

Call Sign: *Clever Boy*

USS Sabalo Association May, 2014

USSABALO.ORG

The person who took (or cumshawed) the photo above is unknown. It is one of several of Sabalo in various stages of submerging and surfacing, and yours truly is sporting a new coffee cup with this one wrapped around it (see pg 7). If you have any shots of our precious lady, send them to me with the best resolution possible. The one above is a copy of a copy; with poor eyes and fading memory, it makes little difference to me, but others might appreciate more detail.

HELP! The last issue of *Clever Boy* cost us \$270 to send via US Mail, and our shipmates listed (page 2) regularly donate enough money to make sure it gets to all those 120 Sabalo Vets who don't have computers. These, our brothers, see it is a duty, and we are all honored to contribute, but ... **if you throw it away** with your junk mail, or just **don't care to read it** ... please call or send us a *No Thank-you* note so that we can save a little time and money.

[There are currently 8 men on our "No Thanks" Roster, for various and/or unknown reasons. Ed]



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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

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

To:



To our 58 Publication Donors — Thank You!

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

Almeida, Fred	Dunnagan, J (X2)	Kaefer, W.	McCoy, Frank (X2)	Piatek, Ralph (X2)	Schnieder, M.
Baker, John (X2)	Forman, Irv	Kelman, Bobby (2)	McCune, JD	Pierce, Steve	Scott, RD
Bartsch, Bob	Giancola, Steve	Kreuzer, James	Needham, Bruce	Polin, Paul	Sedlak, 'Skip'
Baumruk,	Grantham, F. (X3)	Kurowski, Marvin	Nelson, Bobbie	Potts, James	Smith, C.
Brian(X2)	Grubbs, C	LeConte, John	Oles M.	Reilly, Dave	Sullivan, L
Bergwerk, Joe	Hall, Ernie	Longenecker, JD	Ouellette, W (X3)	Reyes, A	Thompson, D X3
Breckenridge, W	Heck, Ben	Losby, H.(X2)	Padgett, Red	Roberts, Joe	Towery, J
Bush, Frank	Huckfeldt, L	Macaraeg, Lino	Parks Will (X2)	Sanborn, "H"	Tucker, C
Chase, Alden	Hudaon, G.	Madsen, James	Phelps, Bob	Sanderlin, KW	Villarreal, N
Clark, Lee	Humes, Irv	Mast Curt	Peters, Vic	Savela, John	Willhelm, Tom



From the Tomato Basket:

27 April -Things are going on which must put Clever Boy on the back burner for a spell:

My wife continues to develop problems from her lymphoma, and dealing with same has hindered most things on my agenda. She had another trip to the hospital on Easter for a bout with shingles which continues. I have seen numerous ads on TV about the vaccine and considered the comments of the people to be just so much hype about the pain and suffering. You can believe it. Paula has had a bad week. The outbreak of shingles is due to her immuno-compromised blood chemistry. And as a secondary problem she is bleeding constantly, albeit slowly, from nose, mouth and lips. This has all really laid her low, and kept me preoccupied.

On my plate currently: I had some tenants in the mobile home on my property for a couple years, but after I had to throw them out the place was vacant since then. As a result it was vandalized by "scrappers" who got underneath and stole all the copper plumbing. This is a burgeoning problem around here with rural properties. And I see it elsewhere in the U.S. too. Anyway, I have prospective tenants lined up and have been working every day to replace the entire plumbing system and get it fixed and back in shape to rent. Occupancy by 12 May or so.

Re reunion thoughts: I had a conversation yesterday with Jim Wallace (was TM3(SS) on 302 in '64). He was at Vegas and a couple other reunions. He lives in San Antonio, TX and thinks this would

be a good place to have the next one. One of his female relatives is the manager of a Red Roof Inn and he says it would be a good place and we can get a good deal. I suggested he get the full particulars on San Antonio's attractions and hotel details and he could be the point man and main organizer with Ron and I more or less doing the publicity if the deal looks ok. He said he will make the contacts and get to me with more complete info. Even if Ron or I can't make it, if it will draw enough guys, I say great. Jim will be checking possibilities for the Jan-Jun 2015 time frame.

Also in the secondary list of to-do items: My previous trip to the Archives was not 100% complete in records obtained, and I have also always wanted to get to the Naval Historical Center in DC to check the 1970-71 records which are not in the Archives. The NHC has been closed to the general public for research now for a couple years. They have been moving and reorganizing their collections. I had in my mind a trip there this spring, but upon checking their web site, I see that research is still limited to official Navy & FOIA requests and even these are limited to the small staff and don't allow personnel to come in for their own research. My thought is that I would make a trip to either or both of these facilities to add more Sabalo info to our knowledge base, and hopefully this will happen sometime. Considering the home circumstances, the plan is in limbo. **V/R Jeff Owens ET2(SS)**



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This is from "Ace" Jewell, CDR-USN-ret, now about 88, Fighter Pilot in 3 wars and LSO extraordinaire. They don't make them like Ace anymore. *"Drones will not ..be late to briefings, start fights at happy hour, destroy clubs, attempt to seduce others' dates, purchase huge watches, insult other Services, sing "O'Leary's Balls," dance on tables, yell "Show us your tits!!!" or do all of the other things that we know win wars!"*

Supertanker British Pride draws a full 65' of draft. If our skipper gave the command, "Come up to 100 feet for a look-around," he'd most certainly strike oil.



Thru the TBT:

• **Housekeeping:** Jeff's alphabetical master list of Sabalo veterans consists of 1,389 names. My four rosters, ("Publication" Roster: 458 men, "No Thanks" roster: 10, "Lost Contact" roster: 415, and "Eternal Patrol" roster: 506) also totals 1389, so for the first time since *Clever Boy's* initial issue, we're tracking the same list. It has been quite a struggle to identify Bill Smith and William Smith as being two different men, getting Address punctuation to match exactly for computer sorts while matching, etc., but now we can vigorously dig a little deeper in an attempt to move men without any contact information from "Lost" to "Publication" status (those who receive *Clever Boy*) before obituaries move them dispassionately into the Eternal Patrol list. Since August 2013, 54 of 78 "Lost" men were identified as deceased, but unfortunately the other 24 men were not all added to our list of readers—due to deaths, failed mailing addresses, and six men who opted out, we've lost 8 CB customers in that same time frame. On the other hand, we're finally sending CB to more men than those without contact information (the "Lost" roster). EPat is now the largest group, at 506, but at our age, that's sadly inevitable; this issue deals with that situation in several places.

• **Reunion:** We've started a list on page 5 of those expected to attend a reunion in San Francisco, San Diego, Little Rock, or Reno, and Jeff's San Antonio possibility—but response has been so light that I had to plug in some names; perhaps we're a little burned out after Sin City!?

Simplest would be a gathering in San Francisco (actually, Burlingame) and the easiest to organize because USSVI does most of the leg-work. If it looks like enough people are responding to this (like over 20) we can look into a Hospitality Room and Banquet there and/or alternatives. I'd like to visit SFO again because I spent overhaul times there at both Hunter's Point (where somebody from Sabalo slipped me a *Mickey* the day I made Chief), and Mare Island, and I think I'd enjoy a tour of the city even if I would be confounded over the current illegality of owning a gold fish in the City Limits while cruising by the two Horse & Cow locations I once knew so well; at the time, you could have actually dragged in an actual horse and/or a cow as long as you cleaned up the evidence—and sailors were known to have swallowed goldfish while drinking their dolphins there. (NTINS)

Remembering the Alamo in San Antonio might be interesting too. "Alamo...The Price of Freedom" at IMAX theatre — biggest screen in Texas! Recommended before an Alamo visit. Texas Ranger Museum, Buckhorn Saloon & Museum and 20 feet below street level is River Walk with shops, restaurants, hotels, museums, Mariachis, and river taxis. The key in any case is to let us know soon: first, that you plan to attend, and second, if you're willing to help set things up. Please think about it and decide ASAP.

Finally, our WWII shipmates should read the note from the National WWII Museum below, and another from ISA on page 11—let us know if we can help. **V/R RonG**

WWII vets: Please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Sara Cambon. I am an intern in the Research Department of The National World War II Museum in New Orleans. I am currently working on the Museum's project to expand our WWII Veterans Oral History Collection.

Oral histories have been a unique and signature feature of the Museum since it opened on June 6, 2000. As you know, the need to record the personal narratives of our World War II generation is increasingly urgent, as the number of living WWII veterans is rapidly dwindling.

We would like to request your assistance in helping us to make contact with WWII veterans in your area, in order for our staff historians to come and to record their oral histories. We believe that collaboration between our organizations would be of great benefit to both of us in preserving the history of World War II for future generations.

In line with the Museum's current expansion plans, we wish to acquire oral histories that would directly support the planned exhibits for "The Road to Berlin" and "The Road to Tokyo" in the Campaigns of Courage: European & Pacific Theaters Pavilion. Additionally, we are also looking for interesting stories to support the exhibits for our coming American Home Front galleries, as well as for our final capstone pavilion, the Liberation Pavilion, which will highlight the meaning of World War II to us today.

Any support, guidance, or direction that you and your organization could provide to help us preserve our WWII veterans' stories so that we may honor their service and educate future generations would be sincerely appreciated. If you or your organization would be willing to work with us, please contact our historian/curator, Dan Olmsted. He can be reached by phone: (504)-528-1944, extension 435; or by email: dan.olmsted@nationalww2museum.org.

Thank you for your consideration in this matter.

Sincerely yours,

Sara Cambon, Research Intern. The National World War II Museum, 945 Magazine Street, New Orleans, LA 70130

USSVI records showed him as the longest qualified man in USSVI

Frank S Kimball, Senior Qualified Submariner on Eternal Patrol b. Oct 5, 1911. He joined the USN on Jan 3, 1929, qualified aboard USS S-33 (SS 138) in 1931; Comm. Crew, USS Saury (SS-189), as EMC(SS)—4 war patrols, then Frank put USS Cod (SS 224) into commission and did seven war patrols, rising in rank to LT and Engineer, earning the Silver Star as well. Retired as CDR in 1957 to home in Salmon ID. Member of SVWWII and USSVI Hawkbill Base.

[Thank You! to USSVI & Pat H.] "In the ongoing USSVI Submariner History Legacy Project now over 100,000 U.S. Navy submariners are accounted for and cross-linked by the boats they served aboard in most cases. There is much more work to be done and so long as new submariners keep coming along, it will never end.

The purpose of this USSVI project is to insure that our individual records of service in U.S. submarines is not forever lost to history. How to look for shipmates: Go to www.ussvi.org and click the BOATS AND CREWS button, then follow the instructions there.

There are many boat association record-keepers that have assisted in this project and I thank them all for what they do and have done. I especially want to thank and recognize Sub Crews Historian Ken 'Pig' Henry, who tirelessly works the WWII submariner records for the men who belonged to USSVWWII.

Do you have questions about this project? Contact Patrick Householder at householderp@comcast.net

The first testicular guard, the "Cup," was used in Hockey in 1874 and the first helmet was used in 1974. That means it only took 100 years for men to realize that their brain is also important.

COIN OF THE REALM

The 2009 COIN (counter insurgent) strategy, and new rules of engagement, ... forced troops to stand down until there is evidence of "hostile action" or "hostile intent" The military leader's job of "winning the hearts and minds" of the Afghan people is always accompanied by his duty to

keep his troops safe.

In July 2012, Army 1st. Lieutenant Clint Lorange, 29, apparently made the wrong split-second call when he gave his men permission to fire at a motorcycle with three men speeding toward his patrol—killing two of the three. Now, Lorange is serving a 20-year sentence at Fort Leavenworth prison for violating the new rules of engagement.

We lost 630 U.S. soldiers there from 2001-2008 (seven years), but in the following five years we lost nearly three times as many—seventy-three percent of all U.S. deaths in Afghanistan have taken place since 2009. It would be interesting to dig up similar statistics of others who survived the war, but were thrown under the bus for offering up their lives for their country.

My sex life is like a Ferrari... I don't have one of those either.

You Can Leave the Military But It never Really Leaves You

By Master Chief Ken Burger, *Chicago Post and Courier*
Occasionally, I venture back out to the submarine base where I'm greeted by an imposing security guard who looks carefully at my identification card, hands it back, and says, "Have a good day, master chief."

Every time I go back onto Submarine Base, New London (or Kings Bay, or wherever), it feels good to be called by my previous rate, but odd to be in civilian clothes, walking among the servicemen and servicewomen going about their duties as I once did, years ago.

The military is a comfort zone for anyone who has ever worn the uniform. It's a place where you know the rules and know they are enforced -- a place where everybody is busy but not too busy to take care of business. Because there exists behind the gates of every military facility an institutional understanding of respect, order, uniformity, accountability, and dedication that becomes part of your marrow and never, ever leaves you.

Personally, I miss the fact that you always knew where you stood in the military and who you were dealing with. That's because you could read somebody's uniform from twenty feet away and know the score. Service personnel wear their careers on their sleeves, so to speak. When you approach each other, you can read their name tag, examine their rank, see their dolphins, and, if they are in dress uniform, read their ribbons and know where they've served.

I miss all those little things you take for granted when you're in the ranks, like breaking starch on a set of fatigues fresh from the laundry and standing in a perfectly straight line military formation that looks like a mirror as it stretches to the

endless horizon.

I miss the sight of sailors out-of-step marching in the early morning mist, the sound of shoes thumping on metal grids, the bark of chiefs and the sing-song answers from the sailors as they carry out their orders.

To romanticize military service is to be far removed from its reality, because it's very serious business -- especially in times of war. But I miss the salutes I'd throw at officers and the crisp returns as they crossed the brow to board "my" boat.

I miss the smell of diesel fuel hanging heavily on the night air and the sound of engines warming up before revving up to move us away from dockside.

I even miss the hurry-up-and-wait mentality that enlisted men gripe about constantly, a masterful invention that bonded people more than they'll ever know or admit.

I miss sailors speaking directly and clearly to others and never showing disrespect for rank, race, religion, or gender.

Mostly I miss being a small cog in a machine so complex it constantly circumnavigates the Earth and so simple it feeds everyone on time, three times a day, tied up dockside, by a tender, or at sea.

Mostly, I don't know anyone who has served who regrets it, and doesn't feel a sense of pride when they pass through those gates and re-enter the world they left behind with their youth. By Master Chief Ken Burger, *Chicago Post and Courier*

[and, whoever sent this in, added: "I wish I could express my thoughts as well about something I loved -- and hated sometimes. Face it guys - we all miss it Whether you had one tour or a career, it shaped your life. 'A veteran is someone who, at one point in his or her life, wrote a blank check made payable to The United States of America' ."

Ever a Submariner Written By: Jody Wayne Durham, MM2/SS

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

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

I was impressed with Navy vessels - bracketed in the aperture of Periscope #2, the cross-hairs gently rising and falling across their silhouette on the horizon, while obtaining range, bearing and angle off the bow.

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

I liked the tempo of opposed piston diesels and the "pop" in your ears when equalizing to atmospheric pressure when the head valve first opens to ventilate and snorkel. I miss the "thrill" of riding an emergency blow from test depth to the top at a nice steep bubble.

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

I admired the teamwork of loading

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

I loved my "brothers," each and every one, whether their dolphins were gold or silver and regardless of rate or rank. We shared experiences that bonded us evermore, and knew each other's joys, pains, strengths and weaknesses. We listened to and looked out for each other. We shared precious little space in which to live and move and work, and we breathed, quite literally, the same recycled air.

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

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

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

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

depth.

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

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

I liked the rush of "Man Battlestations; Rig for Quiet" announced over the IMC,

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

I admired the traditions of the Silent Service, of Men of Iron in Boats of Steel, where you were just a NQP until you were "Qualified" and had EARNED the respect of the Officers and crew. I revered past heroes like inventor John Philip Holland and innovator Hyman G. Rickover. Such men and those that followed, both Officer and Enlisted, set precedents to follow, standards to uphold, and examples of bravery and self-sacrifice like the world has seldom seen. We were taught to honor these traditions. Somewhere far below the ocean's surface, I became a man. and not just any man. I became. a Submariner.

Decades now have come and gone since last I went to sea. The years have a way of dimming things, like looking at the past through a smoky mirror. I went, as many others, my separate way. raised a family, and moved on. but a part of me, my Sailor's Soul, will always be underway. somewhere. in the darkness, in the deep, making turns for twenty knots and a pushing a hole through the water.



Reunion in San Francisco (USSVI) or Reno (R) or San Diego (SD) or San Antonio (SA)

I'll be there if my Faribanks/Morse is still a runnin' and the Head Valve ain't slammed shut:

Ron Gorence+grandson "anywhere", Jeff Owens+ "San Diego," Roy Owens+, "Reno", Jim Wallace (SA)

Gay, Lesbian Troops Perform in Drag at Fundraiser

Stars and Stripes | Mar 03, 2014 | by Travis J. Tritten

KADENA AIR BASE, Okinawa -- Since the repeal of the "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" policy, U.S. military bases have hosted a gay marriage ceremonies and a potluck gatherings. But on Saturday, servicemembers here may have been the first to take to the stage and perform as drag queens on a military installation in support of lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender troops.

Drag queens and drag kings, to be precise.

Six servicemembers -- gay, lesbian and straight -- donned heavy makeup to dance and lip sync songs such as "I Wanna Dance with Somebody" for a raucous capacity crowd at the Rocker NCO Club at Kadena Air Base. The event was a fundraiser for the recently formed Okinawa chapter of OutServe-SLDN, which is the largest nonprofit advocate for the military's LGBT community.

"We didn't think there was much of a desire for an event like this on the island but it has actually blown up," said Navy Lt. Marissa Greene, co-chapter leader of OutServe Okinawa.

Greene said she had hoped to sell about 75 tickets to fund some future support activities for the group, which was formed last summer and still "starting from scratch." The event was approved as a "variety show" by Kadena's 18th Wing through the same process as other on-base fundraisers. But an initial 200 tickets were plucked up almost immediately, so they issued another 200.

"We ended up selling 400 tickets in 10 days," she said.

Amid the unexpected success, OutServe carefully avoided

any mention of politics, but its variety show comes at a pivotal time for gay civil rights in the United States, with many states passing laws dealing with marriage or debating individual liberties.

It is also a sign of the times within the military; just a few years ago, gay and lesbian drag performances on a military base would have been unthinkable and potentially a cause for dismissal from the service.

The repeals of Don't Ask, Don't Tell, as well as the Defense of Marriage Act -- the law barring the federal government from recognizing same-sex marriages -- have allowed gays and lesbians in the military to be open with their sexuality for the first time.

The historic shift appears to be mostly accepted and embraced throughout the ranks despite warnings the DADT repeal could harm order and good discipline.

On Saturday night, the Rocker club was packed for performances by servicemembers using stage names such as Chocolate Sunrise -- a crowd favorite -- and Artemis Faux. The event's sole lesbian performer took the drag king name Manny Nuff.

The advocacy group agreed to avoid using the term "drag show" as part of its on-base fundraiser effort.

Tech. Sgt. Kristen Baker, who was among the crowd, said the show got a warm reception and would leave a mark for civil rights.

"Everything is just accepted. It makes me really proud to watch it," Baker said. In the military, "we are all brothers and sisters no matter what."

[Author Unknown]

Where did all the sailors go?

Well shipmate, they didn't go anywhere. You are asking the wrong question. You should ask, "Where did all the fleet sailors go?"

Long ago, on payday night and in the nights following, these streets were a paradise to the North American Blue Jacket.

They were famous throughout the Navy. The Gut in Barcelona; East Main Street in Norfolk; Flatbush Ave in Brooklyn; (Fulton & Lafayette), The Combat Zone in Boston; The Pike in Long Beach; Reynolds Avenue in Charleston, Market Street in San Francisco, Bank Street in New London; Broadway Street in San Diego; Hotel (s**t) Street in Honolulu; The Honcho in Yokosuka, China Town and Sakuragi-cho in Yokohama; Wan-chai in Hong Kong; Buggis Street in Singapore; Magsaysay in Olongapo; and all the other places where fleet sailors congregated.

A person could look down the street and see neon signs advertising beer and bars and a sea of white hats bobbing up and

down as sailors made their way from bar to bar. At liberty call these became a shopping center for intoxicating beverages and sex.

And in some places a PO2 could get that new First Class crow sewn on or that old Third Class crow sewn back on. No need for crows these days. It is all collar and hat devices. Hell, I don't see much need for dress canvas these days. The only time I see it worn is when a ship is leaving or returning from a deployment.

With all the straight sailors and females, the gays and lesbians and "don't knows" aboard these days, I figure sailors are shopping for sex closer to home. The smoking lamp is cold and probably over the side or being saved for recycling or Mary Soo (forget her, Cum-Shaw is Fraud, Waste, Abuse and misappropriation of government property. I'll tell a story about the consequences of CumShaw some time). Instead of trading useless gear to Mary Soo for painting the ship, the Navy now recycles and lets a multi-thousand dollar contract to get the job done.

Smoking is now frowned upon. Surface ships limit smoking to a tiny, uncomfortable topside space. My shipmates in the Bubble Head world can no longer smoke anyplace aboard the boat. Municipalities and states have also jumped on the bandwagon and banned smoking in bars and restaurants.

Drive past any bar or lounge and you will see a group standing on the corner smoking and no, they cannot bring their drinks outside. It is against the law to drink in public. Drinkers are now pariahs in our modern Navy.

The clubs are closed. They no longer exist or have been converted to MWR game rooms where the strongest drink available is a lousy Red Bull. Quarterdecks of ships, in addition to a podium, log books, long glass, and weapon are now equipped with a Breathalyzer and probably a watch stander to operate it.

Many commands are requiring that sailors refrain from drinking the day prior to a duty day.

Back in the day, a sailor ashore knew that his shipmates had his back. Wheth-

er in a confrontation with a sailor from another ship, marines, or Limeys, he knew his shipmates would stand with him.

Too much to drink? A shipmate would help you back aboard and even help you to your rack. You would do the same for him. These days, you are assigned a "Liberty Buddy." You are to stay together and, I guess, keep each other from drinking or smoking.

With the repeal of "Don't Ask, Don't Tell", I guess a dalliance with a "Rump Ranger" would be okay. But, before you go ashore, you have to formulate a "Liberty Plan" and get it approved by your Department/Division Liberty Coordinator. If during your liberty, you or your Liberty Buddy change your plan, you

must contact your Liberty Coordinator and get the change approved. I surmise that, "I'll be in the Barrio some place getting screwed." would not be an acceptable liberty plan. Always worked for me!

They were more than streets and bars. First and foremost, they were the repositories of small bits and pieces of the history of America's forces afloat. They were the unofficial clubhouses of those of us who went to sea on old gray steel under the flag of the United States.

They were places where a thirsty blue-jacket could go and park his butt where sailors of earlier fleets had parked theirs. They were the poor man's Valhalla, where lads who plowed deep salt water could go and share fellowship and sea

stories with fellow practitioners of the nautical arts. A place where well-intentioned exaggeration and bulls**t-gilded flawed recollection were readily forgiven and accepted.

They were places where lonely strays could tie up alongside a warm feminine fanny on a cold night. For a few bucks, and sometimes love.

Where did the streets and the bars go you ask?

Where the hell did the real sailors go? "Any man who may be asked what he did to make his life worthwhile I think can respond with a good deal of pride and satisfaction, I SERVED IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY."



1. Anything that is **in the world when you're born** is normal and ordinary and is just a natural part of the way the world works.
 2. Anything that's **invented between when you're fifteen and thirty-five** is new and exciting and revolutionary and you can probably get a career in it.
 3. Anything **invented after you're thirty-five** is against the natural order of things.
- Douglas Adams, *Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*

Climate Change Brings More Crime

Between 2010 and 2099, climate change can be expected to cause an additional 22,000 murders, 180,000 cases of rape, 1.2 million aggravated assaults, 2.3 million simple assaults, 260,000 robberies, 1.3 million burglaries, 2.2 million cases of larceny and 580,000 cases of vehicle theft, the study published this week in the *Journal of Environmental Economics and Management* says. *La Times Science Now*

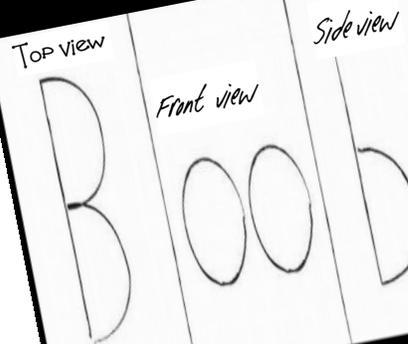
[Changing the scam's name from "Climate-Warming" to "Climate-Change" apparently didn't help much]

Anybody remember where you were when you heard this?

"Your children's children will live under Communism. You Americans are so gullible. No, you won't accept Communism outright; but we'll keep feeding you small doses of Socialism until you will finally wake up and find out that you already have communism. We won't have to fight you; we'll so weaken your economy, until you fall like overripe fruit into our hands."

Nikita Khrushchev, 1959.

Scuttlebutt: It was it a WWII Submariner who named them Boobs.



My new coffee cup. It's Sabalo's sail, "Dive! Dive! USS Sabalo SS302" written on top. [Don't know who to thank for the photo]



Romantic Memories of the First Time We

I think I've discovered why it is that Submariners, contrary to simple logic, seem to successfully court, and then marry, some of the planet's finest ladies. It's because Submariners are, by far, more intelligent and stupid than the average male; I've noticed that their wives seem to fully appreciate this phenomenon:

John Doe, QM1(SS), once spent an entire day shopping for his bride's birthday gift — carefully wrapping it and painstakingly finishing it off with a large pink bow.

She looked surprised at first as she removed the embossed wrapping paper, as he'd expected, but after a slight pause she smiled ... and then kissed him gently on the forehead.

He'd known she'd be expecting another pair of slippers, but when the lid came off the large shoe box, he knew his clever ruse had been effective. Inside was a six-pack of Bud and a package of beef jerky.... The old man could still give her a thrill now and then!

[stolen from the Internet & slightly revised. RonG]

Sabalo



MAIL BAG

- I went from Sabalo to navigator on the Oklahoma City home ported in Yokosuka. Navigated all over WesPac using the sextant and stars. Never missed a port by more than two or three days (weeks). Spent a lot of time in foreign ports... honors/ceremonies on the quarterdeck with the 7th fleet marine detachment as OOD. I relieved the Nav. who was using an outdated chart off the coast of Nam. when they ran it aground.... took 3 days with tugs to get her off the mud a few miles south of DaNang harbor. I attributed a lot of my success to all that you taught me-thanks again... disappointed... QM rating is no longer ... wonder what the computer geeks who "navigate" would do if all their electronic goodies would fail and they were required to navigate the way we did it. That equipment is man made even though it is "too big to fail". Keep in touch, Jack Donovan, LCDR ret. (1968-9)
- Ron: I was OIC DSV Turtle and we were on hand and assisted in the sinking of Sabalo. Actually the boat rests in 4001 feet of water. Turtle was tasked to take photos of the site and I have a mosaic of the debris field. Sometime when we have a beer in hand I'll tell you a couple of sea stories about the event. John Cameron [VP of the Razorback Association.]
- **Jeff Owens** 31 Jan 2014 to Larry, [Huckfeldt '60-1] Thank you for your generous contribution... returning your check because I can not cash it... Association has no bank account... Thanks to donations at the Vegas reunion, and others received... the web site and my own mailing activities sufficiently funded ... please send a new check made out to Ronald Gorence... the legacy of the diesel boat in the U.S. Navy is fast becoming a part of history... passing of the sailing ship's... Sabalo... was a reliable/ efficient ship... her history is important ... a workhorse of the fleet. Thank you for your service to: ...Country... Navy ... Submarine Force. [Larry sent me the \$ - Thanks; RonG]
- From: Kathy, widow of Carl Smith [see Jan. Issue: obit & donation of Carl's sea bag to Razorback Museum in LR] ... keep sending Clever Boy... I am honored to be a member of the Lady Sabalo's Association.
- Enjoyed... article by Michael Skurat... lot of work and thought ... a lot of memories. Thanks, Jim Organ (Sabalo '62/63).
- 1/8/14 Thanks Ron, Reading "Clever Boy" was a great nostalgic trip... my current address... Thanks, Eric Steinig
- 1/8/14 Great issue. Sorry I missed reunion. You have done a great job keeping everyone up to date. Tks Bud Watson
- [You may not want to mess with Sabalo's Historian] A couple of years back Fred Holcomb was kibitzing with shipmate Jeff Owens, and Fred said: "Russian Trawlers. A picture was sent around the Internet of a soviet Trawler (in dry dock) which exposed a large chin sonar dome with torpedo tubes on each side. This is the first time I've seen below waterline on one of these trawlers. Made me think of one that followed us after the Pueblo was captured by the North Koreans. Memory has a way of fading..." [Jeff agreed with Fred, but not about Sabalo's history:] "The Pueblo was captured on 23 Jan 1968. Sabalo in 1968: 1 Jan: Moored Yokosuka, Japan. 4 Jan: UW to San Diego. 21 Jan: Moored S.D. alongside USS Perch AGSS-313 at the Adm Kidd Club Pier."
- More of Jeff's History: Final Year: Sabalo remained moored in San Diego until she was selected for her final mission. Among other preparation, the boat had all of its deck planking removed, and apparatus was rigged to allow manual opening of the ballast tank vents from atop the pressure hull. Tanks and ballasting arrangements were done in a strategic manner to cause partial internal flooding, and Sabalo was intentionally flooded and sunk on 21 February 1973. Navy divers on the topside of the ballast tanks opened the vents, and then left the boat via an inflatable launch. The USS Bolster (ARS-38) provided diver transport and recovery, and assisted in the operations. Sabalo was sunk in a position SW off San Diego in fairly deep water, but still allowing photographic exploration by submersibles once on the bottom. This procedure was part of an experiment to record the sounds of hull implosion. The sound data from this test was used as part of the investigation into the cause of the sinking of the USS Scorpion SSN-589. The USS Blackfin SS-322 was sunk in much the same manner, as part of the same experiments, shortly after on 13 May 1973. Internet sources indicates this was part of a program called "SubSinkEx" / Project Thurber. All of these sources have the same false assumption about the sinking that Sabalo and Blackfin were torpedo targets. No torpedos were involved in the sinking of either boat.
- 3/18/14 Larry Davis: "Still alive, but not kicking too well. Looking into the Naval home in Gulfport... really enjoy Clever Boy... I would like to purchase a cap & challenge coin. Larry, "DOC" Davis
- 3/20/14 "Mr. B" Baumruk: Hey Doc, Great to find out where you are even though you're "not kickin' too well". I've been thinking about you, and I hope things are getting better. Hugs, Brian
- 3/28/14: Hey there Brian, I am fine thank's but just not as agile as I used to be. Thanks for taking the time to email me. Did hear from several Sabalo shipmates which was very nice. I want to answer them all, but getting around to it is taxing. If you hear from anyone, give my regards. I have good and lesser days, all are good, I am still alive. "DOC" Larry Davis
- Ron, Larry Douglas here (ET abd SABALO 1955-57, 39 years total service, retired 06). This might be of interest to all old smoke boat sailors. The VA now considers ... diesel fuel in the same category as exposure to Agent Orange ... BLADDER CANCER is concerned. This ... is not well-known ... does provide a possible service connection for the disease. The case in 2007 was submitted by a former radioman who served on a surface vessel during a tour in Vietnamese waters. His exposure to diesel fuel/fumes was a result of refueling operations... "The Board finds that the criteria for service connection for bladder cancer as due to agent orange and/or for diesel fuel exposure is granted". My rack in After Battery was bottom bunk, portside, right next to a fuel oil tank valve. Hope this is of some help to my shipmates. Larry

So... what the #@*& could possibly go wrong? (Bar Stool Wisdom)

- ✓ That's an attractive woman at the end of the bar, is it okay to come right out and ask her if she's married?
"No—wait until morning."
 - ✓ She looks young; probably spreads mayonnaise on her cheeks every day. You know why women do that?
"At our age, to get their sandwiches in their mouth."
 - ✓ Don't you realize how dangerous it is nowadays to go around kissing every stranger you meet?
"Maybe, but in our day, that got you kicked out of the Navy."
 - ✓ She looks like she's been sucking a pickle.
"Naw, that's just my imagination."
 - ✓ In Sports Illustrated, what's a perfect score?
"The centerfold."
 - ✓ Look at them perky boobs.
"Yeah, 'perky' is the adjective form of percolate—she's pregnant."
 - ✓ If a certain species of mother was pregnant for two years, what would the male child be like?
"Like a submariner—no claustrophobia."
 - ✓ When a couple has a baby, who is responsible for its sex?
"A submariner might lend him the car, but he'd leave the rest up to him."
 - ✓ In a typhoon, is it safer submerged or on the surface?
"Only skimmers know for sure."
 - ✓ What two things do skimmers hate in bed?
"Pointing and laughing."
 - ✓ She looks pretty good from here, so which of the five senses diminishes most as we get older?
"The sense of decency."
 - ✓ When you pat a dog's head he will wag his tail. What will a goose do?
"It'll make him bark!"
 - ✓ If you keep on hollering for more beer, will you get some any sooner?
"Of course not, I'm too busy drinking."
 - ✓ What did he say when you asked him why submarine bikers wear leather?
"He said 'Chiffon wrinkles too easily!'"
- And....** Last night I watched my shipmate unsuccessfully sweet-talking every female that came into the bar for 5 hours, and I was amazed at how easily an old sailor can be entertained. Then I realized ... I had watched him for 5 hours.

UP TO DATE; To those who congratulate me for finally submitting to relentless pressures to purchase a smart phone: I have gone from contempt to sheer discombobulation. Moreover, I have just improved (by a factor of ten) my record for not paying any attention to voice mails, phone messages, texts, pics, videos, etc.

I spent one day (12 hours or so) getting my Klaxon and Sonar ping converted to ringtones. I did so because I missed five calls in the Casino the first night I used my iPhone because I couldn't hear the pusillanimous little dings and psssts, or feel any vibrations — now everyone within five yards goes into a wide-eyed panic when the solar panel salesman call me. I'm trying to come up with a salutation for the caller which will calm those around me, but the best I've come up with to date is, "No! I don't smell any smoke here..." I have been assured over the past few years that those 12 hours will save me a lot of time in the long run because now I can easily find out where

Jack In The Box is: "just do this...swish, click, swipe, tap, type with a thumb, swish ... and there it is!" Meanwhile the guy next me has said, "It's at University and Highway 15, and, "the Padres lost today. Want another beer?" as we watched the jabbing and poking in awe.

I remember giving my wife a lecture, a few years back, to the effect that her long distance calls had increased our phone bill dangerously close to \$10, and now I paid *only* \$280 for my iPhone, normally over \$700, because I signed a contract for two years. In ten more years, I will have paid the equivalent of my house's original mortgage—but I can now keep aware of Jack In The Box's current location. This causes me to wonder whether I was a bad husband then or am an idiot now.

I will get used to the little bong, clicks, and scratching sounds all day and all night long and my thumbs will be in marathon condition soon, so it remains to be seen where the relationship will go. Meanwhile, I will continue to build a

protective wall of pipe smoke around my computer as a shield against the Blue Ray, infra-red, WiFi, short- and long-wave radiation, and internet data packets, which saturate both me and the air around me.

Finally, it may be a while before I stop missing the days when only the person making the call was responsible for his communications with me; now he can just say, "I left you a ..." so I must go into a state of panic whenever my phone is over 6 feet away— this may never, ever, make sense to me.

Smart TV, iPhone, iPad, iPod, wireless printers/fax machines— the only actually-smart thing to do now would be to get an exercise machine to generate the electricity to run these things, but I don't have the time because I need to spend another 12 hours trying to delete a thousand irritating rap songs on my various time-savers. I really ought to think about retiring instead of keeping up. HE KEPT UP is a lousy epitaph! [Leave me messages at your own risk. RonG]

*Women and men are not equal!
I once won that argument with a woman... in this dream I had.*

"I LOVE YOU" IN 10 LANGUAGES

English: I Love You	Italian: Ti Amo
Spanish: Te Amo	Chinese: Wo Ai Ni
French: Je T'aime	Swedish: Jag Alskar Dig
German: Ich Liebe Dich	Lithuanian: As Tave Meliu
Japanese: Ai Shite Imasu	DBF Sailor: I took two showers, OK?

The Sabalo Association?

I belong to **USSVI National**, plus its **San Diego, Scamp, and Razorback Bases**—that’s \$80 on an annual basis for what I believe are good causes, but the **USS Sabalo Association** is in no way organizationally connected with **USSVI**.

They are *Submarine Vets*—we are *Sabalo Vets!*
—some of us are both.

Our Association collects no dues; instead, our expenses like this newsletter (\$2+ per copy to mail for our shipmates who have no computers), our website, and almost all other expenses are picked up by voluntary donations. I am continuously humbled by these donors' attitude: *we'll take care of it—we're all brothers!*

Some database info, like *Years on Sabalo, Wife's first name, DOB, Qual Boat & Year*, etc., is needed to calculate your age, to sort you with shipmates aboard during the same years, by age, Zip Code, hometowns, etc, and for the historical record. I plan to publish our database gaps in the future to fine tune our records.

For a start in closing these database gaps, below is a list of men for whom I have no information **other than one single way** to get your newsletter to you. If you are on this list, please send me at least your phone number in case your *Clever Boy* gets returned to sender. This is the most important data to maintain contact, but those in bold below should also send the information in the page 12 Application Form (in any format) while you're at it, because some of that data is missing too.

Only P.O. Address, no phone #:	Ledwidge, Joe
Alcantara, Emmanuel:	Linder, Roy
Beatty, John	Macaranas, B
Edens, James	Post, Meryle
Ferguson, Charles	Saga, John
Hoatson, Lee	Viduya, Napoleon
Hotes, Wm	Nothing but email.
Huckfelt, Larry	Cohen, George
Koca, Gerald	Porter, George
Leach, Thomas	Wegner, Gordon

Ladies: If a man says he will fix it, he will! There is no need to remind him every six months about it.

Help!

Anybody out there have spreadsheet-talent? You? Your Grand-daughter? Someone you've captured with your suave and debonair submariner ways? We could use some help keeping up with 1400 Rows of membership data in 29 columns, the size of our Master Roster in *excel*. I need data for publishing *Clever Boy*, but Jeff Owens' passion has always been Sabalo's History—now we have finally come to a point where our lists almost agree and we're tracking the same 1389 Sabalo Veterans.

USSVI's *Legacy Project*—the country's master list of U.S. Submariners, past and present—has a total count of just little over half of that number for USS Sabalo, so we urgently need to get our data into *Legacy*, and verify all the data, cell by cell. The *Legacy Project* has cataloged over 104,000 names of US Submariners to date (USSVI members, or not), of a possible 200,000 total men who've worn the pin.

I am volunteering the first \$100 (and tutoring time) to get these jobs done, so contact one of us to discuss pay by piece work, hourly rate, or whatever we can work out. We need a person we can trust to see that all our data is finally all IN ONE PLACE, accurate, secure, and accessible. Any ideas? Suggestions? [RonG]

Sabalo Lost Contact Data List

Shipmates w/NO KNOWN Address, Phone Number, or Obituary. Since last issue, we've gone from 449 'lost' men to the current 416. Unfortunately, anyone who changed their address without letting us know is added to this list, and will no longer receive *Clever Boy*. Please continue to contact Jeff or Ron with clues—without your help we'll soon only have the obits to search, as the clock keeps ticking. Each issue will cycle thru the next ~100 men. See Sabalo Association above.

Birchmore, Henr	Burtilo, DP	Chochette, ?	Cowning, Will	Derbigny, Dona	Estrada, Juan
Bird, Davi	Busch, Kenn	Christian, Samu	Crawford, Robe	Dickerson, John	Evans, Davi
Bird, Jame	Butler, Edwa	Clark, Grif	Creel, Jame	Dillon, Paul	Everton, Kenn
Bishop, Carl	Butler, GP	Clark, M E	Crossley, Rich	Diosomito, Emil	Ferguson, Davi
Bishop, Geor	Callaway, Dona	Claussen, HC	Crowe, Glen	Dolan, Timo	Ferrer, Jose
Blanco, Arma	Campbell, Will	Cleland, Dale	Cummings, Edwa	Donaldson, Char	Ferris, Will
Bostian, Jame	Capilitan, Rica	Cobb, Rich	Curley, Will	Dougherty, Jim	Fitzgerald, Patr
Bottita, Thom	Carey, Chri	Cock, Kenn	Curry, Bruc	Dummar, Arno	Fitzpatrick, Jame
Boufford, Leao	Carlas, Anto	Cody, ?	Cutting, Carr	Dunn, Dona	Fletcher, Jeff
Bouroleis (sp?),Ro	Carnes, Jame	Cofer, Hora	Dadas, Narc	Dunn, Will	Foster, TL
Bramsche, Davi	Carrier, CE	Collins, Bria	Davis, Jame	Dwyer, Edwa	Franklin, Rand
Braziel, Stev	Carroll, Rich	Combe, Jimm	Davis, Jame	Eby, Rich	Freeman, Rich
Brooks, Haro	Carter, BJ	Cone, Robe	Davis, Jerr	Edwards, John	Fried, Phil
Brown, Edwa	Causey, Bill	Cook, Kenn	Davis, Robe	Ehlen, Jerr	(First names are
Brown, Gera	Chandler, Dale	Coon, Will	Decker, Jerr	Ellington, CS	truncated to 4
Brown, Kenn	Chapman, Davi	Corfield, Char	Deguzman, Rica	Enriquez, Leon	letters for space)
Buckner, Gera	Chesnut, Robe	Corpus, Maur	Deniz, Loui	Eppinette, Dona	
Burke, Rona	Chestnut, Lloy	Corriveau, Jame	Dennison, Jame	Escalante, Dani	

THE GUN IN CIVILIZATION

Infantry Marine Magazine, 14 JUNE 2007.

Human beings only have two ways to deal with one another: reason and force .

If you want me to do something for you, you have a choice of either convincing me via argument, or force me to do your bidding under threat of force. Every human interaction falls into one of those two categories, without exception. Reason or force, that's it .

In a truly moral and civilized society , people exclusively interact through persuasion Force has no place as a valid method of social interaction, and the only thing that removes force from the menu is the personal firearm, as paradoxical as it may sound to some.

When I carry a gun, you cannot deal with me by force. You have to use reason and try to persuade me, because I have a way to negate your threat or employment of force .

The gun is the only personal weapon that puts a 100-pound woman on equal footing with a 220-pound mugger, a 75-year old retiree on equal footing with a 19-year old gang banger, and a single guy on equal footing with a carload of drunk guys with baseball bats. The gun removes the disparity in physical strength, size, or numbers between a potential attacker and a defender.

There are plenty of people who consider the gun as the source of bad force equations. These are the people who think that we'd be more civilized if all guns were removed from society, because a firearm makes it easier for a [armed] mugger to do his job. That, of course, is only true if the mugger's potential victims are mostly disarmed either by choice or by legislative fiat - it has no validity when most of a mugger's potential marks are armed.

People who argue for the banning of arms ask for automatic rule by the young, the strong, and the many, and that's the exact opposite of a civilized society. A mugger, even an armed one, can only make a successful living in a society

where the state has granted him a force monopoly .

Then there's the argument that the gun makes confrontations lethal that otherwise would only result in injury. This argument is fallacious in several ways. Without guns involved, confrontations are won by the physically superior party inflicting overwhelming injury on the loser.

People who think that fists, bats, sticks, or stones don't constitute lethal force, watch too much TV , where people take beatings and come out of it with a bloody lip at worst. The fact that the gun makes lethal force easier, works solely in favor of the weaker defender, not the stronger attacker. If both are armed, the field is level.

The gun is the only weapon that's as lethal in the hands of an octogenarian as it is in the hands of a weight lifter. It simply would not work as well as a force equalizer if it wasn't both lethal and easily employable.

When I carry a gun, I don't do so because I am looking for a fight, but because I'm looking to be left alone. The gun at my side means that I cannot be forced, only persuaded . I don't carry it because I'm afraid, but because it enables me to be unafraid. It doesn't limit the actions of those who would interact with me through reason, only the actions of those who would do so by force. It removes force from the equation... And that's why carrying a gun is a civilized act !!
L. Caudill, Maj, USMC (Ret.)

[A past President said the same thing, as eloquently, but in shorter form:

"A free people ought not only be armed and disciplined, but they should have sufficient arms and ammunition to maintain a status of independence from any who might attempt to abuse them, which would include their own government."
George Washington

And, when Samuel Colt introduced his "Walker" model six shooter in the late 1840's it was said, "God made men, but Sam Colt made them equal."]

Remember this one? **Wife:** "What is the first thing you'd like to do when you get home from WesPac?"

Submariner: "Ahh, well ... the second thing I'm going to do is put down my seabag."

I want to live my next life backwards: (by George Carlin)

- You start out dead and get that out of the way.
- Then you wake up in a nursing home feeling better every day.
- Then you get kicked out for being too healthy. Enjoy your retirement and collect your pension.
- Then when you start work, you get a gold watch on your first day.
- You work 40 years until you're too young to work.

- You go to High School: drink alcohol, party, and you're generally promiscuous.
- Then you become a kid, go to primary school, you play, and you have no responsibilities.
- Then you become a baby, and ... You spend your last 9 months floating peacefully in Spa-like conditions - Central heating, room service on tap, and then... You finish off as an orgasm.

I rest my case.

International Submariners Association

(looking for submariners that stopped at the refueling base in Exmouth Gulf)

Dear Mr. Cunnally, [ISA President]

I am part of a team currently putting together an exhibition in Exmouth, on the North West Cape of Australia. We are very interested in including information and personal stories about the US submariner's that used the refueling base "Potshot" during WWII and beyond. If you are inclined to tell, your stories or if you know one of our WWII shipmates that would contribute please contact:

Sarah Slattery, Junior Designer. 105 Reservoir Street, Surry Hills 2010, Sydney NSW Australia

E-mail: Sarah Slattery sarah.slattery@frd.com.au Tel +61 2 9281 6488



- 1/16/2014 - Irv Forman, MoMM1(SS), at 91. Aboard 1945-7, Qualified on Sabalo 1946. Faithful Association friend and donor
- Nov17, 2013 - Hall, 'Ricky'Richard D. MMCS(SS), of Sparks, NV. Aboard 1963~1970
- 3/20/2014 Sedlak, Richard K. RMC(SS)/Lt. USN, Ret. Aboard 1951. Served on R-2, R-13, Segundo, Dogfish, Sabalo and Toro.

Rest your oars, shipmates

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Hall-Lynch)

Hall, Richard 11/17/2013	Holland, Alfr 1997/08/19	Joslin, Lest 2007/11/17	Krause, Edwa 2006/12/15
Hall, Rola 2003/04/06	Holley, Fred2001/09/18	Jung, Dale 2011/05/19	Kreps, Orri 2008/12/16
Halperin, Hyme 1996/07/02	Holmquist, Raym1993/08/18	Kalinowski, Alex2004/01/08	Kusza, Jero 2000/06/04
Halstead, Edwi 1988/04/23	Horsman, Wall 1986/07/12	Kappeler, Robe 2001/09/20	LaCourse, Jose 1960
Hanan, Jona d. 2010	Horton, Jame 2008/06/02	Keeling, Wayn 1981/11/05	Lacy, Edwa Apr 1960
Haney, John2010/02/25	Howe, Gary 1992/04/23	Keich, Edwi1998/05/07	Lamoree, Robe 1997/04/18
Harding, Howa 1997/07/18	Hudson, Stev 1989/07/15	Keiler, Rona1963/04/10	Lee, Haro 2008/12/22
Harding, Warr 2012/08/18	Hudson, Thom 1996/07/23	Kelly, Curt 2004/05/01	Lehnhoff, Lawr 2008/06/11
Harris, Jame2000/01/02	Hughes, Robe 2003/05/06	Kelly, Will 2002/02/28	Levine, Davi 1999/10/11
Harris, Merv 2008/04/13	Hundley, Tom 2006/08/06	Kelso, Fran 2013/06/23	Lewis, Dona1983/10/08
Harris-W Herb 1972/10/01	Hungerford, Stev2002/03/12	Kessler, Herb Feb 1984	Lewis, Edga 1985/07/08
Harshey, Jame 2003/06/11	Hunter, H Re 2009/09/21	Kidd, Rona 1988/12/02	Lewis, Loy 1995/11/08
Hatfield, Robe 2002/02/18	Huska, Mart2006/04/29	Kiehl, Rona 2004/04/01	Lewis, Robe1985/08/28
Hawkins, Edwa 2012/04/05	Hydock, Robe 1986/04/25	Kilgore, Davi 2006/01/15	Liberty, Rich Mar 1993
Haydel, Arma 1965/04/28	Irvin, Haro Jul 1990	King, Bruc 1974/11/30	Lindayen, Fran 1996/01/03
Hayes, Dani 1984/05/07	Ivey, Loy 2001/03/26	King, Evan 2009/07/10	Lindsay, Robe 2002/05/13
Hefner, Davi 2001/11/20	Jackson, Laur 1996/08/20	King, Marv 2006/10/08	Lineback, Kenn 1991/12/08
Henetz, Alex 1998/11/20	Jackson, Phil ??	Kirk, Harl 2011/09/29	Lockman, Jame 1999/10/15
Hibbert, Edmu 2009/02/26	James, Will yes	Kist, Arth 1992/02/04	Logan, Will 1995/04/27
Higgins, Jame 1995/09/27	Januszewski, Fran1989/11/11	Kitterman, Harr Late 2013	Logsdon, Haro 2010/10/28
Hilditch, Will 1984/11/22	Jarvies, John 2005/01/04	Klich, Dona 1999/01/27	Long, Erne Mar 1958
Hinrichsen, Stan2001/05/03	Jett, Geor 2003/02/24	Knapp, Ezra??	Loosli, Leo 2001/05/23
Hoe, Rich 2012/11/10	Johnson, Char 2003/03/23	Knorr, Haro 1997/04/06	Loveless, Ray ??
Hoffstrom, Will May 1987	Johnson, Dona 2006/08/30	Kolb, Robe 2000/08/25	Ludden, Cyru Dec 1975
Hoitt, Scot 1983/09/18	Jones, Chal 2006/06/17	Kooistra, Robe 1983/08/20	Lute, Jame 2009/12/25
Holian, Jame 1995/12/28	Jordan, Robe 2009/01/25	Korzilius, John 1999/04/28	Lynch, Owen 1993/07/27

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

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

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

Footnotes:

- Bravo Zulu:** = "Well Done!" 
- NTINS:** "Now This Is No Sh*t," as opposed to Fairy Tales which begin with, "Once upon a time...." Often shortened to: *(T.I.N.S.)*
- TBT** - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)
- UQC:** An underwater telephone (AKA Gertrude). 302's voice call sign was *Clever Boy* her radio//visual call was NXYO = 
- Continued:  The End: 