



"Brothers of the 'Phin"

VOLUNTEER BASE QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER
UNITED STATES SUBMARINE VETERANS, INC.



Our Creed: "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."

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Base Meeting Photos

April Meeting



J Vinny McCrum presenting our new Holland Club Members Tim Cantwell (L) and John Carrothers (R) handmade pens.

May Meeting



Screaming Eagle Honor Flight's Volunteer Coordinator James "Bear" Moore briefing us about how we could support Honor Flights.

June Tolling The Boats Ceremony



Base group picture after the Tolling The Boats Ceremony held at the Middle Tennessee State Cemetery Saturday June 14th.

Plan of the Day

From Our Volunteer Base Commander

My goals for the base are simple, they are the same as the USSVI Creed "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."

USS Darter, SS-227, Memorial

Tennessee is one of three states that has not yet erected the memorial to the boat assigned to them by the States Submarine Veterans of World War II. Tennessee was assigned the USS Darter SS-227.

Mike Anderson and I met with Peter L. Heimbach, Jr., State Architect, and Chloe Shafer, Director of Compliance, about placing a USS Darter SS 227 Memorial on the Legislative Plaza Friday May, 30th.

The good news:

Both Peter and Chloe were very receptive to the USS Darter Memorial proposal.

The bad news:

The State Building Commission has issued a moratorium on approving new monument & memorial requests due to the current rewrite of the State's Memorial & Monuments Master Planning guidelines. The new rules & guidelines &

application process has been outsourced and they expect to receive it by the end of this summer. Once it is received the State Planning Commission has to have a series of meetings on the new process prior to actually approving the process which they expect will be by the end of the calendar year.

That said, our working design for the memorial may have to be altered or even scrapped depending on the new TN Memorial & Monuments Master Planning guidelines.

More bad news:

Once the State Building Commission has approved the new Memorial & Monuments Master Planning guidelines & application process that approved process has to go to the State Capitol Commission. The State Capitol Commission is the governing body that approves all projects encompassed in the Capital District Zone (the several blocks around the State Capital building to include the Bicentennial Mall), which means they must approve our request to place the USS Darter Memorial on the Legislative plaza. The Capitol Commission does not meet regularly, meeting only 5 times since 2010. Peter expects the new Memorial & Monuments Master Planning Guidelines & application process to go to the Capitol Commission no sooner than January 2015. We cannot submit our application for the Darter Memorial until the Capitol Commission approves the Memorial & Monuments Master Planning Guidelines & application process for use in the Capitol Zone.

Peter and I exchanged information and will be communicating the ongoing status of the Memorial & Monuments Master Planning Guidelines & application process.

2014 USSVI Convention

USSVI turns 50 years old in 2014! The 2014 Golden Anniversary USSVI Convention is being held in Hyatt Regency Hotel in San Francisco, CA, September 1st to 7th, 2014. You can download the convention's Plan of the Day and Registration forms at the following link:

http://www.ussvigoldenanniversary2014sf.org/Home_Page.php

Annual Base Picnic Update

Our annual base picnic will be held on Saturday July 12th. Keith & Gayle Carlaw has reserved a covered picnic pavilion at the "Lock A" Recreation Area of the Corps of Engineering's (CoE) Cheatham Lock and Dam. This is the exact same spot where we held out 2012 Picnic!

Also, feel free to bring any guest you'd like as this is a family picnic. For more information, contact Gayle Carlaw at 615 440-1460 or email her @ reellady@charter.net.

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The View from the T.D.U.

Hello Shipmates,

Thank you to everyone who turned out for our Tolling the Boats ceremony in June. It was a moving ceremony and a fitting tribute to our shipmates who have gone before. We really appreciate everyone who stepped up and volunteered their time and talents to make the day a success!

I don't know about you, but I'm really looking forward to our base picnic on Saturday, July 12th, at 11:00. We'll be back at Cheatham Dam/Lock A, where we were two years ago. We had lots of fun despite the rain, but maybe this year will be clear. My daughter has asked for the day off so she can attend. Please bring along your own friends and family.

We continue to look for interesting and relevant speakers for our regular meetings. I've invited a representative of the Tennessee Department of Veterans Administration to speak at our August meeting regarding veteran's benefits. I'll let you know as soon as we have confirmed plans. In the meantime, if you have an idea for a speaker you would like to hear, please let one of the base officers know.

V/R,

Larry Smith FTGC/SS, Base Vice Commander

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Hey shipmates,

Individual Pictures

Summer is here! In January I started getting pictures of all our base members. We have almost taken everyone's picture, but we still have a few to go. I plan on bringing the camera to the base picnic so we can get more of them. I have a background which I have been using for pictures and I would like to get everyone's picture set up this way. Also, by taking pictures in the winter most of us look a little washed out. So even if you have had your picture taken and would like to take it again now that we all have some sun, I will do that as well.

Sailors in the Spotlight

Each week in the newsletter, I am casting the spotlight on one of our base members. This is an opportunity for you to tell us a little about yourself. Perhaps you would like to talk about what you have done since being out of service. Maybe you would like to tell a story about something which happened on one of the boats you served. Whatever it is, we would like to know more about you. I think most of us joined the Volunteer Base to experience some of the closeness we all had while serving on the boat. The only way to do this is to get to know each other a little better. By staying around a few minutes when the meeting is over, going to lunch, working on activities together and using the email and web formats, we can get to know each other a little better. In the June 22nd newsletter I posted a list of the order for which I will be spotlighting our shipmates (you can also see the full list on the website). Please send me your information, sometime prior to you being spotlighted so I can have it for the mailbag.

Email Mailbag

By now, all of you are aware I send out a weekly mailbag. I need your input! If there is nothing in

the mailbag, then it is a pretty short read :-). If you have things you want to discuss, short stories, special events or anything you believe your shipmates would like to know about or be interested in, get those items to me prior to Friday of each week and I will get them in there for the next mailbag. When you send them to me, please put MAILBAG in the subject line so I will not miss it. This is one of the best ways for us to stay in contact with each other and know what is going on. I have also been working on the webpage and continue to work on it when time permits. If you haven't looked at it lately, make sure you do, because I am always changing stuff as I find better ways of doing things. Just go to www.USSVIVolunteerBase.org and check it out.

If you need anything or I can help with something, just drop me a line or call me.

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The Treasurer Chest

From our Base Treasurer Ron Riley

Shipmates,

See you at the base meetings!

Ron Riley TM2/SS
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Editor's Notebook

I've included lots of shorter stories & poems in this issue of the "Brothers of the 'Phin" newsletter. Thank you to everyone who has sent me stories over the past quarter, keep up the good work!

As always you can also check us out on Facebook:
<http://www.facebook.com/USSVI.Volunteer.Base>

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The SK Shack

Ahoy Shipmates!

Our July cookout/meeting is coming soon, and from a personal standpoint I can declare that it is great fun, and hope that everyone can make it.

I will have all the storekeeper goods at the cookout, plus some new shirts in 2X as well I have obtained as well.

Submariner's Cookbook

I will shortly be getting a copy of the Submariners Cookbook that I sent word out several weeks ago. I have learned that this is a compilation of recipes from the guys that rode the boats in WWII all the way to the recipes being used on the boats that are currently at sea. I will only have one available copy, and the cost is estimated to be around \$20-\$25, but if you want to guarantee your copy of one, send me an email and I will order more. They are down to the last 25 or so cookbooks from the first printing, and the cost of the second printing will go up about \$2, so if you want to save the extra \$2, send me an email soon.

New Alternate Base Logo Patches Available!

The Volunteer base has purchased a new Patch. It can be sewn on caps, coats, vests and many other garments.



Jim Early STS1/SS, Base Storekeeper
615 773-5305

Storekeeper@USSVIVolunteerBase.org

Electronic Chaplain's Chat

Going Deep..., this quarterly Chaplain's chat comes from outside our base membership from Joel Kennedy LtCdr USN (Ret)

Going Deep...,

As all Submariners know, and non-Submariners

have such difficulty understanding, the brotherhood of submarining is truly unique. In no other field of endeavor do men have to place such trust in one another at all times to keep one another safe. This creates a bond that years and distance cannot dim. I often feel that I probably have more in common with non-American Submariners than I do with regular people in my hometown. The experiences we share -- the ones we can't share with anyone else outside the fraternity -- are what make us so different. While other military organizations share something similar, we are the only group -- outside of maybe astronauts -- who exist continually surrounded by an environment that can kill us in an instant if someone makes a mistake, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, when out at sea. Submariners must trust their shipmates, and their ships, literally with our lives. We each leave something of ourselves behind on each submarine on which we serve, from which each boat forms it's own soul. Submarines are truly alive with the blood, sweat, and tears of every person who has served on her.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." -- Psalms 107:23-24

Going deep...

No distress signal or explosion was heard. Two days later, an oil slick was found near where S-28. The exact cause of her loss remains a mystery.



USS Robalo (SS-273) - Lost on July 26, 1944 with the loss of 84 crew members while on her 3rd war patrol. She struck a mine about 2 miles off the coast of Palawan. Three men survived and swam ashore, then imprisoned by the Japanese. Unfortunately, they were put on a Japanese destroyer and lost when that destroyer was sunk.



USS Grunion (SS-216) - Lost on July 30, 1942 with the loss of 70 crew members while on her first war patrol near Kiska Harbor. She radioed that she sank two sub-chasers and damaged a third, but was never heard from again. Her loss remains a mystery.

Tolling of the Boats: August – 6 Boats Lost

USS Bullhead (SS-332)

USS Flier (SS-250)

USS S-39 (SS-144)

USS Harder (SS-257)

USS Cochino (SS-345)

USS Pompano (SS-181)



USS Bullhead (SS-332) - Lost on August 6, 1945 with the loss of 84 crew members in the Lombok

United States Submarine Losses

Tolling of the Boats for July - 5 Lost Boats

USS S-28 (SS-133)

USS Robalo (SS-273)

USS Grunion (SS-216)

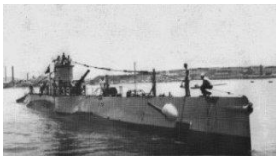


USS S-28 (SS-133) - Lost on July 4, 1944 with the loss of 50 crew members. She was conducting training exercises off Hawaii with the US Coast Guard Cutter Reliance. After S-28 dove for a practice torpedo approach, Reliance lost contact.

Strait while on her 3rd war patrol when sunk by a depth charge dropped by a Japanese Army plane. Bullhead was the last submarine lost during WWII.



USS Flier (SS-250) - Lost on August 13, 1944, with the loss of 80 crew members while on her 2nd war patrol. Flier was transiting on the surface when she was rocked by a massive explosion (probably a mine) and sank within less than a minute. 13 survivors, some injured, made it into the water and swam to shore. 8 survived and 6 days later friendly natives guided them to a Coast Watcher and they were evacuated by the USS Redfin.

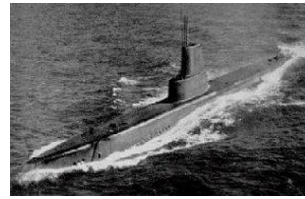


USS S-39 (SS-144) - Lost on August 14, 1942 after grounding on a reef south while on her 3rd war patrol. The entire crew was able to get off and rescued by the HMAS Katoomba.



USS Harder (SS-257) - Lost on August 24, 1944 with the loss of 84 crew members from a depth charge attack by a minesweeper near Bataan while on her 6th war patrol. Harder had won a Presidential Unit Citation for her first 5 war patrols and CDR Dealey was awarded the Congressional

Medal of Honor posthumously. Harder is tied for 9th in the number of enemy ships sunk.



USS Cochino (SS-345) - Lost on August 26, 1949 after being jolted by a violent polar gale off Norway caused an electrical fire and battery explosion that generated hydrogen and chlorine gasses. In extremely bad weather, men of Cochino and Tusk (SS-426) fought to save the submarine for 14 hours. After a 2nd battery explosion, Abandon Ship was ordered and Cochino sank. Tusk's crew rescued all of Cochino's men except for one civilian engineer. Six sailors from Tusk were lost during the rescue.

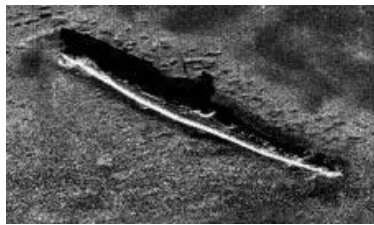


USS Pompano (SS-181) - Lost on August 29, 1943 (between Aug 8 and Sept 27) with the loss of 76 men while on her 7th war patrol. Before being lost, she sank two enemy cargo ships. The exact cause of her loss remains unknown, but she probably fell victim to a mine. This boat's last known ship sunk happened on Sept 25th, so she probably hit that mine on or after that date but before Oct 5th, when she was scheduled back at Midway.

Tolling of the Boats: September - 4 Boats Lost

USS S-5 (SS-110)
USS S-51 (SS-162)

USS Grayling (SS-209)
USS Cisco (SS-290)



USS S-5 (SS-110) - Lost on September 1, 1920 when a practice dive went wrong and she sank bow-first, with her stern showing above the water. In a dramatic adventure, her exhausted crew was rescued during the next few days. Salvage attempts were unsuccessful, S-5 settled to the bottom and was abandoned.



USS Grayling (SS-209) - Lost on Sept 9, 1943 with the loss of 76 men near the Tablas Strait. Grayling was on her 8th war patrol and sank two ships before being lost.



USS S-51 (SS-162) - Lost on Sept 25, 1925 with the loss of 32 men when it was sunk after collision with SS City of Rome off Block Island.



USS Cisco (SS-290) - Lost on Sept 28, 1943 on her first war patrol with the loss of 76 men in the Sulu Sea west of Mindanao.

!! YOUR URGENT ATTENTION NEEDED !! **Robert "DEX" Armstrong Moved To Hospice**

I received Word this morning, that our Beloved Shipmate, Submariner Poet, and Writer Extraordinaire, Robert "DEX" Armstrong, is in rapidly Declining Health, and has been moved from the Nursing home he was receiving care and Rehabilitation after Suffering a Broken Hip and Pelvis many months ago to a Hospice Care facility in Arlington, Virginia.

(Hospice care is available to patients with a terminal prognosis who are medically certified to have less than six months to live.)

"I know most of us Have read and reread hundreds of times Dex's Writings and we all love and can identify with his amazing wit, and how he described Life on "Smoke Boats" for a young Backwoods Boy in the 50's and Early 60's.

His escapades and documentation of them are legendary, especially in the diesel boat community.

I am extending a very personal request of all, to show Dex some Love and Prayers when he needs them most...

I will state for the record his condition is not good, and right now he could use some Submarine Brotherly Love..

So Let's get those cards, Letters, and Prayers sent his way ASAP..."

Dex's address follows:

Robert "Dex" Armstrong
c/o Capital Caring Hospice
4715 North 15th Street

Flooding Drills

by Michael DiMercurio

Arlington, VA 22205 There I was, test depth, ahead flank, when suddenly...

I was the communications officer of a nuclear fast attack submarine HAMMERHEAD doing drills off the continental shelf of Virginia. The admiral-in-command of the Atlantic submarine force,

ComSubLant, had sent his staff aboard for a ship examination. It was a test of the captain, the crew and the ship, to see how we would perform in emergencies during battle.

All day long we ran drills. Collision. Flooding. Reactor scram. Fire in the engine room. And all day long, as the communications officer, my job was sprint into the control room with a clipboard, a laminated radio message form and a grease pencil to prepare the distress signal. It wasn't a very exciting message, just a pre-formatted emergency communiqué stating what ship was sending the message, our latitude and longitude, and describing the nature of the emergency. Our ship is flooding from main seawater leak, this location. Please send help.

Of course, in nuclear submarine, odds were that it wasn't help that would arrive, but a deep sea salvage crew, to retrieve the nuclear codes and find out what happened to us, because when the bottom of the ocean is two miles beneath your at-sea sneakers and the crush depth of the hull is a small fraction of that distance, you knew your flesh would be separated from your bones long before the keel rested on the sand. Submarine escape systems were then designed for escapes from 400 feet, yet the average water depth we sailed in was 11,000.

So the emergency message would be little more than the puzzle piece to clue in the fleet what had happened to us and to give the salvage crews an idea of where to begin the search.

So when the dozenth flooding drill went down that afternoon, I jogged nonchalantly into the control room with my clipboard and grease pencil, thinking it was a good thing this was a mere drill, because in the unlikely event of an actual flooding, there would be nothing left of us to bury. The term "fish food" came to mind. When I skidded to a halt in front of the navigation plotter, I noticed things seemed more tense than normal. Perhaps the drill was going poorly. I transcribed our position and raced to the elevated periscope platform, the "conn." I looked up at the captain and rattled off my prepared speech, to the effect that I had our position, the message body read, "ops compartment flooding

from stuck open hovering ball valves," and requested to transmit as soon as we could ascend to periscope depth.

The captain, my nemesis - let's just call him "Commander Queeg" - frowned. Had I screwed up? I wondered. Perhaps we would never get shallow enough to make it to periscope depth. Perhaps I should have recommended that we load the radio message into a SLOT buoy, a baseball bat sized radio transmitter that could be launched from the deep.

But that's not what was wrong. "Get outta here, now!" the captain snarled. I did as ordered and went back to the radio room, where we had a "conn open mike," which was an open connection to the conversations going on in the control room. With the control room wired for sound, it soon became apparent that this was no drill. The hovering system hull and backup valves failed to shut after the chief of the watch opened them from the ballast control panel, opening an eight inch hole from the ocean directly into the submarine – into the "people tank." If one of the valves couldn't be shut, within two minutes there would be enough water in the lower level of the operations compartment to take us down, and it would be a one-way ticket.

Fortunately, within thirty seconds, the quick-acting mechanics in the lower level fought the water spray and overrode the malfunctioning signal to the valve actuator and shut the valve. We pumped the water out of the bilge and ascended again to periscope depth, the entire event witnessed by the admiral's drill staff.

Within five minutes of the end of the incident, I was summoned to see the captain. Back then as a 25 year old lieutenant, the scariest thing I'd ever heard was "the captain wants to see you in his stateroom, NOW." Scarier even than "flooding in machinery one!" over the 1MC loudspeakers.

"Yessir!" I barked, at attention in the commanding officer's tiny sea cabin.

What the hell did you think you were DOING? he snarled.

Obviously, I had no idea what I was doing, other than what I'd been trained to do. I said as much,

never being one to back down to authority – had I been more tactful in my younger days, life might have turned out differently, but I took that honor code seriously and would never misrepresent how I genuinely felt to my commanding officer.

Well, he said, don't ever reveal our dirty laundry to ComSubLant staff!

Dirty laundry? The fact that we were flooding?
Flooding, maybe sinking?

It was under control, he spat. We were never in any danger.

So what, I snapped back. That's not how we trained. That's not how we run drills. If I hear "flooding in the engine room," my duty is come up with a distress signal draft for your signature and authorization to transmit. That's my job. That's what YOU trained me to do. You're going to punish me because I did what you trained me to do? And besides which, you could have just decided to hold off on signing the board.

Shut up, the captain ordered. You just don't get it. You ran up there with your little emergency message and rammed home to the admiral's staff that we were having a problem.

For god's sake, Captain, the staffer was standing right there at the fire control console! It was obvious we were having a problem!

It was no big deal, the captain repeated. You made it look like we were panicking.

Captain, I said slowly, I had no idea it was real. I thought it was another drill.

Well, pay attention, he shouted.

Yessir. Next time, if it's a real flooding, I'll remember to violate the procedures. That way no one will ever figure out what happened to us. Death before embarrassment, right, Skipper?

Get out, he screamed.

It had to be an isolated incident, I told myself. The Navy isn't really like that.

"Don't shoot, we're Republicans!"

by Kit Bonner, noted Naval Historian

For my Navy Buffs

A BIZARRE BIT OF U.S. NAVAL HISTORY ABOUT WHICH MOST AMERICANS KNOW "ZILCH"

From November 1943, until her demise in June 1945, the American destroyer 'William D. Porter' was often hailed - whenever she entered port or joined other Naval ships - with the greetings: "Don't shoot, we're Republicans!"

For a half a century, the US Navy kept a lid on the details of the incident that prompted this salutation. A Miami news reporter made the first public disclosure in 1958 after he stumbled upon the truth while covering a reunion of the destroyer's crew. The Pentagon reluctantly and tersely confirmed his story, but only a smattering of newspapers took notice.

In 1943, the Willie D as the Porter was nicknamed, accidentally fired a live torpedo at the battleship Iowa during a practice exercise. As if this weren't bad enough, the Iowa was carrying President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the time, along with Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, and all of the country's W.W.II military brass. They were headed for the Big Three Conference in Tehran, where Roosevelt was to meet Stalin and Churchill.

Had the Porter's torpedo struck the Iowa at the aiming point, the last 60 years of world history might have been quite different. The USS William D Porter (DD-579) was one of hundreds of assembly line destroyers built during the war. They mounted several heavy and light guns, but their main armament consisted of 10 fast-running and accurate torpedoes that carried 500-pound warheads. This destroyer was placed in commission on July 1943 under the command of Wilfred Walker, a man on the Navy's fast career track.

In the months before she was detailed to accompany the Iowa across the Atlantic in November 1943, the Porter and her crew learned

their trade, experiencing the normal problems that always beset a new ship and a novice crew.

The mishaps grew more serious when she became an escort for the pride of the fleet, the big new battleship Iowa . The night before they left Norfolk, bound for North Africa, the Porter accidentally damaged a nearby sister ship when she backed down along the other ship's side and her anchor tore down the other ship's railings, life rafts, ship's boat and various other formerly valuable pieces of equipment. The Willie D merely had a scraped anchor, but her career of mayhem and mishaps had begun.

Just twenty four hours later, the four-ship convoy, consisting of Iowa and her secret passengers, the Willie D, and two other destroyers, was under strict instructions to maintain complete radio silence. Since they were going through a known U-boat feeding ground, speed and silence were the best defense.

Suddenly, a tremendous explosion rocked the convoy. All of the ships commenced anti-submarine maneuvers. This continued until the Porter sheepishly admitted that one of her depth charges had fallen off her stern and exploded. The 'safety' had not been set as instructed. Captain Walker was watching his fast track career become side-tracked.

Shortly thereafter, a freak wave inundated the ship, stripping away everything that wasn't lashed down. A man washed overboard and was never found. Next, the fire room lost power in one of its boilers.

The Captain, at this point, was making reports almost hourly to the Iowa about the Willie D's difficulties. It would have been merciful if the force commander had detached the hard luck ship and sent her back to Norfolk . But, no, she sailed on.

The morning of 14 November 1943 dawned with a moderate sea and pleasant weather. The Iowa and her escorts were just east of Bermuda , and the president and his guests wanted to see how the big ship could defend herself against an air attack. So, the Iowa launched a number of weather balloons to use as anti-aircraft targets. It was exciting to see more than 100 guns shooting at the balloons, and the President was proud of his Navy.

Just as proud was Admiral Ernest J King, the Chief of Naval Operations; large in size and by demeanor, a true monarch of the sea. Disagreeing with him meant the end of a naval career. Up to this time, no one knew what firing a torpedo at him would mean. Over on the Willie D, Captain Walker watched the fireworks display with admiration and envy.

Thinking about career redemption and breaking the hard luck spell, the Captain sent his impatient crew to battle stations. They began to shoot down the balloons the Iowa had missed as they drifted into the Porter's vicinity.

Down on the torpedo mounts, the crew watched, waiting to take some practice shots of their own on the big battleship, which, even though 6,000 yards away, seemed to blot out the horizon. Lawton Dawson and Tony Fazio were among those responsible for the torpedoes. Part of their job involved ensuring that the primers were installed during actual combat and removed during practice. Once a primer was installed, on a command to fire, it would explode shooting the torpedo out of its tube. Dawson , on this particular morning, unfortunately had forgotten to remove the primer from torpedo tube #3. Up on the bridge, a new torpedo officer, unaware of the danger, ordered a simulated firing. "Fire 1, Fire 2," and finally, "Fire 3." There was no Fire 4 as the sequence was interrupted by an unmistakable whooooooshhhing sound made by a successfully launched and armed torpedo. Lt H. Steward Lewis, who witnessed the entire event, later described the next few minutes as what hell would look like if it ever broke loose.

Just after he saw the torpedo hit water on its way to the Iowa and some of the most prominent figures in world history, Lewis innocently asked the Captain, 'Did you give permission to fire a torpedo?' Captain Walker's reply will not ring down through naval history, although words to the effect of Farragut's immortal 'Damn the torpedoes' figured centrally within.

Initially there was some reluctance to admit what had happened, or even to warn the Iowa . As the awful reality sunk in, people began racing around,

shouting conflicting instructions and attempting to warn the flagship of imminent danger.

First, there was a flashing light warning about the torpedo which unfortunately indicated the torpedo was headed in another direction.

Next, the Porter signaled that the torpedo was going reverse at full speed!

Finally, they decided to break the strictly enforced radio silence. The radio operator on the destroyer transmitted "'Lion (code for the Iowa), Lion, come right." The Iowa operator, more concerned about radio procedure, requested that the offending station identify itself first.

Finally, the message was received and the Iowa began turning to avoid the speeding torpedo.

Meanwhile, on the Iowa 's bridge, word of the torpedo firing had reached FDR, who asked that his wheelchair be moved to the railing so he could see better what was coming his way. His loyal Secret Service guard immediately drew his pistol as if he was going to shoot the torpedo. As the Iowa began evasive maneuvers, all of her guns were trained on the William D. Porter. There was now some thought that the Porter was part of an assassination plot.

Within moments of the warning, there was a tremendous explosion just behind the battleship. The torpedo had been detonated by the wash kicked up by the battleship's increased speed.

The crisis was over and so was Captain Walker's career. His final utterance to the Iowa , in response to a question about the origin of the torpedo, was a weak, "We did it."

Shortly thereafter, the brand new destroyer, her Captain and the entire crew were placed under arrest and sent to Bermuda for trial. It was the first time that a complete ship's company had been arrested in the history of the US Navy.

The ship was surrounded by Marines when it docked in Bermuda , and held there several days as the closed session inquiry attempted to determine what had happened.

Torpedo man Dawson eventually confessed to having inadvertently left the primer in the torpedo tube, which caused the launching. Dawson had

thrown the used primer over the side to conceal his mistake. The whole incident was chalked up to an unfortunate set of circumstances and placed under a cloak of secrecy.

Someone had to be punished. Captain Walker and several other Porter officers and sailors eventually found themselves in obscure shore assignments. Dawson was sentenced to 14 years hard labor.

President Roosevelt intervened; however, asking that no punishment be meted out for what was clearly an accident.

The destroyer William D. Porter was banished to the upper Aleutians . It was probably thought this was as safe a place as any for the ship and anyone who came near her.

She remained in the frozen north for almost a year, until late 1944, when she was re-assigned to the Western Pacific. However, before leaving the Aleutians , she accidentally left her calling card in the form of a five-inch shell fired into the front yard of the American Base Commander, thus rearranging his flower garden rather suddenly.

In December, 1944, the Porter joined the Philippine invasion forces and acquitted herself quite well. She distinguished herself by shooting down a number of attacking Japanese aircraft. Regrettably, after the war, it was reported that she also shot down three American planes. This was a common event on ships, as many gunners, fearful of kamikazes, had nervous trigger fingers.

In April, 1945, the destroyer Porter was assigned to support the invasion of Okinawa . By this time, the greeting "Don't Shoot, We're Republicans" was commonplace and the crew of the Willie D had become used to the ribbing.

But the crew of her sister ship, the USS Luce, was not so polite in its salutations after the Porter accidentally riddled her side and superstructure with gunfire.

On 10 June, 1945, the Porter's hard luck finally ran out. She was sunk by a plane which had (unintentionally) attacked it from underwater. A Japanese bomber made almost entirely of wood and canvas slipped through the Navy's defense.

Having little in the way of metal surfaces, the plane didn't register on radar. A fully loaded kamikaze, it was headed for a ship near the Porter, but just at the last moment veered away and crashed alongside the unlucky destroyer. There was a sigh of relief as the plane sunk out of sight, but then it blew up underneath the Porter, opening her hull in the worst possible place.

Three hours later, after the last man was off board, the Captain jumped to the safety of a rescue vessel and the ship that almost changed world history slipped astern into 2,400 feet of water. Not a single soul was lost in the sinking. After everything else that happened, it was almost as if the ship decided to let her crew off at the end.

Secrets We Keep and Lines We Have Crossed

by Sid Harrison ETCM(SS) USN(Ret)

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From: <http://www.northofseveycorners.com/write/n-run.htm>

SECRETS

Where are you going? Out!

When will you be back? Later!

Those years of being vague and changing the subject, of disappearing in the middle of the night only to show up months later, sometimes parked in an isolated area with tarps draped over the sail and superstructure. To this day in the fourth decade after these events, I am still reluctant to talk. A career associated with an organization that has the handle "The Silent Service" is no small thing.

In the "haze gray and underway Navy" departures and arrivals are done with great fanfare and make the six o'clock news. We who have driven the black boats into secret, and often illegal, places have never known that level of scrutiny - nor did we want it. A few last minute hugs and tears, the holding of confused kids. Then single up, cast off, slide away from a pier or tender and rig ship for dive. That was our fanfare. Still today when I think I'm telling too much - something that may be very old news to the world but is still fresh in my mind - I almost expect a black Ford with US Government

plates to pull in the driveway the next day. Keeping secrets is a hard habit to break.

Ten years after the following event, I filled out a form giving dates and boat. Six months later the XO unceremoniously handed me the Navy Expeditionary Medal.

Worth a point or two on a promotion profile - I think.

LINES WE HAVE CROSSED

There are lines we cross in our lives. Some are clearly defined and we know when they are crossed. Some lines mark off national claims to territorial waters and they define hemispheres. Other lines we are aware of only in retrospect: such as moving from naiveté to healthy skepticism; from adolescence to manhood; from innocence to worldliness.

Many rituals of society provide very clear lines - and for good purpose. For example, when we marry, the line is clear: to one side of a few words in time and space we are single - the next instant we are married. Military people know one important line well: on one side civilian - the other side, military. Historically ships have held elaborate rituals to celebrate the crossing of certain circular measurement lines on the earth.

The following is about lines crossed by one submarine and her crew in 1963. Some were measurable on a map - others marked by events such as that precise time in Dallas. That date - November 22, 1963 - neither created nor was it the cause of what was to follow. Rather, it served as a line, a marker placed between two eras. A portent of things to come.

I will leave it to the reader to ponder the lines we were to cross that year of 1963 as we left behind Race Rock and a golden New England fall. We the crew of the USS BLENNY SS-324. We looked not much beyond a good liberty call in England, pick up the intel spooks; make a routine operation and a smooth return home.

THE END OF THE NORTHERN RUN

Over the Barents Trough we ran, sliding past Iceland; past the Rockall Rise then a straight line for New London. Like thieves slipping out of a dark

building, we ran looking over our shoulder to see what followed in the shadows. We were going away from this place. Going home.

Our World war II vintage submarine had not fared well during that stormy December crossing of the North Atlantic. The strain had begun to take a toll on old equipment after week upon week of sucking vacuums with a head valve held shut by green water as we restarted those engines over and over. We had lost the snorkel diffuser plate weeks earlier in our Op area and our presence there became harder to conceal. Cold sweat from the hull ran into electrical connections as we chased ground after ground and two of the four diesel engines were out of commission. With one of the remaining two unable to run at full power the Engineer kept revising his fuel consumption graphs as our true speed-of-advance was further reduced by a relentlessly stormy sea pushing against us. Now those Op area conditions no longer mattered. We faced every sailor's greatest challenge, the angry winter sea. One that seemed to sense our inadequate propulsion and vulnerability. After long days of our wallowing through the troughs the sea finally succeeded in driving the Officer of the Deck and lookouts into the barrel. Safely away from those mountains of green water and the threat of broken bones or worse.

Day after day we watched those graphs pessimistically repeating their predictions. Finally, facing the fact that low on fuel and with increasing certainty we could never hold out for the remainder of the down East run to New London --- we reluctantly turned for Argentina, Newfoundland.

With major sections of her superstructure torn away leaving the pressure hull exposed our old boat had bucked sea and wind for thousands of miles. Now she lay quietly "starboard side to" alongside a black wooden pier in Argentina. Going topside, the first thing we noticed was the dark. Not just dark in the usual sense of no sun, but the very surroundings seemed set in varying shades of dark - even the snow looked gray. But for us, as we popped up to grab another five gallon can of milk, a case of vegetables or ice cream - all lowered down the after battery hatch with whoops of "look at that!" or "gahdamn! - fresh milk!" and other unoriginal but

enthusiastic expletives - this was Miami Beach, Rio and Cannes all rolled into one. It may not have been recruiting poster liberty, but we took it.

We had not showered in weeks and tonight was no exception. Shower stalls as usual full of garbage were ignored as we made do with our normal two quart sink bath. Finally, having dried off with clean rags from the Forward Engine Room our bodies half clean, our stomachs tight and growling from too much fresh milk, tossed salad and ice cream, we pulled on our uniforms. Wearing our moldy smelling blues that had been wadded into damp lockers for three months we climbed topside ready for the evening. After months of continuous roll and pitch of the boat our senses gradually adjusted to stationary surroundings. Regaining our shore legs we walked off the dark pier to a waiting bus.

We left that cold, windy dock for an area that if it was a town instead of a military base would be called "downtown". There we found the Enlisted Club. It was the social center of activity for the marrieds and their families and it was a warm place. It didn't move, and under its low ceilings we felt safe and welcome. It was a good early Saturday night crowd with one omission - no single available girls. But judging from our appearance it was just as well as the twenty or so of us crowded around a cluster of tables and settled in for the evening.

Much later in the evening, and only vaguely aware of the dancing and laughter of those around us, in our smelly blues, wild hair and beards, we sat huddled around those tables. Time passed and the number of couples dwindled. The night wore on as we sat in our sweat and our diesel stink. We sat and drank together. We sang and lied and laughed and drank. We had been together inside that small submarine for three months and now we were aliens in a strange land. We were hairy sailors from an expendable diesel submarine who had carried out the peace-time mission no one ever spoke of off the boats - the northern-run.

We had been isolated from a nation that would never know, nor later with the distance of time, after the cold war much care. Alone in our submarine and far from a familiar world we had been pounded

by winter seas, haunted by the specter of Soviet depth charges and plagued with equipment problems. Removed from one President's assassination and another's swearing in we had relied only upon our skills, our luck and shared efforts. Now even here among the laughter and gaiety of strangers in this northern land, we still remained oddly separate from those around us.

Around midnight Sparky, one of our rider intel spooks who had been quietly sipping his beer, cleared his throat and began reciting Kipling. The place was empty now except for a few of the married hangers-on, two bartenders and us. The slot machines occasionally whirled, the glasses clinked and a few couples kept on dancing. Quietly we sat with our bleary eyes fixed on Sparky, as he in his best imitation British accent, flawlessly gave us line after line of "Gunga Din", "The Hanging of Danny Deever" and "The Sinking of the Mary Glouchester". Except for Big Dog and Warshot who were asleep in the corner, we listened intently as each drew into his own thoughts.

TURNING FOR HOME

The following morning illuminated by a pale northern sun laying just above the horizon, as sea birds called and circled above us, we backed away from the pier. Our submarine now loaded with fuel, its two remaining engines pounded and echoed between rocky shores; their exhaust clouds floating slowly across the icy water and around the line handlers shivering on the battered superstructure. Then, with our boat in the stream, topside rigged for dive and the last man down, we turned and made for the open sea.

Later with the maneuvering watch secured and all gear stowed, the skipper, red faced and shaky from his night ashore, went to his quarters. Meanwhile underway watches were adjusted to allow time for healing as hangovers were silently nursed in the crew's mess. We breathed the familiar stale diesel laden air and stared into our coffee and the long, cold winter seas rolled our black boat easily as we turned south. South for New London and into the waning hours of 1963.

We had left one time in America. A time now lost forever and had crossed into a strange new world.

Unaware of what that future held nor how that turmoil and fire to come in our country would touch each of our lives in different ways. Ways we young submariners were yet to learn. The old would give way to the new as it always does and the twilight of the old warrior diesel boats would slowly fade, replaced by fast boats far more powerful and more deadly than we could imagine.

The old steel veterans of battles fought long ago in lonely oceans from what many now call "the good war" was typified by the BLENNY. Most of our proud boats from that time would end their lives under foreign flags, or cut for scrap. Our old warrior boat, with its proud history, now lies off the Maryland shore lost to view except in the memories of those who first took her into harm's way and those of us who came after. Lost save for the memories of a few submariners from that middle time of the twentieth century.

Except for a few museum displays, the old boats are now gone along with the young men who drove them. Now with aging memories - we who live the civilian life - we who remember the dreams of youth and all its promise - we who have crossed those lines - we linger now on porches in America. We stand under star-spread night skies and look beyond the vague horizon's line. Slowly finishing our warm beer and quietly shutting the door we go in. While in dark secret seas younger brothers still drive the hard black boats.

An After-thought

8 November 1998 -

I would like to paraphrase something that I just heard this morning on CBS/SUNDAY MORNING. The topic was Vietnam veteran artists and their works. The piece closed with the following poem - the author's name was not given.

"We went to Vietnam and we came back.
That's all there is except for the details.'

My paraphrase:

"We were submariners and we came back.
That's all there is except for the details."

Once Upon a Time There Was a Sub Base New London

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

It's been 45 years since I stepped down from a big gray bus in a parking lot beside Dealey Center... Me and a herd of idiots just like me. I had a fresh green seabag full of what in those days was called 'original issue'.

Most of it was still covered with little white stickers that read...'Inspected by number 19'... It smelled like I was peddling mothballs and contained two things I never fully understood or appreciated, a flat hat and something that looked like a squirrel lariat ... Called 'clothes stops'.

"OK listen up and when your name is called answer 'Aye'. In case you haven't noticed, I ain't your gahdam mother. I won't explain stuff to you jaybirds and I'm not in the habit of repeating. If you don't get it the first time you'll accept the consequences. When I ask you a question the only proper response will be an affirmative, 'Aye'. Am I fully understood?"

"Aye."

"Now answer up..."

"Murphy, A.C."

"Aye."

"Rubenstein, R.J."

"Aye."

"Cummings, P.J."

"Yo."

"Cummings, see me after this formation... And consider yourself to be the first idiot bastard in Class 182 to make my Grommet Squad."

Grommet Squad was a polite inoffensive way of saying anal sphincter detail. In my ten weeks I became the undisputed King of the Grommet Squad.

"OK, let me put you stupid sonuvabitches in tune with your present relationship with the rest of the universe. You dumb bastards have volunteered for service in diesel submarines. You have, of your own stupidity, signed up to become fleas on a dying

dog. Volunteering for diesel submarines following the dawn of the age of nuclear power is the same as leaving a Ford dealership with your ass parked in a donkey-powered buckboard."

"They are turning smokeboats into razor blades and bra hooks as fast as humanly possible. After you toss your gear aboard your first 'SS' boat, don't be surprised if that beady-eyed ferret Rickover doesn't jerk the sonuvabitch out from under you before you get to Trim and Drain on your qual card."

Note - This was 1959, prior to Rickover being elevated to sainthood. To the old petroleum burning boat service he was simply 'Rickover, the beady-eyed ferret.' The diesel force was never big on proper etiquette, decorum and civil expression.

"Now ladies, pick up your gear and this Second Class skivvy-waver Archer will take you up to Barracks 141 and 142, issue your racks and show you where to stow your gear. Mess deck opens at 1130 hours for noon chow. Be there. Uniform of the day, undress whites. That'll be it for now. God, you're a sorry-ass mob."

Then this red-headed, freckle faced, loudmouth bastard, Second Class Signalmen with fresh dolphins, took over.

"My name is Elbert Archer and I will be marching you to all your various assignments. Now sling your gear."

'Archer The Marcher' was a sawed off mental defective with an exceptionally shrill voice who visualized himself with power equivalent to the Emperor of Mongolia... Up until week three, when Jack Banks, a former 'All Philadelphia' High School tackle, punched his nasal passages into his colon. After that Archer The Marcher became most polite and deferential.

The old basic Sub School is gone now, victimized by the wrecking ball of 'time marches on' progress. That of course is total and absolute horse manure.

There is something called historic preservation. Rich folks are out there standing on top each other to preserve everything from Dolly Madison's corset to Davy Crockett's outhouse.

That architecturally ugly brick building was the enlisted alma mater of Tom Brokaw's Greatest Generation of submarine sailor. Graduates of that brick structure went to sea and torpedoed the heart out of Hirohito's Navy and Merchant Marine. They, and they alone are the principal reason that the floor of the Pacific, looks like Sanford and Son's front yard. If any structure in this fair land deserved restoration and preservation, it was the Basic Enlisted Submarine School.

When they tore the old girl down, John Wynn... The overgrown shoemakers' elf of 40 School Street, sent me a brick. On a good night, when you can get good reception from Hell, I can hold that brick up to my ear and hear Chief Bates tell me what a worthless excuse for a bluejacket I am. Makes me feel wanted.

So, Archer The Marcher led us up the five million concrete steps, past the old brick Sub School, past Rock Lake to Barracks 141 and 142.

We got assigned aluminum lockers the size of your mothers' breadbox, and racks that had "head" and "feet" stenciled on each end. I thought, if this course is geared to the intelligence level of idiots who don't know that their feet are on the other end of their body from their head...this thing should be a cakewalk for a guy from East Tennessee.

A lot of guys "de-volunteered" a bullshit term for quit. Some lads, who had the heart without the ability to comprehend, flunked out. I had no use for the quitters. They wasted a lot of people's time before popping out of the weak sisters closet.... but, I bled in my socks for the lads sent packing who truly had their heart set on becoming submariners. I hated to be present when they cleaned out their lockers...turned in their bedding and rolled back their mattresses. Some were good men we never saw again.

I won't bore you with the details of the training. You were there. It must have been outstanding, because we never forgot it.

There are a few questions I have about New London.

How difficult was moving the base from New London to Groton? And, was that trip absolutely necessary?

Next, why, on the finest Sub Base on the entire planet is a submarine sandwich called a Hoagie or a Grinder?

What ever happened to "Seven Brothers" and Rheingold beer..."My beer is Rheingold the dry beer ...think of Rheingold whenever you buy beer." What in the hell is dry beer?...Do you pee dust"? Who stole the Raghat Club or did it fall off the truck when you nukes moved the base to Groton?

How bout Mrs. Martha's' down in Old Saybrook where Mrs. Martha and her girls marketed carnal delight in increments of thirty minutes for damn near a half months' E-3 pay?

Anyone ever figure out why Yankees put cheddar cheese on apple pie and why a kid from St. Elmo Tennessee couldn't find grits for breakfast? How 'bout scrapple? What in the hell is that stuff, possum Spam?

What happened to the Coast Guard Station out on the point? I think it was some kind of shallow water sailors' boot camp.

In 1959 E-3s made \$34.00 every two weeks. That damn near doubled when you were assigned to a boat. At that kind of money you wore out shoes instead of automobile tires. Three Slim Jims and four draft beers was one helluva night on the town.

We were young...bulletproof twenty feet tall. Most of us went on to become qualified submariners. We got no signup bonuses ...no prospect of future education benefits...Nobody told us or promised us anything but the opportunity to become submarine sailors...We didn't get a shoebox load of gedunk ribbons and meaningless badges.

What we got was right to sit in smoky bars drinking beer with our own kind, listening to scratchy juke box music and telling stories about high seas, cold weather and rough times spent inside worn-out boats with the finest men we would ever know.

What we didn't know at the time was that damn near half a century later, we would return to where it all began...older, hauling a helluva lot more

lard...gray...gray haired with the best women ever made by our sides to do what we always did best ...drink beer and lie to each other.

We can use terms like MBT, SSR, UQC, ten pound blower, BLR mast, GDU and After Trim knowing that every sonuvabitch in the house knows exactly what we're talking about.

Proud to be here with my fellow Deepwater U. Alumni here. Here in New London, Groton or somewhere over the rainbow or whatever they call this place now...to share our history and remember, using memories known only to those of us who lived it. When all is said and done we are the only keepers of our history and traditions. With us the history of cold war diesel service will fade into obscurity.

We rode the boats at a time long ago when corpsman cured everything with an APC.... when you could identify boat sailors by the hydraulic oil stains in their raghats...When the old grizzly bastards who won World War II wore nekkit lady tattoo's, drank cheap whiskey wore bellbottoms with gusset lacing and carried belt knives in working dungarees. Back when the Chief of the Boat sitteth on the right hand of the Father and had been given "walk the plank" authority by the United States Navy. Back when barmaids wore pop-up bras and Radio-Girl dime store perfume and would sell you a twenty-five dollar "welcome home" after a Northern Run.

Back when nobody had to tell us we were the finest damn submarine sailors on the planet...We knew it because we were the direct descendants of the giants who stomped Hirohito flat.

We had survived the fiery sheep dip of the New London School and gone forth to scare hell out of old women and small dogs.

That brings us to tonight's burning question. There is something we old smokeboat bastards would like to know...you nukes can share your secret with us...we won't tell. How in the hell did you guys figure out how to burn down a 150 foot steel tank full of water? And now that you have accomplished that...how does a drunken E-3 find his way back to

the base? And last what do you tell new guys that contraption on the base insignia is? .

Navy Humor

M-Div Toolbox Contents

By Owen Carlson

The following is a list of tools that can probably be found in any M-div toolbox on any boat. See if you have or remember these:

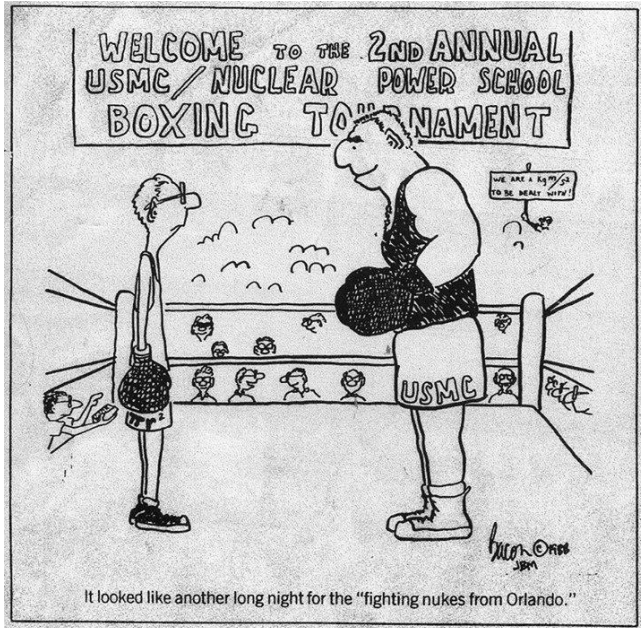
- A wire brush with all the bristles bent back rendering it unusable unless you turn it on its side.
- Three or more wrench roll sets, missing the 7/16", 1/2", 9/16", and 3/4" wrenches, but boy do we have a bunch of 11/16" and 13/16" wrenches available.
- A socket set missing the same sizes as mentioned for the wrenches. When a 9/16" socket is found, it is a 1/2" drive and the only working ratchet is 3/8". Of course, there is an adapter to go from 1/2" to 3/8", but none vice versa.
- A wrench modified by being cut in half, leaving a 2" handle. Wouldn't do any good anyway, someone used it as a slugging wrench.
- A ball peen hammer with a broken handle. If the handle isn't broken, it's cracked and held together with duct tape.
- A four pound sledge on a short handle. Used to "calibrate" them valves. Affectionately call "Thor", "Hey, go hand me Thor, this hand wheel is stuck"
- A dried up bottle of graphite suspended in isopropanol (aka Neolube).
- A tube of Prussian Blue, with the crimped end blown open so every tool on the bottom of the toolbox has a greasy blue coating.
- Stainless steel pipe caps (FME or foreign material exclusion covers). Some still have useful Grade "A" stickers with the QA guys initials on them, covers your butt on those 2 AM repair jobs when NR comes to visit.
- Three broken ratchets.
- Various size ferrules from those Swagelok fittings we weren't supposed to use. Most are bent, some are still connected to a cut off piece of tubing with the hopes that we "may need a 1-1/2" section of tubing with the ferrules still on it"
- Special tools that no one seems to know what

they are or how they work. For example, the funky spanner used to take the bottom of the DeLaval purifier bowl off.

- o The cradle of the SSTG shaft lifting device, no one knows where the rest of it is.
- o A hacksaw blade with a big wad of HP tape wrapped around one end as a handle. Had to use the HP tape, the hacksaw handle is missing the little tabs that normally hold the blade.
- o A piece of string.
- o A wad of Kimwipes that were once used in an attempt to clean the Prussian Blue off the bottom of the tool box.
- o A few QA 5 tags
- o A primary valve cap vent screw, source unknown, must have been free released, it's been here since I came aboard!
- o A few slightly crushed primary valve cap O-rings, see previous comment.
- o Speaking of O-rings, there are a few of them in opened packages, the cure date was removed when the package was opened.
- o A few deck plate screws, some are cross-threaded.
- o A roll of RadCon tape. A light dusting of tri-sodium phosphate from the ELTs weighing chemicals on the M-div workbench.
- o An impact wrench, brand new, never used because it won't fit anywhere you need to use it.
- o A big yellow screwdriver, with the handle that someone used a visegrip or a pair of pliers on the handle, raising sharp bits of plastic so it hurts when you try to put some torque on it.
- o A few Yarway steam trap parts, including a steam cut cap.
- o A FME cover formerly used as a mixing bowl for that messy red lead, graphite and mineral oil anti-seize.
- o A pair of lockwire pliers with the jaws damaged.
- o A bunch of swaged fittings assembled to make a little piping system by the CNTP (Chief of Naval Tinkering and Puttering)
- o A Drill Index that is missing all the small bits in the front row (lost in the Prussian Blue), the medium size bits are all dull, and the large size are all in the index upside down with burrs on their shanks, except the 1/2" which is in the condensate bay bilge.

- o A long-bladed screwdriver that was stolen from the E-div toolbox, with a bent shaft from use as a pry bar.
- o Nut drivers, also stolen from E-div toolbox in revenge for them losing the only functional ratchet.
- o A shackle that hasn't been load tested since the boat was commissioned in 1974.
- o A large chunk of lead, used to hammer the bejesus out of the gasket material with those dull gasket punches, also in the bottom of the tool box.
- o Zincs, enough said.
- o A dried up tube of that non-hardening gasket sealant.
- o A used-up tube of Loctite.
- o A 15-inch strap wrench with a 6-inch strap.
- o A 19/32" wrench.
- o One large bastard file with HP tape on the handle.
- o A glass cutter.
- o Packing pullers with the end broken off.
- o A crescent wrench, but it was too big to put in the tool box. The damn thing was 48" long and weighed 40 lbs. It was mounted next to our diesel gage board. No one ever knew why we had it. I used it once during a repel boarders drill. The spec war guy who managed to infiltrate the engine room one night on the midwatch laughed his butt off when I confronted him with it. During the critique, it was pointed out that there probably wasn't enough room in ERLL to swing the damn thing!
- o Also a special roll of HP tape for playing "Bowling for Lower Level Watches." The ERUL watch would call to ERLL and ask him to come to the aft ladder. From the other end of the ER, we would bowl the roll of tape just as the first strands of ERLL watch hair poked out of the hatch. If you put the right spin on the tape, it would bean the ERLL right between the eyes! Those guys never learned, we did this to the same guys two or three times a watch!

Cartoons



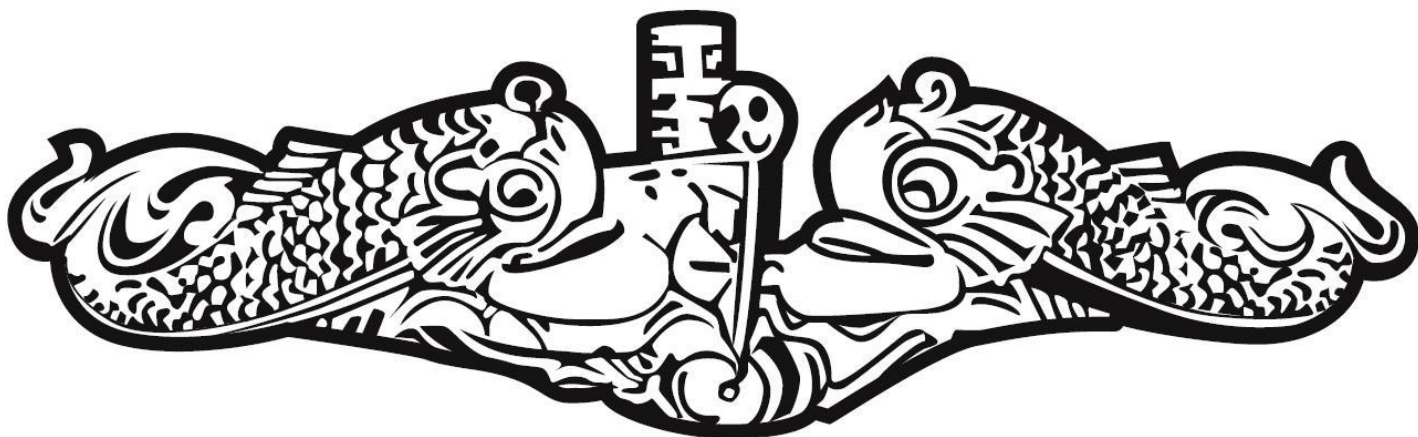
Courtesy Broadside Cartoons

3rd Quarter Volunteer Base Birthdays

Robert Clark	3-Jul
Vinny McCrum	3-Jul
John Carrothers, Jr	8-Jul
Jim Stinnett	14-Jul
Jonas Vanderley	18-Jul
Robert Lowery	19-Jul
Bryan Tidwell	24-Jul
Bill Stuple	26-Jul
Chuck Medley	8-Aug
Jon Pond	11-Aug
Joe Wilbur	13-Aug
Bill Ford	14-Aug
John Downey	16-Aug
Ron Riley	31-Aug
Larry Smith	1-Sep
Randy Bolin	13-Sep
Alan Murphy	19-Sep
Jim Early	24-Sep

Volunteer Base Calendar

When	Time	Where
July 12 th	11 AM	Base Annual Picnic Cheatham Dam Lock A Recreation Area @ Willey's Picnic Shelter 1790 Cheatham Dam Rd. Ashland City TN 37015
Aug 9 th	11 AM	Andrew Jackson VFW Post 1907 Lebanon Pike Nashville TN 37210
Sept 13 th	11 AM	Andrew Jackson VFW Post 1907 Lebanon Pike Nashville TN 37210



2nd Quarter 2014 USSVI Volunteer Base Newsletter

J Vinny McCrum
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