly admired. It was an art as well as a science executed individually or as a group cooperative effort. Some of these escapades took great ingenuity as well as "brass balls". As a term of affection they were called "scroungers" and/or "dog robbers". If a Skipper or Exec made an "innocent" passing remark that some particular thing might be "nice" it would appear mysteriously in due time.

On board an informal, but professional, attitude prevailed. Although we had an evaporator to make fresh water, battery watering was primary. In the design and scheme of things, personal hygiene or washing of clothes did not seem to be considered. One Engineering Petty Officer, called the "Water King" ran the evaporators. Personal hygiene or washing of clothing was an afterthought. The use of after-shave lotions, deodorants and especially talcum powders prevailed. Large cans of "Lilac" were the norm, purchased inexpensively and sprinkled liberally.

To the unacquainted it could appear that the rapport between Officers and men was quite informal and to a degree it was but it in no way detracted from efficiency, military courtesy, tradition or discipline. There was a strong mutual respect. Aye-Aye Sir, Very Well and Well Done were accorded as appropriate. The vast majority of the crew was rated and competent in their skills. Obviously so were our officers. There was no such thing as stenciled ratings on dungaree shirts so a person coming aboard a submarine at sea would have a difficult time determining any individuals rate. Also there was an axiom that in submarines "you left your rate on the dock".

Ability was the hallmark.

When conditions approached that of a Chinese garbage scow junk with an over flowing head and the crew in dire need of fumigation the Skipper might decide to allow showers piecemeal by sections. You lined up to enter the shower, the Chief of the Boat turned on the water for 2 seconds and shut it down while you soaped down. You were then allowed a correspondingly brief rinse.

Each member of the crew was allotted one locker which measured about 12" high, 18" wide and about 18" deep. You kept your uniforms under your mattress. Your rack had a plastic zip around cover. Your mattress was encased in a "mattress cover" which was akin to an oversized pillow case. Able to be turned over once and some even turned them inside out and got two more uses. Less the uninitiated be stunned by that you must be cognizant of lack of water for regular laundry.

Internal communications on board were conducted by the 1MC and 7MC phone and speaker systems.

To reenter a submarine after handling lines etc. when returning to port was a shocking revelation. It was impossible to believe that you had survived that malodorous environment. Politely put the atmosphere was conducive to a shanty town house of ill repute that also was inundated by a backup of its sewer system. Pity the poor relief crew that had to come on board and make the boat shipshape again.

You could immediately identify an Electrician on a submarine. He was the individual with the most shredded moth eaten dungarees.

Ribald humor was the tenor of the day. No topic or human frailty was off limits. Nothing was sacred. Horseplay and trickery were the order of the day. The antics and demeanor of the crew, both at sea and ashore, would not be socially acceptable nor politically correct nowadays. I fear that the late Admiral Rickover would have been aghast.

One real advantage was food, especially when you first went out. Although they were ridden without mercy the cooks did an excellent job of feeding the crew. We ate family style off china plates. Our officers ate exactly what the enlisted personnel did. The stewards would come back to the After Battery Galley and fill their serving plates and bring it to the Forward Battery for the Wardroom. When leaving port rations were stored in every conceivable space (including the shower since it wouldn't be needed). However, as supplies diminished the cooks were hard pressed to come up with varied favorable menus. All boats had "open icebox" so you could prepare and cook anything you wanted at any time as long as you cleaned up after yourself. The After Battery "Mess" was for chow, off duty recreation, meeting space and a hang-out.

This is a collective attempt at recollection after the passing of a half-century so any errors or omissions hopefully forgiven as "senior frailties". Much of this is collective memory and is a compilation of boats in general. There is no pride of authorship so any comments, additions, corrections and/or deletions are welcome and appreciated. This is merely a historical comparison as best one can do and is in no way a negative reflection between "then and now".

GOD BLESS ALL SUBMARINERS - Past, Present and Future
Michael Skurat Central Connecticut Chapter
U.S. Submarine Veterans World War II



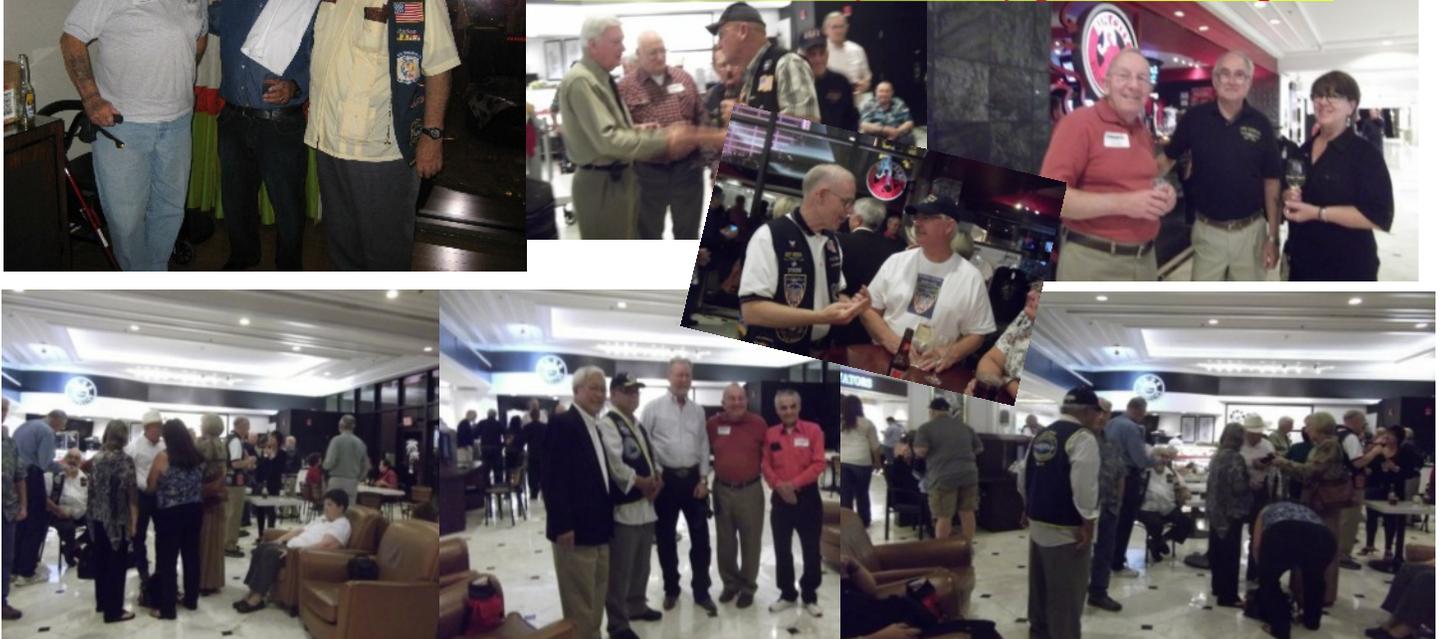
Shipmates Attending 2013 Las Vegas Reunion (49 vets & 38 wives/guests)

Don/Anne Andresen	Ed/Paula Heisterman	Earl/Margaret Meggison	Mark Sutherland
Joe/Marsha Bates	Terry/Julie Heisterman	Pete Ouellette	Dave/Bev Thompson
Terry/Carol Bolen	Irv/Louise Humes	Jeff Owens	Bill Towery
Jim Braun	Will/Mary Hearn Kaefer	Roy/Bonnie Owens	Charles Tucker
Geminiano/Julita Bulos	Paul/+4 Keeler	John/Linda Patrick	Noel/Ana Villarrael
Bill/Sandy Carstensen	Ted/Jack Kistner	Steve/Fran Pierce	Alan/Chris Volbrecht
Art Clement	Peter Lary	James/Laura Potts	John Wade
Dennis Costarakis	Ron/Claudia LeBlanc	Mick/Caroll Ray	Jim Wallace
John/Shirley Egan	Harold/Shirley Losby	Joe/Sharon Roberts	Tom Wilhelm
Mike/Connie Elzinga	Joe/Mary Lyons	Chris Sanborn	Waldo 'Willie'/Pam Wilson
Ron/Nance Foster	James MacLean	John/Maria Savela	Chris Witzel
Pat/Linda Gonzales	Frank/Pat McCoy	Del/Mary E Schwichtenberg	
Ron/Martin, Gorence	Bob/Lisa McKnight		

The Hospitality Room



Muster at Sin City Brewery prior to Banquet





"When we drink, we get drunk. When we get drunk, we fall asleep. When we fall asleep, we commit no sin. When we commit no sin, we go to heaven. So, let's all get drunk and go to heaven!"

G.B Shaw's advice seems not to have been followed at our gathering. Perhaps because we've become wiser: at our age, speed limits are no longer a challenge, and we've reached the point when our supply of brain cells is finally manageable —we've already culled all the weak and lame cells from the herd. And, remember, our secrets are safe with our shipmates — they can't remember them either. Besides all that, there's really nothing much left to learn the hard way.



Overheard at a table adjacent to Sabalo's:
HER: "I love you so much, I don't know how I could survive without you."
HIM: "Is that you, or the wine talking?"
HER: "I'm talking to the wine!"

Looks like one of our shipmates (?) needed gambling finances:
 Site of *Pawn Stars*





•Nance and I had a great time at the Sabalo reunion. Thank you and everybody involved. We hope to see you at another one. Thanks again. Ron Foster

•PRAYERS NEEDED: Paula had a lymph node biopsy yesterday. It appears to be a type of lymphoma. We expect the prognosis and treatment plan will be forthcoming on Tuesday. John Baker had a brain tumor removed in March, and is recuperating at home. Jeff Owens

•My wife has been sick for years ... no way I can make it to Vegas. I'm sure you will have a great time. Not too many people left from my tour on Sabalo. I do know a few Sabalo sailors from other time frames. Harold & Shirley Losby & Bob McNight & his wife. Please give them my best regards. Pete Ruden

•Ron... thank you for your newsletter... Carl ... enjoyed it very much and looked forward to getting it... I read it too, can't say I believed everything I was reading but he assured me every word was true. Our son Chris is sending you items ... hope ... will bring back memories for your group ... I regret that Carl was never able to attend one... please keep sending me the newsletter, at least for a while? I enjoyed learning about this time in his past. Know that he kept all of you in the highest regard and respect. Thanks, Kathy Smith. [See pages 11 & 12 for more]

•Won't be able to come but I will gladly provide the fee for someone else who would come who cannot afford the reservation and dinner fee. PS and once again you are right my excuse is flimsy. (I will be in Washington as expert witness prep for a week or two during this time).

•1/6/12 Ron & Jeff, Received your newsletter. Thanks ever so much. It must be some job finding all those shipmates. I joined the Navy in 1941. Spent 1 yr on BB42, USS Idaho. In Dec 1942 went to sub school. In 1943 was assigned to SS-143, USS Seal, and made 2 patrols. Went to Portsmouth to put USS Razorback in commission; made 5 patrols. In 1952 was assigned to USS Sabalo. Received medical discharge in '53. I am now living in assisted retirement home 'till I expire. I lost my wife in 2010. Best regards to all, Curt A. Mast.

•1/2/14 ...regretfully inform you William A. Denham, was mustered into the crew of the eternal patrol on December 28, 2013... March 2013 issue...as Living Sabalo Vets, unknown whereabouts... I've not be able to find a more recent issue in Dad's effects.[Ed: I believe he was located, and received 2-3 issues in 2013] RIP.

• From Jeff: Once I do an inventory, the web site and the next CB will list a few new items left over from the reunion. We had a new style t-shirt, and some reruns of the Sabalo 'Battle Flag' posters (similar to the ones in '07), etc. - Jeff

Pareto's 80/20 Law

In 1906, Italian economist Vilfredo Pareto studied the unequal distribution of wealth in his country and discovered that 20% of the people owned 80% of the wealth; he confirmed that ratio with other European states— even a count of the most productive plants in his bean garden agreed.

In the late 1940s, Dr. Joseph M. Juran began to popularize the 80/20 Rule (Pareto's Principle or Pareto's Law) as a very effective management tool. Few American businesses achieved success in the latter half of the 20th Century without first paying careful attention to his work.

The 80/20 Rule means that in any grouping a few (20 percent) are vital and many (80 percent) are trivial. In Pareto's case it meant 20% of the people owned 80% of the wealth. In Juran's initial work he identified 20% of the defects causing 80% of the problems. Project Managers know that 20% of the work consumes 80% of your time and resources. You can apply the 80/20 Rule to almost anything, from the sci-

ence of management to the physical world: 20% of stock takes 80% of warehouse space, 80% of stock comes from 20% of the suppliers, 80% of sales come from 20% of sales staff, 20% of staff cause 80% of the problems, but another 20% provides 80% of production. It works both ways.¹

Closer to home, look around at your next submariners' meeting: 20% do 80% of the complaining, while a different 20% does 80% of the work. And it is safe to say that 20% of the US population holds 80% of the wealth.. In November of 2012, the US Census Bureau said that more than 16% of our population lived in poverty (arbitrarily, \$23,050 for a family of four) —not far off a Pareto expectation.

The same source states that 58.5% (over half) would spend at least one year below the poverty line at some point between ages 25-75 — this is key! If Pareto was correct, in 1776, the United States, in all probability, saw 20% of its population living in poverty—including slaves, indentured servants, new immigrants, indigents, those simply down on

their luck. Lamentably, black slaves were locked into poverty for another hundred years, but after the American Civil War, the United States grew at an unprecedented rate to become the wealthiest, most generous and powerful nation the world had ever seen—and Lady Liberty offered her vast opportunities to floods of desperate immigrants from around the world. The vast majority of these new citizens began their American journey at the financial bottom but they stayed there only long enough to choose among the limitless opportunities that freedom provides—exactly as those they replaced had done.

Unfortunately, half a century ago—after thousands upon thousands of Americans had given their money, their time, and some, even their whole lives, to help to those who were mentally or physically unable to pursue the American Dream — our well-intentioned politicians shut down vast networks of mental asylums and soup kitchens. Rather than carefully addressing reports of specific safety, health, and dignity shortcomings, they simply kicked people out into the street, unintentionally adding

street-people and do-gooders to our lexicon—without making the connection.

Since then, the US Government has not only doubled-down, but has gradually and relentlessly implemented colossal plans to permanently eliminate racism and poverty “horrendous shames in such a rich country,” by attempting to repeal Pareto’s Law. Redistribution of our money and medical care; regulating our air and our water, light bulbs, toilets and our fuel, we’re told, will only sacrifice a few tiny freedoms in the peace and security of a benevolent government, so we can ALL get on with raising our children and living our lives. Hogwash!

Pareto’s Law will prevail: Russia, Chi-

na, and North Korea, worked diligently to create a Marxist utopia, and failed miserably: 100 million dead last century, as Russian elites (oligarchs, entrepreneurs, athletes, pop musicians, and mafia bosses), hovering around 20% of the population, have consistently held 80% of the wealth and power (i.e. freedom). Another 20% suffered 80% of the prisons and concentration camps, of purges, famines, exterminations and poverty. Winston Churchill once conceded: *Communism succeeded for millions of years — for ants!*

Desperate people from around the world risk their lives to flock to where they know poverty is not a prison, but a path to the American Dream. Do-good-

ers, often with the best of intentions, are simply building a fence around *The New Plantation*, (a great book by Star Parker on the subject). The 20% of the population which is poor is also the wellspring for *the pursuit of happiness*. Pareto’s Law does not deny that 20% will be poor, but when we call successful black people “Uncle Toms”—or advertise and promote food stamps, or judge women and men by other than merit— we only lock the Plantation gates around a specific and permanent 20%. The USA poverty rate has doubled in the in ten years—well on the way to Russia’s 20% elites and 80% with only ‘freedom’ to obey.

¹ Wikipedia, *Pareto’s Law*.

Note to USPO readers: Have you notice a lack of red splotches, pages out-of-order and/or cut-off articles?

This snail-mail issue of *Clever Boy* has a new look! COPY-IT, here in La Mesa, printed, folded, and stapled our newsletter—saving me at least two 8-hour days of hectic bumbling — at the same cost! Because this American business supports our troops, they’ve given us the rock-bottom price PLUS a 20% military discount. Thank You - Justin Shedly!

"THE FIVE MOST DANGEROUS THINGS IN THE US NAVY"
 A Seaman saying "I learned this in Boot Camp..."
 A Petty Officer saying "Trust me, sir..."
 An Ensign saying "Based on my experience..."
 A Lieutenant saying "I was just thinking..."
 A Chief chuckling, "Watch this sh*t..."



“Ahhhh... She’s turned toward: make tube one ready in all respects: max depth.”
 Still Hot, Straight & Normal!

Sabalo Lost Contact Data List

Shipmates w/NO KNOWN Address, Phone Number, or Obituary. We’ve gone from 493 ‘lost’ men in 2012 to the current 449. 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. [Note: Restarted list with “A”.](#)

Smith, Lawr	Tarpy, Patr	Vandiver, Veni	White, HW	Wright, Robe	Armstrong, Thom
Smith, Malc	Taylor, Bill	Victoria, Linu	White, KH J	Yackle, John	Arquilla, Augu
Smith, Vict	Taylor, DL	Villalobos, Pedr	White, Robe	Young, Adri	Ashook, Mich
Smith, Will	Taylor, Stev	Vorce, Rich	Williams, Alvi	Young, Rich	Bacong, Fred
Soriano, Manu	Tesoro, Jose	Vorce, Mich	Williams, Harv	Zehren, Dona	Badget, Kenn
Southerland, Mich	Thompson, H E	Walker, Will	Williams, Jame	Restarted:	Bagwell, Will
Sowards, GW	Thompson, Haro	Wall, Robe	Williams, Nels	Abbotts, John	Baker, Jame
Spailer, John	Thurman, Milt	Wallace, Fran	Williams, Thel	Abrahamson, Carl	Banks, Jose
Spears, Sidn	Tolliver, Fred	Wallace, Will	Williams, Thom	Adams, Terr	Barton, Roy
Stafford, John	Tow, Mich	Walter, John	Williams, Will	Akazawa, Shuj	Beckley, Char
Stauffer, EA	Trapp, Stev	Warnick, Step	Wilson, Floy	Alexander, Jack	Beech, Jame
Stephens, Robe	Traver, Dani	Warren, Jame	Wilson, Robe	Alexander, Robe	Beltran, Jose
Stevens, Harr	Treadway, Robe	Watson, Jack	Wilson, Roy	Alonzo, Fred	Bennett, J?
Sullivan, Jame	Trefello, Elvi	Watson, Robe	Wilson, Will	Anderson, Andr	Bennett, Rich
Sumich, John	Triplett, Geor	Wayte, Arth	Winkler, Fred	Anderson, Arch	Benson, Will
Sundell, Thom	Turner, Thom	Weaver, JB	Wood, Geor	Ansaldi, Vald	Berkey, R M
Tapanila, Theo	Urvin, Edwa	Whitaker, Fran	Wood, Kirk	Appel, D T	Bessette, Eane

Son of a Submariner!

From Chris Smith 10/6/13: My dad, Carl Smith TM3(SS), on Sabalo 1951 – 54, passed away 9/16/13 at 83. ... I have found his blue wool dress coat, foul weather jacket, three USN wool blankets marked with Sabalo... nearly new condition ... I can ship ... lots of memories ... perhaps a smile too ... he lived in Jemison, Al ... enjoyed reading your publications; he and ... Richard Lamy... served together.



10/7 Answer: With regard to your dad's gear, we would be proud to do just as you proposed, and display them in our Hospitality Room at our Lax Vegas reunion next month.

Then, with your permission, I can then repack them and send them on to the USS Razorback submarine museum in North Little Rock, Arkansas where they will be displayed and greatly treasured. RonG [Sabalo's Jeff Owens concurs]

10/7 Ron, I like your ideas...I'll include ... lots of his pictures ... in dry dock getting the new conning tower etc. He was on deck when the Pickerel made its famous flying leap out of the water ... several shots of that too... film footage being used by Hollywood later for the TV series "Run Silent, Run Deep" ... his white seabag ...his name and address stencilled on it.... I have read about the Razorback and have been through Arkansas several times but never visited the

ship... I will type up some of the stories he told me and send them to you. I promise not to add anything as they were exciting enough as they were. Safe to say that he has been shot at, depth charged, had a torpedo fired at them and nearly caught by the Russians. It must have been quite a life for a farm boy from Alabama to experience. Have a wonderful day, Chris Smith.

Answer to Chris 10/713:... driving to Las Vegas to the reunion ... will carry the items in my trunk, then they will be unpacked, displayed, and then repacked for Little Rock. Thank you again... next time you are in North Little Rock, the Razorback will admit you and yours in gratitude for the donations; I will suggest that. Send me stories anytime: I'm always looking for new 'old' sea tales.

Best, RonG

From Chris Smith 10/14/13 When you unpack everything be sure to look at the back of the foul weather jacket. You will get a pleasant surprise. I also included two pair of leather mittens that are USN marked. Didn't find any gloves that might have been worn inside them. You will probably know ...Chris

Regarding the sea bag and its contents: 4 wool blankets (two khaki, two white), Pea Coat and foul weather jacket (both in excellent condition), a Liberty Card, Mare Island Mess Pass, 2 photos of Carl Smith, and two pairs of pristine leather lookout mittens—some are identified with the USS Sabalo (SS302) which was very similar to Razorback. [Note: The sea bag has been received by the Razorback Museum!]

Expanding our French vocabulary: Déjà Poo: Feeling that you've heard this sh*t someplace before.

So... what the #@*& could possibly go wrong? [Passing a Law]

Stool Sample: stool stu:l sam'pl . (1) A feces sample for diagnosing certain conditions affecting the digestive tract, including infection (parasites, viruses, bacteria), poor nutrient absorption, cancer, etc. (2) Legislative analysis tool created by Nancy Pelosi: "...we have to pass the bill so you can find out what is in it [The Affordable Care Act]."

What we have found out so far:

- A diagnosis by Congressional Committee has *found*, in the ACA, the following disclaimer, "... no reasonable expectation of privacy," which nullifies HIPPA (Law written to "maintain the privacy and security of individually identifiable health information"), and trashes the Fourth Amendment "...right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated".
- It has been *found* that 23 hundred pages of ACA law have morphed into 23 thousand pages of confused regulations and illegal revisions by the Executive Office. We will spend 2014 *finding out* what happened to the planet's best healthcare.
- We *find* that CGI's continuous inability to perform after awarding that company nearly \$700 million in other canceled and/or botched contracts between 2009 & 2013—but we're not likely to ever *find* the amounts of CGI overruns in building the Obamacare website—glitches and all (best current estimates project them to exceed \$600 million.
- We have *found* out that un-vetted members of de-funded ACORN, political cronies, criminals and other so-called, *Navigators* are collecting the largest database of private/personal data ever assembled in history, and providing that to private insurers and to the IRS (and, inspiring what is probably the largest network of ID theft hackers ever known)..
- We *found* out that we needed universal health care because 47 million* were uninsured, but 6 million insurance policies have been canceled since the roll-out. To be fair, we may have added a couple of hundred thousand, *if* the registrations pan out, if Nancy's *glitches* are dealt with, *and if* those clients were not simply added to the bankrupt Medicaid.
- As soon as 51% of the population has free healthcare, we may *find* that voting is only an obsolete relic in USA history.
- **Grab your sox and drop your The year 2014 is gonna' be a blast!**

*Half were Illegal Aliens, and another fourth were youngsters either insured under their family's plan, or simply opting out.

Frank Kroyer EN1(SS), a Canopus shipmate, made the "Stool Sample" on the right for me. (photographed standing on a penny)





- Smith, Lewis Carl 'Carl, Smitty', TM3(SS), passed away on 9/16/13 at age 83. Carl qualified on Sabalo in 1951.
- Denham, William A. of Northport, MI, Seaman First on 12/28/2013. Aboard Sabalo June 1945-6 (plank owner).

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Dittmar-Guy)

Dittmer, John 10/22/89	Englen, Dona 11/10/00	Floyd, Glen 7/1/87	Getzwiller, Gordrptd dec
Doucette, Alex 2/26/13	Ensley, Clif 4/21/10	Foiles, Jame rptd dec	Giancola, John 5/29/11
Douglas, Alle rptd dec	Eppley, Euge 4/13/06	Follo, Davi 12/3/12	Gibbs, Barn 11/25/02
Downing, Will 3/6/05	Eugene, Harr 10/27/92	Forsman, Rona rptd dec	Giefer, Loui 1967
Dunbar, Arsc 8/26/01	Evans, Erne rptd dec	Forsman, Wayn rptd dec	Giles, Will 6/28/01
Duster, Elvi 1/16/00	Everly, Vern 4 Jun 2011	Foster, Will 5/14/08	Glans, Dale 5/31/00
Dutka, Nich rptd dec	Fackler, Rich 12/23/98	Fowler, Benj 8/23/07	Godsell, Char 9/7/96
Dutton, Dona 12/13/05	Falk, Pete rptd dec	Fox, Tayl 11/5/97	Goen, Loui 6/13/2006
Dwyer, Ches rptd dec	Farmer, Glen Nov 1983	Frattura, Anth 6/23/97	Goldsmith, Jame 7/22/96
Dziuzynski, Henr rptd dec	Fedon, Geor 6/17/94	Frazier, Kend 4/24/04	Gomil, Jame 2/22/05
Eastman, John 16 Dec 1996	Fernald, Robe rptd dec	Freitag, Lestrptd dec	Gorman, Mich 6/13/85
Ebert, Will Jul 1970	Fields, Dona 10/11/12	Galland, Jame 1/15/84	Greenawalt, Robe 1/30/06
Echiverri, Roy 11/6/90	Finlan, Haro Dec 1976	Garcia, Ambr rptd dec	Gregory, Walt 1/0/00
Eikrem, Lawr 12/29/01	Fisher, Thom rptd dec	Gard, Arth rptd dec	Griffin, Warr 1/7/91
Eiman, Robe rptd dec	Fitch, Euge Apr 1985	Gartley, Jame 4/9/09	Guthe, Doug May 1970
Elfving, Dani rptd dec	Fleischer, Gerh 4/3/92	Gaseon, Pedr 1/0/00	Guy, Clyd rptd dec
Emerson, Boyd 3/8/91	Fleming, Davi 6/15/09	Gates, Earl 9/14/06	
	Flesvig, Dona 6/18/08	Gerfin, Melv rptd dec	



← **Carl Smith TM2(SS) 1951-54.** Sea-bag memorabilia of departed shipmate Smith were shown in one bedroom of the HR overlooking Caesar’s Palace, Bellagio’s Fountains, and the Rio Casino. Items on display included white hats, Pea-Coat, foul-weather jacket, leather look-out mittens, miscellaneous belt buckles, wool blankets, patches and liberty cards—all once used by our deceased shipmate. A roster of all known Sabalo vets aboard in the 1950’s, and correspondence from Carl’s widow and son discussing and bequeathing these items, were also on display. It was all shipped, after viewing, to the Arkansas Maritime Museum in N. Little Rock for permanent display in Razorback’s Museum—with shipping costs donated by reunion attendees. Razorback, SS-394, is a Guppy II, but below decks, you’d be hard pressed to find major differences from Sabalo — a visit is highly recommended [and a future Sabalo reunion at the site might be worth

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/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....” 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: