

VENTING SANITARY



USSVI — Blueback Base Newsletter
Portland Oregon — 1/01/04 #125

Blueback Base, P.O. Box 1887
Clackamas, OR 97015

Inboard

The Creed of the USSVI is Not to Forget our Purpose.....

“ 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 Government.”

BASE MEETINGS...

Executive Board

The Next E-Board will be held at:

Collie Collins's Home
17661 S.E. Alder St., Portland Oregon
503 254-6750
1830 Hours Tuesday, 6th January 2004

BLUEBACK BASE /LOGGERS CHAPTER

The Next Regular Meeting will be held
1900 Thursday 8 January 2004

Again it will be
POTLUCK
for the evening meal, so bring **FOOD**

Blueback Base Website.

The base has a new website:

<http://donmac.org/WRD/Blueback.htm>

This is just the newsletter on this site. It does not have any sounds, sales, or info, but it does have a map of the location of the VFW hall, the usual times for meetings and other info.

The old website is no more.

The online newsletter will not have the address application form as does the hard copy. This area will be devoted to the usual obscenities, unimportant news, and embarrassing photos.

So, if you can, get your newsletter online. You will need the ADOBE reader, but that download is free. If the download does work for you, let us know and we'll discontinue sending you the hard copy; saving the bases (Blueback and Albacore) tons of money. You will also see the photos in living color...

Addresses that you gotta know:

Base Commander

E. H. "Collie" Collins
17661 S.E. Alder St.,
Portland, Oregon 97233
Phone: 503 254-6750

Secretary

Raymond L. Lough
3313N.E., 160th St.,
Ridgefield, Washington 98642-9549
Phone: 360 573-4274

The rest of the troops are listed on page two (2)

Change of Address?...

In order to maintain the proper addresses, both for the base Roster and the delivery of the Newsletter, **Change of Address information** should be sent to either the base mailing address located on the top of this newsletter or to:

Robert Walters
4105 NE Alberta Ct.
Portland, OR 97211
(503) 284-8693
or on the Internet at:
caiman.ss323@Comcast.net

And if YOU have an E-mail address send it to Robert Walters (caiman.ss323@comcast.net) so you can be on the E-mail list for announcements and Urgent Updates.

**The Logger's Log will be found on
page three**

Coming Events...

- Feb. 14th Joint Logger/USSVI Lunch Meeting**
- Mar. 11th Regular Meeting**
- Apr. 10th Joint Logger/USSVI Sub. Birthday Brunch, Meeting**
- Apr. 30th, May 1st USSVI Dist. 9 Meeting in Portland**
- May 13th Regular Meeting**
- May 15th Armed Forces Day.**

Mark Your Calendars

Dues

Send in your 2004 dues now.. Dink lists take too much space in the Sanitary. We need the room for 'ha ha's'..

NEW members joining now will have their dues posted for 2004 .

Send your dues to :
 U.S. Submarine Veterans
 Blueback Base
 P.O. Box 1887
 Clackamas Oregon 97015

Forward Battery

Here is a listing of the executive board members, committee, chairmen, appointed volunteers and the usual young men about town,,,

Vice Commander

Chris Stafford 503-632-4535

Treasurer

Scott Duncan 503-667-0728

Chaplain

Scott Duncan 503-667-0728

Chief of the Boat

Keith Miller 503-646-4257

Ways and Means Chairman

Mike LaPan 503-665-7797

Membership Chairman

Gary (Budweiser) Thrall 503-659-1917

Publicity and social Chairman

LeRoy Vick 503-698-2793

Bylaws Chairman

Chris Stafford 503-632-4535

Small Stores Boss

Arlo Gatchel 503-771-0540

Trustee

LeRoy Vick 503-698-2793

Editor

Not to Sure Dial a prayer

Past Base Commander

Pat Patterson 503-735-1290

Historian, Editor of Jokes in Poor Taste, Editor on Demand, POC, and all around good guy..

Bob Walters 503-284-8693



The Blueback Base of the USSVI and the Logger's Chapter of the US SubVets WWII honored those submariners who are on eternal patrol at the Christmas party held on 7 December, 2003 at the Refectory in Portland, OR

"THE LOG"

"Lest we forget" - The Albacore SS-218 and her Gallant Crew

BIRTHDAYS for December

Dec. 7 Bob Walters
Dec. 17 Dallas Dolan
Dec. 21 Clair Pense
Dec. 23 Clarence Scott
Dec. 30 Harold Schumock



ANNIVERSARIES for December

Dec. 14 Gary & Rachel Zenk

Chapter President /State Commander
Clarence D. Scott

P.O.Box 516 Aumsville, OR 97325-0516
(503) 749-3957

Oregon Loggers Chapter

Robert M. Lee Secretary/Treasurer
4901 SW 37th Ave Portland, OR 97221-3912
(503) 244-9933

Christmas Dinner at Refectory

It was a well attended affair. We were all comfortably seated in a room with Round tables for eight. Base Commander "Collie" Collins began the evening ceremony with the Loggers Candle Memorial of the 52 Boats lost in WWII. It was placed on a table at the head of the room.

The calling of the boats was altered slightly with the USS Cochino and the USS Stickleback added to the USS Thresher and the USS Scorpion as boats lost while on active duty since WWII.

The Bell to toll the Boats was rung by COB Keith Miller as Secretary Ray Lough called the boats. Chuck Macaluso and Danny Fong Extinguished the candles in a very timely fashion and in good order.

It was a very impressive ceremony that was followed by the Empty table reading with double bells tolled as we remembered.

WWII members present were Danny Fong, Dallas Dolan and wife Marge, Robert Lee and wife Donna. The Tudor & Betty Davis family was well represented with Daughter Kathy and husband Gene Garrison. Daughter Mary and husband John Williams, joined by son Fred Davis.

It was a well planned arrangement by Deanna Thrall. Introductions were made by everyone, giving the boat qualified and a chance to introduce members of family, wives and guests.

It was a good sized crowd that enjoyed themselves and could have been even better, to see more of the Loggers Chapter members attending .

The weather was favorable and driving after dark was pleasant and the roads were not crowded.

If you didn't come you were Missed!

Enjoying our History

It only seems only a short time ago that many of us discovered our past.

Especially those of us that served during WWII as a Reserve sailor and those of Regular Navy that did not choose to re-up and put in our twenty.

It was fun to awaken the memories of yesterday and visit the past with other shipmates, who had now retired after putting in their 20 or more years.

Many of us joined the National organization and a local Chapter of Submarine Veterans of WWII.

We wanted to continue with our stories of the past and hear more. We looked forward to the monthly meeting night and a chance to renew our sea stories.

It was enjoyable to share those evenings with our shipmates and brought our wives to experience our memories and hear them told by others.

The years have passed and the fun and the sharing can continue. Maybe we don't get our nose's as wet as we used to and some of our stories have been told too often, but it is still fun to share an evening together.

We now have a chance to share in our lives as members with family responsibilities and some problems brought on by old age.

It was fun and still should be, however there seems to be something missing. Our sense of Crew is dissolving and we are finding fault to readily?

We need to restore the Esprit De Corp and have pride in our Boat. The Boat being the Local Chapter as it sails under the flag of National.

I would like to encourage all hands to take a look and see if we can't share again as we used to.

Your shipmate, with best regards, Dallas

Pure Logic...

A wife arrived home from a shopping trip and was shocked to find her husband in bed with a lovely young woman. Just as she was about to storm out of the house, her husband called out...

"Perhaps you should hear how all this came about... "I was driving home on the highway when I saw this young woman looking tired and bedraggled. I brought her home and made her a meal from the roast beef you had forgotten about in the fridge. She was barefooted so I gave her your good sandals, which you had discarded because they had gone out of style. She was cold so I gave her the sweater, which I bought for you for your birthday but you never wore because the color didn't suit you. Her pants were torn, so I gave her a pair of your jeans, which were perfectly good, but too small for you now. "Then just as she was about to leave, she asked, 'Is there anything else your wife doesn't use anymore?'"

The Base Christmas Party..

Another success story executed by Deanna Thrall with 'some' help from 'what's his name'. There were no fights, the food was good, and the service was also good. My only criticism was the desert.

I guess I gotta get out more.. \$4.50 for a half glass of wine? I guess I'm use to the Costco prices. Here are couple more pix taken by Chuck Macaluso.



You Stayed Too Long

(This is for the Westpac Troops and to the tune of "On the Banks of the Wabash")

When the ice is on the rice in Southern Honshu
and the saké in the cellar starts to freeze
And you whisper O-jo'san, how I adore you,
then you're getting just a sukoshi Japanese.

When you're dancing to the strains of Tamko-bushi
and you're always saying d?zo instead of please
And you answer the telephone moshi-moshi,
I think maybe you are getting Nipponese.

When you're squatting on tatamis sipping saké
and the winter wind is whipping round your knees
And your munching on some gohan mixed with kaki,
Then I think you are takusan Japanese.

When you start dispensing ¥en like it was money
'stead of flingin' it like paper on the breeze
And you sink that everysing you say is funny,
Then my friend, you are rearry Japanese!

Just In from Iraq..

A squad of Marines were driving up the highway between Basra and Baghdad. They came upon an Iraqi soldier badly injured and unconscious.

Nearby, on the opposite side of the road, was an American Marine in a similar but less serious state. The Marine was conscious and alert. As first aid was given to both men, the marine was asked what had happened.

The Marine reported; "I was heavily armed and moving north along the highway. Coming south was a heavily armed Iraqi soldier."

"What happened then?" the corpsman asked.

"I yelled to him that, 'Saddam Hussein was a miserable piece of s * * t', and he yelled back: 'Tom Daschle, Ted Kennedy and Bill Clinton are miserable pieces of s * * t.'"

"We were standing there shaking hands when a truck hit us."



The Blueback..

Do you troops realize the USS Blueback has been in Portland since 25 February, 1994? That's TEN YEARS! Remember that cold February night, Wons? We SHOULD have a party.. Deanna, what are you doing about arranging this event?

What's been going on with our namesake? Well, quite a bit. We're in the process of making a glass frame for a model of the boat.

This model was presented to the first CO of the Blueback, LCDR Robert Gautier, by the Ingalls Shipbuilding Company in Pascagoula, Mississippi.

Captain Gautier gave it to RG Walker to be shown on the boat. The model is about two feet long and has a presentation plaque on the base. It shows the boat in it's original configuration with the bow planes mounted on the bow.

The model is located in the wardroom and will be on display as soon as the frame is completed. (soon, real soon...

RG is also talking about the NEXT year period. No idea when that will be, but he feels that a new sail is a necessity. Rust is attacking this one big time.

A new deck is also needed. We've cussed and discussed this, but haven't done anything about it. Does anyone have a scrap of TREK material, the plastic stuff they make for your deck at home? Would that work?

Another idea being batted around is possible getting a Remote Underwater Vehicle. There was one on E Bay, and Pat Patterson saw it, recalled when he worked for the company making them, and put the idea into RG's appropriation file. It isn't known if it does work, nor if the cost is a bit too high.

Come on down to the boat. Monday is maintenance night and we get a lot (!!!!) done. We have been trying to find someone to clean the heads for ten years, but so far we've failed.

The Excuse of the Month

So why am I doing the Sanitary? Again?

Well, our supreme commander was downloading girly pix and the computer died on him. The pix were so racy, that the hard (!!!!) drive burned up.

He called, said, while he was crying, that he had a problem and would I help. It was one of those pleas that are really commands..

Have you ever seen a little ex medic type excited? Collie was jumping up and down, shaking, mumbling about e machines, Bill Gates, virus, colds, SAR, VD, mumps and most any other thing that disturbs the life of a laid back subvet.

So, here I am, with nothing to say and a lot of blank pages to say it in. However, this is issue 125. The first Sanitary was printed 04/01/1993..

Wanna be editor? The pay is great.. Tax free..

The Whine of the Month

It was noted in the news that Secretary of State Colin Powell had a prostate operation. I mean it was on TV, on the radio, and even in the Oregonian.

I guess Rank has it's Privileges. I wonder if he has some GS 3 chick helping him with his catheter and bag...

I saw some dude driving a BMW Boxster. I told my wife: "I bet he has a prostate!!".

BLUEBACK BASE MINUTES

DECEMBER 06, 2003

1800: HAPPY HOUR

19:15: MEETING CALLED TO ORDER

A) Base Commander Collins presented the Loggers Chapter of WWII Submarine Veterans Tolling for Lost Boats.

B) Invocation

C) Tolling of all Lost Boats

D) Base Commander Collins welcomed all in attendance to The Annual Christmas Dinner.

E) Introductions by all hands and their spouses.

F) Base Commander Collins thanked all in attendance and invited everyone to eat since dinner was being served.

20:30: Benediction

20:32: Meeting adjourned

20:40: Mr. Walters entertained and invited the throwing of money at the table that he was attempting to dance on. No takers! (*Of course not, the price of booze was too high.. No body could afford the 'donation'. See page 4 And Virgie didn't catch me....*)

Respectfully submitted

Ray Lough

Blueback Base Secretary

A Couple of Fillers..

Five year old Little Johnny was lost, so he went up to a policeman and said, "I've lost my dad!" The policeman said, "What's he like?" Little Johnny replied, "Beer and women!"

A guy had a passion for fishing and spent all his week-ends at the lake. One Sunday he went out as usual, but it was so cold and wet that he decided to return home. He came in, got undressed and crawled into bed behind his wife to cuddle.

"What terrible weather today, honey," he said.

"Yes" she giggled. "And my stupid husband went fishing!"

Speaking of the Blueback..

Bob Mitchell wrote this a couple years ago. The boat does NOT smell like this anymore, darn it. I've been trying to sneak in a gallon or two of diesel oil, but RG says the suits on the hill would not approve. Anyhow, this is how it was.....

THOSE BLUEBACK SMELLS:

The smell of fresh bread being made in the galley during the 12:00 to 4:00 watch. I can still picture the guys hanging around the crew's mess drooling for a thick slice of Bill Shaw's hot homemade bread.

The smell of venting sanitary tank #1 inboard without a coal filter. One whiff could wake the dead, and it usually did. Especially the guys in the bunks closest the vent.

The smell topside watch had to endure while in port around 3:00 AM when the below deck watch blew the sanitary tanks overboard. Seeing and smelling those brown chucks floating on the surface near Blueback's hull wasn't the most appetizing thing before breakfast.

The smell from all that diesel oil smoke and fumes filling the engine room each time we started up three diesels still clings to my old uniforms after 30+ years in storage.

The smell of freshly opened cans of Olympia Beer (Oly) served to the crew during German Night about midway through the first patrol of Blueback's 68 WestPac tour.

The smell of old eggs cooking when the cook cracked open eggs with black yokes and large chicken embryos on the grill for breakfast, was a good indication the eggs stored in the torpedo room for WestPac had to go, and it was time to break out the powered eggs.

The smell of climbing into a pre-warmed sweaty bunk and wondering if that odor was your own feet or from something the previous bunkmate left under the covers was one of the benefits of hot bunking.

The smell of beer urine in the berthing area after a drunken shipmate pisses on another shipmate because he thought the lower bunk was the urinal in the men's room of Yokosuka's famous shitkicker bar "Club Hitching Post".

The smell of "Stubby" in the engine room after two months at sea without taking a shower forced the crew to pay to have him scrubbed down in one of those Japanese (hotssie) baths. He never looked or smelled cleaner.

The smell of fresh sea air flowing into the control room when the bridge-hatch is opened for the first time after a two months patrol. No explanation needed.

And the best smell for last.

The smell of returning home. When Blueback returned to Pearl Harbor from her WestPac tours, we could hear the Navy Band playing in the distance, but most important of all we could see our loved ones for the first time in six months standing on the pier waiting for us. The fragrance of the flower leis they gave us when we arrived meant Blueback was finally home.

MITCH

WeeWeeChu

One beautiful December evening Huan Cho and his girlfriend Jung Lee were sitting by the side of the ocean. It was a romantic full moon, when Huan Cho said "Hey baby, let's play Weeweechu."

"Oh no, not now, lets look at the moon" said Jung Lee.

"Oh, c'mon baby, let's you and I play Weeweechu. I love you and it's the perfect time," Huan Cho Begged.

"But I rather just hold your hand and watch the moon."

"Please Jung Lee, just once play Weeweechu with me."

Jung Lee looked at Huan Chi and said, "OK, we'll play Weeweechu."

Huan Cho grabbed his guitar and they both sang.....
"Wee-weech-u a Merry Christmas, Wee-weech-u a Merry Christmas, Wee-weech-u a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year."

AND SO DO !!

Your TEMP editor...



Santa's sexual harassment trial takes a dramatic change for the worse

Secretary's Corner

Well here we are again. This month we still haven't gotten a victim...er a VOLUNTEER to expose themselves to the prying eyes of our shipmates. So I was nosing around the Internet trying to find some spicy stuff to titillate your sensitivities. I came upon this site that revealed some of our daily terminology that originates in OLD Navy terms. Way before my time. (*Yeah, right!!!*)

Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

In wooden ships, the "devil" was the longest seam of the ship. It ran from the bow to the stern. When at sea and the "devil" had to be caulked, the sailor sat in a bo'sun's chair to do so. He was suspended between the "devil" and the sea-the "deep"- a very precarious position, especially when the ship was underway

Chewing the Fat

"God made the vittles but the devil made the cook," was a popular saying used by seafaring men in the 19th century when salted beef was a staple aboard ship. This tough cured beef, suitable only for long voyages when nothing else was cheap or would keep as well (remember, there was no refrigeration or auxiliaries), required prolonged chewing to make it edible. Men often chewed one chunk for hours, just as it were chewing gum and referred to this practice as "chewing the fat"

Cup of Joe

Josephus Daniels (18 May 1862-15 January 1948) was appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Woodrow Wilson in 1913. Among his reforms of the Navy were inaugurating the practice of making 100 Sailors of the Fleet eligible for entrance to the Naval Academy, the introduction of women into the service, and the abolishment of the officer's wine mess. From that time on, the strongest drink aboard Navy ships could only be coffee and over the years, a cup of coffee became known as "a cup of Joe".

Devil to Pay

Today the expression "devil to pay" is used primarily to describe having an unpleasant result from some action that has been taken, as in someone has done something they shouldn't have and as a result, "there will be the devil to pay." Originally, this expression described one of the unpleasant tasks aboard a wooden ship. The "devil" was the wooden ship's longest seam in the hull. Caulking was done with "pay" or pitch (a kind of tar). The task of "paying the devil" (caulking the longest seam) by squatting in the bilges was despised by every seaman.

Eight Bells

Aboard Navy ships, bells are struck to designate the hours of being on watch. Each watch is four hours in length. One bell is struck after the first half-hour has passed, two bells after one hour has passed, three bells after an hour and a half, four bells after two hours, and so forth up to eight bells are struck at the completion of the four hours. Completing a watch with no incidents to report was "Eight bells and all is well".

The practice of using bells stems from the days of the sailing ships. Sailors couldn't afford to have their own time pieces (*nor could diesel boat sailors, just nukes!!*) and relied on the ship's bell to tell time. The ship's boy kept time by using a half-hour glass. Each time the sand ran out, he would turn the glass over and ring the appropriate number of bells.

Watches

Traditionally, a 24-hour day is divided into seven watches. These are: midnight to 4 a.m.[0000-0400], the mid-watch; 4 to 8 a.m.[0400-0800], morning watch; 8 a.m. to noon [0800-1200], forenoon watch; noon to 4 p.m.[1200-1600], afternoon watch; 4 to 6 p.m.[1600-1800] first dog watch; 6 to 8 p.m.[1800-2000], second dog watch; and 8 p.m. to midnight[2000-2400], evening watch. The half hours of the watch are marked by the striking of the bell an appropriate number of times.

Head

The "head" aboard a Navy ship is the bathroom. The term comes from the days of sailing ships when the place for the crew to relieve themselves was all the way forward on either side of the bowsprit, the integral part of the hull to which the figurehead was fastened.

The above terms can be found at <http://www.mrfa.org/navyterms.htm>

Remember I'm still looking for someone to make famous.

Respectfully

Ray Lough

Blueback Base Secretary

Finally.....

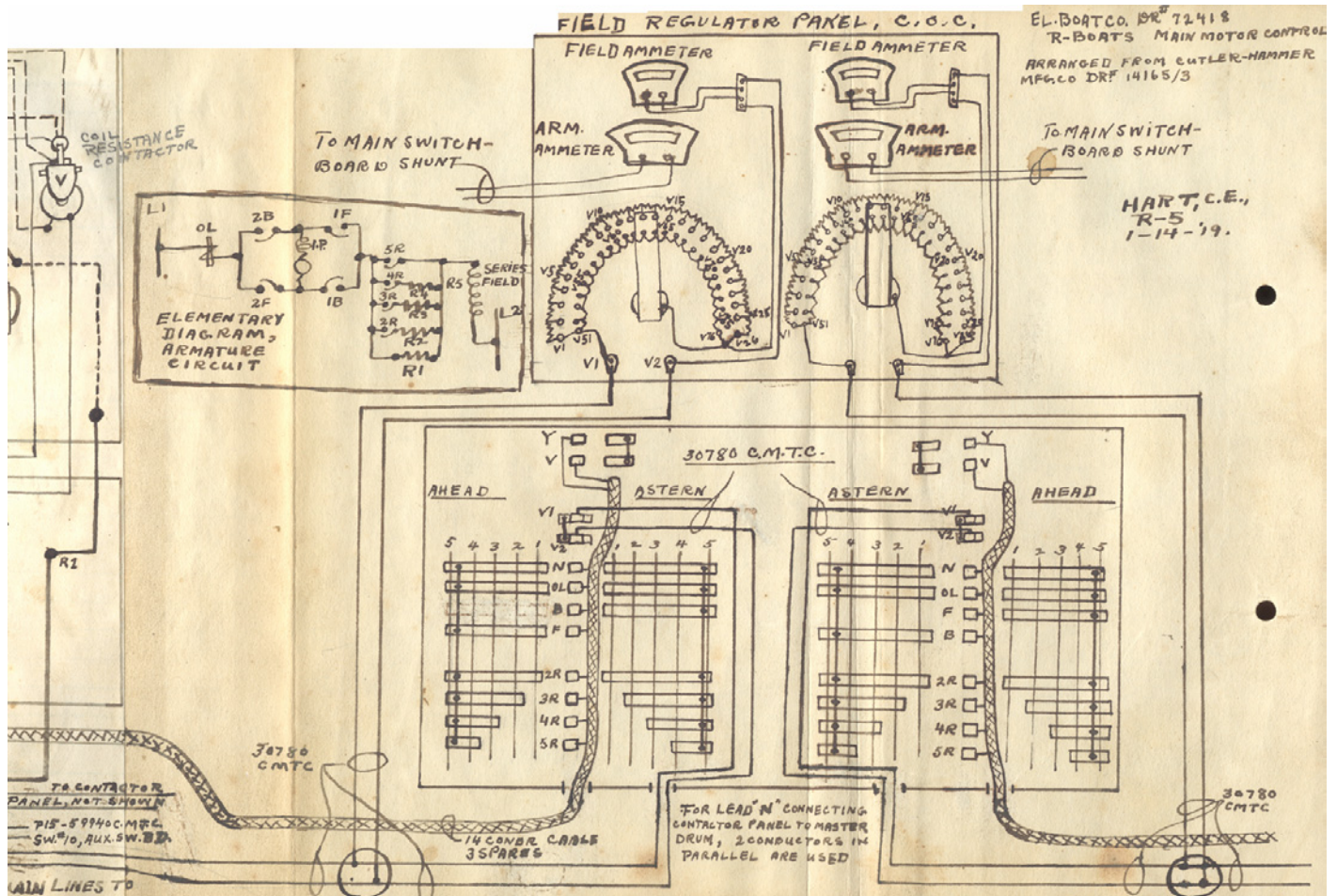
A DD pulled into a foreign port and put down maximum liberty. The skeleton crew didn't notice a chimpanzee, escaped from a nearby civilian transport, crawl up the mooring lines and then into the smokestack.

Down the stack, it made it's way into the engine room. It came across a power panel opened up for maintenance, couldn't read the warning signs, and with a bright blue blast shorted out the ships electrical system, and plunged the ship into darkness.

A little bit later, two junior Hull Technicians wander down with their flashlights, looking for the problem. They come upon the blackened body of the chimp. They shine their flashlights on it's long burnt arms. They look at each other. They highlight it's short legs and odd feet. They look at each other again.

Finally one says, "WWell, it's too hairy to be an electrician, the legs are too short for a Hull Tech, and there would be more tottoo's on a Bo'sun. Call the wardroom and see if one of the Duty Officers is missing.

From A Submarine Qual Book.....



This is out of a qualification book (Log) from the USS R5 (SS-82) Note the date on the drawing. It's located in the upper right hand corner. The R 5 was commissioned on 15 April, 1919 and decommissioned 30 Jun 1932. documents also state she was in commission from August 1940 to September 1945. She must have been used as a trainer during the war.

The book came from Tudor Davis. He 'inherited' a box of books from a troop whose name I lost track of. There are other drawings and electrical instructions in the book. Also, some air and trim drawings. The R5 had speaking tubes and glass port holes. The book was written by a W. T. Hart. There is the letters 'C.E.' after his name.

There were photos that accompanied the book. A couple are posted below.



OK, in the left, is this an R boat or an S boat?
 On the right, poopie suits were available in the 20's or 30's.. And the nukes thought they were unique!!