



•The Tomato Basket:

At the September USSVI convention, the submarine fraternity lost one of its outstanding members. John Crouse, MMCM(SS), USN-RET, collapsed in the parking lot of the hotel and passed away from a heart attack. John was the Museum Manager at St. Mary's Submarine Museum near the King Bay Sub Base.

I first met John at the convention in Saratoga Springs, NY in 2004. In some brief conversations I related how I had been collecting everything I could find on Sabalo personnel and exploits, and gave him my card. Not too long thereafter I received an unsolicited, sizable package of photocopies which represented everything from the Sabalo standing file in the museum's collection. Much of this material was from the Ben Bastura collection which had been transferred to the museum following Ben's death.

This material provided additional data on at least 60 men from the Sabalo and other factoids were incorporated into the Bio's, History pages or Roster listings on our web site. There was no request for any compensation for expenses, just a helpful exchange between like-minded historians trying to keep memories alive and facts preserved. Later, I used some leftover Sabalo monies to make a small donation.

One day, I hope to get down to see the full museum's collection. In the meantime, maybe you'll also check out the possibility, and the best thing you might do is consider a donation to help them carry on their programs of gathering and preserving many documents and artifacts of significance. An annual membership is \$15 which includes subscription to their quarterly newsletter. Check out the extent of their operations at <http://stmaryssubmuseum.com> and the area at <http://www.stmaryswelcome.com/submuseumV2.html> Or contact them directly for info at: 102 St. Marys St, Saint Marys, GA 31558-4945 912-882-2782

We hoped to have a report of Sabalo convention happenings by press time, but no one has responded yet on who from Sabalo attended, and if any get-togethers took place. Jeff Owens'67-69, Webmaster



New publishing program folks. I'm on the learning curve with *PagePlus* now and in high hopes that the newsletter will be easier for me to create, print, etc., but mostly that it will be easier for you to use. This is the fourth issue of *Clever Boy* which now reaches 349 email Sabalo Vets and 90 through regular mail, for a total of 439. Not a bad first year since we began with many bad addresses, and have more than replaced those we lost—a list on page 11 names those men with NO information to use in contacting them.

There's also a Thank-You list of donors funding the publishing of CB on the next page. Before sending out the USPO copies of this issue, I have over \$300 to cover us through the March issue next year, and almost enough for July's. Over half of these generous Sabalo sailors receive the newsletter via the net, yet they graciously pay for those who can't. Pride runs deep. There's plenty in the mailbox this quarter, although nothing about the USSVI Convention—perhaps next issue.

One letter mentions two of our shipmates on *Eternal Patrol*, Max Moon and Dan Stetler who I greatly admired. Memories of some remarkable demonstrations of skill come rushing back, and I remember talking to Gene Sojka, not long before he too went on EP, about the time Sabalo's Master Gyro went out. Max and Dan and Gene had removed the gyro from the *Mercury* it was floating in, only to find that no torch aboard was hot enough to a reweld the broken hard metal pin, so they welded on a piece of steel elsewhere and micrometered it, bent and machined and twisted it, and measured it again, until it fit right into the right position. I told Gene about another time when the fathometer had crapped out, and when I asked Max how he'd fixed it, he said, "You don't want to know."

Max hated the new PMS. (That's Planned Maintenance System for you chauvinists) because there were no provisions for ingenious parts-substitution and jury-rigging, which also explains Jeff's *Tomato Basket*, full of extra vacuum tubes and *spare* spare-parts. I remember screws and tubes scattered all around the Radar console on the Conning Tower deck, and seeing the basket under the low-pressure manifold in Control when the wave guide was flooded. PMS dictated we carry *Quantity 4*, XYZ tubes—sometimes we burned out that many in a week—but fortunately, the *Tomato Basket* was bottomless. I almost hated yard overhauls, because the yardbirds replaced all our 'fixed gear' with 'up-to-specs' gear. [Ed]

Clever Boy Publication Donors: Thank You!
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More about losing the War in Vietnam:

On Saturday, July 24th, the town of Prescott Valley, AZ hosted a Freedom Rally. Quang Nguyen was asked to speak on his experience of coming to America and what it means. He spoke the following in dedication to all Vietnam Veterans. 35 years ago, if you were to tell me that I am going to stand up here speaking to a couple thousand patriots, in English, I'd laugh at you. Man, every morning I wake up thanking God for putting me and my family in the greatest country on earth.

I just want you all to know that the American dream does exist and I am living the American dream. I was asked to speak to you about my experience as a first generation Vietnamese-American, but I rather speak to you as an American.

If you hadn't noticed, I am not white and I feel pretty comfortable with my people.

I am a proud US citizen and here is my proof. It took me 8 years to get it, waiting in endless lines, but I got it and I am very proud of it. Guess what, I did legally and it ain't from the state of Hawaii .

I still remember the images of the Tet offensive in 1968, I was six years old. Now you might want to question how a 6 year old boy could remember anything. Trust me, those images can never be erased. I can't even imagine what it was like for young American soldiers, 10,000 miles away from home, fighting on my behalf.

35 years ago, I left South Vietnam for political asylum. The war had ended. At the age of 13, I left with the understanding that I may or may not ever get to see my siblings or parents again. I was one of the first lucky 100,000 Vietnamese allowed to come to the US . Somehow, my family and I were reunited 5 months later, amazingly in California . It was a miracle from God.

If you haven't heard lately that this is the greatest country on earth, I am telling you that right now. It is the freedom and the opportunities presented to me that put me here with all of you tonight. I also remember the barriers that I had to overcome every step of the way. My high school counselor told me that I cannot make it to college due to my poor communication skills. I proved him wrong. I finished college. You see, all you have to do is to give this little boy an opportunity and encourage him to take and run with it. Well, I took the opportunity and here I am. This person standing tonight in front of you could not exist under a socialist/communist environment. By the way, if you think socialism is the way to go, I am sure many people here will chip in to get you a one way ticket out of here. And if you didn't know, the only difference between socialism and communism is an AK-47 aiming at your head. That was my experience.

In 1982, I stood with a thousand new immigrants, reciting the pledge of allegiance and listening to the National Anthem for the first time as an American. To this day, I can't remember anything sweeter and more patriotic than that moment in my life.

Fast forwarding, somehow I finished high school, finished college, and like any other goofball 21 year old kid, I was having a great time with my life. I had a nice job and a nice apartment in Southern California . In someway and somehow, I had forgotten how I got here and why I am here.

One day I was at a gas station, I saw a veteran pumping gas on the other side of the island. I don't know what made me do it, but I walked over and asked if he had served in Vietnam . He smiled and said yes. I shook and held his hand. The grown man began to well up. I walked away as fast as I could and at that very moment, I was emotionally rocked. This was a profound moment in life. I knew something had to change in my life. It was time for me to learn how to be a good citizen. It was time for me to give back.

You see, America is not a place on the map, it isn't a physical location. It is an ideal, a concept. And if you are an American, you must understand the concept, you must buy into this concept, and most importantly, you have to fight and defend this concept. This is about Freedom and not free stuff. And that is why I am standing up here. Brothers and sisters, to be a real American, the very least you must do is to learn English and understand it well. In my humble opinion, you cannot be a faithful patriotic citizen if you can't speak the language of the country you live in. Take this document of 46 pages - last I looked on the internet, there wasn't a Vietnamese translation of the US constitution. It took me a long time to get to the point of being able to converse and until this day, I still struggle to come up with the right words. It's not easy, but if it's too easy, it's not worth doing.

Before I knew this 46 page document, I learned of the 500,000 Americans who fought for this little boy. I learned of the 58,000 names scribed on the black wall at the Vietnam Memorial. You are my heroes. You are my founders.

At this time, I would like to ask all the Vietnam veterans to please stand. I thank you for my life. I thank you for your sacrifices, and I thank you for giving me the freedom and liberty I have today. I now ask all veterans, firefighters, and police officers, to please stand. On behalf of all first generation immigrants, I thank you for your services and may God bless you all.

Mail Call:

- Ben Bruen wrote: Mr. Owens, my name is Ben Bruen,) it may be a long shot but I was wondering if you had any information or knew my grandfather, Anthony Frattura, who served on the Sabalo for 6 months in '64 I believe (Anthony served on Sabalo about a half year from June 1945-Nov 1945). He passed away when i was 4 and I never had a chance to ask him about his stories and such. So, again, if you have any more information or pictures than what are on the website, they would be truly appreciated. Thank you. Ben Bruen <hfc80@yahoo.com>
- Dick Port ['62-63] wrote: May I suggest that maybe if we have a couple of regional reunions, and open to every one. That we can really keep the cost down, for quite a few now have limited resources or ability to travel. I would be proud to help organize one here in the NW. If we had several by NE__SW_SE_NW_central, we could see a number of our old friends, at a far smaller expense. If this might be something that is worth piloting, I would be glad to try up in the NW. Dick (Richard Port Milwaukee, OR ss282@q.com) [Ed: your wish is my command, see page 9 for a sort of Zip codes of SabaloVets near you. I can do this for anybody who wants to organize something local—as Jeff has suggested in previous issues—I sort, you organize.]
- Just a line to remember Dan Stetler, and Max Moon. Both were steamers of the first degree, Dan and i played golf in many ports and took in the bull fights at Acapulco. Max was a gun nut and a great running mate. He took a shot at the hammer head crane at hunters point with my new 30.06. They cross my mind now and then and I miss them both. I am being inducted into the Holland Club this morning 17 July, it is a sobering thought as i never expected to make it this far in life, it just goes to show, you never know. [Ed: Dan was the calmest guy under pressure I ever met, and Max could fix anything on the boat!]. take care and enjoy , Bo Brian Ramsey ['66-68]
- Robert Bell ['52-53] wrote: Just a note to inquire how you are getting along. I hope all is well with you now and in the future. Not too long ago I learned that all of my officer shipmates have died. Life aboard Sabalo was unique. I know it is impossible, but I told my wife Ruth that I would like to relive my tour of duty aboard SS 302 just one more time. Larry Savadkin took a picture of me one day while we were on the surface. I keep that picture next to my desk in my den. Fifty eight years have passed, but I still miss the United States Submarine Service and all of the officers and men with whom I was privileged to serve. Best regards, Reiver [*Bob Bell or Reiver?? What gives?!*]: Robert Bell wrote: The Bells were a Scottish border clan. These clans were harassed by both the English and the Scottish armies, so the border clans lived by raiding each other. The Bells were not a large clan but they were dangerous and they were listed in the Scottish Parliament as an "Unruly Clan". At that time, raiding, riding and reiving all meant the same thing. Reiving is no longer used in the English language, but the root of the word lives on in the term bereavement. Since I have reformed and no longer raid my neighbors, I still use the name Reiver, just as I refer to myself as diesel-electric submariner.
- Phil (Doc) Chesser ['68], HMC(SS), wrote: I wonder if you remember a party I attended back in 1968 which you gave at your house (or apartment?) [in San Diego] for the ship's navigator [Will Parks]who was being transferred? I brought my guitar and we sang a lot of songs. We had a good time. I don't remember the navigator's name but I do remember his gift watch with "O shit, O dear" engraved on the back. Harriet, my wife back then, had a wonderful time. I also remember that the yeoman from Montana was there but I don't remember his name either [Roemmich '66-69]. Harriet passed away in 1992 after suffering from MS for many years. Our two beautiful children survive, however, as do their eight (four each) children. I have since remarried and have another child, a girl attending the University of Tennessee.
- Parley Clement wrote: A big day for celebration aboard a diesel was when the Storekeeper would bring aboard about a dozen bales of new rags to use in the engine rooms and throughout for cleaning. Two types: soft cotton & silky rayon —good for noting but smearing stuff around. Cotton cost more so we didn't see many They were remnants of old clothing cut up before being baled. Once in a while a whole garment like a dress, shirt, coveralls, etc. What fun the enginemen in particular would have when that happened.
We'd fight over the cotton rags that would work... those damned "new materials" would absorb anything. We'd tie the cotton ones around our heads for sweat. Dungaree were good for scrubbing inside torpedo tubes with diesel fuel...a fine chore... imagine cleaning inside a 21" by 20' tube and breathing that crap...we did it. A 'buddy' would close the inner door on you and you'd be trapped in there..... just to see if you'd sh** yourself they would flood some water in.....
Pals.....Memories.....

NTINS:

THE KEG

by Charlie Odom, MoMMC(SS)*

We were putting our old home, the WW I Submarine S-ONE (SS 105) into mothballs. This was in 1937 at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. We didn't have much money. Mrs. Hoover had said that all we needed was free Bull Durham and seven dollars a month. I have been a yellow dog Democrat since then.

While there, we got free tickets the Army-Navy game in the Municipal Stadium which held 100,000 people. This was just outside the Navy Yard gate where the street car turned around at a restaurant we called our country club. It was a greasy spoon place in a pre-cholesterol awareness era. They served delicious greasy hamburgers. We took a sack of these to the game.

We had a lively little Ships Cook in our complement. We called him "Napoleon." I made a couple liberties with him. We went to The Keg, on Arch Street in Philadelphia. This establishment offered free peanuts in the shell and nickel beers. The deck was covered about two inches deep with shells. This made for easy falls when one received an unexpected "sucker punch". Things got lively at The Keg each evening and the patrons put on free vaudeville shows. The majority of these were fisticuffs.

The first time I went ashore with the cook, I was unaware of his strategy. He would insult a marine or a surface craft sailor using a present participle popular with sailors. This called for action by the recipient. The cook ran to me and said, "This guy is heckling me." Naturally I would help a shipmate. Before I could respond the marine decked me. Thanks to the shells I made a soft landing.

The second time this happened at The Keg I caught on. I noticed that he stayed clear and laughed. He liked to start something then stay clear. He got his kicks by doing this. I called him a few things and never went ashore with him again.

When I hear the word "Philadelphia" I always think of that shipmate, before brotherly love, Independence Hall, or scrapple.

*(qualified on S-1 in 1935, was aboard Sabalo 6/45-6/46)

NTINS:

Submarine Painting, Made Easy by Ron Gorence

The Razorback (SS-394) had been on a Northern Patrol for 36 days, and finally, the Quartermaster made the following entry into his log: *0830 - Moored starboard-side-to Berth 1, Yokosuka Naval Facility, Yokosuka, Japan. Present are various units of U.S. Navy and of the Japanese Maritime Self Defense Force.*

Upon arrival, liberty went down for all hands at the discretion of department heads except for the third of the crew in the duty section. Quartermasters, Yeomen, and most Torpedomen had all departed about five minutes after the Old Man had gone ashore. Most Snipes would work 'til about noon lining up for shore power and bringing repair parts aboard, until they too hustled into Yokosuka for a little R & R before the pending ship's move to a dry dock and some major overhaul work.

An hour after Razorback had tied up and a few replacement stores had been loaded by all hands, most of the compartments below decks looked deserted. Topside, the deck gang was bustling, having been told that all areas with barnacles, sea-scum, rust and damaged paint would be scraped, wire brushed, and primed — ready in all respects for painting-before liberty call. There were three of us: Hal, Indian and me. We had over a month's back-pay in our pockets from the patrol, and a comparable abundance of testosterone, so we worked like there was no tomorrow. The most exotic ports we had visited so far were Honolulu, where all the women hated sailors, and Adak, Alaska, where there were no women — but we'd been assured that Yoko would be different. Since none of us had been aboard long enough to be qualified, we had Cinderella Liberty, which meant that no matter what time we got off, we'd have to be back aboard by midnight; we were unanimously prepared to remove barnacles with our front teeth if necessary.

Even Gunner Meecham, the WW II First Class Gunner's Mate in charge of the deck gang, had been chipping and scraping. By ten-thirty, we'd already rolled the ship to port and then to starboard by carefully opening the Main Ballast tank vents on one side, exposing tank-tops on the opposite side for scraping, then blowing the water out

with the Low Pressure Blower. We reversed the procedure for the other side.. Most of the moss and sea-growth had been replaced with zinc-chromate primer and a hand-painted coat of black paint. The tank-tops were looking great.

I had outlined the numbers 3, 9, and 4 with masking tape on both sides of the sail for painting in the ship's ID number with white paint and black shadowing, and had moved on to chipping rust around number four cleat. We weren't naturally meticulous in our work, but Gunner had already taught us a couple of times that doing something right was always faster than doing it twice, so the ship's exterior was looking better by the moment.

"Let's get all those white spots wire-brushed and primed," shouted Gunner up to Hal who was hanging above me on the side of the sail on a bosun's chair. "An' make sure you get all that dried salt off; rinse it with fresh water before you prime it. Otherwise, it'll show through as soon as the paint dries."

He stopped by the Forward Torpedo Room escape-trunk door, where Indian was working, and pointed out some rust in the trough where the tanks meet the pressure hull, "Make sure you dry out that before you prime those spots," he mumbled to Indian, "I'm going below for a minute."

It must have been about 1100 when Gunner finally came back topside in full dress whites, top-heavy with dozens of War ribbons and a Submarine Patrol pin.

"Okay Gorence, looks like you got things under control; I gotta go check up on some supplies - I may not make it back. Tell the men that if they get everything done by 1530-1600, they can take off — and I mean not a bit of rust or salt showing anywhere topside."

"What supplies?" I asked cutely, "We've already got all our stuff."

"Gotta sign the paperwork!" he snarled back impatiently.

"And make sure those knuckleheads stow all the gear properly, or I'll make *you* do it when I get back."

"Does this mean I'm the Leading Seaman now?" I asked.

"No. It means I think you might be smart enough to tell the other two that nobody goes anywhere 'til topside's squared away! Okay?"

"Nobody goes anywhere . . . but you," I mumbled - fortunately he was already out of earshot across the bow, and hailing a taxi.

After I'd delivered the message, we all worked just a little harder, and a couple of hours after noon, we had used red-lead or zinc chromate primer to hide every minute blemish visible above Razorback's waterline. I was taking one last look around while I gathered up scrapers, wire brushes and tools, and Indian and Hal cleaned paintbrushes, when an announcement came over the 1MC speaker topside, "Gorence . . . lay to the Wardroom. Gorence . . . lay to the Wardroom, on the double."

Lt. Speer was the Duty Officer, and he informed me that the XO had just called, and said the CO had gone by on the way to Squadron, and he'd been pleased with the look of the ship so far, and wanted the painting to be finished today.

"Yessir," I proudly responded, "We're just cleaning up now."

"No, not primed, PAINTED," Lt. Speer calmly corrected.

"But the Weapons Officer, Mr. Montross told Gunner Meecham that we only had to get her ready for painting later in drydock . . . we're gonna . . ."

"PAINTED, Gorence," and he stared at me to see if I finally understood.

My mouth was still trying to form a protest, so he continued, "Skipper even told me last time you guys did a great job feathering the paint between the black horizontal surfaces and the grey vertical ones. He said if you couldn't finish that part today, tomorrow would do; except for that, he wants topside painted today."

The news up on deck didn't go over too well. "How we gonna paint 300 feet of submarine in five hours? Sun goes down about six," complained Hal.

"Eighteen-hundred," corrected Indian. Nobody ever pronounce Indian's real name correctly, so he wanted to be called *Indian*.

"Yeah, I know," I responded, "Mr. Speer said he'd authorize the yardbirds to rig some floodlights if we needed them; I gotta let him know in a couple of hours."

Indian went down to the After Torpedo room and brought up the paint pot and all the hoses while Hal and I hauled five-gallon buckets of paint from pallets on the pier onto the deck just aft of the sail. I covered up the newly-painted hull numbers and the bridge Plexiglas bubble and windows with newspaper and masking tape while my coworkers began spraying the top of the sail. By the time we'd finished painting the sail grey, with the top of the sail and the horizontal bridge areas dull black with all edges blended into each other, my Timex said it was 1555; sunset was just over two hours away, and we hadn't even started the bulk of the painting, which was the main deck.

"Better go tell Speer we're gonna need lights," said Indian.

"Yeah, I guess. . . if we could just get a new spray gun. We've spent more time cleaning the damn gun than actually spraying," I responded.

We had two guns, and had unplugged one while the other was in use, but we'd seldom managed over a few feet of coverage before we had to switch again.

"What in the devil is Hal doing?" I motioned to the turtleback back aft where our third member was swinging a mop over the after bullnose, "Swabbing paint?"

We both made a beeline to Hal who was sticking the business end of the mop into and around the bullnose, a large guide for mooring-lines. Hal looked up at us both and said, "Let's get busy. I painted this thing in ten seconds; a brush would have taken ten minutes."

Mr. Speer was busy walking a non-qual officer through the battery-charge line-up, so he seemed relieved when I interrupted him with the XJ-A phone and informed him that we'd be able to finish the painting without lights.

Then, Indian and I shifted into high gear and raided the below decks compartments for every foxtail, broom and mop we could find, and found two push-brooms up on the pier. One of us dumped paint while the other two spread it in and around cracks. We soon discovered that the trick was to find a flat place to splash paint so that it wouldn't all drain immediately between the teak decking into the superstructure. In tight spaces, a one gallon bucket was dipped into the larger container and emptied with enough force to improve coverage.

Just as the sun settled behind Honshu and the ex-Japanese Empire, we declared our job finished and disposed of paint buckets, cans, most of our tools, and most of our clothes into the Dempsey-dumpster on the pier. Razorback glistened beautifully in the reflected harbor lights as we scrubbed our bodies down with Methyl Ethyl Ketone wherever the paint showed, and with Ivory soap, wherever it didn't. Finally, we went ashore, smelling even worse than the other diesel-boat sailors, but with pockets full of money. We ordered large Asahi beers by the pair.

Heavy drinking and later events would render the night's liberty much less memorable than we had hoped, but the next morning's dawn was one that none of us will ever forget:

I was awakened by the Below Decks Watch, who shook me and shouted, "Gorence. Get up. You better hustle topside and take a look!"

Twilight was just breaking through a fog over Yokosuka harbor, which was thicker than any I'd ever seen. I couldn't see the top of the sail, less than 20 feet away, but the visible paint-job and her hull numbers looked fine. I immediately looked around the deck near the After Battery hatch for a spot we might have accidentally left unpainted, or a patch of yellow-green primer we might have failed to cover, but except for a few spots that looked a little more like tar than black paint, nothing really looked too bad.

One of my fondest memories is of sleeping on a submarine was the sound of waves just outside the pressure-hull gently lapping against the tank-tops. On this morning, however, my eyes went to the water a few yards away, under the fog, and then to the tank-tops beneath where I stood. The waves were not lapping, but instead, splattering against the ship through a scum of black rubbery bubbles and congealed black paint. It clung to the ship and then oozed its slime back into the sea. I noticed that Hal and Indian were next to me, wide-eyed and silent.

Just beyond a patch of fog, and sticking up like a periscope, were a couple of feet of broom handle, the business end of which was held beneath the surface by an invisible glob of paint. Indian took off to go get the boat-hook from the bridge to retrieve the object, but by the time he came back Hal and I were pointing to several rags and paintbrushes, also floating on the paint scum which covered the water in every direction.

Between our early reveille and scheduled morning quarters, we had managed to retrieve and hide several slimy brushes and swabs in the superstructure, but as the sun brightened and the crew gathered on the pier for muster, we all looked up and saw the COB. Chief Sensney, breaking through the crowd, peered over the edge of the pier with a scowl I will never forget as long as I live.

"Do NOT come to Quarters," he hissed, "Clean it upppp!" He waved his arm in a semicircle indicating everything in every direction away from the pier as far as the eye could see, apparently including the dungarees we wore, which by now looked as bad as the ones we had discarded last night. As he spun back around to the assembling, grinning crew, he rolled his shoulders as though something, having thrown his posture out of whack, needed major adjustment; it reminded me of the movie in which King Kong had been teased one time too many. "Fall in," he growled at the rest of the crew, whose grins faded to smirks as they lined up.

Our eyes followed the sweep of his gesture, and we began to look at details within the small area from which we had been fishing for flotsam. The mooring lines had obviously slacked enough during the night to dip into the blackened sea, and were dripping blobs of almost-dried paint. So were the pier's pilings and our fenders. The ship's anchor and bowplanes were trimmed on the bottom with delicate black lace, dripping and reshaping itself as we watched. The limber holes were similarly draped in lacy black ribbons of dried paint. There is nothing erotic about black lace on a man-of-war.

The Academy for the Japanese Maritime Self Defense Force, directly across Yokosuka harbor from Berth 1, was a group of white buildings behind a great stone wall, which had been covered with brilliantly-white plaster. The wall emerged from the harbor's north shore, and Indian, having claimed to have the best eyes on the ship, said he could distinguish black lace at its waterline. Hal and I assumed he was lying to scare us, because the whole crew had been warned repeatedly against 'International Incidents.' We had never understood what might be classified as an International Incident prior to this, but Indian apparently thought that painting the Academy's wall

might qualify. We all suddenly remembered, from boring lectures, that Status of Forces Agreements stipulated that criminals would be subject to arrest, trial, and conviction according to the laws of the host country. We all prayed for high tide to cover the evidence.

During the next week in Yoko while we were *voluntarily* restricted to the ship, Gunner did a lot of work on our time management skills. He taught us that speed, though often critical, was always dangerous without direction. He taught the life-long lesson that doing something right was always, always, faster than doing it twice.

Unfortunately, during whatever liberty we had the following week, we managed to handle our money with almost exactly the same alacrity with which we'd spread our paint; Gunner gave us time to do it no other way.

No one ever mentioned the Self Defense force's wall, and none of us looked in that direction when leaving Yokosuka Harbor lest we draw attention to it. The tides were apparently favorable.

However disrespectful our treatment of a Man of War may have seemed, I am proud to report that the Razorback ultimately received the most carefully-inspected and precisely-applied external paint-job of her entire career during that period of time. Having shown Gunner our disdain for spray guns, we meticulously painted every inch—top and bottom—of her teak deck boards with a brush, even a tooth brush and pipe cleaners. We slowly scraped away a dozen five-gallon cans of paint, and then carefully reapplied three or four buckets that the job normally required. We painted her numbers with fine artist's brushes, and merged her blacks and grays until they faded imperceptibly, one into the other. We received many compliments on the excellence of our second paint job— although never without comments on our first attempt.

I coincidentally served two, tours of mess-cooking during Chief Sensney's tenure as COB, and another tour under his relief, Chief Mason (even though I don't remember ever asking Sensney for referrals). I was also subjected to the constant and nearly merciless harassment of my shipmates for a long, long time. Their comments were part of the process of growing up, and tough-love is learning other uses for a toothbrush.

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I included this NTINS because I've just returned from an absolutely-great Razorback reunion in North Little Rock. The hotel was under \$100 and walking distance from the boat. Would be great if Sabalo was interested in meeting there some time in the future. Razorback is a Guppy IIA, and is very like Sabalo except for the rounded bow, the North Atlantic sail, and 3 vs. 4 engines. Would be a dream come true for me.....

Sabalo History by Reiver

The information in this letter about Larry Savadkin [Sabalo CO '51-53], and I, and Ofuna, came largely from Larry and from Admiral O'Kane who lived about seven miles [Sebastapol] from my home in Santa Rosa, CA.

On November 19, 1943 the submarine USS Sculpin was attacked by a Japanese destroyer. Despite the crew's desperate attempts to save her, Sculpin was forced to surface, leaving the crew with no choice but to abandon ship. Some of the survivors of Sculpin were picked up by a Japanese carrier where they were beaten repeatedly, starved and denied drinking water for many days. One man said that he was so thirsty, he prayed to God to take his life. Another recalled that ants, maggots, flies, and mosquitoes were 'pestering the wounded and getting into their wounds'.

Those that survived were taken to Ofuna, "The Torture Farm". The men soon learned that the Japanese ran the camp to interrogate special prisoners, mostly submariners. The Japanese had their own interpretation of international law classifying the men as "unarmed combatants", affording them no protection under the Geneva Conventions. The interrogators were especially brutal to officers, who endured the longest and worst treatment.

I have included the above information as sort of a lead in to the following:

My commanding officer aboard Sabalo SS (302), Lt. Cmdr. Larry Savadkin was an officer aboard USS Tang SS (306) when she was sunk by a circular run of her last torpedo [awarded Navy Cross].

He escaped as Tang was sinking by getting his head into an air bubble near the conning tower hatch. The next morning he was picked up by a Japanese destroyer escort, where he was severely beaten. When they arrived at Osaka, army guards had to protect them from civilians (they aren't all like that?) who tried to murder them. They were then taken to Ofuna.

Let us now fast forward to 1952. Sabalo is in the naval repair facility at Yokosuka, Japan. Larry and I were alone and he told me the stories about brutal treatment at Ofuna and how he barely survived. The day before our discussion in the ward room, Larry and I went to what had been Ofuna. Even though the Japanese had tried to alter the scene by rotating buildings and changing streets, Larry not only found his prison building, but also an old Red Cross package he had hidden from the guards under the building. On the day they were liberated by allied troops, Larry and a fellow prisoner pledged that if either of them returned to Ofuna he would burn it down. He wanted one of our officers to go with him. As third officer under his command, I felt I had the right to tell him what I thought. I told him that some of the people living in those buildings were probably children and weren't born when he was brutalized. This plan for revenge had to be abandoned. I assumed he agreed, because he never mentioned it again.

Over the years I have thought of our meeting. The constant torture had so altered his personality that he was not thinking in a rational manner. Carrying intense hatred, which by now had been so internalized for nine years and a promise to destroy The Torture Farm had been uppermost in his mind. He must have considered what his punishment would have been had he carried out this bizarre act.

When I left Sabalo and went to his cabin to say good-bye, he told me that if I desired to stay in the submarine force, he would send in a recommendation that my request be approved. ... I received word that Larry, who was suffering from dementia had died in a care facility [1 Apr 2007].

Eternal Patrol

† John D. Haney TM1(SS), age 83, of Norristown, went on Eternal Patrol on February 25, 2010. He served on Sabalo in 1951-52. Born in Norristown on February 3, 1927, Mr. Haney was employed by General Electric and Adam Schiedt Brewing Company after Navy retirement in 1966. The following citation was awarded to John from the Secretary of the Navy:

For heroic performance of duty while serving on board the U.S.S. COCHINO (SS-345) when that vessel was fatally damaged by a series of battery explosions during submergence operations off the northwestern coast of Norway, August 25, 1949. When the COCHINO was shaken by explosions and the forward compartments had become filled with toxic gasses, fire and smoke, HANEY remained at the helm until rendered unconscious by the untenable conditions. Disregarding personal danger after being revived, he voluntarily entered the gas filled forward torpedo room in an attempt to make it habitable for the crew and later, succeeded in running a safety line from the bridge to the after torpedo room despite heavy seas washing the unprotected deck of the COCHINO. By his courage in the face of extreme personal danger, and his skilled performance of duty in time of emergency, HANEY rendered valuable assistance to his commanding officer and upheld the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

† James L. Robinson [1946], S1c(TM)(SS), went on Eternal Patrol 5/10/09. From Nebraska, Jim qualified on the USS Jack (SS-259) in 1944, another of our WWII heroes taken by the Lord. RIP shipmate.

☸ Avast, thar mates!

The Secretary of the Department of Homeland Security, in accordance with the DHS Appropriations Act, terminated the transmission of all U.S. LORAN-C signals on February 8, 2010.

Most Quartermaster-types have heard that the current administration will no longer fund the US Loran navigation system because satellite navigation is so much more accurate. Most of us were there in the beginnings of Loran-C, so we probably would all agree that it was a crappy system at the time, even though recent reports say it eventually surpassed Loran-A's coverage and accuracy. Problem is, they're cutting funding on navigation satellite support too. That doesn't matter, 'cause I have a plan:

Avast! We gotta quit tsk-tsk'n an' complainin' about gettin' old, and grab 'holt o' the future (jest getting' into character here). Here be th' plan:

I'm shoppin' on eBay for a sextant with a good solid sea-coat of verdigris and a moldy old set of H.O. 214 Pubs, an' then I'm battenin' down and sharpening a sea-chest fulla' #2 pencils for 2013.

My Quartz Timex is within a couple of seconds a month, so with a couple of others to compare 'er to, we can beat the hades out of them old seven-half-turns-wind-once-a-day shiny brass chronometers.

I figger, two-three years, with current lacka' fundin', there'll be nary any artificial satellites clutterin' up them skies—even without an EMP attack.

The day'll come when we can name our price for keepin' the US Navy o'f a the rocks!

By crikey, who knows, we might even put a patch over one eye and teach a Naval Academy class call'd *Astral Navigation*, or *Stellar Navigation*, or *Stereo Navigation* (Naw, belay th' last! Stereo ain't no good, 'cause it means two eyes, ruin'in the patch idear); ma'be we could call it *Celestial Navigation* since nob'dy nowadays woun't ne'r know we'd done stole the name anyhow.

We gotta git back ta bein' skeered enough to be goin' around them thar seamounts an' given' 'em wide berth by a few miles, 'sted'da, like our current mateys, a'knowin' fer certain—within ha'f a yard, precisely exakly—wher' they a'ready done run agroun'. I figger' they be needn'a li'l less accuracy a batch more head-scratchin'—stedda' t'other way 'round. Are you ET ex-QM's ready, or them electrons still buzzin' round yer head like landlocked sea flies? We gota' git them radiomen and torpedomen—stedda' braggn' on thar three wenches, two harlots, and an inn-keeper's daughter—back int'a smellin' the sea breeze, 'n' we gota' gab wi' the snipes ta set the prop'r rum rash'n we'll be need'n when the US Gommint finally gloms 'round the scuttlebutt, re-discovers diesel boats, and comes a beggin' fer our 'vice.

Keep yer powder dry.

An' quicher laffin! Mosta' what's goin' on t'day, yudda prob'ly thought was crazy las' time we raced with the dolphins!

Your ~~obsolete~~ optimistic shipmate.

RonG

(Plenty of time later to google "avast" jest to make sure I'm usin' it right).

Inflation?

• **Fact:** When I left the Navy as a Chief with over eighteen years' longevity (for pay purposes) in 1975, my Base pay was \$867 a month. Today an E-7 with over 18 years makes \$3,800, and yet I hear there are now Chiefs on food stamps, which really confuses me — until I remember 10¢ Beer at Beeman Center.

• **Conjecture:** Let's see, a Chief could have bought 8,670 beers in 1975 vs. 3,800 glasses of beer now (if he can find a cheap dive that serves \$1 beer). Or, more conservatively, drinking only his Sub Pay and BAQ, this Chief today could buy 1,288 beers per month at \$1.00, while the old-timer could have afforded 2,200 10¢ beers.

Inflation includes *Sin Tax*, *Government-regulation*, *bailouts*, *pork*, *printing presses*, etc. and is what happens your paycheck is inflated, and you make more money than you ever did ... but you really don't. Got it? (Try more beer to increase your understanding.)

Just a thought: I've published many descriptions of how we earned Dolphins. All the pipes and cables, valves and switches and their systems. I've also quoted Armstrong's contention that Dolphins don't expire. But...I was thinking while visiting Razorback just how terrified I'd be if I had to stand a simple below-decks watch now. Pump the Torpedo room bilges? I wouldn't know where to start! Anybody have an old copy of the check-off sheet?

Sabalo and SubSinkEx: [Contributed by Jeff Owens]

... The first reanalysis of these acoustic signals in 40-years, in combination with conclusions drawn in 1970 by the SCORPION Structural Analysis Group (SAG), has provided the following new information:

- The initiating events that caused the loss of SCORPION were two explosions with an energy yield of not more than 20-lbs of TNT each. These explosions, which occurred one-half second apart at 18:20:44 Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) on the May 22, 1968, were contained within the SCORPION pressure-hull,
- Collectively, the acoustic data and the physical evidence confirm SCORPION was lost because of two explosions that involved the ignition of hydrogen outgassed by the battery, i.e., these explosions were the initiating events responsible for the loss of SCORPION.
- These explosive events prevented the crew from maintaining depth control. The SCORPION pressure-hull collapsed in less than one-tenth of a second at 18:42:34 GMT on 22 May 1968 at a depth of 1530-feet.

And... Sabalo was scuttled, not sent to the bottom by torpedoes:

UPDATE: [Sabalo] remained moored in San Diego until she was selected for her final mission. In preparation, the boat had all of its wood deck planking removed, and apparatus was rigged to allow manual opening of the ballast tank vents from atop the pressure hull. Tanks and ballasting arrangements were done in a strategic manner to cause partial internal flooding, and Sabalo was intentionally flooded and sunk on 21 February 1973. Navy divers on the topside of the ballast tanks opened the vents and then left the boat via an inflatable launch. The USS Bolster (ARS-38) provided diver transport and recovery, and assisted in the operations. Sabalo was sunk in a position SW off San Diego in fairly deep water, but still allowing photographic exploration by submersibles once on the bottom. This procedure was part of an experiment to record the sounds of hull implosion. The sound data from this test was used as part of the investigation into the cause of the sinking of the USS Scorpion SSN-589. [The USS Blackfin SS-322 was sunk in much the same manner, as part of the same experiments, shortly after on 13 May 1973.]

[An internet source indicates this was part of a program called "SubSinkEx" / Project Thurber.] OPNAV N87.

Binnacle List (Best wishes & prayer to our ailing shipmates):

- 8/28/10 Shipmate Vernon (Dick) Everly is undergoing chemotherapy in a senior home with two cancers.
- Submariners have pretty much self-sufficient personalities: Generally speaking, whatever prayers might be said with a lost bubble (40-50° down), tend to be extremely brief, mostly because reciting the Our Father while using a hammer-wrench on the Air Manifold is not exactly easy. *God helps those who help themselves* seems to be an inherent philosophy—however, when the old body gets a little more worn out, many submariners figure that a little insurance can't hurt, so many behave at least a little more religiously. For these men, and for the truly religious, this space will always be dedicated to asking God for just a little nudge, as we try to keep an even keel against the heavy seas of time. **God Bless our shipmates and their loved ones, all who may—or may not—be mentioned here.**

Interesting stuff on line:

The National Personnel Records Center (NPRC) has provided the following website for veterans to gain access to their DD-214s online: <http://vetrecs.archives.gov/>

The battle of midway video, maybe hokey, but good!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vi4HwxOZDJw>

- 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]

Sabalo veterans of the North-West (sorted by Zipcode)

Hotes, MT, 59047	Shearer, NV, 89041	* Port, OR, 97269	Moe, WA, 98233
Roemmich, MT, 59102	Schwichtenberg, NV, 89701	Schultze, OR, 97070	Barker, WA, 98333
Burnett, MT, 59602	Toloski, CA, 94127	Hudson, OR, 97378	Abile, WA, 98337
Momsen, MT, 59807	Putman, CA, 94513	Plummer, OR, 97408	Abile, WA, 98337
Braun, MT, 59901	Morrell, CA, 94523	Wahlstrom, OR, 97424	Parker, WA, 98370
Johnston, ID, 83617	Abbott, CA, 94558	Buckles, OR, 97424	Elger, WA, 98383
Capouch, ID, 83639	McKnight, CA, 94591	Maccabe, OR, 97457	Barnes, WA, 98467
Belmont, ID, 83642	Bracey, CA, 94591	Phelps Jr, OR, 97603	Hutterman, WA, 98498
Edens, ID, 83704	Kistner, CA, 95124	Doucette, WA, 98021	Breckenridge, WA, 98541
Adam, ID, 83815	Boyd, CA, 95209	Learnard, WA, 98022	Honeysett, WA, 98555
Grubbs, ID, 83861	Hillan Jr, CA, 95213	Peters, WA, 98121	Graham, WA, 98664
Fish, ID, 83864	Davis Jr, CA, 95687	Chace, Wa, 98188	Kulsa, WA, 98730
Douglass, UT, 84040	Stevens, OR, 97006	Gollen, WA, 98226	Horsman, WA, 99205
Day, UT, 84042	Trevis, OR, 97058	Braun, WA, 98232	Clement, WA, 99352
Gellett, UT, 84118		Moe, WA, 98233	Wilson, WA, 99353

NTINS:

Short Sleeve Whites

Dex Armstrong

Pride is a funny thing. It is a concept that can't be packaged and issued. It takes root in a crew that has gained confidence in itself and a deep respect for the leadership of its senior petty officers and its wardroom. Once a crew has it, it germinates in every heart that comes aboard. USS Requin SS 481 /*had it. It was part of the boat and it manifested itself in a cocky attitude and --hell for leather outlook by her crew.

It was most evident in dress canvas formations topside. You formed up in two lines aft of the conning tower fairwater. Rag hats in starched whites, Dolphins, neckerchiefs and jumper flaps rippling in the breeze. Gentle popping of the ensign, jack and squadron pennant. The Chiefs and leading petty officers were decked out in medals and sleeves with hash marks from hell to breakfast and some wore old World

War II combat patrol pins. There was a creak and groan of strained mooring lines, and the rattle of officers' swords. Two lines of bluejackets knowing it was going to be a long time between smokes and hoping a seagull didn't crap on their white hat or their \$2.50 laundry and press job. Norfolk had a seagull population whose express purpose in life was to dump aerial calling cards on submarine sailors standing inspection topside in dress white.

You could see the nuke boats astern in their nest. They had their own nest at the end of Pier 22 because that was where they had all of the pixie dust connections for the moonbeam navy. To us, they were just big ugly bastards that were rapidly putting us out of business and relegating the boats we loved to the scrap yards. And there was not a damn thing we could do about it. Not one damn thing.

The nuclear navy made us all fleas on a dying dog. Our Chiefs were relics of the past -- fossils of a bygone age. The floor of the Pacific was littered with rusting hulks that once had been the Jap Imperial Navy, but now were oxidizing junk many fathoms deep, entombing decaying Nip sailors, put there by the gray-haired, hard-nose bastards standing forward of these two lines of bluejackets in dress canvas.

We looked like sailors were supposed to look...Rag hats, low - neck jumpers, neckerchiefs, and bellbottoms blowing against your ankles in the breeze. It was an impractical rig by any reasonable standard, but that uniform gave us our distinct identity. Men wearing that uniform filled wooden boxes in military cemeteries throughout the world. I don't know who thought up that stupid short sleeve white shirt outfit --that uniform that looks like something worn by a nuthouse orderly. I wish the idiotic sonuvabitch would contact me and explain what our navy gained by adopting that goofy-looking Good Humor truck salesman's uniform. To hell with progress that trashes tradition! Sailors deserve continuity. A continuous chain. Without something to connect generation to generation, something to pass on the pride of unique identity, a force loses something.

I can't remember any adverse effects of wearing undress whites. They made me feel like I was a sailor. When I was wearing that jumper, nobody ever took me for a bedpan collector at the local hospital. If I was CNO for a day, I would issue a directive that would require every bluejacket who owned one of those short sleeve white dog catcher shirts to turn the damn thing in for use as engine wipes. I would say, --Horsefly, better men than you and I can ever hope to be handed us down that uniform, and it represents our bond with them. The idiots that took it away from you broke faith and robbed you of a symbol that set you apart. It distinguished you and was universally recognized as representing the heritage of the finest navy the world has ever seen.?

But I will never be CNO for a day and progress will continue to erode pride and tradition in the name of progress and modernization. Small men who are short-sighted, if not totally blind, will discard the historically meaningful and opt for the momentary fad -- the current style with no tradition woven into the fabrics -- with no link to the ancestral legacy which American sailors should receive.

The poor shortchanged bastards of today are no longer linked by signal lights, semaphore, celestial navigation, or marlin-spike seamanship. Multi-frequency communication, global positioning, and factory-fabricated nylon line have replaced the seaman's arts and skills. We rode em in the horse and buggy days when being a sailor required saltwater savvy and technology was not our master. I'm glad it was that way. It made us special.

Pride has a way of making a man feel special, of standing apart from the herd. So we stood there in the sun, shoulder to shoulder with our shipmates, below the big white 481 painted on our sail. We stood there knowing we were United States Navy. We were qualified in submarines and we belonged to a naval force that owned the oceans of the world.

Those oceans had been purchased for us by the men who wore exactly what we were wearing, had stood precisely where we were standing, and had been pooped upon by the great-great-grandfathers of the seagulls currently crapping on our white hats.

Lost and Found:

Help! These Sabalo men have no email addresses, and their USPO mail is no good (returned to sender). If you have any info, please let me know, or if you want to do some detective work, we'd all be appreciative:

Beatty, John D 1313 Division St New London, WI 54961-2001

Eppinette, Donald Gene 590 Three Mile Av Por Barre, LA 70577

McElwaine, Arthur 5024 Beelino Dr Harlingen, TX 78552

Roberts, Joe 9651 Merion Cir NE Albuquerque, NM 87111-5866 (505) 821-3606

And the following emails are either outdated or are rejected because of "full mailbox" or simply "no such address":

Almeida, Frederick W.	falmeida45@comcast.net	Hillan Jr, Earl Hubert Jr.	ehillan2@cs.com
Carstensen, William O	sabilcars@iw.net	Johnson, Gerald A.	TwoJsinTemucula@roadrunner.com
Cataldo, Salvatore James	aforeal@hotmail.com	Kockert, Jerry Lee	jkockert@san.rr.com
Dohve, Allan Charles	dohve@wi.net	Moe, Richard Louis	dicdot@verizon.net
Elder, Phillip Raymond	pelder@glenwoodgators.com	Neinas, Charles M.	paceyecon@aol.com
Etlinger, Richard D.	rickscricks@wmconnect.com	O'Brien, Thomas J	tjobrien@peoplepc.com
Faglie, Alvin Allen Jr.	SHIRLFLAGL@aol.com	Raymundo, Jose C.	mrganigan@aol.com
Fields, Donald E. "Doc"	dfield14@cicnci.rr.com	Rice, Howell B	hrice9@triad.rr.com
Gilson, Charles Thomas	cgilson62@aol.com	Robertson, James H.	james2000@plateautel.net
Golladay, Denny	dennydgol@aol.com	Thurlow, Albert J.	apthurlow@aol.com
Huskey, John Robert	jhuskey@actransit.org	Wilson, Waldo W	williess400@aol.com

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)

United States Submarine Veterans, Inc (USSVI) seeks to honor those deceased submariners who taught us our craft. This great organization—worthy of our support—will support us by posting our reunions and rosters on their website or their quarterly publication. Be aware that USSVI dues have nothing to do with the Sabalo Association. If you are interested, USSVI National membership is \$20/year, plus \$10-\$20 for local bases.

Go to ussvi.org for application forms and location of Bases near you.

USSVI now has a Virtual Online Submarine Museum. The site features sub bases, weapons, other museum sites, boat interior photos, art and more. This is another service that USSVI provides at no cost to all submariners in fulfillment of our purpose to honor our fallen heroes and to promote the brotherhood. It's a work in progress, so drop back often, and suggestions for improvement are always welcomed.

<http://www.facebook.com/?ref=home#!/pages/USSVI-Virtual-Museum/366223061298?ref=ss>

Submarine veterans who wish to remove their wallboard for access to the houses' wiring and plumbing, or who want to sleep like in the old days by moving their mattresses to within 18 inches from the overhead (ceiling) should know that Lowe's and Home Depot are offering a 10% discount on all purchases with a military ID—which apparently has a pretty broad definition: one member has successfully used his USSVI membership card to get the discount (which is generally on top of any other discount).

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

Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

Ron Gorence

2563 Roseview Place

San Diego, Ca 92105-4734

To: