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<http://perch-base.org>

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USSVI CONVENTION SCHEDULE
DULUTH – 2002 Sept. 17 – 22
RENO – 2003 - August 31 - Sept. 7
 Two bases bidding for 2004, no decision yet
Kansas City MO – 2005 - Aug 30 - Sept. 4



Lest We Forget Those Still On Patrol

SEPTEMBER ETERNAL PATROL DAYS:

USS S-5	SS110	Sept. 01, 1920	0 men lost
USS GRAYLING	SS209	Sept. 09, 1943	76 man lost
USS S-51	SS162	Sept. 25, 1925	34 men lost
USS CISCO	SS290	Sept. 28, 1943	76 men lost

There Will Be No Meeting In September.
Due to the Convention in Duluth, NO Meeting This Month.
Join us on October 12th at American Legion Post #62, 11001 N. 99th Ave.
Start Time 1200 Hours, Lunch Provided at \$3.00 a Head

From the Wardroom:

Well shipmates, we are looking at the Nationals in Duluth. Our Commander and Secretary, are the only ones, I am aware of that will be attending. Ed Brooks is looking at his pledged goal, of \$1500. dollars, for the USSVI scholarship fund, that he made the first of the year with his donations of Dolphins. With the two, being raffled at the Nationals it will put him over his pledge. Ed is also working on the speaker system, for the float. He tells me it is almost ready, for our Veterans Parade. It is time for every one to start thinking about new officers for the base. We need some new blood, and new ideas to keep us moving ahead. Our Perch Base Patch's our in, we have a great price on them. \$8 bucks for one or two for \$15 bucks. Everyone has a jacket to put one on, plus their vest. Dex Armstrong is still doing a hell of a job, on the Cook Books, we just might have to go in to a second printing. I started out with the idea to make this short, I have passed that point. several lines ago. Looking forward to seeing everyone at the October meeting, take care and God bless us all. Fraternaly,
Glenn Herold, Vice Commander

Minutes from August's Meeting:

The regular monthly meeting of the members of the Arizona Submarine Veterans - Perch Base was convened at the American Legion Post #7; Prescott, AZ at 1300 hours, 10 August 2002. The meeting was called to order by the Base Vice Commander - Glenn Herold. The members were led in the "pledge of allegiance"; followed by the dedication, moment of silence for our departed shipmates, "tolling of the boats" and the invocation by **Ramon Samson**. There were 20 members and 10 guest attending the meeting, according to the sailing list. The guests included; Brandi Hershey, Lee Brooks, Sue Caraker, G. Pete Petrovitz, Richard Waid, Orene Waid, Kathryn O'treba, Susan Day, Judy Wannamaker, Brad Veek, Stanley Rud, Keith Sullivan, and Nancy Nelson. The members welcomed all the guests and potential new members with a round of applause. It was moved and the motion seconded that the minutes from the last meeting be approved as published in the Base Newsletter; "The MidWatch". The motion carried by voice vote of the members present. Treasurer (**Robert May**) reported the Base's financial status as the of the first day of August, 2002: A motion was made and seconded to accept the Treasurer's report as read. The motion carried by unanimous voice vote.

REPORTS BY OFFICERS AND CHAIRMEN

Glenn Herold reported for the Base Ship's Store. Numerous items have been placed on sale by the Ship's Store. Polo shirts and tee shirts in certain sizes are now available at reduced prices so that the inventory can be reduced and other items purchased for sale to the members. No other

reports were forthcoming from committee chairmen or officers.

OLD BUSINESS

The ad hoc committee for planning and conducting the annual Base Christmas Party, is working on the details for the party. Specifics regarding the date, time and ticket price for the party will soon be announced. Everyone was again reminded to make arrangements to attend the party as early as possible. The capacity of the facilities is limited and the number that can be accommodated is restricted. **Ed Brooks** displayed the plaque that will be presented to the Base Commander's and asked for a volunteer from the membership to present the first plaque at the October meeting. **Jim Nelson** asked for the privilege of representing the members and presenting the plaque to Dave Harnish. Ed also asked the membership to review the wording and make comments for change to the banner that will be used to raffle two sets of hand carved dolphins at the USSVI National Convention in Duluth, Minnesota. As was requested by the members at the July monthly meeting, the banner indicates that the dolphins are donated by the Arizona SubVets - Perch Base for the benefit of the USSVI Scholarship Fund and were created and produced by Perch Base and USSVI Life member Ed Brooks. No other old business was brought forward.

NEW BUSINESS

Glenn Herold announced that American Legion Post 62 had asked Perch Base to participate with their members in their 2002 Christmas Party. Previous arrangements have also been made for the use of Luke AFB NCO Club for Perch Base's use for a Christmas party. Members were asked to make a motion as to which facility should be the site of the 2002 Christmas Party. A motion was made that the Christmas Party Committee proceed with arrangements to have the base Christmas party at Luke AFB NCO Club. The motion was seconded and the members voted unanimously to approve the motion. Comments were made that Perch Base members who are also members of American Legion Post 62 could and should attend both Christmas parties if the dates were not in conflict.

GOOD OF THE ORDER

No items were introduced for the good of the order.

50/50 DRAWING

The 50/50 raffle was conducted and **Pete Petrovitz** was the winner. Pete demonstrated profound benevolence and returned his winnings to the Base Treasury - thereby becoming one of the Base Boosters. A second drawing was held for a wall hanging of two intarsia bottle nose dolphins - with the proceeds to go to the Base Treasury. The carving was won, by **Glenn Herold**, three days earlier at the monthly meeting of the Pig Boater's Chapter

of the Submarine Veterans of WWII. Glenn had encouraged members of the Pig Boater's Chapter to attend the Perch Base meeting in Prescott and he would raffle the dolphins. This second raffle was won by Dick Caraker (a member of the Pig Boater's Chapter and a member of Perch Base). Dick presented the carving to Glenn Herold asking that they not be raffled again.

ADJOURNMENT

All the outstanding business being concluded, it was moved and seconded that the meeting of the Arizona Submarine Veterans - Perch Base be adjourned. The motion carried by voice vote. Ramon Samson led the membership in the benediction and closing prayer. The meeting was adjourned at 13:27 hours. Fraternally, *Ed Brooks*, Secretary.

Meeting and Events:

There will be no meeting for the month of September. Meeting for October 12th meeting will be held at American Legion Post 62, located at 11001 North 99th Avenue. Meeting Starts at 1200 Hours. Post 62, is North of West Peoria Avenue, in the city of Peoria, West of Hwy 101. Off HWY 101 take the Peoria exit and proceed West to 99th Ave., than right (North) to Post 62, which is on the East side of the street. We would hope to see a good turn-out as the members of this post have welcomed us with open arms. A lunch will be provided at a cost of \$3.00. A heck of a deal, at twice the price.



Perch Base Booster Club 2002:

There are no words that can say enough for the generosity, given to any group from their boosters. Arizona Sub Vets, USSVI Perch Base is blessed with the assistance given by their members. The daily costs, could not be met without the boosters. God Bless you and God Bless America.

Jerry N. Allston, Ken Anderson, Bob Bailey, Kenneth E. Becker, Jerry Becker, Joseph A. Bernard, Richard Bernier, Harold J. Bidigare, Wayne A. Braastad, Michael J. Breitner, Edgar Brooks, James F. Clewett, Roger J. Cousin, Earl Crowley, Stephen F. Day, Warner Doyle Jr., Jeff Duncan, Ronald D. Eddy, Tom Fooshee, Ray Lee Graybeal, Charles Greene, Billy A. Grieves, Warren A. Grossetta, Michael J. Haler, Robert Hanson, Dave Hamish, John T. Hellem, Glenn Herold, Lester R Hillman, Stephen F. Hough, Mike Keating, Ron Kloch, Larry L. Krieger, Paul Lake, Robert A. Lancendorfer, Doug La Rock, George Marions, Dale Martin, Robert E. May, Bill Mc Nay, Roger M Miller, Roger R Miller, Joseph R. Mullins, Jim A. Nelson, James W. Newman Sr., Joe Otreba, Thomas B. Patterson, Raymond A. Ferron, George

"Pete" Petrovitz, Royce E Pettit, Scott Prothero, Larry M. Rankin, Dan Reel, Frank W. Rumbaugh, Ramon Samson, Dick Schiltneck, Douglas F. Schultz, Tyler Smith, Wayne Smith, Robert G. Sothern, Adrian M. Stuke, James Wall, Kenny Wayne, Richard Weber, Don Wannamaker, Donald Whitehead, Ed Wolf, George Woods, Jerry D. Yowell.

Small Stores:

New Item added this month. The Base patches, are done and ready for sewing onto vests, jackets, dash covers, or pillows. Price for one patch is \$8.00 or two for \$15.00. Size of patches is 5-3/4" Storekeeper, Garry L. Shumann, also has a comprehensive array of Submarine related items, consisting of hats, shirts, sweat shirts, belt buckles, beer mugs, cocktail glasses, coffee mugs, and a slew of other memorabilia. Give him a call or better yet, come to a meeting and see everything first hand! If you want, you can order from the web site at <http://perch-base.org> Garry's address and phone number on front cover.

Sea Bags Aboard & Stowed:

Due to the excellent turnout at Prescott, we gained three new members. Welcome aboard Keith Sullivan, who with his bride Sandi, reside in Prescott Valley. Keith qualified on USS Sailfish SS572, in 1960. After searving for 20 years Keith retired as EMC(SS). As a sub note, USS Sailfish is still afloat in Bremerton WA. Our second new member who joined USSVI as life member, is Stanley Rud, who with his bride Donna live in Prescott. Stan quillified on USS Caimen SS323 in 1945. He left the Navy after 3 years as BKR3(SS). Milan Moncilovich is our third new member also signed for life membership in USSVI. Milan lives in Dewey and qualified on USS Runner SS476 in July of 1962. He also served on Robert E. Lee SSNB601, Archerfish AGSS311, and Bluegill AGSS242. Milan retired from the Navy as LCDR. We would hope that our members in the Prescott area, get in touch with Ed Brooks, and attend the meetings on a regular basis. I'm sure Ed would welcome the company.

Sub came close to sinking:

Crew would have been killed, investigators say. By James W. Crawley Staff Writer San Diego Tribune August 7, 2002 The Navy's only diesel submarine, the San Diego-based Dolphin AGSS555, came within 75 seconds of sinking in May as seawater flooded several compartments and electrical power fail ed, according to a report released yesterday. And if the ship had sunk, investigators concluded, there was no possibility of rescuing the crew because the Dolphin is the only Navy sub without a standard rescue hatch. The 41 sailors and two civilians aboard the research sub were apparently saved by using portable pumps and lashing a steel door shut. Both actions forestalled sinking after waves burst through the door of a conning tower the

night of May 21 about 100 miles off San Diego, a Navy spokeswoman said. When flooding shorted out all electrical power 50 minutes later, the crew abandoned ship and swam through 12-foot waves, churned by 20-mph winds, to a nearby research boat and frigate. A Coast Guard helicopter plucked two sailors from the water. Several sailors suffered minor injuries. The crew "did an outstanding job," said Navy spokeswoman Lt. Kim Marks. "Their actions and training allowed them to save the submarine." Investigators targeted the improper design and installation of a reinforced steel door and incorrect gasket for allowing tons of sea water to flood the sub, filling several large compartments and causing electrical shorts that eventually blacked out the ship. Blame centered on improper procedures by officials at the Space and Naval Warfare Command Systems Center in San Diego, which uses the research sub, when the door was modified several weeks before the accident. Navy officials have not decided on any disciplinary action. What we do is improve the process so we'll keep this from happening again," Marks said. Navy officials have not decided whether the Dolphin will be repaired, at an estimated cost of \$9.9 million, or scrapped. The Dolphin is a one-of-a-kind submarine built 24 years ago as a research vessel. It holds the official record as the world's deepest-diving submarine. At just 18 feet in diameter, the submarine has no internal watertight bulkheads separating its seven compartments. The vessel's only hatch is inside its small conning tower and must be kept open while the submarine is surfaced so that air can be drawn inside for breathing and running the diesel engines that recharge batteries for its electric motors. In mid-May, the Navy was testing new torpedoes that can attack quiet diesel submarines used by many foreign navies. The Dolphin, with its quiet engines, was the target for the non-exploding test torpedoes. On the night of May 21, the seas were heavy. The conning tower of the Dolphin, which was running on the surface, was being pummeled by the waves. A reinforced conning-tower door, installed for the torpedo tests, failed. Changed just a month earlier, the wrong gasket was installed and handles meant to seal the door against water were improperly designed, investigators determined. Waves popped the door open, allowing water to cascade through the sub's main hatch. About 10:50 p.m., crewmen noticed water flooding through the hatch. It quickly filled the pump room, located below the sub's control room. Officials later estimated 1,000 pounds of water flowed into the ship every second. For 90 minutes, the crew tried to stop the water. First, the regular pumps failed because of electrical shorts. Crewmen used two portable pumps to remove the rapidly rising water. The vessel came within 75 seconds of "losing all positive buoyancy" and sinking with all hands, investigators concluded. Had the sub sunk, there would have been no chance of rescuing the

crew because the Dolphin is not equipped with standard rescue hatches like the Navy's nuclear submarines. And with the sea floor 3,000 feet down, trapped sailors would have perished, investigators concluded. The Navy has a specialized sub, the deep-submergence rescue vehicle Mystic, based at North Island Naval Air Station. It's designed to dive as deep as 5,000 feet, link up with a rescue hatch on a submarine and take aboard survivors. However, the Dolphin's single hatch is inaccessible, inside the conning tower, with no way for the rescue sub to connect. "They're lucky they all got out," said former submariner Larry Shumaker. He tested the first rescue sub in the 1970s.

Lost Boats and Crews for September:

USS S-5 SS110 Sept. 01, 1920 0 men lost

The keel of USS S-5 (SS-110) was laid down on 4 December 1917 by the Portsmouth Navy Yard at Kittery, Maine. The submarine was christened by Mrs. Glenn S. Burrell and launched on 10 November 1919, at a cost of \$1,300,000. The S-boat was commissioned on 6 March 1920 with Lieutenant Commander Charles M. Cooke, Junior, in command. Following builder's trials, outfitting, and crew training, USS S-5 departed the Boston Navy Yard on 30 August 1920 to undergo full-power trials 55 miles off the Delaware Capes. On 1 September 1920, at 1300, she commenced a "crash dive" for a submerged test run. Water unexpectedly entered the submarine through the main air induction system, pouring into the torpedo room, control room, engine room, and the motor room. Normal procedure was to leave the main air induction valve open until the engines had a chance to come to a full stop, this operation being so timed as to occur just prior to complete submergence. In the case of USS S-5, however, the man responsible for operating this valve was momentarily distracted. Noticing his mistake, he grabbed the valve lever and jerked hard, causing the valve to jam open. After considerable difficulty, the system valves in the other compartments were closed, but all efforts to secure the torpedo room valve met with failure. The abandoned torpedo room flooded, making the boat bow heavy. An additional 80 tons of water in the motor room bilges caused her to settle on the bottom. It was now impossible to eject water from the torpedo room. An attempt was then made to pump out the motor room, but a gasket blew out and there were no means for repair. Lying 194 feet on the bottom, the crew had little hope of being found, much less of being rescued. Their situation now called for some original thinking. They reasoned that sufficient buoyancy in the after section could tilt the submarine on her nose and extend the stem above the surface. The tilt would cause the water in the motor room to drain forward and increase buoyancy further. However, there was great risk involved because this would allow salt water to enter the battery room, which would

generate deadly chlorine gas. They hoped to have enough time, after the water had entered, to close the watertight door before the gas could reach a dangerous level. After making preparations, air was applied to the after ballast and fuel tanks, blowing them dry. The stern began to rise and then shot to the surface. Men, floor plates, bilge water, and other loose objects fell through the length of the submarine. One man nearly drowned in the battery room, but was fished out and the compartment door was sealed against the gas. By tapping on the hull, it was determined that the stern extended about 17 feet above the surface of the water. With inadequate tools, they took turns trying to cut a hole in the thick hull. After 36 hours, they had only succeeded in making a hole three inches in diameter. Through the hole, crew members saw ships pass without stopping. Finally, the wooden steam-powered liberty ship "SS Alanthus" passed nearby. A seaman on watch spotted what he thought was a buoy through his binoculars, but the Captain of SS Alanthus knew that a buoy should not be that far out to sea, and turned his vessel around to investigate. Approaching in a lifeboat, the Captain asked: "What ship?" - "S-5." - "What nationality?" - "American." - "Where bound?" - "Hell by compass." SS Alanthus sent out SOS signals. Responding to the SOS signals, the steamship "SS General Goethals" arrived at sundown and pried a huge steel plate from USS S-5's hull. Within an hour, all the submariners were out of their boat, some fifty-one hours after the ill-fated dive. The next morning, dozens of Navy ships came to the scene of the sinking. Amazingly, this fourth submarine loss in the United States Navy resulted in no loss of life. In 1989, 1990, and 1991, the relocated hull of USS S-5 (SS-110) was investigated by divers. A portion of the hull plating of USS S-5, that was removed by SS General Goethals to permit the S-boat's crew to escape from the sunken submarine, is on exhibit in the Navy Memorial Museum in the Washington Navy Yard in Washington, D. C.

USS GRAYLING SS209 Sept. 09, 1943 76 men lost
Grayling (Lt. Cmdr. R. M. Brinker) departed Fremantle on 30 July 1943, for her eighth patrol, going through Makassar Strait and thence to the Philippine area. On 19 August, she reported having damaged a 6,000-ton freighter near Balikpapan, and the following day told of having sunk a 250-ton Taki Maru-type pocket tanker by gunfire in Sibutu Passage, taking one man prisoner. This was the last report received direct from GRAYLING. On 23 August, she completed a special mission at Pandan Bay, Panay, delivering cargo to guerrillas. Guerrillas reported this mission. Then she departed for Tablas Strait, there to reconnoiter until 2 September, when she would patrol approaches to Manila until 10 September. She was to return to Pearl Harbor for refit, passing from SubSoWesPac to Subpac on 13 September. She was not heard from after 19 August 1943, and on 30 September 1943, GRAYLING was

reported as presumed lost. Following war's end, the Japanese have submitted the following reports, which bear on GRAYLING. On 27 August 1943 a torpedo attack was seen by the enemy, and the next day a surfaced submarine was seen northeast. Both of the positions were in the Tablas Strait area. On 9 September a surfaced U. S. submarine was seen inside Lingayen Gulf; this ties with GRAYLING's orders to patrol the approaches to Manila. It is said that the freighter-transport HOKUAN MARU was engaged in a submarine action on the 9th in the Philippine area, but no additional date were available, and no known enemy attacks could have sunk GRAYLING. Her loss may have been operational or by an unrecorded enemy attack. At any rate, it is certain that GRAYLING was lost between 9 and 12 September 1943 either in Lingayen Gulf or along the approaches to Manila. ComTaskFor 71 requested a transmission from GRAYLING on the latter date, but did not receive one.

USS S-51 SS162 Sept. 25, 1925 34 men lost

The new submarine was based at New London Conn., on 1 July 1922 as a unit of Submarine Division 4 and followed a normal peacetime training cycle, operating out of her home port with visits to Newport and Providence, R.I. She departed from New York on 4 January 1924 for the Canal Zone to participate in winter fleet maneuvers off Panama and in the Caribbean. During this cruise, she visited Trinidad, Guantanamo Bay, Culebra, and St. Thomas, V.I. After returning to New York on 30 April, she resumed type training off Block Island and in New England coastal waters. The S-51 sank off Block Island, 25 September 1925 with the loss of 32 lives after being rammed by SS City of Rome. She was raised 5 June 1926, struck from the Navy List 27 January 1930 and sold for scrapping 23 June 1930. The diving and heroic efforts to reach and raise the ship are well documented in the outstanding book 'On the Bottom' by Cdr Edward Ellsberg and the new book on Ellsberg by John Alden. S-51 was raised on 5 June 1926; struck from the Navy List on 27 January 1930; and sold for scrap on 23 June 1930 to the Borough Metal Company, Brooklyn, N.Y.

USS CISCO SS290 Sept. 28, 1943 76 men lost

Venturing out for her first war patrol, CISCO (Lt. Cmdr. J. W. Coe), left Port Darwin, Australia on September 18, 1943. That evening she returned to Darwin due to a derangement of the main hydraulic system which had occurred during the day's operations. The hydraulic system having been repaired to the satisfaction of the Commanding officer, CISCO once more departed on 19 September. CISCO's area was a large rectangular one in the South China Sea between Luzon and the coast of French Indo-China. In order to reach it, she was to pass through the Arafoera Sea area, the Banda Sea, Manipa Strait, Molukka Passage, the

Celebes Sea, Sibutu Passage, the Sulu Sea and Mindoro Strait. On 28 September, CISCOS should have been due west of Mindanao in the center of the Sulu Sea. On that day a Japanese antisubmarine attack was made slightly north and east of CISCOS's expected position. In reporting the attack the Japanese state "Found a sub tailing oil. commenced bombing. Ships in the vicinity cooperated with us. The oil continued to gush out even on tenth of October." The attack would seem to have been made by planes in cooperation with ships. No submarine that returned from patrol reported having been attacked at this time and position. Nothing had been seen of or heard from CISCOS since her departure from Darwin, and on 4 and 5 November 1943, Headquarters Task Force Seventy-One was unable to make radio contact with her. At the time of her loss it was considered very unlikely that a recurrence of trouble with her main hydraulic system could explain her sinking, and the only other possible clue was the fact that a Japanese plane was reported over Darwin at twenty thousand feet on the morning of her second departure. The attack listed above is thought to probably explain this loss. No enemy minefields are known to have been in her area, or en route to it. Coe had previously made three war patrols as Commanding Officer of S-39, and three as Commanding Officer of Skipjack. He was considered a most able and successful Submarine Officer.

USS Virginia achieves another First:

By Robert A. Hamilton - Published on 08/14/2002
Groton. - The submarine Virginia won't even be put into the water until next year, but it already is on its second captain. When Cmdr. Thomas J. Kearney turned the helm of the Virginia over to Cmdr. David J. Kern Tuesday in ceremonies at Shepherd of the Sea Chapel, it marked the first time the Navy has had a change of command ceremony for a warship that has not yet been placed in commission. "But then, the Virginia class is ushering in a new generation of submarine technology," said Rear Adm. Michael C. Tracy, commander of Submarine Group Two. Virginia is unique in a number of other ways as well, Tracy said. It is the first warship to have been designed on a computer, the first to have a periscope that will not penetrate the hull and the first with an advanced electronic navigation system. "Fresh ideas are at the heart of Virginia," Tracy said. It was imperative that the crew be assembled early so it had time to learn the systems before it was ready to put to sea, and to begin to operate together as a crew. Tracy said Kearney has made Virginia a "model of excellence" for the undersea fleet. Kearney reported to Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory in April 2000 with the first 50 crewmen to begin learning about the new reactor plant that will power the submarine. Later, the group transferred to Electric Boat to watch the Virginia take shape and to test some of the systems as they came on line.

Kearney noted that the chief of the boat, Command Master Chief Casey White, has had to develop training programs to get the men ready to "dive and drive" the first-of-a-class submarine, which will be operated by a joystick instead of a ship's wheel. His engineering department master chief, Machinist Mate Richard Tree, created an operations and training manual for the new reactor that will become the standard for ships that follow. He's done more for the future of the submarine force than I think he realizes, Kearney said. Then, addressing his men, he added, "You are an extraordinary crew doing extraordinary things. Keep up the good work." Kearney is not moving far. His next job is to take command of the USS Alexandria, also home ported in Groton. Virginia is scheduled to be delivered to the Navy in the early summer of 2004, though the construction program has been going so well most expect it will be turned over early. "I have often been asked if I'm disappointed that I won't be able to take it to sea," Kearney said. "And I have to answer, 'Absolutely.' But at the same time, he said, he realizes that captains picked for most first-of-a-class submarines have already commanded at least one other submarine. For a more junior officer such as himself to be picked for it at any stage was an honor. Kern, who will bring the Virginia through the final stages of construction and through sea trials in March 2004, has already commanded the USS San Francisco, SSN 711, in Pearl Harbor. Under his leadership, the San Francisco won two Fleet Golden Anchor awards for crew retention and a Secretary of the Navy commendation. "Virginia represents the future of the submarine force, and an unparalleled advance in stealth and technology," Kern said. "I'm excited by the challenges we will face as we prepare to go to sea in just a short 18 months."

USS Cheyenne Officer Rescues Woman:

COMSUBPAC Press Release August 19, 2002
When Lt. j.g. Jonathan Chase, a junior officer onboard USS Cheyenne (SSN 773) left Yokosuka Naval Base for liberty one morning, he had no idea that he would return that evening a hero. According to his shipmates, that is exactly what he is. While descending from the peak of Mt. Fuji, Chase overtook a group of Japanese hikers. One middle-aged woman was barely conscious and was being partially supported by two other members of her party. Noting that the group was several miles away from any medical assistance or facilities, Chase realized that the woman was in grave danger. The day was very warm on the slopes of Mt. Fuji, and Chase, a former lifeguard, immediately began treatment for heat exhaustion. He knew that not corrected, heat exhaustion could become heat stroke, a potentially fatal condition. In an attempt to lower her body temperature, Chase gave her his last bottle of water and convinced her to remove several outer layers of clothing. He brought her to a shady spot on the trail and convinced her to rest. His

efforts were complicated by a language barrier. Neither Chase, nor any member of the Japanese group was sufficiently fluent in the other's native language. Painfully slow communications with the rest of her group revealed that the woman was hypoglycemic, and Chase deduced from other symptoms that she was suffering from a low blood sugar level. He gave the woman a few pieces of chocolate candy and within minutes she had improved noticeably. When Chase left the scene, the woman was laughing with the rest of her group, and in the care of a registered nurse. "Chase displayed a great deal of compassion in using his expertise to help a foreign stranger," said one witness. "Had he not been there, who knows what would have happened to that woman?" USS Cheyenne is currently deployed in the Western Pacific for six months. The attack submarine departed its homeport of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii on July 31. When EM2 Jenkins reported on board USS Providence (SSN-719), he looked me in the eye and said, "Captain, I just want you to know that I am big on America!" This proud young professional was right where he wanted to be: on an operational warship getting ready to go boldly in harm's way. To my never-ending delight, for the three years I commanded Providence, there was never a shortage of people like Petty Officer Jenkins onboard. That spirit, more than any other thing, is what makes Providence the truly great warship that she is today. Providence was near the end of her six-month deployment, and we were already counting how many miles we would have steamed by the time we returned to our homeport in Groton, Connecticut. By all normal measures, the deployment was already a resounding success. We were taking stock of our accomplishments, remembering our port calls, planning our future, and carefully navigating our ship toward Bab el Mandeb and the Red Sea. Having completed a busy tour in the CENTCOM AOR, we were ready to chop back into the Mediterranean and eventually set sail for home. We had a plan. It was dinnertime. I went into the Radio Room after having observed the watch team transition the ship to periscope depth for routine communications and housekeeping. I was going to make a quick check of incoming messages, then head down to the wardroom for chow. I was watching the communications team as it smoothly went through the parallel procedures of sending outgoing traffic, copying incoming, making voice reports, connecting us to the SIPRNET for a quick check of e-mail, and finally logging on to GBS for a few minutes of Headline News. I was hoping to get some baseball highlights. ETI(SS) Dustin Trask has considerably more time and experience in submarine communications than I have. The worried look on his face got my attention, because his usual style was rock-solid. "Captain, take a look," he said as the first of the message traffic came on board. Instead of the expected routine messages,

what rolled out were several accounts describing in detail a coordinated terrorist attack on the United States about two hours before. "Get the XO in here," I remember saying. My Executive Officer, LCDR Tony Gamboa, knew that if I called him to Radio, something big was up. He arrived in seconds. "Captain, this is not an exercise - I'll get the officers in the wardroom," he said after reviewing the first of the messages; then he disappeared. It was immediately clear to me that we weren't going home anytime soon. In minutes, the officers were in the wardroom. While I gave them time to read the messages, I got on the line to our Fleet Commander and stated our intentions: Providence was turning around and returning to the Northern Arabian Sea at maximum speed. Once there we would check in and stand ready for any and all tasking. I asked for any information we could get regarding the safety of our families. Many members of the crew had friends and family in New York City, and we all had shipmates in the Pentagon. Our commanders concurred with our plan, and we went deep and moved at maximum speed. Back in the wardroom, now packed with officers and chief petty officers, we started our combat planning based on what we knew. We had to make all preparations to get us effectively and safely to the scene of battle, 100 percent ready to fight and win. We had to think of everything, foresee and avoid all problems, and plan it in every detail. No mistakes and no surprises. This is the art of submarine warfare, and Providence knows that art well. We agreed to meet again in two hours and lay out our plan. I passed the word to everyone on the IMC. As always, unity of command starts with everyone having accurate information and understanding our mission. The word was out. As we sprinted, I made time to meet with my Sailors in small groups. I already knew we were ready, because we had trained and practiced, and I knew what we could do. Additionally, we had been deployed for many months and had gained significant operational experience. We were at the top of our game. Everyone was concerned about their families, but it didn't stand in the way of duty. Everyone had questions about what had happened and what our role would be, but we all had studied the combat history of our Submarine Force, so we knew what was going to be required, courage and commitment. We talked about America's fighting spirit and I came to understand even better the importance of tough training, which was our standard. I knew we had trained as much and as realistically as we thought possible, and so I asked what we thought would be different, what we had not anticipated, what we should concentrate on now. The answer surprised me: nothing. Turns out I wasn't the only one on board with confidence. My Chief of the Boat, CMDCM Sheldon McElhinney, brought the chief petty officers back to me in less than two hours. In the room with the officers and chiefs, I watched as Providence's leaders laid out

our combat plans efficiently and professionally. The XO reminded me that if our chain of command needed a swift response, we were ready now, and we should be sure to remind them of that. We made preparations to check our already-ready systems one more time. All departments reported their readiness for combat, and I asked my Supply Officer, LT Eric Naley, how long our food supply would let us remain at sea. He answered, "Just tell me how long you want to stay, Captain." This was the first of many times I confirmed our intention to remain in the area for as long as possible. When it came to combat, we had a lot to offer. We knew that and so did our Battle Group Commander, RADM John Morgan, because we had been working closely with him for more than a year. We completed our sprint and returned to periscope depth. Quickly establishing communications, I will never forget being asked where I thought the front lines would be in this conflict. Our response: "Right about here." Our mobility quickly put us on the scene. Our ability to communicate efficiently kept the information flowing and defined a new submarine tactical weapon: real-time information. Petty Officer Trask kept us fed with the latest from CNN and the Worldwide Web. For the first time we saw the pictures and watched the video clips of the attacks. We received word that our families were all safe. We copied the latest intelligence and targeting information and kept our commanders informed about the operations of the ever-growing naval presence in our area. Our modern systems gave us superb tactical advantages that allowed us to focus on our first mission - strike operations - and we used our network connections to conduct real-time information sharing with other warships. This was new for submarines, being so well connected to the outside world. For the first time, we could efficiently provide battlefield information on demand. And we had a crystal-clear picture of the world around us. On 7 October 2001, Providence took part in the opening salvo of the war on terrorism. As we conducted combat operations that day, I was struck by how few differences there were from our normal training. FT3(SS) Ian Seyerley led the missile launch team while my Weapons Officer, LT Jeff Fatora, and my Navigator, LT Joe Baldi, made it all happen under the watchful eye of the XO. Joe became the force's most experienced combat photographer, logging hundreds of frames and miles of tape of our successful Tomahawk launches. Jeff's superb control of our weapons and delivery systems ensured unmatched strike performance. Throughout the month of October, as Operation Enduring Freedom unfolded, Providence became the strike platform of choice for rapid Tomahawk engagements. During developing combat operations, our ability to target and strike quickly enabled us to provide the Battle Force Commander with timely ordnance on target. Now I thought we were really getting into it. This kind of strike warfare

was new, and it was something we had not specifically trained for. The key to our success was communications; using everything from established voice and data nets to e-mails, chat rooms, and instant messaging to get information efficiently where it needed to go. With the systems, the people, and the environment all in our favor, short-notice tasking was always met with 100 percent mission accomplishment. Only after completing all assigned combat tasking and with Operation Enduring Freedom well underway did Providence depart the area with the Enterprise Battle Group and finally start the long trip home. We arrived in Italy to a hero's welcome, with USS Emory S. Land's wonderful crew lining the rails and tugs filling the air with water cannons. It was our first indication of the importance of what we had done, and of the incredible support we had from our shipmates and the public. For the entirety of our participation in Operation Enduring Freedom, we relied on our training for combat success. The fighting spirit of the crew and their unmatched ability were our secret ingredients. Our day-to-day mission is combat, plain and simple. It flavors everything we do, and I mean everything. With that focus, we were able to provide our commanders with what they needed most: 100 percent on-time mission accomplishment. CDR Bowden is currently serving as Deputy Commander, Submarine Squadron ONE in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. He served as Commanding Officer of USS Providence from March 1999 to December 2001.

Researchers Find Submarine:

Discovery is apparent confirmation that U.S. fired first in 1941 attack. By The Associated Press Published on 08/30/2002 Honolulu. Nearly 61 years after the attack on Pearl Harbor, researchers say they have found evidence that the U.S. military fired the first shot against Japan with the discovery of a sunken Japanese submarine. The 78-foot sub was found Wednesday by two research craft on routine training dives about three miles from Pearl Harbor, in an area described as a "military junkyard" about 1,200 feet below the surface. "To actually come across it was a sobering moment, realizing that was the shot that started the Pacific war," said Terry Kerby, chief pilot of the Pisces IV deep-diving submersible. Although the surprise Japanese aerial attack is most widely associated with Pearl Harbor, the U.S. military has long asserted that an underwater skirmish occurred first. The military says it inflicted the first casualties when the USS Ward sank the approaching Japanese sub at 6:45 a.m. on Dec. 7, 1941, about an hour before the aerial attack. Historians have had no proof of the sinking until Wednesday's discovery, researchers said. Although it has been known the submarine was somewhere outside the harbor, previous expeditions including a November 2000 National Geographic expedition headed by the team that found the wreckage of the Titanic — failed to locate

it. "The thing is quite difficult to find because of all the massive amounts of junk out in the area, and we were simply fortunate because we've run our test and training dives through here and know where a lot of the junk is," said John Wiltshire, associate director of the Hawaii Undersea Research Laboratory, which found the sub. Underwater video of the sub shows the hull rusted and slightly leaning to its port side with the periscope up. Two Japanese crewmen are believed still inside. The sub led four other Japanese midget submarines to Pearl Harbor before the Sunday morning attack by Japanese planes that lasted two hours and left 21 U.S. ships heavily damaged, 323 aircraft damaged or destroyed, 2,390 people dead and 1,178 wounded. Wiltshire said the crew is certain that the sub was sunk by the Ward because of a bullet hole in the conning tower and because it still has both torpedoes. Three of the subs have been previously accounted for. One is still missing, but it had fired both its weapons.

Ghost Boat Part 4:

Aboard USS *Cutterfish* - All four main engines were already running with their deep-throated rumble, by the time Shorty Freeman made it topside with a set of sound powered phones on his head. The IMC had only a minute earlier sounded, "Now station the Maneuvering Watch. Station the Maneuvering Watch." He plugged in near the #1 line and faced aft to see that the Captain and the XO were already on the bridge. Behind them, one on the lookouts was climbing up into the shears taking care not to bang his 11 x 50 binoculars. One thing lookouts took real good care of was the binoculars they scanned the horizon with for hours at a time. Shorty remembered standing lookout watches before the war when he was a seaman, and wondered how it must be now. He figured that there must be a lot more pressure on these young kids. "Take in #2 and #3 lines. Single up #1 and #4", came over Shorty's headset. He relayed this to the other two guys assigned forward with him. The four lines were numbered #1 in the bow to #4 at the stern. "Take in #4 line." This was for their counter parts at the stern. From the bridge he heard the XO shout, "All back one third - left 15 degrees rudder." Then, over the phones again he heard, "Take in #1 line." Shorty waved to the sailor on the pier who had already started to lift the eye splice off of the bollard, tossing it into the scummy water of Norfolk harbor as they slowly backed out of the slip. Shorty's two line handlers covered their ears with the palms of their hands - everyone forward did. The ship's air horn was in the leading edge of the bridge, not 45 feet away and was about to sound three short blasts - the signal for every ship within a mile or two that somewhere, some ship was backing away from a pier. They were underway. Once underway, the watch began to tidy up, stowing lines in the line lockers, bolting down their brow and stowing the

capstan wrench. They would remain on deck until the XO determined that they were relatively free of collision danger in the crowded harbor. In the event that steering control was lost, Shorty's little party was also there to drop the anchor. The maneuvering watch was unusually long in Norfolk since it was a big place with a long channel out into the Atlantic. In spite of the time of year they were all a bit chilly by the time "Secure the Maneuvering Watch" came over Shorty's headset. They all headed below being careful to properly dog down both the escape trunk hatch and door behind them. Neither would be touched again until they were coming back into port. Most of the crew had not yet eaten breakfast except for the first of the underway watches who, to a man, had eaten earlier knowing they would not get another chance until noon. Tex told Shorty to eat first knowing that all he'd do would be to assemble his usual bacon sandwich - a dozen slices of bacon crushed between two slices of white bread. Breakfast never took Shorty more than three minutes. Tex, on the other hand, thought eating a meal like that was barbaric and always allowed him the "entire experience" as he called it. That was loosely defined and more than simply nourishment. Eating for Tex included all the accompanying bullshit and banter unique to the crew's mess of a United States submarine. He stepped up to the half door of the tiny galley and ordered his usual breakfast, "Six scrambled soft with cheese, bacon, one jockstrap and make it snappy." He thought that was pretty funny in spite of having used it at least a hundred times on *Cutterfish* alone. The junior cook doing breakfast paid no attention. Monahans, on the other hand was having his usual breakfast of coffee and cigarettes. "Jeeze Tex, work on some new material will you? We're underway, what? an hour? and you're already starting to get on my nerves." "I'm just trying to cheer up the joint Monahans - it's like a damn wake in here for Christ's sake. Y'all are acting like we'll never make it back." It didn't take long to adjust to the underway routine. Nearly every crewmember was put on the watch bill. You could be the trim manifold operator in Control Room, or the radio operator, but you had the "12 to 4" for the entire cruise. This meant that you had to adjust your eating and sleeping habits to accommodate the watch you'd stand everyday from 12 noon to 4 in the afternoon and from 12 midnight to 4 in the morning. It was four on and eight off. You occupied the off hours with eating, sleeping and taking care of the equipment associated with your particular rate and training such as pumps, radios or torpedoes. Sailors also used the time for movies, reading, acey-ducy or just plain bullshitting over coffee and cigarettes. Aboard the U-136 "Permission to come up Sir." The First Watch Officer who had been in the middle of a conversation with the Captain, leaned across the bridge to look down the tower hatch. Looking up expectantly, with his hands on the ladder, was Dieter Winter, U-136's new diesel

stoker. "Granted", was all Guenther Offerman said before turning his attention back to Herr Kaleun. He once saw an American movie and everyone called the captain of that movies' ship, 'Skipper'. He much preferred Herr Kaleun (the abbreviation of Herr Kapitaenleutnant). 'Skipper' was much too familiar and, he thought, even a bit feminine. The captain of a ship, even an American ship, should not be skipping around for God's sake. The thought did occur to him that maybe he had, after all, lost something in the translation. That thought brought a smile to his very young face. "As I was saying Guenther, our orders are to return to the North Carolina coast, but to choose a route where we are likely to encounter some shipping. The problem is that we need to head northwest, but I want to stay well clear of Ireland. So when you go below, plot such a course and show it to me. I'll tell you something Guenther, the fucking Englanders have an awful lot of planes patrolling, and I don't want to be inside their range if I can help it. We were nearly sunk on our way back from the last patrol, did you know that?" "Yes, of course Herr Kaleun. The starboard bridge guard," - and he said this loud enough to be heard by both of the men on lookout watch, - "must have been asleep on his feet, or playing with himself. And the watch officer...he must have been a little embarrassed as well." "Well, everyone on board was very tired from the patrol and we were only a couple days out from St. Nazaire and everything was far too lax...my fault really when you think about it. However, 'embarrassed' is not exactly the word I'd have chosen Guenther. That attack scared the living shit out of us actually. The patrol plane came out of nowhere, so low that when he dropped the depth charge," at this, he pointed close off the starboard bow, "it actually hit about there and instead of sinking, the goddamn thing skipped way over to port. Had it hit conventionally we'd all be dead." They had only been underway out of the submarine base at St. Nazaire, near the mouth of the Loire, for 24 hours. The weather had been accommodating so far and the crew was happy about it. The weather in The Bay (Bay of Biscay) was normally bad. Kapitaenleutnant Werner Hardegen turned to their bridge visitor, the new diesel stoker. "So, how do you like our little U-boat Dieter? Have you ever gone to sea on a Type VII boat before?" The captain used the first names of the crew when he could. He knew that in the rest of the German military such familiarity was frowned upon. He did not want the distance most officers had between themselves and their sailors or soldiers, and he figured that since he could very well die along side this great bunch of men, he was, by God, going to treat them with respect. It was no secret aboard U-136 that Werner Hardegen thought there were far too many (in his words) pompous ass holes among his fellow German officers. "No, Herr Kapitain, I just got out of sub school, so this is my first patrol." "Aahh, that's right, that's right. I read

that in your record. And where are you from again Dieter?" "Abtenau, Herr Kaleun. It's in the mountains south of Salzburg. It's pretty small really. Very few people have ever heard of it. My mother runs a small Gasthaus." This was said in obvious modesty. Dieter now wished he had not come up to the bridge for a smoke after all. The captain wryly thought, 'the kid has got that right - I never heard of the place. How does a kid from the Alps end up on U-boat? I'll bet he never saw the ocean until he got to sub school. He probably never lived lower than 1500 meters altitude! I have a feeling it's those romantic horse shit stories that fucking cripple Goebbels spins out.' He felt the beginnings of a beard with his hand and thought, 'I'd like to bring one of those fairies from the Propaganda Ministry out on a war patrol for a month or two - see what kind of story he'd write then...if he even got back.' He knew that this profession he had chosen was very hard and unforgiving, yet he knew that nearly all the officers and men he had served with loved it. He figured that it was probably the same way with the fighter pilots or the panzer men. 'To each his own,' he thought. "Guenther, I'll take the conn. I want you to plot that course right now, if you would. I don't like steaming around the North Atlantic by the seat of my Lederhosen." The First Watch Officer was laughing as he asked permission to go below and dropped down the tower hatch, followed by Dieter Winter who all of a sudden felt uncomfortable up there with only the bridge guards and the captain. Aboard the USS Cutterfish - They were underway four days, watching commercial shipping plying the waters off the Virginia and North Carolina coasts. Cutterfish watched the ships pass without incident, submerged during the day and on the surface at night. "We're making 4 knots on course 090 and basically waiting 'til that freighter catches up. Here have a look Jim." As he said this, Lt. Jefferson Davis Hamlin spun the #1 periscope to a position toward the starboard quarter, then stood behind it so his relief Lt.jg. Jim Geiger, could have a look at the freighter Cutterfish had been watching for the last two hours. "The Skipper wants to run parallel to the freighter all night and see what happens." Geiger noticed two things through the scope at once. One was that at 2000 hours the sun was getting real low on the Western horizon and the other was the freighter would be getting close to them within half an hour. He figured he'd be told to surface about the time the freighter caught up to them and the sun set. "OK Davis, I've got the Conn. Thanks." Davis went by his middle name to avoid getting ribbed. His parents raised him calling him Jeff and in fact still did, but in the prep school he attended in the north he started from day one introducing himself as Davis so virtually all his adult friends called him that. He had graduated from The University of Virginia six years earlier and had gone into Navy OCS, mainly because he still did not know what he wanted to do for a living. His entire life he

had seen his Dad go to a job he disliked, and Davis was determined that would not happen to him. As it turned out he really loved the Navy and considered that one of his better decisions along with marrying his wife, Emily. "Ebeening sir," Ferdinand Ibarra, the Ward Room's Filipino second class steward said as J. Davis Hamlin slid into the green banco that served as the tiny dining room's seating. "What's for dinner Ferdy? Anything left for a sorry old engineering officer?" He looked over the table and there was no evidence whatsoever of what was on the menu since Ferdinand, as usual, had cleaned up after the earlier diners. Davis thought, 'He may be a second class steward but he is a really first class waiter/chef type.' The OOD standing the '4 to '8 watch was nearly always the last to eat. "Bee got broil trou tonight Meester Hamlin. You wann? Also son rice we fry ownyens. Eet is like we do in the Pillapeens." "Well bring me all of the above please. I'm hungry tonight Ferdy and that sounds great." As Ferdinand disappeared through the passageway curtain, Davis got a glimpse of the Skipper heading aft to the Control room. The skipper, Lt. Cdr. Coley

Keiffer, cautiously looked up into the Conning Tower before mounting the ladder. His head and shoulders had been stepped on too often as a junior submarine officer not to develop that habit. It was also in character for him to look before he leaped. He was a cautious and very thorough engineer. "Evening Captain. The freighter is close and the sun is nearly down." Geiger told him. "Very well Jim, prepare to surface while I have a look around." He then took over the periscope that had remained up for the last half-hour. Normally they would not leave a periscope up that long but they wanted to track the freighter and felt no threat from her and besides it was almost dark and they were about to surface anyway. "OK Jim, after you surface I want you to catch up and run a parallel course about a thousand yards abeam to her port side. That will keep us between her and the beach. It's where I want to be." "Aye Captain." Jim Geiger leaned over and keyed the IMC and said, "Prepare to surface, prepare to surface. Start all four main engines," He nodded toward the Quartermaster, who hit the klaxon three times,

QUICK SHOTS



Ed Brooks, Ray Samson, and Geo. "Pete" Petrovitz



Garry Shumann and Jim Nelson
Lee Brooks in background



Joe O'treba & Milan Moncilovich



Steve Day & wife Susan
Chuck Chapman & wife Roberta



The Ladies of A.L. Post #6
What a Job they did for us



Dick Caraker with Glenn Herold
Bob May in foreground

**I will be unable to publish a newsletter for the month of October.
Hopfully, the Samson boat will come to an even keel, an will proced again
With a November issue.**

Return To:
U. S. Submarine Veterans, Perch Base
9324 W. Briarwood Cir.
Sun City, AZ 85351-1425

<http://perch-base.org>



Join us at the Veterans Day Parade:
November 11th