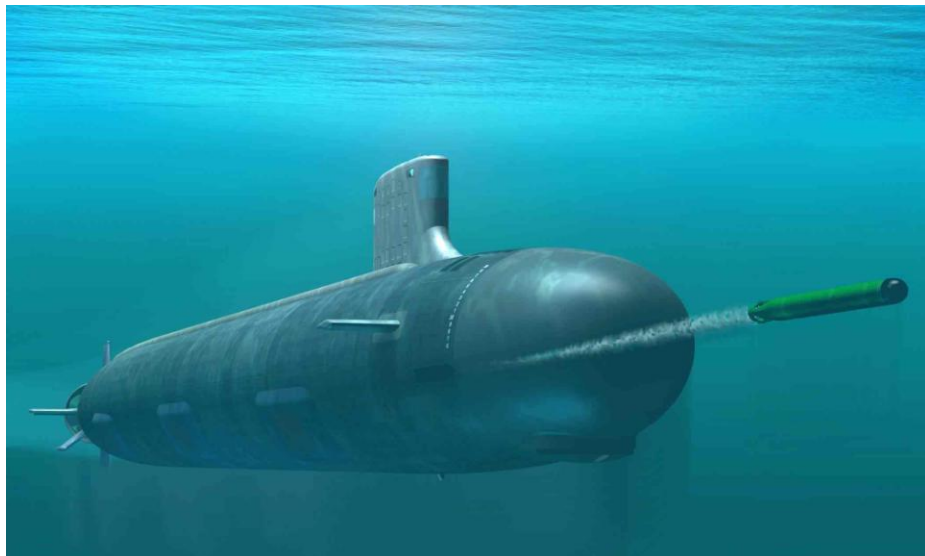


OOGA OOGA

MARCH, 2009



**PALMETTO BASE SUBMARINE VETERANS
NEWSLETTER**



OUR CREED: To perpetuate the memory of our shipmates who gave their lives in the pursuit of 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.



**Base Commander
Ron Friend**



**District Commander
Jerry Stout**

Palmetto Base Members

Joe Gawronski – Vice Commander
DW Eggleston – Secretary
Tommy Richardson – Public Relations
Brian Steffen – Storekeeper

Russ “Pappy” Cline - Treasurer
Mark Basnight – Chaplain
Jim “Snake” Stark – Chief Of Boat

Milt Berkey
Tracy Charbonneau
Allen “Buzz” Danielsen
Joe Geiger
Bill Hicks
Gil Kaelin
John Krause
Ken Middleton
Tom O’Brien
Ted Schneeberg
John Solis
Jeffrey Wagner

Randy Browning
Judy Cline
Mae Friend
John Green
Stoney Hilton
Jim Kint
Dick Lane
Bob Miller
Rebecca Richardson
Jim Scott
LE Spradlin
Tom Ward

James Charbonneau
William Cox
Julian Galloway
Glenn Harris
Mike House
Jim Kirby
Bill Lindler
John Morgan
Sam Sanders
Leonard Snell
Bob Swindler

March Birthdays:

Buzz Danielsen Wed. March 18
Randy Browning Sat. March 21

2-25-09



UNITED STATES SUBMARINE VETERANS INC.

Palmetto Base

Minutes –February 17, 2009

- Meeting called to order by Commander Ron Friend.
- Twenty one members and two guests were present. (list attached). Welcome aboard Jim Kint and Bob Swindler.
- Minutes of January 20, 2009 meeting were read and approved with change in wording from Chicken Strut to Poultry Festival.
- Treasury has \$1518.51. All but one member are in good standing with USSVI (dues paid). Nine members have yet to pay base dues. Treasury report approved.
- Holland Club presentation was made by Commander Friend and PRO Richardson to Jim Scott.
- Mark Basnight presented a sub vet hat and vest to Jim Charbonneau. Mark and Jim were both on the 616 blue crew together.
- Nomination forms were passed out to members in preparation for election of Palmetto Base officers at the March meeting.
- Brian Steffen, storekeeper, announced that he had a new source for Sub Vet vests. New products are also available. Products include dolphin chains for vests - \$24, License plate frames - \$10 and dolphin insignia for car or truck - \$5.
- Poultry Festival in Leesville is scheduled for Mothers Day weekend. Parade is scheduled for Saturday May 9, 2009.
- Veterans Day parade in Orangeburg is scheduled for Wednesday November 11 which is a possible conflict with the Columbia parade. Participation to be determined.
- A number of charities were discussed for Palmetto Base support including but not limited to: Support for older submariners as they age. Support for the families of active submariners serving overseas. Handicapped children and etc. Further investigation in this area will be explored when new officers are installed.
- A “Spring Fling” was suggested as an outing in the May – June time frame. Use of the great facilities of Bob Oswald in Lexington might be possible.
- Exposure with local TV was discussed. If given the opportunity we need to be prepared to discuss our purpose and goals including charitable ambitions.

- Jeffro reported that his wife had a heart attack that doctors had not predicted. All should consider family history as a warning. It was pointed out that heart attacks have been common in her family.
- Tommy will check with Representative Joe Wilson to possibly address our members on congressional activities.
- Depth charge was won by Russ "Pappy" Cline (\$105).
- Next meeting is Tuesday March 17, 2009 at the Crab Shack in Lexington. Social 1800. Business 1900.

Respectfully Submitted

DW Eggleston Base Secretary

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TREASURY REPORT

\$1518.51

Russ "Pappy" Cline, Base Treasurer

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Palmetto Base Sub Vet Receives Coveted Holland Club Recognition

Palmetto Base member Jim Scott received the Holland Club ID card, patch and certificate at the February meeting. Commander Friend presented the award. The Holland Club represents a milestone for those men that were qualified in submarines fifty or more years ago. Jim qualified on the USS Grouper (SS214) in 1957. **Congratulations Jim.**



Left to Right: Tommy Richardson, Base Public Relations Officer – Jim Scott, New Member of the Holland Club – Ron Friend, Base Commander

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BROTHERS OF THE "PHIN"



Left to Right: Jim Charbonneau and Mark Basnight

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Mark Basnight presented a sub vet hat and vest with patches in place to shipmate Jim Charbonneau. Mark and Jim go back to their submarine days when they were together on the blue crew of the USS Lafayette (SSBN616). They have been great friends since those days in the "Silent Service". Jim is a member of the USSVI Palmetto Base and hails from Seneca, SC. Unfortunately, due to the distance to Seneca Jim is not able to attend many of our meetings or often visit with his ol' buddy Mark.



Navy Toasts Trident Sub Milestone

Florida Times-Union | February 17, 2009

ST. MARYS -- When the USS Ohio left port on its first three-month patrol Oct. 1, 1982, Navy officials hailed the Trident submarine as an important strategic deterrent to nuclear attack.

The federal government was still in the middle of the Cold War and contracted ship builders to construct 17 more Tridents submarines for the Navy. The last Trident built, the USS Louisiana, was commissioned in 1997.

The Cold War is long over but the patrols have continued and Thursday, the Navy will commemorate the 1,000th patrol of a Trident submarine in a ceremony at Kings Bay Naval Submarine Base, where five of the boats are home ported. Nine others are ported in Bangor, Wash.

Donald Winter , secretary of the Navy, and Adm. Gary Roughead , chief of Naval Operations, are among the Department of Defense officials who will attend the event. Elected local, state and federal officials also will attend the invitation-only event.

The rationale for building the Trident submarines is that missile silos in the ground and bombers can be targeted for attack. But Trident submarines on patrol hundreds of feet below the surface of the world's oceans cannot be detected and would survive a nuclear attack.

Their ability to retaliate after a first strike makes them an important deterrent. While the fleet has been cut to 14 boats, Navy officials say Trident submarines remain an important component in national defense, carrying more than 50 percent of the U.S. strategic warheads.

Lt. Rebecca Rebarich, a spokeswoman at Kings Bay, said the Navy does not want to identify which submarine will make the 1,000th patrol. Instead, the Navy wants the focus to be on all the Trident submarines.

"This is a commemoration ceremony for that milestone and not a particular ballistic missile submarine," she said.

The USS Rhode Island serves as the "ceremonial representative" for the 1,000th patrol, Rebarich said.

Former national Navy League President Sheila McNeill said Trident submarines have demonstrated "solid proof" of their importance to national defense.

"I think it's important for all of us to celebrate this," she said. "They do it right and they do it safely."

While information about where the boats patrol and their activities are classified, McNeill said the submarines "are not just sitting out there waiting to strike."

Besides constant drills to prepare sailors to launch nuclear missiles in retaliation of an attack, the boats are constantly on the move, monitoring activities of other vessels from foreign nations above and below the surface.

"Lots of information is gathered while they are on patrol," she said.

Retired Capt. Mark Kevan, former commanding officer of Trident Training Facility, said the milestone of 1,000 patrols is significant.

"The fact you have all these folks coming [for the ceremony] indicates it's a big deal," Kevan said. "The efficiency of that weapon system is respected throughout the Navy. Its stealth has always been its strength."

Kevan, who retired in 1995, is the Atlantic Southeast Chapter president of the Naval Submarine League. He said Trident submarines will continue to play an important role in national defense for years to come.

"You still have countries who don't see eye-to-eye with us," he said. "Until all the [nuclear] weapons go away, there is still a need for them. It's a valuable asset in the Navy."

U.S. Navy releases Al Qaeda Terrorist - !!!!

The US Navy today announced that it has released a senior Al Qaeda terrorist after questioning him extensively for 27 days while being held prisoner aboard a US aircraft carrier in the Arabian Sea .

In a humanitarian gesture, the terrorist was given \$50 US and a white 1962 Ford Fairlane automobile upon being released from custody.

The attached photo shows the terrorist on his way home just after being released by the Navy.



In 2003 the US Navy initiates it's new
"Terrorist Catch and Release Program"

GO NAVY!

Those Were The Days

We stuck together. We worked hard and we played hard, and we gravitated to places where we could be with our shipmates, in locations where people who would tolerate our obnoxious conduct, impure verbiage and rollicking nonsense. Our favorite liberty bars were unlike no other watering holes or dens of iniquity inhabited by seagoing men and women. They had to meet strict standards to be in compliance with the acceptable requirement for a sailor beer-swilling dump.

Proprietor. The first and foremost requirement was a crusty old gal serving suds. She had to be able to wrestle King Kong to parade rest. Be able to balance a tray with one hand, knock bluejackets out of the way with the other hand and skillfully navigate through a roomful of milling around drunks. On slow nights, she had to be the kind of gal who would give you a back scratch with a fly swatter handle or put her foot on the table so you could admire her new ankle bracelet some "mook" brought her back from a Hong Kong liberty.

Barmaid. A good barmaid had to be able to whisper sweet nothings in your ear like, "Sailor, your thirteen button flap is twelve buttons short of a green board." And, "Buy a pack of Clorets and chew up the whole thing before you get within heaving range of any gal you ever want to see again." And, "Hey animals, I know we have a crowd tonight, but if any of you guys find the head facilities fully occupied and start urinating down the floor drain, you're gonna find yourself scrubbing the deck with your white hats!" They had to be able to admire great tattoos, look at pictures of ugly bucktooth kids and smile. Be able to help haul drunks to cabs and comfort 19 year-olds who had lost someone close to them. They could look at your ship's identification shoulder tab and tell you the names of the Skippers back to the time you were a Cub Scout.

If you came in after a late night maintenance problem and fell asleep with a half eaten Slim-Jim in your hand, they tucked your peacoat around you, put out the cigarette you left burning in the ashtray and replaced the warm draft you left sitting on the table with a cold one when you woke up. Why? Simply because they were one of the few people on the face of the earth that knew what you did, and appreciated what you were doing. And if you treated them like a decent human being and didn't drive 'em nuts by playing songs they hated on the juke box, they would lean over the back of the booth and park their soft warm breasts on your neck when they sat two Rolling Rocks in front of you.

Table Wipe Down Guy. And glass washer, trash dumper, deck swabber and paper towel replacement officer. The guy had to have baggy tweed pants and a gold tooth and a grin like a 1950 Buick. And a name like "Ramon", "Juan", "Pedro" or "Tico." He had to smoke unfiltered Luckies, Camels or Raleighs. He wiped the tables down with a sour washrag that smelled like a skunk diaper and said, "How are choo navee mans tonight? He was the indispensable man. The guy with credentials that allowed him to borrow Slim-Jims, Beer Nuts and pickled hard boiled eggs from other beer joints when they ran out where he worked.

The Establishment. The place had to have walls covered with ship and squadron plaques. The walls were adorned with enlarged unit patches and the dates of previous deployments. A dozen or more old, yellowed photographs of fellows named "Buster", "Chicago", "P-Boat Barney", "Flaming Hooker Harry", "Malone", "Honshu Harry", Jackson, and Capt. Slade Cutter decorated any unused space.

It had to have the obligatory Michelob, Pabst Blue Ribbon and "Beer Nuts sold here" neon signs. An eight-ball mystery beer tap handle and signs reading:
"Your mother does not work here, so clean away your frickin' trash."
"Keep your hands off the barmaid."
"Don't throw butts in urinal."
"Barmaid's word is final in settling bets."

"Take your fights out in the alley behind the bar!"

"Owner reserves the right to waltz your worthless sorry ass outside."

"Shipmates are responsible for riding herd on their ship/squadron drunks."

This was typical signage found in classy establishments catering to sophisticated as well as unsophisticated clientele.

You had to have a juke box built along the lines of a Sherman tank loaded with Hank Williams, Mother Maybelle Carter, Johnny Horton, Johnny Cash and twenty other crooning goobers nobody ever heard of. The damn thing has to have "La Bamba", Herb Alpert's "Lonely Bull" and Johnny Cash's "Don't take your guns to town" in memory of Alameda's barmaid goddess, Thelma. If Thelma is within a twelve-mile radius of where any of those three recordings can be found on a juke box, it is wise to have a stack of life insurance applications within reach of the coin slot.

The furniture in a real good liberty bar had to be made from coal mine shoring lumber and was not fully acceptable until it had 600 cigarette burns and your ship's numbers or "FTN" carved into it. The bar had to have a brass foot rail and at least six Slim-Jim containers, an oversized glass cookie jar full of Beer-Nuts, a jar of pickled hard boiled eggs that could produce rectal gas emissions that could shut down a sorority party, and big glass containers full of something called Pickled Pigs Feet and Polish Sausage. Only drunk Chiefs and starving Ethiopians ate pickled pigs feet and unless the last three feet of your colon had been manufactured by Midas, you didn't want to get any where near the Polish Napalm Dogs.

No liberty bar was complete without a couple of hundred faded ship or airplane pictures and a "Shut the hell up!" sign taped on the mirror behind the bar along with several rather tasteless naked lady pictures. The pool table felt had to have at least three strategic rips as a result of drunken competitors and balls that looked as if a gorilla baby had teethed on them.

Liberty bars were home and it didn't matter what country, state, or city you were in. When you walked into a good liberty bar, you felt at home. They were also establishments where 19 year-old kids received an education available nowhere else on earth. You learned how to "tell" and "listen" to sea stories. You learned about sex at \$25.00 a pop from professional ladies who taught you things your high school biology teacher didn't know were anatomically possible. You learned how to make a two cushion bank shot and how to toss down a beer and shot of Sun Torry known as a "depth charge."

We were young, and a helluva long way from home. We were pulling down slave wages for 24 hours a day, 7 days a-week availability and loving the life we lived. We didn't know it at the time, but our association with the men we served with forged us into the men we became. And a lot of that association took place in bars where we shared the stories accumulated in our, up to then, short lives. We learned about women and that life could be tough on a gal.

While many of our classmates were attending college, we were getting an education slicing through the green rolling seas in WestPac, experiencing the orgasmic rush of a night cat shot, the heart pounding drama of the return to the ship with the gut wrenching arrestment to a pitching deck. The hours of tedium, boring holes in the sky late at night, experiencing the periodic discomfort of turbulence, marveling at the creation of St. Elmo's Fire, and sometimes having our reverie interrupted with stark terror.

But when we came ashore on liberty, we could rub shoulders with some of the finest men we would ever know, in bars our mothers would never have approved of, in saloons and cabarets that would live in our memories forever.

Long live those liberties in WestPac and in the Med! They were the greatest teachers

about life and how to live it.

Now of course I wouldn't know all this firsthand, seeing how I was a Christian and a gentlemen.... Oh, I might have seen some of it while on Shore Patrol, but mostly I'm just relating what I overheard when the guys came back to the ship.

Stay safe out there and remember, "Liberty Is NOT For Amateurs" which was a sign a friend had posted behind his desk.

United States Submarines lost in March

USS Perch (SS-176)

Lost on:
3/3/1942

Lost on March 3, 1942 near Java with no immediate loss of life, while on her 1st war patrol. She survived 2 severe depth chargings in less than 200 feet of water by 3 Japanese destroyers. The crew abandoned ship and scuttled her. Of the 61 officers and men taken prisoner, 53 survived the war.



Class: **SS 172**

Commissioned: **11/19/1936**

Fate: **Had to be scuttled on 3 Mar 42 because of Japanese anit-submarine attempts. Most of the Perch crew were taken to illegal question camp of Ofuna, Japan and were forced to work mines until the close of WWII.**

Launched: **3/9/1936**

Builder: **Electric Boat Co (General Dynamics)**

Length: **301**, Beam: **25**

#Officers: **5**, #Enlisted: **45**

USS Grampus (SS-207)

Lost on:
3/5/1943

Lost on March 5, 1943 with the loss of 72 officers and men, on her 6th war patrol. She was lost in Vella Gulf, sunk after engaging 2 Japanese Destroyers.



Class: **SS 198**
Commissioned: **5/23/1941**
Fate: **In company with USS Grayback, Grampus departed Brisbane, Australia on her 6th war patrol from which she failed to return, the manner of her loss still remains a mystery today. 71 men lost.**

Launched: **12/23/1940**
Builder: **Boston Navy Yard**
Length: **307**, Beam: **27**
#Officers: **6**, #Enlisted: **54**

USS H-1 (SS-28)

Lost on:
3/12/1920

Lost on March 12, 1920 with the loss of 4 men as they tried to swim to after grounding on a shoal off Santa Margarita Island, off the coast of Baja California, Mexico. Vestal (AR-4), pulled H-1 off the rocks in the morning of 24 March, only to have her sink 45 minutes later in some 50 feet of water. She was originally named the USS Seawolf before becoming H-1.



No patch on file
If you have this
Patch please
submit to:
graphics@decklog.com

Class: **SS H**

Commissioned: **12/1/1913**

Fate: **As H-1 made her way up the coast, the submarine went aground on a tricky shoal off Santa Margarita Island, CA. Four men, including the Commanding Officer, LCDR. James R. Webb, were killed as they tried to reach shore.**

Launched: **5/6/1913**

Builder: **Union Iron Works**

Length: **150**, Beam: **16**

#Officers: **1**, #Enlisted: **23**

USS Triton (SS-201)

Lost on:
3/15/1943

Lost on March 15, 1943 with the loss of 74 men. She was sunk north of the Admiralty Islands during a fight with 3 Japanese Destroyers. Triton was the 1st boat to engage the enemy in December 1941 off Wake Island, sinking 9 ships, 1 submarine and a destroyer.



Class: **SS 198**
Commissioned: **8/15/1940**
Fate: **Triton was reported overdue and presumed lost with 74 men.**

Launched: **3/25/1940**
Builder: **Portsmouth Navy Yard**
Length: **307**, Beam: **27**
#Officers: **6**, #Enlisted: **54**

USS Kete (SS-369)

Lost on:
3/20/1945

Lost on March 20, 1945 with the loss of 87 officers and men at the end of her 2nd war patrol. Probably sunk near Okinawa, by a Japanese submarine that itself was subsequently lost.



Class: **SS 285**

Commissioned: **7/31/1944**

Fate: **While steaming eastward, she sent in a weather report from a position south of Colnett Strait. Scheduled to arrive Midway by 31 March, she was neither seen nor heard from again. 87 men lost.**

Launched: **4/9/1944**

Builder: **Manitowoc Shipbuilding Co**

Length: **312**, Beam: **27**

#Officers: **10**, #Enlisted: **71**

USS F-4 (SS-23)

Lost on:
3/25/1915

Lost on March 25, 1915 with the lost of 21 men. She foundered 1.5 miles off of Honolulu when acid corrosion of the lead lining of the battery tank let seawater into the battery compartment, causing loss of control. She was raised in August 1915.



Class: **SS F**
Commissioned: **5/3/1913**
Fate: **The remains of F-4 were buried as fill in a trench off the Submarine Base, Pearl Harbor, HI.**

Launched: **1/6/1912**
Builder: **Seattle Construction & Drydock Co**
Length: **143**, Beam: **15**
#Officers: **1**, #Enlisted: **21**

USS Tullibee (SS-284)

Lost on:
3/26/1944

Lost on March 26, 1944 with the loss of 79 officers and men, on her 4th war patrol. It's believed she was a victim of a circular run by one of her own torpedoes. The lookout was the only survivor and he survived the war as a Japanese prisoner.



Class: **SS 212**

Commissioned: **2/15/1943**

Fate: **(Cont'd) About 2 minutes later, the submarine was rocked by a violent explosion. Apparently, one of Tullibee's own torpedoes ran a circular course and sank the submarine that had launched it. 79 men lost. 1 survived.**

Launched: **11/11/1942**

Builder: **Mare Island Navy Yard**

Length: **307**, Beam: **27**

#Officers: **6**, #Enlisted: **54**

USS Trigger (SS-237)

Lost on:
3/26/1945

Lost on March 26, 1945 with the loss of 91 officers and men, on her 12th war patrol. She was lost during a combined attack by Japanese antisubmarine vessels and aircraft. Trigger ranked 7th in total tonnage sunk and tied for 8th in number of ships sunk.



Class: **SS 237**

Commissioned: **1/31/1942**

Fate: **Postwar Japanese records showed a Japanese aircraft detected and bombed a submarine. Surface ships were then guided to the spot and delivered an intensive depth charging. After two hours, a large oil slick appeared.**

Launched: **10/22/1941**

Builder: **Mare Island Navy Yard**

Length: **312**, Beam: **27**

#Officers: **6**, #Enlisted: **54**