

USS Sabalo Association

Call Sign: *Clever Boy*

USSSABALO.ORG

4th Quarter - Winter 2014

MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR GETTING UNDERWAY!?

Now is a good time to start making every attempt to get your Body, Bride, and Budget aligned for a review of Naval History & Tradition (the inside skinny—NTINS) with Sabalo shipmates at our next REUNION[S]:

USSVI in Pittsburgh: Sept 7-12, 2015, and in Reno: late August 2016. [Please send Ron or Jeff a note]

HELP! Each issue of *Clever Boy* costs us about \$2 to send via US Mail , and our shipmates listed (page 2) regularly donate enough money to make sure it gets to all those 111 Sabalo Vets who don't have computers. These, our brothers, see it is a duty, and we are all honored to contribute, but ... **if you throw it away** with your junk mail, or just **don't care to read it** ... please call or send us a *No Thank-you* note so that we can save a little time and money.

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



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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

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

To:



To our 60 Publication Donors — Thank You!

Your exemplification of the spirit of our Brotherhood means that 114 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.

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From the Tomato Basket:

•A web-site called DeckLog is serendipitously maturing as a free open-access website created to help US Navy veterans find shipmates, Navy reunions, crew lists, and other data (photos, patches, history & fates) for most US Navy ships. USSVI has, to date, entered over 110,000 submarine veterans from military and public records, USSVI, USSVWWII, NSL, etc.. including almost 1,200 of the 1,400 Sabalo men tracked by the Sabalo Association; it solves many of the concerns I've had with long-term preservation of Sabalo data.

•Ron and I will be coordinating the transfer of data over to DeckLog which will allow all listed to individually update their own contact/personal history data, ships, duty stations, etc. Using DeckLog will help us better coordinate database maintenance, and make it all accessible online. DeckLog personal contact information will remain private and only accessible to our Crew Association via password protection.

•The Sabalo vets listed on DeckLog are incomplete and much of our amplifying data is not yet included, but check it out at www.decklog.com/ss-302.asp

•Future newsletters will provide more complete instructions on how to use everything, and our progress with entering additional men and data. Meanwhile feel free to experiment; if you have any questions, shoot me an email.

•On the personal side: My wife, Paula is much improved. She had a six month decline during the first half of last year, with no beneficial effect from chemotherapy. That regimen has been abandoned, and she has been on a new trial medication since June which has nearly straight-

ened out her blood chemistry with no significant side effects. She has more physical endurance and vigor, but has had to resign her position in clinical nursing. We carry on. Thank you to all who expressed concern and well wishes.

•I posted the Aug 2014 CB on the web site, and while adding it, I read "Jeff has committed to a Sabalo Banquet and Hospitality Room at the Pittsburgh, Pa. USSVI National Convention... ". Well, no. I actually 'plan' to attend as circumstances will permit. If I go, I will reserve a suite of a size (which will also be my sleeping room) depending on how many will attend. Larger attendance will be handled differently. And no banquet unless we get to the magic number of 30. I just want to let Sabalo sailors know there will be a place to gather. The dates are firm- 7-12 Sep 2015. The website:

ussviconventionsteelcity2015.org/.

•I will likely decide in the next 2 months. It could be that I will draw a tag for Colorado elk with interfering dates [the convention always collides with the elk season and Labor Day travelers are a drawback for me.] Foremost, will be Paula's health, so nothing is firm. I await response and feedback from the troops about Little Rock, and whatever seems like a good date. It's 1200 + miles from me, so I'll have to fly.

•I've updated the reunion page on our web site. (Dates for 2016 Reno earlier in August - no hunting conflict. See : ussabalo.org/Reunion_News.html
V/R **Jeff Owens ETR2(SS)**



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

Caution: This publication rated NC-62. An NC-62 publication is one that, in the view of the Editor, most Diesel Boat Submariners would consider patently too raw for their grandchildren. ☺

Don't hesitate to take the youngsters to see "American Sniper" (PG-13)! Many did when I went to see it, and it warms your heart to see these young people applauding—just as we did during WWII as newsreels showed our GI's fighting across Europe and the Pacific.



Thru the TBT: Housekeeping: Publishing donations are adequate for this issue and half of next; Thanks!

•**2015 Reunion.** One person besides Jeff and myself stated an interest in attending the 2015 USSVI Convention in Pittsburgh, Pa. If you might go, let us know. If we muster enough members and guests we could start arrangements. Pittsburgh history is the story of U.S.A. industrial success and is home to Museum Ship Requin (SS-481). If there's no response, we'll assume that the USSVI 2016 gathering in Reno will generate wide interest in upcoming issues.

• Because of my heart attack, I've not had time to update any of the charts this issue and the rest of the issue is what I could throw together while waiting for my sense of humor to return. Now, here's some ("Take it or leave it," "Bah, Humbug!") medical advice :

• **Anti-acid warning:** Remember the boat sailor who could evacuate his lungs (and often, several nearby tables of civilian diners) by belting out a series of rich baritone notes that would have made Johnny Cash proud? Or, who could vent methane gas with the sound of a klaxon lasting almost long enough to get a turn-count? Well, after 60 uneventful years, I was attending a convention at the Town and Country, where USSVI (and us) held our National Convention in 2009, and Saturday night, after I'd tested red wines, a few snobby beers and washed it all down with Bud, I hit the rack at the hotel. I woke up twice with heartburn, walked it off, and went back to sleep, but on Sunday morning I decided to go home where I performed all the contortions I could remember to vent off the hot pain in the middle of my chest, and finally sent my middle son for antacid pills. My best burp could only be called petite; so I resorted to **Tums**. By bedtime, I'd swallowed the recommended max Tums, and called my youngest (the Pharmacist) to see if I could continue with a bottle of generic antacids — he ordered me to go to emergency as Balboa hospital *Now. Immediately!*. There they swarmed all over me like bees around a flower (pale in color and rolling its eyes all the while). The point here gents, is that if pharts, burps, Tums, and years of experience don't work, get advice from somebody smarter than the submariner who's laughed at others with heartburn all his life.

The only funny thing I can remember from that day until the open heart surgery a week later was a visit to the head in my two-bed room: The escorting Hospital Corpsman (HN) took me past my roommate's bed to the john, and watched as I wrestled several umbilical cords, swung my "dressing gown" around to the front, and then squatted. I was not aware that my roommate had just dumped the ice from his water pitcher into the toilet. I was drugged up, shaky, frightened and pretty dopey, but when the temperature of my testicles suddenly plunged 60 degrees, I had the presence of mind not to try climbing the shower curtains, but I grabbed the Corpsman and we dragged each other to the wagon-circle of desks outside the rooms where I politely broadcast disbe-

lief that all the toilets in ICU had a water level a half an inch below the seat — as my HN had claimed. If that were so, said I, then the Navy, with Congressional guidance, obviously must have tested the facilities with only women—who had nothing to dangle into danger. I demanded, and got a booster chair, and was taken back to the head where the four-wheel rig rolled right over the bowl, as my tip-toes brushed the deck. First, a nice, warm feeling, and then I saw I'd peed all over my gown and slippers and the whole tile deck was yellow — the donut of the booster was about four inches above the toilet rim, more than adequate for the leakage. Later, during exercise walks around the circle of staff desks, many peeked around or over their computer screens and grinned — and some pretended not to see me. Nobody understood me at all when I said the Hunley had had better facilities. Peeing and heartburn were simple things once, and submariners were admired in the ICU. No more! Those shipmates reading this, who'd previously joined the Zipper Club, will likely think I'm a pansy — particularly because all this happened even before the surgeons lifted a scalpel.

• Mail Call overflow: I had a heart attack on Dec 7, (day of infamy), then a failed attempt to insert stents the next day, and a quadruple by-pass Dec 15, my eldest son's birthday. The hours in ICU and the recovery room were terrifying (no control of anything, including my own body functions) and some of the worst of my life. Painkillers took away all sense of time; visitors and staff, real or imagined floated in and out of my dreams; I hallucinated for days even after I got home. Why anybody would ever voluntarily take mind-altering drugs is beyond me because I was almost convinced that life was not worth fighting for, particularly when every precious hour of sleep was interrupted to "take my vitals," or give me insulin shots for diabetes I'd never had. Counting 12 breaths per minute for hours can make you nuts, which I did it many times. Peeing was painful; everything else, uncomfortable.

I faintly remember an event showing there might still be some life in the hopeless clump of flesh that was me: A nurse was shampooing my hair, another was changing a blood port and bandages, another was gently tapping my catheter — there were others, but the latter had all my attention. The catheter causes intense burning pain whenever it releases urine, so when she said, "Is that helping?" I'm pretty sure I was grinning as I answered, "Yeah, that's the best I've felt down there in five years." The soft voice suddenly growled, "What did you just say?" The others had also stopped dead, and in the silence I mumbled, "no, five minutes, not years." In seconds I was alone in the dark room at 2 AM, or PM on Wednesday or Thursday, wondering if the New Navy and the health care act had rationed me out because I was over 75, or because I was not yet trained to politically correctness. At that moment, I knew I wanted to live, so I changed my ways. No more BS for two days, and they let me go home to die. That's my story, and I'm sticking to it. **V/R RonG**

If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you're old.

Invocation Submarine Ball Naval Training Center, Great Lakes — 24 April 1982

O God, it's rumored that you're a little upset with submariners. They have the annoying habit of topping some of your finest efforts. You walked on the water. They found a way to walk under it. You divided the Red Sea amid noise and clamor, leaving behind a gaping wide trench. They divide the sea silently, leaving behind no trace at all. Then, in one of your finest hours, when you were really on a roll, you took the first submariner, Jonah, submerged him in the sea for three days in the belly of a whale, and then dramatically let him live to tell the tale. Now,

these showoffs submerge themselves in their steel fish for months at a time, and without batting an eye, come home, hale and hearty. They're a determined lot, Lord. I can understand your being testy; no one likes to be upstaged. But, in your heart of hearts, I know you like their style. We are grateful for them in the Navy and I know that you are too. The world is a better place, a freer place for what they do. They are the silent sentinels around the world. Bless those serving on lonely patrols this evening; unite us in spirit with them. And, on this, their birthday, grant these submariners your most special blessing. Amen.

Chaplain Owen Melody (LT, CHC, USNR)

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. For he today that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile. This day shall gentle his condition. And gentlemen in England now aged shall think themselves accursed they were not here, and hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks that fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day. Shakespeare, Henry V.

I sailed on five boats, and managed to witness problems resulting directly from men who had not been, in my humble opinion, adequately tested. Each of these men put me in danger of dying and, as cold-hearted as it sounds, I do not remember them well, nor will I waste my time trying to recall their names.

The Navy can screen prospective submariners for intelligence, hand-eye coordination and, to a certain extent, for physical and mental stability—but it is the crew who does the final evaluation. Before that, in Boot Camp, marching and polishing a piece, or rolling logs in Seal training, seem to be stupidly off the track in terms of training for a future required skill; I believe this is purposely so: The military has no way of determining exactly what a loving mother taught the kid which it's inherited: *Joey was born with misaligned ankle-bones and had to wear special shoes. Billy grew up knowing that guns are dangerous, but any psychotic man can own as many as he wishes. Jimmy has hazardous, life-threatening allergies...*

Good parents teach their children thousands of lessons to make their lives better and safer, but invariably, some of those beliefs become limitations on what that child can accomplish. I don't know much about female psychology, but all of my four boys—from their late teens to early twenties—went through a period in which they vigorously tested those lessons against reality: their father is re-

garded as completely stupid as they begin to pick and choose their own reality by trial and error. I'll say more about parenting later—but first the question: How is it that a young know-it-all, juvenile volunteer—loaded with testosterone and a false belief in his own indestructibility—can metamorphose into the man entrusted with the very lives of every shipmate who came aboard before him?

It is my opinion, that the world's greatest studies for dealing with adolescence have been conducted by the military over hundreds of years. That knowledge was accumulated, distilled, and tuned to its finest degree by the US Submarine Service in WWII. Submariners are not the best log-rollers in the world; they do not often win shooting championships or scuba diving records or precision marching accolades. What they do, do, regardless of what mom or dad said, is refuse to say, "I won't," or "I can't!" Something as seemingly-ridiculous as digging and refilling a hole is not overthought; instead, it simply becomes a personal challenge to the idiot who invented the game—and it will be done far better than in his wildest expectations. He will surely understand those who refuse to do worthless, meaningless work, and he will commiserate with those who despise pointless harassment; but *those* are not the chosen.

The men I don't remember: An IC Electrician, non-qual, clung to the Control Room chart table, frozen in fear and unable to move when we lost hydraulic

power and took a sudden 40-degree down angle. A guy passing through Maneuvering Room, during a similar emergency, tried to lock himself in the After Torpedo Room, furthest from the "deep end of the ship." He had to wear our long-sleeved white jacket for three days until we entered port. Another man went down into the engine room bilges and began singing hymns and preaching at the top of his voice after our three days of up and down "pursuit by Russians." A First-Class reporting aboard from the surface Navy for a Northern Run; mingled with the higher ratings, but obviously detested learning topside layout or the Trim and Drain system from qualified Seamen or Firemen—beneath his social class. You could assume that these were basically good men, but they all left the ship, unnoticed, when next we put the brow across—never to be heard from, and seldom mentioned, again.

Guys I do remember: Harassed continuously about his devout Catholicism until he quit converting lost souls, was soon respected and even consulted for his religious views. But ... he was chronically sea-sick. Guys woke him up with the lie that the boat was underway just to watch him puke his guts out.

Eventually, the CO, after having coaxed the Navy to accommodate this good man with orders to permanent shore duty, approved the Corpsman's recommendation for his transfer out of the Sub Service. He loved the boat, and didn't want

to leave, so the crew drew up a plea to keep him aboard—outlining a watch list for covering his duties going in and out of port—the Old Man relented and canceled his transfer. I do remember his name, but I leave it out, with respect.

I've suffered through, and even helped instigate, a few initiations and organized harassments, so I've seen both sides—so have all the men who read our newsletter. Their Dolphins signify to me that I did—and I still can—trust them with my life. Maybe I eagle-eyed them some when around my wife, and maybe loaning a hundred dollars or lending my car when we're drinking wasn't always a good idea. But...

I was an only child. The only Brothers I've ever wanted, or needed, wear the pin. I do have other good friends, but they've never passed the tests I've tried to describe....

Ont of my sons, was born pigeon-toed, and so when he was about six months old his doctors prescribed shoes bolted to a metal plate to keep his toes pointed

outward (about 90 degrees from his default position), to be worn at night. He and his mother both accepted this torture much better than I did, so after a few months of watching this cheerful kid grin as he crawled out of bed to me—dragging this medieval torture device along behind—I'd suddenly had it. I picked him up, ripped off the shoes, and jammed them into the trash can. His mom wasn't pleased at my disagreement with experts, but she went along because she hadn't seen his as a major handicap for such a sweet and accepting child anyway.

So, I tried buying him ice cream whenever I witnessed him pointing his toes forward to walk or run; I promised him cowboy boots if he'd walk as straight as a stealthy Sioux deer hunter for a week; I begged, cajoled, or nagged him almost constantly, and even enlisted his brothers to help with the harassment. Finally, at age eight, he joined Little League, where I soon mentioned that he was hitting well, but I added that, to make

home runs, he'd have to point his shoes directly at the next base bag and dig his toes into the dirt with every step, pushing hard toward each next bag. I'm thinking of this now as a minor miracle, but in reality, it might have taken a full season or two—in fact his cure may have had nothing to do with his dad's constant obsessive scolding—which had triggered many an eye-roll from my wife.

His first year playing in Little League's Major Leagues, he was the team's runner-up Home-Run King, and he made the All-Star Team every year. I frequently overheard he *runs like a deer*, or *never seems to touch the ground* when he runs. He's now in his late 40's and is debating whether to run his THIRD Boston Marathon; he's done Chicago and several in California.

Of course, we'll never know what would have resulted if I'd done nothing! So, do I brag for him or for me? Who knows? [RonG]



I recently spent \$6,500 on a young registered Black Angus bull. I put him out with the herd but he just ate grass and wouldn't even look at a cow. I was beginning to think I had

paid more for that bull than he was worth. Anyhow, I had the Vet come and have a look at him. He said the bull was very healthy, but possibly just a

little young, so he gave me some pills to feed him once per day. The bull started to service the cows within two days, all my cows! He even broke through the fence and

bred with all of my neighbor's cows! **He's like a machine!**

I don't know what was in the pills the Vet gave him but they kind of taste like peppermint.

Narrow escape in Vegas: Buy me Cherry Drink, sailor?

I'd just had four wild symbols come up on my slot-machine and the bells went off, so my third or fourth one-dollar bet was paying about \$60. I was at one of those large machines with a bench for two instead of the typical single seat and, as I watched the counter run up my winnings, a hand tapped me on the shoulder, "Hey, That's a good one!"

She was a young woman who looked to be somewhere between fourteen and thirty-nine (what we called the Pogeys-Bait category on the old boats, adjusted for my current age.). She wore tight levis and a well-formed, low-cut red blouse. To avoid appearing to be a dirty old man, I'd taken a quick mental snapshot: long brown hair, dangly earrings, red lipstick, high heeled clodhoppers, and she swished what looked like strawberry soda in a tulip glass. She asked if I'd mind if she sat at the vacant seat next to me to rest for a minute, and of course I was a gentleman. I scooted over, and so did she, touch-close. Then the conversation went something like this:

▪ **Her:** "Are you alone? Mind if I press the play button?"

Me: "Huh? ...no, go ahead." (Hmm, blue fingernails, no wedding ring, Cherry Drink...)

▪ **Her:** "I mean are you here with somebody, or are you by yourself?"

Me: "I'm by myself." (Feeling frisky: Cherry Drinks would be free at the slots)

▪ **Her:** "Um Hum. Where ya' from?"

Me: "San Diego ... Actually, I'm here with my submarine shipmates; we have reunions almost every year."

▪ **Her:** "I heard about San Diego. What's a submarine?" (Face to face now, I looked to see if her eyes looked weird-no clues there; make-up not too overdone)

Me: "Ah, well... you know... a submarine..." I held my forearm level, bent my wrist downward and tried to illustrate a diving motion while I said, "...a ship that dives below the ocean's surface and comes back up. You know. A United States Submarine!"

▪ **Her:** "You're a Marine, right?"

Me: "No, a Submariner."

▪ **Her:** "Oh! I get it. Something like the MILITARY, huh? Is it in San Deigo?"

Me: "Umm, well, yeah, close enough. Could you press the button a little slower; I like to watch the reels go around."

▪ **Her:** "Sure." Then she said, "I usually get \$500, \$1,000 but we could have some fun in your room for \$100."

Me: "Well, you're a very nice looking girl, but I've only got that \$38 left now." Couldn't just admit I was scared sh**less).

▪ **Her:** "You're a nice man, and I can stay all night if you



want.

Me: "Uh, well I'm flattered, but,uh, you're a little young ..."

▪ **Her:** "I like older men. I guess we could just go into a rest-room for a few minutes." She glanced around the casino, and shook her head, just as I was doing.

Me: "Thanks, but I'm tired and I think I'll just play this money off the machine and get some sleep."

▪ **Her:** "Well, I'm gonna walk around and stretch my legs for a while, see you later..."

Me: "Ok. Nice meeting you. Good luck...be careful..."

NTINS: Later, as I was telling this story in the Hospitality Room, and joking about my brain spinning around under dangerously high pressure, so to speak, it occurred to me: the story is really more tragic than funny. This young girl, the age of our grand-daughters, didn't even have the ability to comprehend the word *Submarine*— let alone *Submariner*. In this, the greatest nation the world has ever seen, it is perfectly rational for such a person to vote in a Presidential Election for a pack of cigarettes or a ham sandwich. Not for the best person. Not for a political ideology. For a ham sandwich!

I no longer have any doubt about that. **RonG**



Sabalo



MAIL BAG

- Jim (Buckles) passed away Mar-12-2014. I had 65 good years with him and miss him very much. He always enjoyed the newsletter. Thank you. Mrs. Buckles.
- Richard DeSitter ... passed away May 12 ... enjoyed Clever Boy... quite good...loved the subs...thank you for what you do for our vets. They must enjoy the reading very much; my husband did. Mrs. R.P. DeSitter.
- Sept 22 via USPO: "Add me to your "No Thank You" list... 60 yrs since Sabalo...very little in common with what I read in your Newsletter ...served on 9 other ships ... destroyer raids and submarine patrols in WWII... Sabalo experiences in memory bank along with rest, don't need newsletter...to jog memories. Thank you." **Cdr. George H Mahoney (Sabalo CO 1955—57.** [Ed.:Thank you, Skipper, for your example, your leadership, and your heroic service in WWII. Hand Salute! My perspective is from the forward capstan with a cup of coffee just "shooting the sh*t" while wardroom memories and inputs are sparse. Our website is the world's best source of Sabalo history and tradition and both Jeff and I volunteered to do what we do, as best we can. Perhaps that is adequate, RonG]
- 5/1814 I had a great time at The reunion in Sin City. I am looking forward to the next one. If you pick another place and I am still sunny side up I'll do my best to be there. Thanks for everything you and Jeff have done. Ron Foster ('57-9)
- 9/12/14 Thanks for the info... sorry I can't commit myself to travel long distance due to Health Problem. Shipmate, Dante B. Villa ('63-7)
- 9/11/14 ...happy to donate.... Thank you for spearheading this....Bobbie and I look fwd to CB Don Nelson ('68-9)
- 9/16/14 ...Thanks for...newsletter...enjoy...share it with all who care to read it... sorry .. Bo Ramsey has passed. He and I and Max Moon were known to have a few together. Ramsey called me about ten years ago and told me a little about what he had been doing. He said that he tried the Biker life for awhile; worked on a deep submersible for the University of Alabama and had finally settled down. He also told me that Max Moon had been running guns, got caught and committed suicide. It seems that we are getting to be fewer and fewer...take care and keep the up the good work. John Huskey ('63-9)
- 9/24/14 ... let you know that I am alive and well, just a little bit slower. enjoy ... CB ... hello Jeff ... sorry that I missed the reunion...Grayback reunion...little time to attend both...in Las Vegas... just before Sabalo's Hope you answer soon."Doc" Davis. ('68-9)
- 9/10/14 Great update/message carrier! Read just about every word and am sending along a check for your or Jeff's use as needed. Again; BZ! H. "Vinny" Venezia ('54-7)
- 9/10/14 ...great newsletter ...keep sending it. One of the guys I worked with at a little company out here was on the Shark, as I recall, and he said they had moored next to the Scorpion in 1967 in Rota before she left on her final trip. He said the thing looked like it had been beaten up pretty badly, with scrapes on the hull and dents in the sail. His story was that they patched it up and sent it home, but they were always suspicious that someone trailed it, or it was sunk in retaliation for something that it had done. He also didn't think it was very likely that a swimmer could have made it into the Rota base and attached a mine. A US sub did standby the liberty when it was attacked, maybe it was the one. That was the same summer. Joe Hess ('70-71)
- [THANKS! from ED] From Bible quotes and prayers, to rehabilitation advice (i.e.: "It sounds like you're recovering nicely; keep it up—except when you pee"). I've received hundreds of emails and dozens of USPO messages expressing sincere concern; and to even those who wrote nothing, I understand that sometimes, there are just no words Shipmates, when the above sentence began to look like I was bragging, I figured it was time for me to lie to, into the wind, and check my position. Puffing myself up with a popularity prize pretty much misses the point. Your get-well messages matched what I'd often said (or wished I'd said) usually in painful anger as our losses increased and grew larger with every issue of our newsletter. I hope that this short thank-you note will relay your (our) messages of brotherhood on to every man who ever served on the boat, wherever he may now be ... whether ever put into words, or not. RonG

· Questions from the Man-Cave: Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavoring, and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?

A little history, Thomas Jefferson Started A War Against Fundamentalist Islam Over 200 Years Ago

Secular Global Institute



Leatherneck

Most Americans are unaware of the fact that over two hundred years ago, the United States had declared war on Islam, and Thomas Jefferson led the charge!

At the height of the eighteenth century, Muslim pirates were the terror of the Mediterranean and a large area of the North Atlantic. They attacked every ship in sight, and held the crews for exorbitant ransoms. Those taken hostage were subjected to barbaric treatment and wrote heart breaking letters home, begging their government and family members to pay whatever their Mohammedan captors demanded. These extortionists of the high seas represented the Islamic nations of Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco, and Algiers – collectively referred to as the Barbary Coast – and presented a dangerous and unprovoked threat to the new American Republic.

Before the Revolutionary War, U.S. merchant ships had been under the protection of Great Britain. When the U.S. declared its independence and entered into war, the ships of the United States were protected by France. However, once the war was won, America had to protect its own fleets. Thus, the birth of the U.S. Navy. Beginning in 1784, seventeen years before he would become president, Thomas Jefferson became America's Minister to France.

That same year, the U.S. Congress sought to appease its Muslim adversaries by following in the footsteps of European nations who paid bribes to the Barbary States, rather than engaging them in war. In July of 1785, Algerian pirates captured American ships, and the Day of Algiers demanded an unheard-of ransom of \$60,000. It was a plain and simple case of extortion, and Thomas Jefferson was vehemently opposed to any further payments. Instead, he proposed to Congress the formation of a coalition of allied nations who together could force the Islamic states into peace. A disinterested Congress decided to pay the ransom.

In 1786, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams met with Tripoli's ambassador to Great Britain to ask by what right his nation attacked American ships and enslaved American citizens, and why Muslims held so much hostility towards America, a nation with which they had no previous contacts. The two future presidents reported that Ambassador Sidi Haji Abdul Rahman Adja had answered that Islam "was founded on the Laws of their Prophet, that it was written in their Quran, that all nations who should not have acknowledged their authority were sinners, that it was their right and duty to make war upon them wherever they could be found, and to make slaves of all they could take as Prisoners, and that every Musselman (Muslim) who should be slain in Battle was sure to go to Paradise."

Despite this stunning admission of premeditated violence on non-Muslim nations, as well as the objections of many notable American leaders, including George Washington, who warned that caving in was both wrong and would only further embolden the enemy, for the following fifteen years, the American government paid the Muslims millions of dollars

for the safe passage of American ships or the return of American hostages.

The payments in ransom and tribute amounted to over twenty percent of the United States government annual revenues in 1800.

Jefferson was disgusted. Shortly after his being sworn in as the third President of the United States in 1801, the Pasha of Tripoli sent him a note demanding the immediate payment of \$225,000 plus \$25,000 a year for every year forthcoming. That changed everything.

Jefferson let the Pasha know, in no uncertain terms, what he could do with his demand. The Pasha responded by cutting down the flagpole at the American consulate and declared war on the United States. Tunis, Morocco, and Algiers immediately followed suit. Jefferson, until now, had been against America raising a naval force for anything beyond coastal defense, but having watched his nation be cowed by Islamic thuggery for long enough, decided that it was finally time to meet force with force. He dispatched a squadron of frigates to the Mediterranean and taught the Muslim of the Barbary Coast a lesson he hoped they would never forget.

Congress authorized Jefferson to empower U.S. ships to seize all vessels and goods of the Pasha of Tripoli and to "cause to be done all other acts of precaution or hostility as the state of war would justify". When Algiers and Tunis, who were both accustomed to American cowardice and acquiescence, saw the newly independent United States had both the will and the might to strike back, they quickly abandoned their allegiance to Tripoli.

The war with Tripoli lasted for four more years, and raged up again in 1815. The bravery of the U.S. Marine Corps in these wars led to the line "to the shores of Tripoli" in the Marine Hymn. They would forever be known as "leathernecks" for the leather collars of their uniforms, designed to prevent their heads from being cut off by the Muslim scimitars when boarding enemy ships.

Islam, and what its Barbary followers justified doing in the name of their prophet and their god, disturbed Jefferson quite deeply. America had a tradition of religious tolerance, the fact that Jefferson, himself, had co-authored the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, but fundamentalist Islam was like no other religion the world had ever seen. A religion based on supremacism, whose holy book not only condoned but mandated violence against unbelievers was unacceptable to him. His greatest fear was that someday this brand of Islam would return and pose an even greater threat to the United States.

This should bother every American. That the Muslims have brought about women-only classes and swimming times at taxpayer-funded universities and public pools; that Christians, Jews, and Hindus have been banned from serving on juries where Muslim defendants are being judged, Piggy banks and Porky Pig tissue dispensers have been banned from workplaces because they offend Islamist sensibilities.

Ice cream has been discontinued at certain Burger King locations because the picture on the wrapper looks similar to the Arabic script for Allah, public schools are pulling pork

from their menus, on and on in the newspapers....

It's death by a thousand cuts, or inch-by-inch as some refer to it, and most Americans have no idea that this battle is being waged every day across America. By not fighting back, by allowing groups to obfuscate what is really happening, and not insisting that the Islamists adapt to our own culture, the

United States is cutting its own throat with politically correct knife, and helping to further the Islamists agenda.

Sadly, it appears that today's America would rather be politically correct than victorious. Happy Remembering! Those who don't know HISTORY are destined to REPEAT it !!!



US Troops Banned from Buying Drink for 'Juicy Bar' Workers

Oct 28, 2014 | by Ashley Rowland 2014 Stars and Stripes.

SEOUL, South Korea -- U.S. Forces Korea [USFK] has banned service members from buying drinks for workers in "juicy bars," which have long been suspected of involvement in prostitution and human trafficking. [*Crown Royal and Asahi already gone? Japan/Hong Kong too?*]... zero-tolerance policy toward prostitution, buying drinks in exchange for female company was not strictly prohibited ... changed ... "Paying for companionship directly supports human trafficking and is a precursor to prostitution," ... Gen. Curtis Scaparrotti ... "This practice encourages the objectification of women, reinforces sexist attitudes, and is demeaning to all human beings."

... typically staffed by scantily clad women, ... sell pricey nonalcoholic drinks ... in exchange for their company. ... acknowledged links between juicy bars and prostitution and human trafficking

... policy bans providing money or anything of value ... for a bar worker's company inside or outside their place of employment Violators are subject to UCMJ punishment, administrative action and punishment ... applies to all military personnel in South Korea...policy update "was issued as part of the continuing efforts of USFK to combat prostitution and human trafficking."

While USFK has long condemned prostitution and human trafficking, it has allowed troops to patronize juicy bars unless they were caught blatantly taking part in those practices.

Gen. Walter Sharp said all juicy bars should not be punished for the actions of a few "... have women that are there to talk to soldiers and sailors and airmen and Marines... can't presume that things go beyond that... if we investigate it and find that true, then we do put them off-limits ... work very hard on that [*Ed.: Nancy Polosi, Barbara Boxter, Diane Feinstein to the rescue!*]... a good system in place for it."

Military officials have long complained

of the difficulty in drawing direct links between the seemingly innocuous selling of "juice" and prostitution and human trafficking ... has led to the closure of dozens of the establishments in the popular Songtan area in the past year and a half.

The South Korean government announced last year that it was increasing its oversight of businesses that hire foreigner entertainers, including a number that were near U.S. bases, in an effort to cut down on human rights violations.

[Ed.: Although still legal, smoking, drinking and sex have been banned during R&R, more work needs to be done! Sailors objectifying an 'entertainer', by visibly or audibly noticing her breast size, is a gross human rights violation! "Any failure to report offending comrades should be severely punished if we are to fully modernize out still functioning, but out-dated, U.S. Navy," per California Senators]

What fun would liberty be with a rules like these? Jeff Owens

Noblesse Oblige, Esprit de' corps, and Other Imponderables in Washington, DC

We were cold-war diesel submarine sailors, so it could be said that our mettle was never tested the same ways as it was for U.S. combat troops in Korea, Vietnam, Iraq and Afghanistan — aboard a submarine you either die or you don't. Routinely, a young man serving on a submarine is safer than his peers living in Los Angeles or Chicago.

Conversely, there are very few men wearing the Dolphins insignia today who have not experienced, at least once, the terror of an out-of-control plunge toward the sea-floor, while fully aware that USS Thresher and USS Scorpion both were lost with all hands, within fractions of a second, as sea-water imploded into their steel hulls. Purple Hearts have not often been awarded to submariners, but In WWII, over a fifth of all submariners failed to return to port, a combat death-statistic higher than even the U.S. Marine Corps.

Sometimes referred to as *Brothers Of The 'Phin* we often use the motto, *Pride Runs Deep*. This may differ from those bands of brothers in other branches of the service whose bond is forged while fighting alongside one another, often including indigenous brothers fighting next to them in—and for—their own country. A man who risks his own to save another's life, to apply his tourniquet, or to pass him ammunition, is certainly a courageous and intrepidly-loyal brother. But, Sub-

mariners typically cannot identify a dauntless shipmate who reversed a dangerous situation by determinately climbing a slanted bulkhead toward a critical switch or valve, because another helped guide his footholds, and another confident and clear-headed individual, tied down the garbage can that would have knocked him from his perch.— it is a team of interdependent brothers. For centuries, good men and women, in units on the ground, in the air and at sea, have willfully faced danger and hardship in performing their duty to defend Americans and America's highest ideals. Guided by the history of those men proceeding them, acting beyond the call of duty, *noblesse oblige* was imbedded into their heart and character: *Whoever claims to be noble must conduct himself nobly*. We, all of us, know this.

Generally unheralded, nobility in the military has been neither appreciated nor understood by the shrillest of Americans and their coddled leaders, who, in their quest for fame or votes, might hypocritically clamor for increased PTSD funding in the same breath with which they belittle those willing to sacrifice their lives for their country. Stress, the "S" in PTSD is not lessened when our warriors return home to hear from the mouths of lying politicians and partisan TV ads that they had sacrificed their "Blood for Oil..." or stupidly fol-



lowed a respected leader despicably and publicly slandered as "General Betray Us". These charlatans perpetuate the Vietnam era tradition of virtually spitting upon our returning heroes. They scream *Ain't it awful?* at every military headline; they revise and use updated versions of John Kerry's infamous speech to Congress, accusing American Soldiers of "rape, cutting off ears, heads, limbs, razing villages ... reminiscent of Genghis Khan," for selfish political purposes. A soldier who attacks a bunker, obeying commands without hesitation, is not celebrated as a hero by such politicians because they are incapable of recognizing nobility: they view him as a malleable fly-over country-bumpkin, only to be pitied and kept in reserve; fodder, available as needed.

Politicians are seldom elected for their nobility — a human frailty aptly recognized in our Constitution — but soldiers are often propelled toward noble acts because, as Thomas Jefferson said, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants."

A man or woman who empties his or her pockets in a dark alley into a blind man's cup, has not been generous for the sake of public approbation; he has done a thing both honorable and selfless; even if driven by fear of damnation, but honorable acts will always accumulate toward nobility. It rarely happens, but when a leader shakes a soldier's hand in genuine appreciation, he offers stress-reducing context to that man's trauma. Conversely, the most subtle hollow promise, or false praise, is an abhorrent act that steals that soldier's dignity and desecrates his nobility.

Politicians should avoid not having a leg(acy) to stand on:

To: The "Honorable" (Enter Congress rep here) _____

Do you remember the time you bent over to pick up a piece of paper and threw it in the trash without anyone else noticing? When you didn't eat the last slice of delicious cake so someone else could? Or the time you could have stolen money from mom's purse, but didn't? Sure you do. Think about it. Think about it again, and often. Do another tiny honest (honorable) thing from time to time, and think about these too. Don't brag or announce it; just think about that small feeling of pride somewhere in your brain that grows more and more pleasant as you accumulate more good things to think about. Before you know it, you'll be able to think about a soldier who lost a leg for his country without the phrase "poor, lower-class, hick," (or worse) bouncing around inside your cranium: you'll begin to think, *Yeah, I'm a bit like him; I do good things too. Is that part of what brothers feel? It feels good.*

Eventually, your peers will begin to notice the changes in you and, ultimately your children and grandchildren might even value your legacy more than the memory of the cars you bought them for graduation. Perhaps, one day, you might cry a few genuine tears when you see an old man push himself up from his wheel chair to salute a passing flag. Not for a photo-op, or to bank a few votes, but to experience the exhilarating mental high known as self-actualization. [AKA: Brotherhood. RonG]



At our reunion a couple of years ago, we stopped in at 'Hooter's' to have some Hot Wings and a beer or two. After being there for a while, one shipmate wondered aloud which waitress he'd most like to be stuck in an elevator with. While the other guys needed to think it over, your humble editor, as usual, had the obvious answer: "The one who knows how to fix elevators."

Military.com Headlines & Military Decimation

Air Force Officers' Firings Reflect Turmoil in Nuclear Mission

The [Air Force](#) has fired or disciplined at least 16 nuclear missile commanders or senior officers for misconduct and other failings over the past year and a half... a colonel accused of "cruelty and maltreatment" ...squadron commander found to have illegally discriminated against women ...

Fort Bliss Garrison Commander Relieved of Duty

"Maj. Gen. Stephen Twitty, 1st Armored Division and Fort Bliss commander, officially relieved Col. Thomas Munsey of command ... lack of trust and confidence in Munsey's ability to command ... " ... Privacy Act ... exact allegations ... not released," ... (Munsey was awarded the Bronze Star (two oak leaf clusters); Defense Meritorious Service Medal; Meritorious Service Medal (four oak leaf clusters); Army Commendation Medal (three oak leaf clusters); and Army Achievement Medal (four oak leaf clusters).

Frigate CO Relieved After Allegedly Groping Chief's Wife

C.O. of San Diego-based Navy ship... relieved of command ... allegations of misconduct... Cmdr. Luis Alva was relieved as commander of the frigate Vandegrift ... commodore ... lost confidence ... ability to command ... declined to provide details ... Navy Times reported that on Monday [?], Alva grabbed the buttocks of the wife of a chief petty officer in a bar in Panama City, Panama. In 2012, another Vandegrift commander ... and top officers were relieved of duty due to a drinking incident during a port call to Vladivostok, Russia.

Relieved Warship CO Used Bad Language, Inappropriate Touching

Capt. Wayne Brown, ... C.O. ... Navy's premier warship[s] USS Boxer .. relieved of command ... routinely used foul abusive language toward crew members ... behavior toward female crew members ... touching ... asking them whether they were using birth control ... ship had lost several crew members who became pregnant and could not deploy... the women ... un-nerved ... inappropriate... endorsed by Rear Adm. Frank Ponds in late September. ... one sailor: "Capt. Brown's leadership style is caustic and intimidating and is something he would consider 'old school' or from the '80s."

Chuck Hagel, Scapegoat, [Bible goat that carried the sins of Israelites; sent off to meet death in the desert], was a decent man



who never had a chance in the dysfunctional Obama administration. Hagel was dismissed to protect those who really have been in charge of formulating a national security strategy that has been a dismal failure ... the inner circle of presidential advisors responsible for the premature withdrawal from Iraq; the premature announcement of a withdrawal from Afghanistan; the unfulfilled promise of the pivot to Asia; the red line on Syria that wasn't; the confused response to Putin's aggression in Ukraine and to the rise of the Islamic State. None of these individuals shows any sign of moving on. The inner circle remains intact. *Foreign Policy Group*



Statistics in this section have not been updated.

The Sabalo Association

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

Alcantara, Emmanuel:	Hotes, Wm	Ledwidge, Joe	Post, Meryle
Beatty, John	Huckfelt, Larry	Linder, Roy	Saga, John
Edens, James	Koca, Gerald	Macaranas, B	Viduya, Napoleon
Hoatson, Lee	Leach, Thomas	Mahoney, Geo	

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

Cohen, George
Porter, George
Wegner, Gordon

Sabalo LOST Contact Data

Shipmates W/NO KNOWN Address, Phone Number, or Obituary. Since last issue, we've gone from 449 'lost' men to the current 436. 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.

Mahn, Walt	McKay, Jame	Munoz,	Onan, Pat	Quinlan, Jame	Rufo, Euge
Mahoney, Patr	McLaren, Robe	Munroe, Larr	Orosz, Davi	Quisdorff, HA	Ryan, John
Maliwanag, Abun	Meehan, Jame	Myers, Robe	Orr, Robe	Rankin, Thom	Sabol, Thom
Mansur, Algi	Messick, Milt	Natividad, Perf	Osborn, Bill	Ray, Erne	Sacदान, Jess
Marryat, Dere	Metcalfe, Jose	Neff, Geor	Oswald, JR	Reed, Haro	Sanares, Olym
Marsh, Jose	Meyer, John	Nelson, Jodi	Ouellette, Char	Reed, Jack	Sanchez, Edwa
Marshall, Paul	Miller, Dale	Nelson, Leon	Parsons, Ralp	Ribble, Thom	Sanderson, SW
Marshall, Roy	Miller, "Ed"	Nelson, Rich	Payne, Robe	Rickerson, Russ	Sarmiento, Euse
Martin, Perr	Miller, Geor	Newton, John	Peeling, Thom	Robbins, Robe	Schachterle, Conr
Martin, W S	Miller, Harv	Nichols, Jame	Pelliter,	Robinson, Char	Scott, Jame
Martin, Will	Mills, Stan	Norberg, Gera	Perez,	Robinson, Robe	Seyer, Ralp
Mays, DL	Miltner, Gera	Nordstrom, Waym	Perkins, Robe	Roddy, WJ J	Sharp, Jimm
McAnally, Jasp	Minard, Jame	Novitsky, Wilb	Piper, Haro	Rogers, Denn	Sharpe, Carl
McDonald, Gera	Mitchell, Benj	O'Brien, Jame	Pointer, Dani	Rogers, Rona	Shelly, Jame
McFadden, Jame	Moore, Mich	O'Connell, Edwa	Pope, Jero	Rojo, Domi	Shepard, Robe
McGowan, Jose	Morgan, Robe	O'Donnell, Bro	Priest, Jame	Ross, Mart	Sherman, Alan
McGraw, Dona	Morris, John	O'Donnell, Pete	Proffer, Roge	Roush, R.L.	(First names are truncated to 4 letters for space)
McGraw, Jame	Moss, Paul	O'Donohue, Robe	Purtilo, Davi	Royle, Mich	
McGriff,	Mullis, Will	Olson, Jame	Queenen (sp?),	Ruffino, Anth	

WE ARE SUBMARINERS *Stolen from the "Signal Ejector", the newsletter from Mobile Bay Base USSVI.*

We are not the first of them and we will not be the last. Our heritage runs back to the first submarine. This heritage line continues forward into an unseen future. Each generation is trained by the one before. This will remain so until there is no more use for submarines, which will be never. If one of us goes aboard a new or old submarine, we are comfortable with the men there; they are us and we are them, for we are the same. Stand us in a line in all our dress uniforms or naked in our coffins, we are the same. We are and forever will be submariners. We are one.

We can have everything taken from us, uniforms, medals, our sanity and our lives, but we will always be recognized by others and ourselves as a submariner. This status cannot be removed from us. Our Dolphins worn on our chests then, on our blazers now or later pinned on molding uniforms in our graves mark us forever. We are first, last, and always men that stepped forward and worked long and hard to become what we are. We are unique amongst seafarers for we sail down deep into dark and always dangerous waters. We do this not with foolhardy go-to-hell bravery, but with cool calculation and care.

We challenge the dangers with training and practice. We know that the time for bravery will come when two shipmates have to shut themselves in a flooding compartment, knowing that the whole boat and crew depends on them alone to control the flooding.

We believe in each other, because we must. Alone at sea, the crew and a pressure hull are all we have to reach the surface again. Men with confidence in each other dive and surface submarines countless times. Each man trained by others holds the lives of those shipmates in his hands. Dolphins are the qualification symbol of this tradition. Submarine hulls have numbers and men have hearts and souls. We carry those numbers in our hearts in life, and they mark our souls in death. Dolphins are the symbol of this. Our Dolphins are the ultimate insignia; no other symbol matters or means anything to us as much as they do.

There are only two types of ships: Submarines...



... and Targets



Of the class known as "Triple-E" (EEE), *Mary Maersk* is 1,300' long, 194' wide, and a draft of 45'. She cost \$190B, and is crewed by 20-30 men. This most economical freight transport uses 100 tons fuel/day at 15kts, carrying 18,000 40-foot containers (as in semi-truck trailers).

Her displacement is 55,000 tons, empty—the Japanese Aircraft Carrier, *Shinano*, sunk by Archerfish in the Battle Of Midway—displaced a similar 59,000 tons, and, in contrast, *USS George H.W. Bush* (CVN77) draws 104,000 tons while a WWII diesel boat drew 2,400 tons (submerged).

Currently, 11 Triple-E's carry \$13T in goods/year, 70% of world freight. China is currently bankrolling a new canal in Nicaragua to handle ships too large for Panama, and has ordered 5 new ships, with a 19,000 container capacity.

Happy Thanksgiving!

I am no DBF cook, but I can follow his directions: "Let the bird chill in the sink for a few hours."



Sabalo Warehouse Clearance Sale



Thanks for your support! All above actual costs is used to offset the costs of maintaining the web site, and for communications to shipmates who don't have email. Jeff Owens

What do they do in New England when heavy snow restricts their travel?



(Above \$32, Postage paid) High quality, printed poster with semi-gloss finish measures 16 1/2" x 21"—suitable for framing. Shown are all Sabalo ports-of-call visited with the country flags along top/bottom, and all the ribbons for awards she accumulated. Also displayed are various ship's and squadron patches.

More Sabalo gear at:
http://ussabalo.org/Ship%27s_Store.html
 See website for regular prices on Hats, Patches, Lapel pins, Wheel Books, Luggage tags, etc.



- 3/12/2014 James R. Buckles, S1c, aboard 1945-6.
- 5/15/2014 Richard P. DeSitter, FT2(SS), aboard 1952

Statistics in this section have not been updated.

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Rice, Howard-Whelan)

Rice, Howe 2011/09/07	Seigler, Haro 2010/01/14	Stieff, Dona 2004/02/11	Uncapher, Rola 1982/09/11
Rice, Lest 2011/09/07	Settle, Hans 1989/04/25	Stiles, Robe 2012/07/11	Utterback, Davi 1978/06/08
Rismiller, Robe 2007/04/30	Severson, Edwa 1988/02/13	Stockton, Jeff 7 Mar 2005	Vallier, Arma 1992/01/28
Roberts, Verl 1997/08/02	Sewell, Thom 1997/10/12	Story, Gera 2004/03/28	VanBuskirk, Lyle '02/09/26
Robinson, Jame 2009/05/10	Shaffer, Clyd 1972/07/30	Stothard, Ralp yes	Vance, Will 2007/02/02
Rohrbacher, Vir 2005/04/19	Shannon, Fred 1968/11/18	Stroleny, Dona 1975/02/07	VanCleave, Bern '91/11/12
Roripaugh, Noni 1999/05/28	Shaw, Paul 1998/09/25	Sturm, Ever 1960/03/03	VanKeuren, Lewi May '81
Roseland, Rola 2003/10/01	Shaw, Vern 2009/01/24	Sullivan, Fred 1983/11/21	Vela, Home Jul 1987
Rouse, Dani 1974/02/19	Shea, Rona 2002/04/10	Sullivan, Mich 1987/03/30	Vergot, Mark 1991/09/08
Salud, Greg 1996/07/15	Shelby, Step 2010/03/28	Sundell, Thom 2012/06/04	Vincent, Mich Apr 1993
Samuel, Luth 2008/05/31	Shepard, Calv 1982/03/06	Sunga, Arco ??	Vincent, Robe ??
Sanders, Stan 1993/10/13	Shumake, Davi Feb 1986	Swartz, Ezra 2001/08/23	Voltz, Rona 1977/08/23
Santana, Erix 1996/07/06	Sidol, Will 2001/01/17	Swenson, Carl ??	Votaw, Harr 2003/10/08
Sauncy, Ells 1997/03/29	Slepko, Step 2012/03/28	Swenson, Eric 2007/03/16	Wakayama, Jimm '12/06/13
Saunders, Phil 2006/10/18	Slinker, Fran 2008/03/02	Tabing, Virg 1988/12/19	Walker, Larr 1972/03/12
Savadkin, Lawr 2007/04/01	Smelker, Gayl 1999/08/07	Taylor, Thom 2010/01/25	Way, Jame 2007/12/29
Schisler, Harr 2001/01/11	Smith, Lewi 2013/09/18	Thomas, Pete 1992/07/01	Wells, Curt 1997/11/04
Schmidt, Alfr ??	Smith, Lore ??	Thurman, Milt 1986/10/01	Wells, Pete 1994/09/16
Schultz, Guy 1975/05/03	Smith, Pear 1995/05/13	Tierney, Will 2004/12/18	Wendling, Gilb 2002/06/01
Schultz, Robe 2003/05/18	Sojka, Fran 2006/12/27	Tingle, Henr 1991/10/26	Wennerstrom, Rob '10/05/31
Schwehm, Fran 1977/07/06	Sowards, GW 2007/06/09	Torgeson, Duan 2008/07/05	Werner, Stan 2010/03/24
Scott, Davi 2010/10/07	Starks, Lind Nov 2003	Townsend, Gord 1980/12/07	Westberry, Will 2006/02/17
Seaman, Jame 2014/03/20	Stetler, Wils 1990/02/07	Trevelyan, Will 1991/05/15	Weyer, Rona 1989/05/02
Sedlak, Rich ? in 1964	Stevens, Bern 2011/01/09	Trimble, Delm 2002/11/07	Whelan, John ??
Seeber, Rich 2007/07/05	Stevenson, Conn 2008/12/15	Trone, Pete 1984/04/09	
Seevell, Roge 2012/10/12	Stiefbold, Dona 1988/01/08	Tupaz, Tere 2004/03/19	

A NAVY MOM, VESTA STOUDT: As the mom of two sons in the Navy, while working in an ammunition plant, Stoudt had the idea to use cloth tape to seal boxes of ammo so it could be opened in mere seconds while keeping the ammo dry, potentially saving the lives of soldiers when time was critical. When her bosses rejected her idea, she went straight to President Franklin D. Roosevelt himself via a written letter. A few weeks later, she received a response that the Navy was going to “fast track” her idea, and thus DUCT TAPE was born. And who could imagine our lives without it now?

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: 