



Don't forget to check out the web site (above) from time to time—it's a good source of info.

•If you received a hard copy of this Newsletter through the mail, but have access to the internet, please send me an email with your current email address— Printing/Postage is our biggest expense. [Ed]

Ahoy Shipmate!

Jeff Owens has invested hundreds of hours assembling names & data on Sabalo veterans, at least in part because [in my humble opinion - ed] he felt that those names represented some of the most memorable men that we have ever known before or since (and trusted with our lives). This issue is being sent in the dark to several previously *lost(?)* shipmates who have been located by Pat Householder and the USSVI's *Legacy Project* team which is combing all available records to create a complete roster of each U.S. Submarine for its entire time in commission. This Hail Mary pass could potentially add 100 names to our list of those who served on the boat, and are still living; it is urgent that we try to replenish our dwindling numbers as old age takes its terrible toll. I am also posting a partial list of those for whom we have NO contact information. PLEASE contact us with any info that can help us locate shipmates. If this is your first Clever Boy, you should review past issues of this newsletter at —USSSABALO.ORG. . RonG



Remember: USSVI 2012 National Convention - Norfolk, VA Sept 3-8 2011



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

**Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:
 Ron Gorence
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To:

Thank You! To our generous Publication

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Smith, Carl
Thompson, DM

If you're one of the 122 men who receive Clever Boy thru the Post Office, feel free to send these guys a note of thanks via the Mailbag — they exemplify the spirit of our Brotherhood and deserve our gratitude.



•From the Tomato Basket:

Next Sabalo Reunion?

In past issues of *Clever Boy* upcoming USSVI Conventions have been mentioned, but with little response. This year's will be held in Norfolk, Virginia 2-9 September 2012. If 20 of you Sabalo vets will commit by 1 June to attend a Sabalo function on about 3 September, then we can organize something special for Sabalo. If you are a member of USSVI, the convention details in the *American Submariner* magazine, or get details on the convention web site: <http://ussvi-2012convention.com> You do not have to be a member to attend anything that we might have as reunion activities. However you might want to check out all of the convention details. You could join the organization for one year's dues of \$20 and attend anything that suits your fancy. If you're not online and want to know what goes on, please call me. East coast guys: this is a great chance to see what a convention is like. The last one nearby was in Saratoga Springs, NY in 2004 and got rave reviews; it will likely be a while before one comes east again. For those of you who indicated that past Sabalo reunions were a travel problem, Norfolk is a great opportunity.

Shipmate News: **Pete Ouellette** (aboard 63-69) is recovering from recent knee replacement surgery. **Roy Owens** (aboard 66-68) had back surgery a few months ago, and during his recovery period he had an accident while mounting one of his horses and the horse's head stuck him in the face requiring facial surgery. I received a note card from **Harold & Shirley Losby** (aboard 65-70). They arrived at their Orange Park, Florida place right after New Year's and plan on being there until late March. Harold says they are in good health except for "the usual aches and pains." **Terry Heisterman** (aboard 66-69) reports that he is no longer working in Canada, and his new assignment is in Sugarland, Texas on a "project for Dow Chemical, about one hour South of Houston on the Gulf. Can't retire yet though wish I could, probably after this one, we finish in 2013. Jani and I are both doing well, enjoy the married life for a change"



How about a few more of you checking in with news on your doings?

Jeff Owens '67-69, Webmaster

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Sabalo Web Site: Some of the recent updates to standard HTML web site computer codes have changes which have caused some problems in accessing pages on the Sabalo site. I may have missed making corrections to some links on the site causing nuisance problems. If you encounter any bad links, have trouble accessing any pages, or with any website functions, or have some suggestions for content inclusion, please send me an email. Jeff



Through the TBT: Thru the TBT:

Greetings shipmates. With my apologies, this issue finds me a little late (see elsewhere where I describe my bride's recent operation) so I'm filling some space with items about *Brotherhood*. We frequently allude to the Brotherhood of the 'Phin, but I've collected a few worthwhile insights into other similar relationships. Most of the men written about in these don't rate dolphins but, in my opinion,

might still deserve our respect in one way or another (remember, not everybody can wear dolphins): *Ode to America* gives us a glimpse of how we may be seen from abroad; *Young Man* offers a group of academy selectees some advice regarding Navy Air vs. USAF (with a little re-writing, it would nicely describe diesels vs. nukes); *I Was a Sailor Once* pretty well captures what all of us liked about our time in the Navy; *Jim Ryan's Seabag* nearly rivals Dex Armstrong's pithy descriptive abilities; and finally, *Does He Have A Vocabulary Or What?* for a few words from the Marine Corps. There is also an article, *Retired Husband*—I thought of warnong readers, "Do not try this at home!" And I considered changing the title word Husband to Submariner—after consideration, I just decided not to waste the ink, One of you guys probably wrote it.

Thanks again to our generous publication donors! This issue is being sent to about 480 Sabalo vets, up from 456 in last August's issue. Emails increased by about almost a dozen while we're adding over 40 USPO mailings. Two things to remember: first, the added emails cost us nothing (but time), while added mailings will each cost about \$1.12 for postage, paper, toner etc. , and second, I use the word 'about' because rejections of new contacts is much higher. In general, I get about 3% returned, and I immediately re-label and re-stamp the rejected mail and send it on to somebody who's email has been rejected. I expect many more rejects with a mailing list never used before. The good news is that I still have over \$350 in the pot, enough for at least 3 more issues.

Jeff 's base number—his grand total of all Sabalo Vets is 1,285. Clever Boy's current Sailing List (used for mailing) has 480 men, over a third that we are in touch with. On the other hand the Sailing List has 144 (from USSVI) listed on Eternal Patrol, but Jeff counts 481 because he's collected strong enough data to include *probable deceased*. If his count is right, and it probably is, then he's finally managed to get over 75% of our living shipmates in touch with each other (Thanks, Jeff!). And this can improve if we hurry. To that end, Page 9 has a list of 89 men we need to locate, and on Page 12, I've started a list of our departed shipmates—as time goes by, maybe we'll happily receive a sarcastic quotation or two, like one originated by Mark Twain: "...rumors of my death are greatly exaggerated."

VR, RonG

I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy. Tom Clancy
My girlfriend always laughs during sex, no matter what she's reading. Steve Jobs

~An Ode to America ~

Why are Americans so united? They would not resemble one another even if you painted them all one color! They speak all the languages of the world and form an astonishing mixture of civilizations and religious beliefs.

On 9/11, the American tragedy turned three hundred million people into a hand put on the heart. Nobody rushed to accuse the White House, the Army, or the Secret Service that they are only a bunch of losers. Nobody rushed to empty their bank accounts. Nobody rushed out onto the streets nearby to just gape about.

Instead the Americans volunteered to donate blood and to give a helping hand.

After the first moments of panic, they raised their flag over the smoking ruins, putting on T-shirts, caps and ties in the colors of the national flag. They placed flags on buildings and cars as if in every place and on every car a government official or the president was passing. On every occasion, they started singing: 'God Bless America !'

I watched the live broadcast and rerun after rerun for hours listening to the story of the guy who went down one hundred floors with a woman in a wheelchair without knowing who she was, or of the Californian hockey player, who gave his life fighting with the terrorists and prevented the plane from hitting a target that could have killed other hundreds or thousands of people.

How on earth were they able to respond united as one human being?

Imperceptibly, with every word and musical note, the memory of some turned into a modern myth of tragic heroes. And with every phone call, millions and millions of dollars were put into collection aimed at rewarding not a man or a family, but a spirit, which no money can buy. What on earth unites the Americans in such a way? Their land? Their history? Their economic Power? Money? I tried for hours to find an answer, humming songs and murmuring phrases with the risk of sounding commonplace, I thought things over, I reached but only one conclusion... Only **freedom** can work such miracles.

Written by Mr. Cornel Nistorescu and published under the title 'C'ntarea Americii ('Ode To America') in the *Romanian newspaper Evenimentul zilei 'The Daily Event' or 'News of the Day'*.

Passing The Bar* (and they would have, too if not for me)

I'd like for my Sabalo shipmates to know I missed the last USSVI reunion because my wife and I attended a reunion in N. Little Rock at the site of USS Razorback last September. A couple of nights, Mary Ann wanted to go to the room, eat cheesecake, and watch Barbara Streisand movies, and when I told her I couldn't hold my breath that long, she graciously gave me a kitchen pass. NTINS, this is exactly, precisely what happened:

I left Spider and Pork-chops (PC) guarding my beer (along with our tab backed by three credit cards) at the Wyndham's *bar to go out for a smoke. Just outside the glass doors leading to the lobby/bar, a young lady was bent over reading newspaper headlines through a vending machine's window. She had an un-lit cigarette so I offered her a light and asked if there was anything interesting in the papers.

She answered, "Na, dar's not much; tanks fer da light."

Well, I just *had* to ask about the accent—because it sounded exactly like PC's—and sure enough, she too, was from Michigan. Not only that, as I found out later, Janice was from upper Michigan, and therefore a fellow *Yoooper*. She was in North Little Rock for some sort of agricultural sheeting convention so, having already been in NLR for a couple of days, I offered to buy her a welcome-to-Arkansas drink. I pointed through the windows at PC (Jim), who was laughing and gesturing wildly with Spider, assuring her we all had a gentlemanly interest in sheeting but, more importantly, that PC also happened to be from Michigan—and it occurred to me that neighbors should always say 'howdy' or whatever word is used in Michigan. After she agreed, and knowing how shy old DBF sailors can be, I subtly suggested that maybe she could mention something like child-support as sort of an icebreaker—just to get a conversation started. She thought for a few seconds, and said, "Yeah, I can do that."

Well, shipmates, I had no idea how much Hollywood those Yooopers have in their blood:

When we went in PC and Spider had their heads almost touching and PC was waving his right hand up and down in the middle of some sort of intense Trim and Drain argument. There was an empty bar stool behind PC, who was turned toward Spider to his left, and after I secretly confirmed to her which guy was PC, she sat down behind him, unnoticed. So now, my bar stool was at the left, next was Spider, then PC, and then Janice, all to my right.

Eventually, when beer-sipping caused a brief lull in the conversation, a female voice came from the far right, behind PC, "Jim?"

He didn't hear it—or maybe he just ignored her—so she said it louder, "Jim!"

Spider's eyes opened wide, surprised that somebody had known PC's real name, but PC only thought he'd misheard, so he said, "Are you talking to me?"

"I've been on the road all day. I found you, and I've come to get my child-support!"

Spider shrank down on his bar stool, his eyes wider than ever, and looked up at me like a guy seeing his best friend donning a hangman's noose. I couldn't see PC's face, but he was frozen on the stool with his head bobbing slightly back and forth as though he was counting—in segments of nine-months each—back to every single time he'd ever gone back to Michigan over the past 50-60 years.

Dumbfounded, he sat rigidly with his back to me as she continued, "You want to see receipts for their hospital bills? For daycare? For food?"

I tapped Spider on the shoulder and whispered that I'd set it all up. "BULLCRAP!" he said, "Just listen to her. She's serious! We gotta get him a lawyer, or something." With convincing sarcasm, she said, "I have pictures of the kids..." She tapped her purse. "...if you're *even* interested in seeing them."



Half an hour later, Spider shook his head and reached for his beer—he was still looking intensely back and forth at her and then PC and then at me; he still didn't know what to make of it. But in about an hour, we'd lost interest. Janice and Jim were talking about the Mackinac Bridge, old schools long-since torn down, and Upper Michigan fall foliage. We'd just been damn near peeing our pants, and now everybody seemed to have gotten back to a bored-zero bubble state.

Speaking of foliage, I should also mention Stacy (another similar night). She was an absolute knock-out (also about a third of our age) with long brown hair who had been somewhat estranged from her father for years until we, after discovering that her dad had been career-military, convinced her of some very heroic activities he'd likely have participated in though he might have appeared less than totally-devoted to his wife and child. I think she actually called him from the Windham and began a minor reconciliation after we'd set her straight. She promised to doll-up and come to the Banquet as PC's date, but never showed up and, as far as I know, both ladies left our company with the same virtues they'd arrived with—even though our end-around runs and our final-approaches had been flawless. We too, I think, had remained pure through it all.

Two old married bubbleheads (Spider and me) having a great time trying vicariously to fix up our lone bachelor (PC) with various sordid activities seems juvenile I know, but it does get the juices flowing, and it always adds to our bank account of great memories. And, just in case you're thinking of it: No, I do not think I deserve the nickname *pipe-pimp!*

RonG

(I sailed with these guys 53 yrs. ago on Razorback—and I'm the only one who matured properly)

... Young Man,

Congratulations on your selection to both the Naval and Air Force Academies. Your goal of becoming a fighter pilot is impressive and a fine way to serve your country. As you requested, I'd be happy to share some insight into which service would be the best choice. Each service has a distinctly different culture. You need to ask yourself "Which one am I more likely to thrive in?"

USAF Snapshot: The USAF is exceptionally well organized and well run. Their training programs are terrific. All pilots are groomed to meet high standards for knowledge and professionalism. Their aircraft are top-notch and extremely well maintained. Their facilities are excellent. Their enlisted personnel are the brightest and the best trained. The USAF is homogeneous and macro. No matter where you go, you'll know what to expect, what is expected of you, and you'll be given the training & tools you need to meet those expectations. You will never be put in a situation over your head. Over a 20-year career, you will be home for most important family events. Your Mom would want you to be an Air Force pilot...so would your wife. Your Dad would want your sister to marry one.

Navy Snapshot: Aviators are part of the Navy, but so are Black shoes (surface warfare) and bubble heads (submariners). Furthermore, the Navy is split into two distinctly different Fleets (West and East Coast). The Navy is heterogeneous and micro. Your squadron is your home; it may be great, average, or awful. A squadron can go from one extreme to the other before you know it. You will spend months preparing for cruise and months on cruise. The quality of the aircraft varies directly with the availability of parts. Senior Navy enlisted are salt of the earth; you'll be proud if you earn their respect. Junior enlisted vary from terrific to the troubled kid the judge made join the service. You will be given the opportunity to lead these people during your career; you will be humbled and get your hands dirty. The quality of your training will vary and sometimes you will be over your head. You will miss many important family events. There will be long stretches of tedious duty aboard ship. You will fly in very bad weather and/or at night and you will be scared many times. You will fly with legends in the Navy and they will kick your ass until you become a lethal force. And some days - when the scheduling Gods have smiled upon you - your jet will catapult into a glorious morning over a far-away sea and you will be drop-jawed that someone would pay you to do it. The hottest girl in the bar wants to meet the Naval Aviator. The bar is in Singapore.

Bottom line, son, if you gotta ask.....pack warm & good luck in Colorado.

Banzai

If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed, if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed.

Mark Twain [Submarine newsletters, however are golden, particularly parts labeled NTINS]

RETIRED HUSBAND [from the internet, Author unknown—but this guy could be a brother]

After I retired, my wife insisted that I accompany her on her trips to Target.

Unfortunately, like most men, I found shopping boring and preferred to get in and get out. Equally unfortunate, my wife is like most women - she loves to browse. Yesterday my dear wife received the following letter from the local Target:

Dear Target Customer:

Over the past six months, your husband has caused quite a commotion in our store. We cannot tolerate this behavior and have been forced to ban both of you from the store. Our complaints against your husband are listed below and are documented by our video surveillance cameras:

1. June 15: He took 24 boxes of condoms and randomly put them in other people's carts when they weren't looking.
2. July 2: Set all the alarm clocks in Housewares to go off at 5-minute intervals.
3. July 7: He made a trail from a jar of brown gravy on the floor leading to both the ladies and men's restrooms.
4. July 19: Walked up to an employee and told her in an official voice, 'Code 3 in Housewares. Get on it right away'. This caused the employee to leave her assigned station and receive a reprimand from her Supervisor that in turn resulted with a union grievance, causing management to lose time and costing the company money.
5. August 4: Went to the Service Desk and tried to put a bag of M&Ms on layaway.
6. August 14: Moved a 'CAUTION - WET FLOOR' sign to a carpeted area.
7. August 15: Set up a tent in the camping department and told the children shoppers he'd invite them in if they would bring pillows and blankets from the bedding department to which twenty children obliged.
8. August 23: When a clerk asked if they could help him he began crying and screamed, 'Why can't you people just leave me alone?' EMTs were called.
9. September 4: Looked right into the security camera and used it as a mirror while he picked his nose.
10. September 10: While handling guns in the hunting department, he asked the clerk where the antidepressants were.
11. October 3: Darted around the store suspiciously while loudly humming the 'Mission Impossible' theme.
12. October 6: In the auto department, he practiced his 'Madonna look' by using different sizes of funnels.
13. October 18: Hid in a clothing rack and when people browsed through, yelled 'PICK ME! PICK ME!'
14. October 21: When an announcement came over the loud speaker, he assumed a fetal position and screamed 'OH NO! IT'S THOSE VOICES AGAIN!'

And last, but not least:

15. October 23: Went into a fitting room, shut the door, waited awhile, and then yelled very loudly, 'Hey! There's no toilet paper in here.' One of the clerks passed out.

I Was A Sailor Once

I liked standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe - the ship beneath me feeling like a living thing as her engines drove her through the sea. I liked the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswain's pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, the harsh squawk of the IMC (ships intercom that is heard through out the ship), and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I liked Navy vessels -- nervous darting destroyers, plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady, solid, heavy cruisers, battleships and aircraft carriers.

I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Coral Sea, Antietam, Valley Forge -- memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome.

I liked the lean angular names of Navy "tin-cans" and escorts -- Barney, Dahlgren, Mullinix, McCloy, Damato, Leftwich, Mills, Stickell, Noa, Paul, Coontz, T.C. Hart, Glover & Sullivan Brothers -- mementos of heroes who went before us. And the others -- San Jose, San Diego, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago -- named for our cities.

I liked the tempo of a Navy band blaring "ANCHORS AWEIGH" through the topside speakers as we pulled away from the oiler after refueling at sea.

I liked Liberty Call and the spicy scents of foreign ports.

I even liked the never-ending paperwork and all-hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both critical and mundane in order to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe there was water to float her.

I liked sailors, officers and enlisted men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life.

I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me - for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word, they were "shipmates"; then and forever.

I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: "Now set the special sea and anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving port," and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier side. The work was hard and dangerous; the going rough at times; the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the "all for one and one for all" philosophy of the sea was ever present.

I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's

work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night.

I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness -- the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead.

And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

I liked quiet mid-watches with the aroma of strong coffee -- the lifeblood of the Navy permeating everywhere.

I even miss the screaming winds of the North Atlantic machine-gunning sleet and frozen bow spray into my foul weather gear as I stood lookout watch on the starboard wing.

And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

I liked the sudden electricity of "General quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations," followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war -- ready for anything.

And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them.

I liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Burke. A sailor could find much in the Navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood. In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks.

Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their Navy days, when the seas belonged to them and a new port of call was ever over the horizon. Remembering this, they will stand taller and say,

"I WAS A SAILOR ONCE AND I WOULD DO IT AGAIN." [Ed note: Bitching all the while...]

Want to keep up with Navy News?

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Jeff

Benefits Open to Same Sex Partners

American Forces Press Service Wash. Oct. 28, 2011 [No Comment - ed]

With the repeal of "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," Defense Department officials have now identified a total of 14 benefits [below] where members may designate beneficiaries of their choosing, regardless of sexual orientation. The Defense Department is also engaged in a careful and deliberate review of the possibility of revising the eligibility for additional benefits, if legally permitted.

Department Reminds Troops of Member-designated Benefits. In their ongoing review of military benefits in connection with the repeal of "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," Defense Department officials have now identified a total of 14 benefits where members may designate beneficiaries of their choosing, regardless of sexual orientation.

"We listed eight member-designated benefits in our original Quick Reference Guide, released Sept. 20. We've now validated an additional six," said Defense Department spokeswoman Eileen Lainez. "While these are not 'new,' now that we've confirmed these additional benefits, we're updating the Quick Reference Guide to ensure all are aware of their beneficiary options."

The 14 benefits identified for members to designate whomever they wish as beneficiaries are:

- Service Members Group Life Insurance beneficiary;
- Post Vietnam-era Veterans Assistance Program beneficiary;
- All-volunteer Force Educational Assistance Program – Active Duty Death Benefit beneficiary;
- Death Gratuity beneficiary;
- Final Settlement of Accounts;
- Wounded Warrior Designated Caregiver;
- Thrift Savings Plan beneficiary;
- Survivor Benefit for retirees;
- Casualty Notification;
- Escorts for Dependents of Deceased or Missing;
- Designation of Persons Having Interest in Status of a Missing Member;
- Veterans' Group Life Insurance beneficiary;
- Person Eligible to Receive Effects of Deceased Persons; and
- Travel and Transportation Allowance: attendance at Yellow Ribbon Reintegration events.



Eligibility for a number of other benefits is restricted by applicable statutes, including the Defense of Marriage Act.

Finally, in connection with the repeal of "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," Lainez said, "the Defense Department is engaged in a careful and deliberate review of the possibility of revising the eligibility for additional benefits, if legally permitted." Service members are encouraged to contact their personnel offices for more information.

"The money for this will be deducted from other military benefits. And they're not done yet."

DOES HE HAVE A VOCABULARY OR WHAT...?

For the few of you who have missed him, R. Lee Ermey is the host of The History Channel's "Mail Call" and played the Drill Instructor in the movie, "Full Metal Jacket." He recently played the totally unsympathetic psychiatrist in a GIECO commercial. He is a retired Marine Gunnery Sergeant and a very plain speaker, as you will soon read. So, for your entertainment, here is Retired Marine Gunnery Sergeant R. Lee Ermey at his first press conference. The main topic of discussion is the Marine in Iraq who shot an Iraqi insurgent to death. ANYWAY, THE STORY GOES: We pick up as a reporter asks about "how this potential war crime will affect our image in the world"

Ermey: "WHAT KIND OF A PANSY-ASSED QUESTION IS THAT?"

Reporter 1: "Well, sir I think...."

Ermey: "THINK, FANCY BOY??! GET THIS THROUGH THAT SEPTIC TANK ON TOP OF YOUR SHOULDERS, MORON: I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU THINK, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?? THAT MARINE SHOT AN ENEMY COMBATANT, SHITHEAD. SO GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR ASS AND DEAL WITH IT BEFORE I MAKE YOU MY OWN PERSONAL PIN CUSHION!!!

NEXT QUESTION: YOU IN THE BLUE SUIT."

Reporter 2: Don't you think that the world's opinion of our operations is important?

Ermey: "OH SURE! YOU DON'T KNOW THE TIMES I HAVE CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP WORRYING ABOUT WHAT SOME GODDAMNED FRENCH PANSY THINKS! OH THE DAYS I HAVE HAD TO WEEP, BECAUSE SOME SHIT EATING TERRORIST SCUMBAG MIGHT BE MAD AT US, BECAUSE WE WENT INTO WHATEVER GOD FORSAKEN HOLE IN THE SHIT THAT HE LIVES IN AND KILLED HIM. WHAT THE HELL KIND OF DUMBASS QUESTION IS THAT YOU PETER-PUFFING JACKASS?"

WE ARE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND WHEN YOU ATTACK US, WE ARE GOING TO COME TO YOUR HOUSE AND BLOW YOUR STINKING CAMEL-SUCKING ASS INTO PIECES SO SMALL WE WILL BE ABLE TO BURY YOUR SORRY ASS IN A THIMBLE! YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING. YOU ARE PROBABLY AFRAID, THINK ING THAT I HAVE SUCH AN "EXTREME" ATTITUDE AND THAT I NEED TO BE MORE "SENSITIVE" TO OTHER PEOPLE'S FEELINGS. WELL LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING YOU POLE-SMOKING PANSY! I DON'T GIVE TWO SHITS WHAT YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE THINKS! THIS IS A DAMN WAR, AND IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE THAT, THEN YOU SHOULD GO HOME AND SUCK ON YOUR MAMMA'S TITS! DO YOU HEAR ME YOU RUNT? NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF MY PRESS ROOM BEFORE I GO CRAZY AND BEAT THE LIVING SHIT OUT OF YOU!!
NEXT QUESTION: YOU WITH THE UGLY-ASSED TIE, LOOK AT THAT THING! IT IS HIDEOUS!"

Reporter 3: "Aren't you going against the freedom of the press by..."

Ermey: "FREEDOM? WHAT IN BLUE HELL DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FREEDOM? I HAVE SWEATED MY ASS OFF IN JUNGLES, WHILE BEING SHOT AT FOR THIS NATION! WHAT IN THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE YOU LITTLE SHIT-SUCKING WEASEL? WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU PUT YOUR ASS ON THE LINE FOR ANYTHING? AND YET YOU HAVE THE UNMITIGATED TEMERITY TO SHOW UP HERE AND MONDAY-MORNING QUARTERBACK THE ACTIONS OF A BRAVE MARINE, WHO WAS DEFENDING HIMSELF AND HIS UNIT FROM AN ATTACK BY SOME MURDEROUS AL-QUEDA SYMPATHIZER!! YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT I AM CONCERNED ABOUT, NUMB-NUTS? I AM CONCERNED ABOUT A BUNCH OF GRABASSTIC, ORGANIZED MORONS WITH CAMERAS AND MICROPHONES DOING THEIR BEST TO PORTRAY OUR BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN AS WAR CRIMINALS! I AM CONCERNED ABOUT CHICKEN-SHIT PANSIES THAT WANT US TO NEGOTIATE WITH TERRORISTS AND WHINE ABOUT THEIR PISS-ANT "FREEDOMS"!!

NEXT QUESTION?

Reporter 3: "I...I..."

Ermey: "DID YOU HAVE A BIG BOWL OF STUPID FOR BREAKFAST THIS MORNING, NUMB NUTS? I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD OUT OF THAT COMMIE CRY HOLE IN THAT SHIT-PILE YOU CALL A HEAD! AND THAT GOES TRIPLE FOR THE REST OF YOU PANSY-ASSED MORONS! NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF MY PRESS ROOM BEFORE I SHOVE MY BOOT SO FAR UP YOUR ASS THAT YOU CHOKE TO DEATH ON MY SHOELACES!!!!"

Marine DI's have a language all their own. God bless them all.

Please note: If you received this in error, tough shit, either enjoy or throw it out

"Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with pizza." Dave Barry

If I seem distracted in this issue...

My bride of 47 years has had Myelofibrosis since 2002. This is a disease of the bones which causes the marrow to produce deformed and/or insufficient red blood cells (RBCs). Usually, this ailment turns into leukemia, an incurable cancer, but thankfully it has not done so in Mary Ann's case. Since her first diagnosis, her several medicine regimens have controlled but not stopped the progression of her symptoms — severe pain in her shin bones and ankles, and increasing shortness of breath (because an RBC's function is to transmit oxygen to all the body's cells). She started out receiving RBC infusions every year or two, but toward the end of last year she needed them every two weeks or she was totally exhausted just trying to stand up.

Meanwhile her spleen grew from the normal size (a short

fat banana) to the size of a football. The spleen's main function is to filter out bad blood cells and store good ones for later use, and hers grew in an attempt to provide new unclogged filtering areas; she had it removed on December 5th.

Splenectomy is major surgery so we were very concerned, but with that behind us we are now confident it will reduce her anemia by better using whatever RBCs she can produce, and therefore reduce the infusion frequency (it's been month-and-a-half now, and we pray it will hold there). The rest of her Lymphatic System should take over most of the spleen's duties including fighting infections—but we'll still have to watch out for any signs of minor infection for the rest of her life.

All prayers appreciated! RonG



This is a partial list of known Sabalo vets for whom we have no US Post Office or email address, or phone number. If you can add any info, please contact Jeff Owens, or Ron Gorence.

Albert, James G	Diosomito, E. j.	Huckfeldt, Larry W	Rice, Lester J
Alley, William P.	Donovan, John Joseph	Humphrey, Ronald J	Ross, Martin
Alonzo, Frederick L	Eastman, John L	Huntington, William F	Sanares, Olympio P
Arndt, Thomas C	Eppinette, Donald G	Kirk, Harlow R	Schachterle, Conrad R
Ash, Keith Leroy	Everton, Kenneth J	Landrum, Charles D	Seevell, Roger
Beech, James E	Forsman, Ronald S	Legaspi, Jr, M. c.	Shaw, Paul G
Bessette, Eanest Th	Forsman, Wayne A	Leggett, David H	Sherman, Alan R
Birchmore, Jr, Henry H	Franklin, Randal	Lewis, John D	Spailer, John Lawrence
Bishop, Jr, George W	Frazier, Kendall L	Logan, Jr, William C	Spears, Sidney Leroy
Bouchard, Andre D	Furchak, Jr, John	Long, Roger	Stephens, Robert H.
Carlas, Antonio S	Gapilitan, Ricardo M	Lynch, Robert Forrest	Sumich, John E
Capilitan, Ricardo	Greene, William H	Miltner, Gerald A	Thompson, Harold A
Christian, Samuel L	Giovannucci, Robert	Minard, James N	Tolliver, Frederick K
Collins, John A	Golladay, Denny D	Mullis, William H	Urvin, Edward L
Cone, Robert Howard	Grain, William S	O'Donnell, Peter F	Villalobos, Pedro
Coon, Jr, William J	Gregorio, Rigelio P	Payne, Robert E	Vincent, Robert B
Corpus, Mauro	Gregory, William T	Perkins, Robert D	Wallace, Francis T
Crain, William S.	Harris, Jackie L	Pointer, Daniel R	Wayte, Arthur M
Crossley, Richard J	Harsh, Kenneth C	Purtilo, David P	Whitehead, Jackie E
Cummings, Edward	Haynes, David J.	Reed, Jack D	Winkler, Frederick J
Dadas, Narcisco Felix	Hensley, Robert J	Reidell, W	
Decker, Jerry Lynn	Higgins, Byron Robert	Reilly, David M	
Deguzman, Ricardo D	Honore, Palmer J	Reyes, M.	

•**Start your engines!** : Video aboard USS Cobia (SS-245): [youtube.com/watch?v=fWCsP8CmKP8&fmt=18](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fWCsP8CmKP8&fmt=18) These guys did a good job of filming the return to life of an FM. Thunderously beautiful!

•**Need DD214copies?** : DD214 application: [archives.gov/veterans/military-service-records/standard-form-180.html](https://www.archives.gov/veterans/military-service-records/standard-form-180.html) I submitted the form on this web site, and in less than a month, I received a stack of 214's in the mail—free of any charge. Get your grandkids to copy either bold text and paste it into your browser's address box...

Jim Ryan's Seabag

There was a time when everything you owned had to fit in your seabag.

Remember those nasty rascals? Fully packed, one of the suckers weighed more than the poor devil hauling it. The damn things weighed a ton and some idiot with an off-center sense of humor sewed a carry handle on it to help you haul it. Hell, you could bolt a handle on a Greyhound bus but it wouldn't make the damn thing portable. The Army, Marines, and Air Force got footlockers and WE got a big ole' canvas bag.

After you warped your spine jackassing the goofy thing through a bus or train station, sat on it waiting for connecting transportation and made folks mad because it was too damn big to fit in any overhead rack on any bus, train, and airplane ever made, the contents looked like hell. All your gear appeared to have come from bums who slept on park benches. Traveling with a seabag was something left over from the "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" sailing ship days. Sailors used to sleep in hammocks, so you stowed your issue in a big canvas bag and lashed your hammock to it, hoisted it on your shoulder and, in effect, moved your entire home from ship to ship.

I wouldn't say you traveled light because with ONE strap it was a one shoulder load that could torque your skeletal frame and bust your ankles.

It was like hauling a dead Greenbay linebacker.

They wasted a lot of time in boot camp telling you how to pack one of the suckers. There was an officially sanctioned method of organization that you forgot after ten minutes on the other side of the gate at Great Lakes' or San Diego's boot camp.

You got rid of a lot of the 'issue' gear when you went to a SHIP. Did you EVER know a tin-can sailor who had a rain-coat? A flat hat? One of those nut-hugger knit swimsuits? How bout those 'roll-your-own' neckerchiefs... The ones girls in a good Naval tailor shop would cut down & sew into a 'greasy snake' for two bucks?

Within six months, EVERY fleet sailor was down to ONE set of dress blues, port & starboard, undress blues, and whites, a couple of white hats, boots, shoes, a watch cap, assorted skivvies, a pea coat, and three sets of bleached-out dungarees.

The rest of your original issue was either in the pea coat locker, lucky bag, or had been reduced to wipe-down rags in the paint locker.

Underway ships were NOT ships that allowed vast accumulation of private gear.

Hobos who lived in discarded refrigerator crates could amass greater loads of pack-rat crap than fleet sailors. The confines of a canvas-back rack, side locker, and a couple of bunk bags did NOT allow one to live a Donald Trump existence.

Space and the going pay scale combined to make us envy the lifestyle of a mud-hut Ethiopian. We were global equivalents

of nomadic Mongols without ponies to haul our stuff. And after the rigid routine of boot camp, we learned the skill of random compression, known by mothers world-wide as 'cramming'. It is amazing what you can jam into a space no bigger than a bread-box if you pull a watch cap over a boot and push it with your foot.

Of course, it looks kinda weird when you pull it out, but they NEVER hold fashion shows at sea and wrinkles added character to a 'salty' appearance.

There was a four-hundred mile gap between the images on recruiting posters and the ACTUAL appearance of sailors at sea. It was NOT without justifiable reason that we were called the tin-can Navy.

We operated on the premise that if 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness' we must be next to the other end of that spectrum...

We looked like our clothing had been pressed with a waffle iron and packed by a bulldozer. But what in hell did they expect from a bunch of swabs that lived in a crew's hole of a 2100 Fletcher Class tin-can? After awhile you got used to it... You got used to everything you owned picking up and retaining that distinctive aroma... You got used to old ladies on

busses taking a couple of wrinkled nose sniffs of your pea coat, then getting and finding another seat. Do they still issue seabags? Can you still make five bucks sitting up half the night drawing a ship's picture on the side of one of the damn things with black and white marking pens that drive the old master-at-arms into a 'rig for heart attack' frenzy? Make their faces red... The veins on their neck bulge out... And yell, 'What in God's name is that all over your seabag???' 'Artwork, Chief... It's like the work of Michelangelo... MY ship... GREAT, huh?'

"Looks like some damn comic book..."

Here was a man with cobras tattooed on his arms... A skull with a dagger through one eye and a ribbon reading 'DEATH BEFORE SHORE DUTY' on his shoulder... Crossed anchors with 'Subic Bay-1945' on the other shoulder... An eagle on his chest and a full blown Chinese dragon peeking out between the cheeks of his butt... If ANYONE was an authority on stuff that looked like a comic book, it HAD to be the MAA... Sometimes, I look at all the crap stacked in my garage and home, close my eyes and smile, remembering a time when EVERYTHING I owned could be crammed into a canvas bag.

[Author, Jim Ryan (?)]

Mail Bag

- Want to thank you for the many wonderful newsletters you work so hard at...I sure do enjoy them and share with many of my submarine buddies. Thank you for all you do Art Clement, USN Ret TMCS (SS)
- I really don't remember exact dates but I was on SS 302 during drydock at Hunters Point and during 1st sea trial (not very successful one ;-)) following drydock ... this was in 1965-6 as I remember. Paul Martin
- Quick question: Do you have a listing for a Radioman Hughes? I'm not sure whether I served with him on the Sabalo or Carbonero. I don't remember his rate, but I believe he was the one who gave me my nickname, "Legs". --Dieter Dauber

Trigger Maru

**I'm the Galloping Ghost of the Japanese Coast,
You don't hear of me or my crew -
But just ask any man off the coast of Japan
If he knows of the *Trigger Maru*.**

**I look sleek and slender alongside my tender
With others like me at my side,
But we'll tell you a story of battle and glory,
As enemy waters we ride.**

**I've been stuck on a rock, felt the depth-charges' shock
Been north to a place called Attu,
And I've sunk me two freighters atop the equator -
Hot work, but the sea was cold blue.**

**I've cruised close inshore and carried the war
To the Empire island Honshu;
While they wired Yokhama I could see Fujiyama,
So I stayed - to admire the view.**

**When we rigged to run silently, deeply I dived,
And within me the heat was terrific -
My men pouring with sweat, silent and yet
Cursed me and the whole damned Pacific**

**Then destroyers came sounding and depth-charges pounding;
My submarine crew took the test.
For in that far-off land there are no friends on hand
To answer a call of distress.**

**I was blasted and shaken - some damage I've taken'
My hull bleeds and pipe lines do, too;
I've come in from out there for machinery repair,
And a rest for me and my crew.**

**I got by on cool nerve and in silence I served,
Though I took some hard knocks in return -
One propeller shaft sprung and my battery's done -
*But the enemy ships I saw burn!***

**I'm the Galloping Ghost of the Japanese Coast,
You don't hear of me or my crew -
But just ask any man off the coast of Japan
*If he knows of the Trigger Maru.***

by MoMM1/c Constantine Guinness, USN, 1943

Why is it that submariners will trust almost anybody else with dolphins? Although this is worse than anything I've been through, we've all been close enough, and we all know that an out-of-control sewer pipe won't sink and then come back to the surface by itself. I'd guess there might have been a shortage of toilet paper later on, but these guys did their jobs well when it was important! [Might not want your wife or mother to read this article.]. More details if you google the subject (in yellow, after the colon).

Subject: **Report on USS Chopper deep dive in 1969**

A Summary of Findings Which Caused The Deep Dive of the USS CHOPPER (SS 342)...a

Guppy 1A diesel powered submarine. On 11 February, 1969, CHOPPER was operating off the coast of Cuba in waters with an average depth of 1800 fathoms (10,800 feet). She was operating with the USS HAWKINS (DD 873).

At about **1342** with all ahead full being answered, without knowledge of any personnel on board as to probable cause, the two on line AC ICMG motor generators suddenly tripped off without warning, causing immediate loss of [equipment] function...

Sequence of Events -0 to 5 Seconds After Loss of AC Power ...diving officer ... observed that normal indication for bow and stern planes ... and the emergency bow and stern plane angle indicator lights were not functioning ... no indication ... position of either bow or stern planes. ..

-5 to 15 Seconds After... The attitude of the submarine increased from a slight down angle of **2 to 3 degrees to between 12 and 15 degrees down...**

-15 to 30 Seconds After... ... increasing down angle ... 15 degrees down to approximately **40 to 45 degrees down**

-30 to 60 Seconds After... ... a maximum depth of approximately **1011 feet** in the bow section, approximately **720 feet** in the after section with an angle **greater than 75 degrees down**.

-60 to 70 Seconds After... **started toward and through zero angle into an up angle** and change of momentum toward the surface.

-70 to 120 Seconds After ... The submarine **up angle rapidly increased to at least 83 degrees** and the submarine quickly accelerated in a forward and upward motion

-120 to 150 Seconds After... ... broke the ocean's surface in a **near vertical attitude** and rose to a position which **almost cleared the after sail area** ... [then] stern first to a **completely submerged condition stern down**. ... **resurfaced at an angle of about 40 degrees and remained on the surface, dead in the water**. The high pressure air manifold was secured. The submarine returned to the surface for the second time at about **1345**.

Note: All the loose material which had accumulated on the forward bulkheads of all compartments, except maneuvering room, now literally "fell" aft through the air and crashed in mass on after bulkheads. One deck plate in the forward torpedo room sailed through the air, from between the torpedo tubes, passed through the forward battery. In the sonar room there was a stop watch hanging by a three inch long loop from a knurled knob which secures a vertical panel on sonar stack. This stop watch fell from the knob on which it was hanging during the up angle. In order to cause the loop holding the watch to slip off the knurled knob it is necessary to tilt the panel outward from a vertical position to a near horizontal angle of at least 82 degrees.

At this stage of the incident many personnel could no longer recall what occurred, as evidenced by written statements and tape recordings.

CHOPPER was able to restore sufficient propulsion machinery to return to port under her own power.

[Ed - Compare the **bold** log times at the top/bottom; you'll realize that most of us couldn't even read this in 3 minutes]

Mail Bag

- From: Lisa Cole (daughter) To: Jeff Owens: Deceased, Dec 30 1997 - Leslie G Cole, ETR3(SS), aboard Sabalo Jun 63 - ? 65 . "Sorry it has taken so long for me to get you this info."
- Ron, I'm sorry to deliver this news to you. But Stephen L Shelby passed away March 2010. I'm his wife Phyllis.
- Ron - Sorry for the delay. I appreciate your effort. Pam is trying to push me, kicking and screaming, into this email world. I am slow and not a computer buff. Let me know if you need any additional information. John Wood

Verse #1, Taps:

Day is done.
Gone the sun.

From the lakes
From the hills.

From the sky.
All is well.

Safely rest.
God is nigh.

Eternal Patrol Rest in Peace, Shipmate

1/1/2010- Lute, James H. CA, ENFN(SS), 1952-
 2/25/2010- Haney, , ,
 3/24/2010- Werner, Stanley Harold CA, ,
 4/21/2010- Ensley, Clifford Earl CA, ADCS(SS), 1945-
 5/5/2010- Maccini, Arthur NJ, EN2(SS), 1952-
 9/1/2010- Bushman, Wayne P. , ,
 11/6/2010- Clemenger, John William GA, CDR,
 11/7/2010- Matthews, Thomas A. HI, ENC(SS), 1960-61
 1/9/2011- Stevens, Bernal OR, , 56-
 1/21/2011- Shelby, Stephen L. , ,
 5/13/2011- Cook, John S. SC, , 1953
 5/24/2011- Mullins, Jr, Robert Lee OK, FN(SS), 1960-
 7/12/2011- Moe, Richard Louis WA, RM3(SS), 1945-46

9/7/2011- Rice, Howell Barbee NC, RMC(SS), 1951-52
 UNK- Amundson, Robert Harry FL, HMC, 1945-46
 UNK- Atiburcio, Joaquin , SD1(SS), 1957-61
 UNK- Coughtry, Joseph E , CS3(SS), 1959-60
 UNK- Gregroy, Walter G , ,
 UNK- Harris, Jackie L. CA, ,
 UNK- Joslin, Lester M. , QM1(SS), 1958-60
 UNK- Klich, Donald J. WI, ,
 UNK- McDaniel, James G. IL, TMC(SS), 1954-55
 UNK- Morgan, John D , EN1(SS), 1959-60
 UNK- Nero, Cecilio R , SD2(SS), 1959-60
 UNK- Pender, James A. , ENC(SS), 1959-60
 UNK- Sanders, Stanley M. , EM1(SS), 1960-

Note: This is a list of Sabalo vets who are known to have gone on Eternal Patrol since 2010; we have no available dates for the last 13 names, marked with 'UNK'. The list contains Name, State, Rate/Rank and years aboard Sabalo. Hanging commas mean there is no data available for that item.

Our Sabalo Shipmates on Eternal Patrol [First segment, A-C]

Abbey, James T	Ash, Keith Leroy	Bolton, Robert C	Casey, Jr., Henry Fox
Adams, Donald Lee	Atiburcio, Joaquin	Bonser, Richard Freeman	Clark, Orville Glen
Albert, Eugene L	Bagwell, Stephen Eugene	Boswell, Raymond C.	Clemenger, John William
Alexander, William T	Baker, Curtis L	Boyd, Ronald C	Clingersmith, Leonard John
Alger, Charles Geib	Barke, Arthur Randall	Budding Jr, William A.	Cohoon, Alan Francis
Amundson, Robert Harry	Batiles, Cayetano E	Bushman, Wayne P	Comfort, Burton
Andrade, Allen Leroy	Baxter, Lowell C	Cajka, Anthony Charles	Cook, John S.
Andrews, James God	Benson, Walter Francis	Carney, William Martin	Coughtry, Joseph E
Applington, Lee D	Billesbach, Lauren V	Caroff, Kenneth A.	Crist, Daniel (n)

Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges no dues for membership , for the quarterly newsletter or other operational expenses. The Association's founder, Jeff Owens, spent many, many hours collecting data on all USS Sabalo shipmates over the years, and the Clever Boy newsletter now reaches over 450 (SS-302) Veterans . Jeff's data was obtained from sources like USSVI, hundreds of phone calls and/or postcards, micro-fiche, etc. and then painstakingly transferred from stacks of 3X5 cards to the database from which this issue was addressed. The "Thank You" on page 2 is to those Sabalo shipmates who contributed to the cost of publishing *Clever Boy* for those of our shipmates who can't access a copy online.

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

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

Footnotes:

UQC –An underwater telephone (AKA *Gertrude*). Sabalo's voice call-sign was Clever Boy

NTINS –Now This Is No Sh*t. (As opposed to Nursery rhymes, which begin with ' Once upon a time...')

TBT - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)

Bravo-Zulu (Well Done): 