



NEWSLETTER

To perpetuate the memory of our shipmates who gave their lives in the pursuit of their duties while serving their country. That their dedication, deeds, and supreme sacrifice be a constant source of motivation toward greater accomplishments. Pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States of America and its Constitution.

Commanders Corner

CAPT IVAN L. JOSLIN USN (RET)



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A GREAT PARADE !!

Eight (8) of us SEADRAGON Base Shipmates accepted the kind invitation from Paul Hiott, Base Commander of the Treasure Island Base in Ft. Pierce, FL to man his Base's Submarine Parade Float in the Annual July 4th Parade held in downtown Mt. Dora.

Paul's son is a member of the Mt. Dora ROTARY Club, and he "leaned on his Dad" to bring their Float up for their Parade. He was willing to tow it that distance, but none of his troops wanted to drive that far to participate. Paul got my name as a fellow Base Commander here in Central Florida, and contacted me via e-mail, just in time for me to announce the opportunity at our June Meeting.

Bob Haskell and I attended the Palatka Base's Meeting a few days after ours, and I went to invite their members to join in supporting the Mt. Dora Parade opportunity, since Paul's Float had seats for 18 riders. Turns out the Palatka Base has their own Submarine Float, as well as their own July 4th Parade, so they weren't available for an "out of town committment."



MEETINGS

**1300 3rd Wednesday of
Month at the American
Legion Hall Rolling
Acres Road Lady Lake**

COMMANDERS CORNER (CONTINUED)

I notified Paul early Saturday morning that seven of us were mustered and ready to make the trip (Roy Aders had to cancel due to a foot problem that put him in The Villages Hospital the night before) over to the Mt. Dora Parade "staging area" and we agreed to met him there at 0900.

Bob Haskell and I drove, and as we pulled into the Town Square area, Paul's son recognized us from the Dolphins Sign on my car, and directed us to a private parking area behind a local Bank. In short order, Paul Hiott was there, and welcomed us royally as we walked the block to where his Sub Float was parked.

The Parade kicked off at 1000, and the parade route was lined with thousands of flag-waving citizens. Our COB rang the genuine diving alarm often, and not only did it make noise, it ALWAYS attracted attention from the by-standers. We were all in our vests, and really made a stirring presentation as we waved our flags and returned hundreds of salutes from appreciative and patriotic Americans! "Thank You For Your Service" was shouted to us by hundreds!!

The Restaurants were mostly closed for the Holiday, but to a man we thoroughly enjoyed sharing our Submarine Veterans status with such a grateful and appreciative crowd. It stirred the patriotism in our veins, and we were thanked so profusely by the citizens and Paul Hiott, that if given the opportunity to do it again, there are SEVEN of us ready to go!!

Enjoy your summer! Ivan L. Joslin, B/C



COMMANDERS CORNER (CONTINUED)

EDITORS COMMENTS

Bob Haskell

This issue of the Base Newsletter features highlights of the Roy Holland Gallemore Submarine Veterans Memorial dedication and Holland Club induction held by the SEA POACHER Base in Bartow Fl. Also included is a feature of our own Jim Peercy who served aboard the USS SCORPION SSN 589 and his tribute to TM2 (SS) Harry Huckelberry whom Jim trained prior to the SCORPIONS last deployment. Sadly, we note the passing of Ray Day a charter member of the SEADRAGON BASE. I still could use more articles of interest (include pictures) of things pertinent to our membership. Sea Stories and Submarine humor are always welcome. That's it for this issue. See you at our next meeting. Contact me at (352)753-8838 or at bobhas@comcast.net.

SUBMARINER OF THE QUARTER



Tom Sanders CAPT

Tom a life member of USSVI since 2005 qualified aboard the USS TANG SS-563 in 1964. Tom served aboard the TANG from 1963 - 1965. Tom also served with COMSUBFLOT-7 from 1964 - 1966. Tom joined the SEADRAGON Base in 2004 serving as the Base Chaplain. Tom resides in the Villages, Fl with his wife Mary Lois.



BIRTHDAYS

Jim Thomson	07 July
Rod Johnson	29 July
Allan Erde	30 July
Frank Hof	02 August
Robert Stevens	03 August
William Seid	07 August
Richard Richter	21 August
Ward Robbins	04 September
Ivan Joslin	09 September
Cecil Moulton	11 September
Ronald Irons	17 September
Robert Sleighter	17 September
Robert Kirk	19 September
John Richie, Jr	25 September
John Manning	27 September

NEW MEMBERS

NAME

QUAL BOAT

TM2 Mike Mittal (SS)	USS Alexander Hamilton SSN-617
LT Larry Oiler (SS)	USS GRAMPUS SS-523
Jeanne Sinkho OM3	Associate



USS SCORPION TRIBUTE



Jim Percy pays tribute to Harry Huckleberry TM2 (SS) during a recent SEADRAGON Base meeting. Jim trained Huckleberry while serving aboard the Scorpion. Jim left the Scorpion just prior to her final deployment. The USS Scorpion Alumni committee honored Jim with a Scorpion Challenge Medallion for his service and selecting Harry Huckleberry for sponsorship during the memorial service. Well done shipmate.



USS SCORPION MEMORIAL COMMITTEE LETTER



Dear USSVI SEADRAGON BASE

On behalf of the families, former crew, and USS Scorpion (SSN-589) Alumni Association, I thank you for participating in the "99 for 99" fund raising effort for the 45th Anniversary Memorial service for the lost Scorpion crew to be held on Saturday, May 25, 2013 at the U.S. Navy submarine piers in Norfolk, Virginia. Your donation of \$99.00 will help ensure the families and former crew will receive a fitting tribute to those 99 sailors, fathers, and friends lost on that fateful day of May 22, 1968.

Your generous gift has been designated to sponsor Torpedoman Second Class **HARRY DAVID HUCKELBERRY, TM2(SS)** Huckelberry's biography from the USS Scorpion Memorial Book is included. If you would like to read his biography at the May USSVI Seadragon Base meeting, that would be a fitting tribute.

Your sponsorship will be noted on a special program to be given to all who attend this memorial service. (In addition, when it becomes available, you will receive a USS Scorpion (SSN-589) challenge coin as a remembrance of this very important event.)

Again, thank you for your generosity and kindness shown to the "Scorpion Family".

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Art".

Art Nolan, Chair

USS Scorpion Memorial Committee

USS POACHER MEMORIAL DEDICATION



USS POACHER Base in Bartow, FL recently dedicated their memorial at a special ceremony. Attending were Ivan Joslin (SEADragon Base Commander) and Lyle Staufer who was presented with his Holland Club Membership during the ceremony.

MOUNT DORA JULY 4th PARADE



Paul Hiott of the TREASURE ISLAND BASE in Lake Okochobee, FL brought his submarine float to participate in the 4th of July parade held in Mount Dora, FL. SEADRAGON BASE members Ivan Joslin, Jim Peercy, Jim Thomson, Tom Bartolomeo, Larry Biddle, Wayne Clark, and Bob Haskell manned the float during the parade.

USS HUNLEY MEMORIAL



Ivan and Marjorie Joslin and Jim Thomson attended the SE Regional Conference held in Charleston, S.C. where they toured the USS HUNLEY memorial.

SUBMARINE MOTORCYCLE TRIP



ROD JOHNSON

Rod has ventured off to make a motorcycle trip to visit the entire 26 museum boats located around the country. He started this trip on his Goldwing Motorcycle with an attached carry-all which is equipped with all of his camping gear and personal accessories. During this trip he has created a Blog to memorialize his experiences. Following is a synopsis of his trip to date. Rod will continue to enter updates as the trip progresses. This is quite an undertaking and we wish him well.

I left Leesburg Friday **6/14** at 0630 and rode the Goldwing towing the little 14 cu. ft. trailer. None eventful trip to Mobile other than the heat in the afternoon. I arrived at 1600 hrs. and spent about 45 min. touring the inside of the Drum (SS-228). The inside looks better than the outside structure which is being repaired. I took a few pictures which I will send later.

Saturday **6/15** I rode down to Galveston and toured the Cavalla (SS-244). The Cavalla looks good from the outside but needs TLC inside in a number of areas. There are lots of areas where the cork on the pressure hull has come off showing much rust and corrosion underneath. Access to lower levels and almost all lockers etc. are made inaccessible to anyone touring the boat. Again I took some pictures but forgot to bring the USB cable to load from my camera into my laptop so will send pictures after getting back home. One attached photo I took with my cell phone of the engine room and the GM diesels. After touring the Cavalla I rode to Lufkin TX where I stayed the night.

SUBMARINE MOTORCYCLE TRIP

On Sunday **6/16** I rode to North Little Rock through some rain and toured the Razorback (SS-394). The Razorback is afloat and in much better shape than the Drum or Cavalla. As a submarine veteran and USSVI member I was given free access and conducted my own tour which included lower level areas and the conning tower which are off limits to the general public. In April of this year the #1 engine was started and run for about half a minute or so and a video was made and is shown by the museum staff. That baby threw out a bunch of smoke. The Razorback was in operation until 1971 in the Turkish navy. I left the Razorback at 1430 and headed for Muskogee, OK to tour the Batfish (SS-310). I hit some very heavy rain and quit riding and got a room in Van Buren, AR at 1830.

Monday **6/17** was a bad day. I was up and ready to go by 0630 but looking at the weather to the west and watching the weather channel I waited out the approaching thunderstorm. It rained real hard and was very windy until around 0800 when I left in the rain. I rode to Muskogee, OK to tour the Batfish only to find that the Batfish and War Memorial Museum are only open Wednesday through Saturday from 1000 to 1700 and on Sunday from 1200 to 1700. I took a few pictures and headed for Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. I ran into severe thunderstorms with large hail going west across the Texas panhandle on my way to Carlsbad Caverns in NM. I diverted north and just cleared the thunderstorm with hail and got a room in Crosbyton, TX as another thunderstorm approached. It rained most of the night with lots of lightning and thunder accompanied by strong winds.

SUBMARINE MOTORCYCLE TRIP

Wednesday **6/19** I went to The Nuclear Museum in Albuquerque when it opened at 0900. Nice museum tracing the beginning of nuclear science from the beginning until current times. There are many military items related to the delivery of nuclear warheads and bombs. Numerous missiles and aircraft are on display. There are Polaris A3 and Trident missiles from the FBM submarines on display. I was very disappointed to see that the sail of the James K. Polk is still sitting on railroad ties in three pieces as it was five years ago. There is no progress with installation of the 4000 some bricks that are going to form the hull outline for the sail to eventually sit above. There were some pavers engraved that eventually will lead from the museum building to the James K. Polk sail display. After leaving the museum I rode toward my next destination San Diego stopping at The Painted Dessert and Petrified Forrest, the Meteor Crater and Montezuma's Castle. I stopped for the day and got a room along US-8 between Phoenix and El Cajon.

Thursday **6/20** I got an early start at about 0630 and headed for El Cajon where my brother lives. I had an uneventful ride on US-8 to my brothers. Of note were the large numbers of California highway patrol units along this stretch of highway. There were at least a dozen units that I saw and four had vehicles stopped. This stretch of highway runs very close to the Mexican border and may explain the large number of patrol units. I reached my brothers around 1100. I will resume my daily logs when I again depart from my brothers to resume the submarine museum tour.

Monday **6/24** I drove into San Diego and went to the San Diego Maritime Museum. I toured the Russian submarine B-39 a 1970 vintage diesel and the USS Dolphin (AGSS-555) the deepest diving submarine of all times to date. I took a couple of pictures of the subs and also some older sailing vessels on display.

SUBMARINE MOTORCYCLE TRIP

Thursday **6/27** I left my brothers place in El Cajon at 0745 and rode to Long Beach where I toured the Russian submarine B-427 known as the Scorpion. I took five photos with my cell phone and numerous photos with my digital camera. There was an audio presentation in each of the boats compartments which was presented in English with a Russian accent. This boat is in good condition and interesting to tour even though access to the lower levels was not allowed. After completing the tour I rode north toward San Francisco my next boat stop. I rode along the Pacific Coast Highway and also on HWY-101 stopping in San Luis Obispo for the evening.

Friday **6/28** I was up and on the road at 0645 headed to San Francisco to tour the Pampanito (SS-383). I rode route 1 the Pacific Coast HWY all the way to Frisco and was impressed with the scenery. I got to Frisco around 1200 hrs. and spent an hour or so touring the Pampanito. After touring I headed north up route 1 again. Unbelievable crooked switchbacks all the way up the coast with breathtaking scenery. I finally stopped riding when I got to Fort Brag. One surprise was how cold it was with temperatures running from 57 to 63 degrees along the coast and some fog also. There were all kinds of people on the beaches swimming without wet suits and surf boarding which I found hard to believe as cold as the air was.

Saturday **6/29** slept in and did not get up until 0700 and was on the road at 0800 after a light breakfast. It was in the low 60's again so I bundled up with multiple layers of clothing I could shed as the day warmed up. I rode HWY-1 again and was rewarded with more spectacular scenery along the coast. I did not take many pictures because there were hundreds of scenic viewpoint along the road and I needed to make some progress and could not be stopping ever 1/4 or 1/2 mile to take a picture. The size of the off shore monoliths seemed to increase as I drove north and into Oregon. HWY 1 turns inland from the coast for its last 22 miles before turning into HWY 101. These 22 miles were through the Redwood forest and had many 10 and 15 mile per hour switchbacks a lot like those on The Tail of the Dragon on US-129 in Tennessee and North Carolina. I stopped Yachats, OR and ate at a local pub recommended by the motel owner. One bad thing about this scenic route is the price of motels and meals which are about double or more of what you would pay on major highways. Tomorrow I plan to tour the Blueback in Portland.

SUBMARINE MOTORCYCLE TRIP

Sunday **6/30** I was on the road to Portland and the Blueback (SS-581) at 0700. I arrived at the Blueback at 1100 and had to tour the boat with a group and a tour guide. When the tour guide realized I was a submariner he told me when he was done with the guided tour I could stay behind and look around all I wanted and he would tell the other tour guides what I was doing. Interesting boat only a little over 200' in length with three turbo-charged diesel engines and six torpedo tubes forward mounted three over three horizontally instead of two sets of three mounted vertically. This boat has the teardrop shaped hull normally equated with a nuclear powered submarine and achieved speed records for a diesel boat. After touring the Blueback I rode to the Naval Underwater Museum in Keyport Washington and toured it. There are lots of submarine related items and items related to underwater exploration, salvage, and rescue also. After touring this museum I took the ferry to Seattle and then rode west on I-90 to Ellensburg, WA and got a room for the night.

Monday **7/1** I was on the road around 0700 headed east on I-90 and then HWY-84 and US-20 and US-26 to Rexburg, Idaho which is eighty miles from the west entrance to Yellowstone. This was the least enjoyable day of the trip to date. The heat was brutal with temperatures of 111 degrees for hours and above 104 for much of the ride. I also rode till 0730 pm because there were no places to stay on US-20 and US-26 till I got to Rexburg, Idaho. The only good thing about the ride was US-20 goes across the northern part of The Craters of The Moon a very large lava flow that I could not see the other side of looking south. All said it was a 700 mile ride from hell due to the heat.

SUBMARINE MOTORCYCLE TRIP

Tuesday **7/2** I rode about 80 miles on US-20 to the west entrance of Yellowstone and rode south on 191 on the west side of the park viewing Old Faithful and other park sights then camped for the night in the Lewis Lake campground. Traffic was extremely heavy making travel slow and laborious for a motorcycle with all the stop and go involved. Yellowstone is not a place to visit during a holiday.

Wednesday **7/3** I rode north up the west side of Yellowstone to the north entrance viewing the various sights. After fighting the terrible traffic and completing a tour of almost all of the roads in the park I returned to my campsite and broke camp. I left the park by the south entrance and proceeded to Dubois, WY and got a room at the Wind River Motel which is owned by a high school classmate and her husband. After getting in my room and on the internet I checked on the USS-Marlin in Omaha and as I expected Freedom Park where the Marlin is at is closed due to flooding of the Missouri river. I will now go to Des Moines, IA and visit relatives and resume this log when leaving for the USS Cobia (SS-245) in Manitowoc, WS.





Our friend, brother, shipmate and fellow submariner Ray Day has passed on to Eternal Patrol. Following is the Submariner's Prayer.

***I have one consolation that lives with me today.
That God is near to them, in his own special way.
So God in all Your mercy, keep near Thyself the soul,
Of every Submariner, still on his final patrol.***

***Lord, this departed shipmate with Dolphins on his chest
is part of an outfit known as the best.
Make him welcome and take him by the hand.
You'll find without a doubt he was the best in all the
land.***

***So, heavenly Father add his name to the roll
of our departed shipmates still on patrol.
Let them know that we who survive
will always keep their memories alive.***

GOD BLESS YOU RAY



CPO Standards



Contributed by: Mike McCaffrey, Admiral (retired USN)

Never forget this, a Chief can become an Officer, but an Officer can never become a Chief. Chiefs have their standards!

Recollections of a Whitehat.

"One thing we weren't aware of at the time, but became evident as life wore on, was that we learned true leadership from the finest examples any lad was ever given, Chief Petty Officers. They were crusty old bastards who had done it all and had been forged into men who had been time tested over more years than a lot of us had time on the planet. The ones I remember wore hydraulic oil stained hats with scratched and dinged-up insignia, faded shirts, some with a Bull Durham tag dangling out of their right-hand pocket or a pipe and tobacco reloads in a worn leather pouch in their hip pockets, and a Zippo that had been everywhere. Some of them came with tattoos on their forearms that would force them to keep their cuffs buttoned at a Methodist picnic.

Most of them were as tough as a boarding house steak. A quality required to survive the life they lived. They were, and always will be, a breed apart from all other residents of Mother Earth. They took eighteen year old idiots and hammered the stupid bastards into sailors.

You knew instinctively it had to be hell on earth to have been born a Chief's kid. God should have given all sons born to Chiefs a return option.

A Chief didn't have to command respect. He got it because there was nothing else you could give them. They were God's designated hitters on earth.

We had Chiefs with fully loaded Submarine Combat Patrol Pins, and combat air crew wings in my day...hard-core bastards who remembered lost mates, and still cursed the cause of their loss...and they were expert at choosing descriptive adjectives and nouns, none of which their mothers would have endorsed.

At the rare times you saw a Chief topside in dress canvas, you saw rows of hard-earned, worn and faded ribbons over his pocket. "Hey Chief, what's that one and that one?" "Oh hell kid, I can't remember. There was a war on. They gave them to us to keep track of the campaigns." "We didn't get a lot of news out where we were. To be honest, we just took their word for it. Hell son, you couldn't pronounce most of the names of the places we went. They're all depth charge survival geedunk." "Listen kid, ribbons don't make you a Sailor." We knew who the heroes were, and in the final analysis that's all that matters.

Many nights, we sat in the after mess deck wrapping ourselves around cups of coffee and listening to their stories. They were light-hearted stories about warm beer shared with their running mates in corrugated metal sheds at resupply depots where the only furniture was a few packing crates and a couple of Coleman lamps. Standing in line at a Honolulu cathouse or spending three hours soaking in a tub in Freemantle, smoking cigars, and getting loaded. It was our history. And we dreamed of being just like them because they were our heroes. When they accepted you as their shipmate, it was the highest honor you would ever receive in your life. At least it was clearly that for me. They were not men given to the prerogatives of their position.

You would find them with their sleeves rolled up, shoulder-to-shoulder with you in a stores loading party. "Hey Chief, no need for you to be out here tossin' crates in the rain, we can get all this crap aboard."

"Son, the term 'All hands' means all hands."

"Yeah Chief, but you're no damn kid anymore, you old coot."

"Horsefly, when I'm eighty-five parked in the stove up old bastards' home, I'll still be able to kick your worthless butt from here to fifty feet past the screw guards along with six of your closest friends." And he probably wasn't bullshitting.

They trained us. Not only us, but hundreds more just like us. If it wasn't for Chief Petty Officers, there wouldn't be any U.S. Navy. There wasn't any fairy godmother who lived in a hollow tree in the enchanted forest who could wave her magic wand and create a Chief Petty Officer.

They were born as hot-sacking seamen, and matured like good whiskey in steel hulls over many years. Nothing a nineteen year-old jay-bird could cook up was original to these old saltwater owls. They had seen E-3 jerks come and go for so many years; they could read you like a book. "Son, I know what you are thinking. Just one word of advice. DON'T. It won't be worth it."

"Aye, Chief."

Chiefs aren't the kind of guys you thank. Monkeys at the zoo don't spend a lot of time thanking the guy who makes them do tricks for peanuts.

Appreciation of what they did, and who they were, comes with long distance retrospect. No young lad takes time to recognize the worth of his leadership. That comes later when you have experienced poor leadership or let's say, when you have the maturity to recognize what leaders should be, you find that Chiefs are the standard by which you measure all others.

They had no Academy rings to get scratched up. They butchered the King's English. They had become educated at the other end of an anchor chain from Copenhagen to Singapore. They had given their entire lives to the U.S. Navy. In the progression of the nobility of employment, Chief Petty Officer heads the list. So, when we ultimately get our final duty station assignments and we get to wherever the big Chief of Naval Operations in the sky assigns us, if we are lucky, Marines will be guarding the streets, and there will be an old Chief in an oil-stained hat and a cigar stub clenched in his teeth standing at the brow to assign us our bunks and tell us where to stow our gear... and we will all be young again, and the damn coffee will float a rock.

Life fixes it so that by the time a stupid kid grows old enough and smart enough to recognize who he should have thanked along the way, he no longer can. If I could, I would thank my old Chiefs. If you only knew what you succeeded in pounding in this thick skull, you would be amazed. So, thanks you old casehardened unsalvageable son-of-a-bitches. Save me a rack in the berthing compartment."

Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass. It's about learning to dance in the rain.

LOST BOATS



The following Boats were lost July:

S28	SS-133	JULY 4 1944	All Hands
GROWLER	SS-215	JULY 8 1944	All Hands
ROBALO	SS-273	JULY 26 1944	77 Men Lost; Survivors died in Prison Camp

The following Boats were lost in August:

BULL HEAD	SS-332	AUG 6 1945	All Hands; Last Sub lost in WWII
GRUNION	SS-216	AUG 16 1952	All Hands
S-39	SS-144	AUG 16 1942	No Loss of Life
HARDER	SS-257	AUG 24 1944	All Hands
POMPANO	SS-181	AUG 29 1943	All Hands
COCHINO	SS-345	AUG 26 1949	Peacetime (Fire)

The following Boats were lost in September

GRAYLING	SS-209	SEPT 9 1943	All Hands
FLYER	SS-250	SEPT 13 1944	78 Men Loss; 8 Survivors
CISCO	SS-290	SEPT 28 1943	All Hands
S-5	SS-110	SEPT 01 1920	Peacetime (Foundered)
S-51	SS-162	sept 25 1925	Peacetime (Collision)
