



Hooter Hilites

A Publication of the USS Sea Owl Association

Web Site: <http://www.usseawol.com>

We still give a hoot!

March 2008 Issue



President's Message

Hello Shipmates:

It appears that we have survived another winter. As we look forward to a great spring & summer, it's time to think of our Groton picnic and our September reunion in Manitowoc, Wisconsin. The dates & information for the picnic are shown as another piece in this Newsletter.

As we prepare for our picnic, I have to remind everyone that again this year we are raffling off a great Bose Wave Radio. Tickets are only \$5.00 each or 5 for \$20.00. This is a great radio...let's get everyone to buy tickets for this radio. Just send a check to Ed Welch, whose address is shown with your officers' addresses. As Ed gets your checks, he will enter your name in the drawing, which will be held at our Groton picnic; we will ship the radio to anyone not at the picnic. Buy your tickets now !!!!!

Our September reunion will be September 3rd thru 7th, 2008 in Manitowoc, Wisconsin. I have a block of rooms at the Best Western, 101 Maritime Drive, Manitowoc, WI (920) 682-7000. Room rate is \$79.00 plus tax. I have not yet set up a dinner or buffet. I will be doing this within the next few months and have registration forms ready in time for our Groton picnic. Check our web site for updated information on the reunion. I have spoken to others that have had a reunion in Manitowoc, they say it's a great place. Let's try to have as many attend this year as we can...it's always a good time.

Our web site is always working for us. Lately we have had a few interesting visitors.

On February 9th, I received a note from LCdr George Monroe MD, USNR (ret) who is the nephew of shipmate Henry Cochran YN 45-46. He is now one of our Associate members, in honor of his Uncle. On March 2nd, I received this message from a Michael Jarvis. "I was checking out your web site for ideas for my ship's site and noticed Carter Bennett was your first CO. Capt. Bennett was my CO for two years at USNOTF White Sands. (He retired from WSMR.) He was one of the "good guys"!!!!"

March 6th, I received a note from Kim Kalman. Kim is the brother of our shipmate Ted Kalman RM 66-69. Kim tells me that just for kicks, he entered Ted's name in the Google search engine and it pointed him toward our web site, where he found a picture of his brother topside onboard Sea Owl. This was a special hit for me, since Ted was onboard during my time.

On March 7th, we got a note from John Weed. He tells us that "My dad, George Weed, served on the Sea Owl 1944 and 1945". George was an ensign, then a LTjg.

It is always a good day when we find someone that had a relative onboard Sea Owl. These visitors ask for shipmates that may have known their relatives and that they contact them with stories of their relatives that were onboard Sea Owl.

In closing, I thank everyone for your support of the Sea Owl Association and its officers. We can only continue our work if we

have you with us.
Thanks and God Bless:

Roy Purtell

From the Editor

In keeping with a St. Patrick's Day theme, Shipmate Bob, D'Amico has submitted his most ambitious cartoon yet which has taken over the entire '60s page! I have suggested the Sea Owl's deck cannon as a subject for Bob's next cartoon and would like to get some good stories about it to feed to him. Bob is open to any other ideas for cartoons for future issues as well.

This month I received an excellent story from Shipmate Bruce Blessington that I hope you enjoy reading. I know it has whetted my appetite for a lobster at the Groton picnic in June. I remember my days on Halfbeak when the Captain insisted we have lobster for lunch every Friday we were in port. It always amazed me that there were some in the crew who preferred hot dogs!

As always a newsletter would not be complete if we were not to remind everyone to pay their dues. Again, the two digits or letters following your name on the mailing label to indicate your dues status according to our records. To review, if there is a "LM" on your mailing label, you are a Life Member and you never have to pay dues again. A "07" would mean you are paid up through October 2007, etc. I have reason to believe that my files may not be up to date so if you believe that your dues status is in error, please let me know.

Some Cold Facts About Lobster

By Bruce Blessington

You can boil them, broil them, bake them, serve them up as stew, Newburg, pasta or casserole or just enjoy them in the rough, but somebody has to catch them first.

Homerus Americanus, or the American lobster lives in cold New England and Canadian maritime waters. Fishing for them is a significant component in the region's economy. The Maine lobster catch in 2006 was a record 72.6 million pounds valued at \$297 million. But the bare statistics just don't reflect the hard work, long hours and sheer perseverance that it takes to catch these critters. Most people "from away", when they think about lobstering, have a postcard-like mental image of the classic lobster boat on a beautiful summer's day, hauling traps on a breeze dimpled ocean with a cloud of white gulls wheeling overhead. The winter reality contrasts starkly. The ocean can be lumpy and dirty gray reflecting the color of heavy low clouds pregnant with snow. A raw and moisture laden east wind can work its way through multiple layers of fleece drilling into the very marrow of your bones. Often, the promise of a clear sunny day is compromised at its beginning by the glass reading in single numbers and sea smoke rising and writhing in fantastic shapes, spawned by ocean water warmer than the brittle air above.

Some Maine lobstermen haul their traps and boats out by year end and head for warmer climes. Others turn to shrimp fishing in the

early months of the year and avoid heading off-shore to fish for lobsters that have migrated to deeper and more dangerous waters. A few hardy souls like the father and son team of Robert and Brad Moore still haul their traps year 'round. Brad is the boat captain and Robert works as his stern man. Based in my home village of Georgetown, this duo is pretty representative of Maine fishermen with respect to practical wisdom and a friendly demeanor. Robert, age 70, positive in outlook, with humor as dry as melba toast, when asked if he'd been fishing all his life responded, "I don't know yet." A rugged man with a good grasp of the world and how it works, he likes his talk straight and his politics conservative. Brad, 47, an intense and responsible family man, has tried his hand at several different occupations, including shipbuilding and has returned to fishing where he can be his own boss. When asked how he keeps track of the location of hundreds of traps, he just smiles and taps his temple.

February 25th breaks bright, clear and cold. The sun is rising at its late wintertime azimuth behind Lower Mark Island as Robert drops by to pick me up. We're off for the day on Brad's venerable but sturdy 32' Beals Island lobster boat, Maggie Mae. My uniform



consists of Grunden's PVC bib overalls and jacket over a heavy wool sweater and fleece pants accessorized with insulated sea boots and a watch cap. After slip sliding down an iced gangway and over Maggie Mae's gunwales, we are underway, headed south in the Little Sheepscot out into the bay for the day's first haul. "Let's see if you've brought us some luck or whether we'll have to toss you overboard" announces Robert as Brad gaffs the buoy. This is a two trap string, typical of lobstering gear in Sheepscot Bay. My fate hangs in the balance as the first trap is opened, several puny crabs tossed out and the only lobster inside grabbed, gauged, determined to be legal and set aside. Trap number two surfaces. Bingo, a second 'keeper'! Chances are I will remain aboard.

Lobster fishermen are subject to a tangle of regulations designed to keep the fishery orderly and to prevent depletion of the specie. One of the most important stipulates the minimum and maximum size of a lobster. No lobster may be kept unless, when measured with a state approved gauge from its eye socket straight back to the end of its body shell, it exceeds 3¼ inches but is not more than 5 inches. Another equally important rule protects egg bearing females. If one of these girls is brought up, the fishermen will cut a ¼ inch v notch in her tail to identify her as breeding stock and return her to the water. If a 'v-notch' is caught, even without eggs present, she must be released.

The two keepers have been banded to disarm them, thus preventing claw to claw combat and stored in a bucket of sea water. As we head off to the next string (and the next and the next), the work falls into an accustomed rhythm. The pot buoy is brought along side, picked up and its attached line or pot warp wrapped around the drum of the pot hauler. The hauler clutch is engaged, running the warp off onto the cabin sole. The trap breaks the surface and is wrestled on to the side deck and slid down to the sternman. He opens the top, grabs the catch if any, measures, throws out the old bait (to the raucous delight of a gaggle of dive bombing gulls), re-baits and closes. Working side by side, the boat captain already has the second trap aboard and has tended to it in the same way. Then the captain nudges the throttle, makes a turn to the right so as not to foul the warp and releases the traps. The warp uncoils and rockets off the side deck with the buoy last over (don't get fouled by it or you could be in for a swim). Elapsed time is usually under two minutes.

It's cold. Robert and Brad work while I stamp my feet to stay warm and occasionally stick my rubber gloved hands into a drum of engine-heated hot water used to clean pot buoys. The catch is ok but not great. We are simply "changing the water" in dozens of traps hoping that the next string will be better. We've caught and released



plenty of shorts, lots of v-tails and some egg bearers but not harvested many saleable lobsters. However, these guys do have a firm grasp of the economics. Boat price for the catch (the price to the first buyer) is \$7.70 a pound compared with \$4.00 or less during the summer. Maggie Mae's 6 cylinder Ford diesel sips fuel at a miserly one gallon an hour thanks to Brad's light touch on the throttle and the fact that their strings are mostly in-shore and not widely separated. Despite sky high diesel prices and increasing costs for salt herring bait, today's trip is beginning to look like it may buy some groceries.

By noon we've worked our way down to the southernmost part of the bay and out into open water. As we pass Griffith head we lose the shelter of Georgetown Island and are exposed to the full blast of a frigid southwest wind. Lunch is on the run and includes some fresh shrimp passed across boat to boat by Charlie Moore, skipper of the Captain Crunch and Brad's son Zachary who is Charlie's stern man. We've cooked them in a bait bag suspended in our hot water drum.

They're not an hour out of the ocean. Delish even if the presentation is a bit rustic.

The afternoon is a copy of the morning; lots of hauls not many lobsters. But somehow, little by little, the buckets fill with saleable catch until we finally run out of bait a bit north of Lower Mark Island and start our run for the barn. As we head back, the wind is down, we're again in the lee of the land and combined with the sun's warmth, it makes for a pleasant late afternoon boat ride. We run up the river, sidle up to the dock, unload and square away the boat. Before going ashore, I buy two magnificent lobsters for our dinner at home this evening. They'll be a suitable reward for spending the day learning the cold facts about lobstering in the winter.



Brad Moore and the author with lunch

Author's note: A special thanks to Robert and Brad Moore for sharing their day with me and responding to dozens of questions with patience and useful answers. For any reader who is interested in more technical details on Maine lobstering, the link below provides a wealth of information.

<http://mainegov-images.informe.org/dmr/Guide%20to%20Lobstering.pdf>

Scholarships . . They Are Different

(The following is a reprint of information published in American Submariner Volume 2007 Issue 4 from an article written by Paul Orstad. It is reproduced here with permission at the request of Shipmate Jack Empie.)

There is some confusion about the difference between two Submarine Related Scholarship Funds. Please read this so that you clearly understand where your money goes and what it does.

From reports received, it is clear that some of our members do not know that the USSVI Scholarship Fund and the Dolphin Scholarship Fund are two distinct and different funds.

Many of our shipmates are contributing to the Dolphin Scholarship Fund in the belief that it is the USSVI fund. It is not! To highlight the difference, we have changed the name of the USSVI Scholarship Fund to the "SUBVET Scholarship Fund".

The SUBVET Scholarship Fund is OUR organizational fund and all the children and grandchildren of our regular members (subject to certain requirements) are eligible to apply. The Dolphin Scholarship fund is NOT a USSVI fund. While it is a worthy fund, their eligibility requirements are more restrictive and many of our USSVI member's kids and NONE of our Grandkids are eligible for this program.

SUBVET Scholarship Fund grants, are available to high school or college children, stepchildren, grandchildren or kids under the court appointed guardianship of the sponsoring member, who must be a regular USSVI member in Good Standing and "qualified in

submarines" or, if not qualified, also be a regular current member of Submarine Veterans of WWII as a "relief crew member". (Contact Program Manager Paul Orstad for full details at hogan343@aol.com or 860-889-4750.)

Dolphin Scholarship Foundation grants are awarded to high school or college children/stepchildren of members or former members of the Submarine Force who have qualified in submarines and have served in the Submarine Force for AT LEAST eight years. (Contact DSF for full details)

About 25% of the SVWW-II currently belong to USSVI and we encourage them and their non-member brothers to check out and understand the differences between the two programs. Sadly, before USSVI and SVWWII became as close as they are today, our SVWW-II brothers transferred their organization's Scholarship program to the Dolphin Scholarship Foundation, not realizing how the same contribution to the USSVI program would have served their own grandchildren.

For your USSVI SUBVET Scholarship Fund program to remain viable, donations from all sources are needed and gratefully accepted. Send them made to USSVCF and memo the check for Scholarship. Some members have designated our Charitable Foundation in a bequest in their will. For more information, please contact Fred Borgmann at office@ussvi.org or call 877-542-3483. Donations should be sent to USSVI, PO Box 3870, Silverdale WA 98383-3870 marked for the Scholarship Fund and because it is part of our Subvet Charitable Foundation, a recognized 501(c)(3) nonprofit, contributions are tax deductible to the extent permitted bylaw.

Sailors Rest Your Oars

One of the saddest parts of doing the newsletter is always the listing of those shipmates who have departed on "eternal patrol" since the last issue. Since the last newsletter we have learned of the loss of the following shipmates:

- | |
|--|
| Thomas Blodgett, TM 44-45 – September 24, 2007 |
| Arthur Lubomski, RM 46-48 – October 20, 2007 |
| Hal Sharp ICC 65-68 – February 16, 2008 |

We extend our deepest sympathy to the families and friends of our departed shipmates.

*There is a port of no return, where ships
May ride at anchor for a little space
And then, some starless night, the cable slips,
Leaving an eddy at the mooring place . . .
Gulls, veer no longer. Sailor, rest your oar.
No tangled wreckage will be washed ashore.*

Hooter Hilites is a quarterly publication of the USS Sea Owl Association. Issues are published in March, June, September and December.

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The 40's

March 2008 Issue



Close Call on Guam

By Ralph Lucas

During my three patrols on the Sea Owl, I was subjected to depth charging, bombing and close encounters with floating mines, but I probably took the greatest risk because of a stupid thing I did when we were at rest camp on Guam. After about a week, a shipmate and I headed into the jungle to look for a small village that we had heard about. I still remember walking on a narrow path through tall palm trees, with small lizards darting across the path and looking up and seeing entrances to caves in the mountain sides. We eventually reached the village, actually a small settlement, and I remember talking to a Guamanian who showed us freshly cut rope. The Japanese had stolen his cow the night before.

Even though Guam and the other Mariana Islands had been recaptured six months before, there were still many Japanese hiding out. After spending a short time at the village, we started back and, for some reason, we chose a different route. We made it out to a dirt road where a Marine came by, picked us up and drove us back to Camp Dealey. A few days later we returned to the boat and, after check-up and trials, we left on the second patrol on February 11th.

A few weeks after our departure, the Sea Fox (SS 402) arrived at Guam. While the crew was at rest camp, seven men went souvenir hunting. They were attacked by about 30 Japanese and five of the Sea Fox crew were killed. This attack is described on page 810 of "Silent Victory" by Clay Blair.

As they say, "It just wasn't my time to go."

At the SubVets WWII convention in Salt Lake City in 1995, I met a Sea Fox sailor who said that he had never seen a write-up about the tragedy. I sent him a copy of the account by Clay Blair.

Tom Blodgett

By Ken Johnson



As reported in this issue, Tom Blodgett, TM 44-45 departed on "eternal patrol" on September 24, 2007. The insert in this photograph is Tom at our reunion in Baltimore in 2004. This was the first and only time I got to meet him. The rest of the photo was cropped from a photo of three persons (possibly Sea Owl shipmates) taken on the beach at the Royal Hawaiian at Pearl

Harbor during WW II. I wanted to share this photograph as a remembrance to those who served with Tom and those who got to meet him later on.

Farewell, shipmate. We wish you fair winds and following seas on the journey you have now begun.

SubVets WW II Convention

Editor's Note: Shipmate Jim Campbell requested that I include the following in this newsletter.

The SubVets WW II convention is September 1-6 at Louisville, Kentucky. Clarion Hotel & Conference Center is the host hotel. Louisville is located in the central area of America & possibly attractive to other WWII veterans & encourage them to attend. Most of us have health issues, so many will have to wait to sign up. All I am doing is asking anyone thinking of trying to make it to let me know. You have to make room reservations before August 15 to be guaranteed a room. I feel someone has to start the ball to get guys to start thinking about going.

Book Review: The Galloping Ghost The Extraordinary Life of Submarine Legend Eugene Fluckey by Carl LaVO

By Ken Johnson

As you know, Adm. Eugene Fluckey departed us on "eternal patrol" last year. Carl LaVO has written a well researched book which goes well beyond Adm. Fluckey's wartime exploits on Barb. In "Thunder Below" Adm. Fluckey tells the exciting story of Barb's five WW II war patrols with him as skipper. If you have read "Thunder Below", this book is an excellent companion to it and gives a real insight into what formed his character. It is only regrettable that the Admiral's advanced stage of Alzheimer's disease prevented LaVO from getting an opportunity to get his personal input.

It may surprise you to learn that Eugene Fluckey's eyesight almost prevented him from graduating from the Naval Academy. In his third year he failed an eye test which meant that he would be forced to resign from the Academy. He was allowed to finish the year, but his prospects looked bleak. Instead of giving in, he began a series of intensive eye exercises and treatments which enabled him to pass the eye test and avoid having to resign.

Fluckey was inspired by a 1923 radio speech by President Calvin Coolidge wherein he stated, Press on. Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not: unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education alone will not: the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent." This became a creed by which he lived his life.

At the end of World War II, Fluckey became personal aide to Admiral Nimitz and the two became close friends.

In 1956 he became head of the electrical engineering department at the Naval Academy. During his tour, the Academy embarked on a fund raising effort to build a football stadium and Fluckey eagerly took on this project. How he went about it is an example of his persistence and determination and the fund exceeded its \$2.2 million goal in July 1958.

This book is a real tribute to the legacy of one of our greatest submarine heroes and I recommend it highly to anyone who wants to learn more about what made him tick.



The 50's

March 2008 Issue



Sea Poacher Association Publishes Book

By Ken Johnson

At the St. Mary's reunion, Shipmate Bill Brinkman, FN 59-60, mentioned to me that his Sea Poacher Association was about to publish a book on the history of the Sea Poacher. (Bill is the President of the Sea Poacher Association.)

Well, the book, titled, "We Remember Submarine Sea Poacher" by Her Crew 1944 - Present was published in January and it is a real masterpiece. It is a 579 page hard cover book, 72 pages of which are photographs. The book was compiled and edited by Lanny Yeske who served aboard Sea Poacher as a Lt(jg) from 1961-63.



Bill is shown here with Lawrence Clemens at the USNA Nimitz Library making a donation of the book to their collection. They have also donated a copy to the Library of Congress and the Submarine Force Library in Groton.

Bill has issued a challenge to the Sea Owl Association to publish a similar book for the Sea Owl. My initial reaction after seeing their book is "no way could we match it.

I had a very small part in the preparation for publication of this book by photocopying the Sea Poacher's war patrol reports at the Submarine Force Library and sending them to Bill. The book actually has a host of authors, each of which contributed a chapter with stories of their experiences on board.

In addition to war patrol reports, stories and photographs, the book contains a complete roster of all who served aboard Sea Poacher.

In case we were thinking of a similar Sea Owl book, Lanny Yeske sent me the following: "The biggest problem and time sink I had was letting the book contributors submit things in piecemeal. I might get one or two stories one month, and then the next month get a few more, and it could go on for six iterations and retyping. I then tried to get it in some chronological order that made sense and when finally done gave everyone a chance to proof read and correct, and sometimes those were complete rewrites. If I were doing it again I would make the contributors give only one input (two max) to me the first time around. Most everyone is computer literate and they can do it one time.

Another problem was the guys or widows without computers. So, I would receive hand written things that had to be totally retyped. I should have asked them to find a son or daughter, or friend who would type it and send it via a computer.

Then were the guys who didn't know about computers and also who did not want to right. I became a telephone stenographer for at least five chapters and unless you can write like blazes it is tough. Plus it takes more iterations. I guess I just wouldn't do that again. However, I was hungry for material and would not reject any means of getting contributions."

Well, shipmates, the challenge has been issued! Do we accept or not? We can discuss further at the Groton picnic in June. (Bill has already advised me that he has prepared his chapter.)

Capt Taylor Article

The Winter 2007 issue of "Columns", a magazine for Central Georgians contains an article about Lamar Taylor titled, "A Sailor's Story Lamar Sanford Taylor Remembers Pearl Harbor". Congratulations, Capt Taylor, on this recognition of your service!

Race to the North Pole

By Ken Johnson

Here is another potential challenge for Sea Owl Shipmates. To commemorate the 50th anniversary this year of the historic trip of the USS Nautilus to the north pole in 1958, the Dolphin Scholarship Foundation is hosting a "Race to the North Pole". This is a "virtual" race and all U. S. submarines whether commissioned, decommissioned, inactive, nuclear or diesel are eligible to enter. The "race" officially begins April 11th and ends August 3rd, the 50th anniversary of the date Nautilus actually reached the pole.

One (1) Nautical Mile will be awarded for each dollar donated to Dolphin Scholarship Foundation and credited to a Submarine designated by the donor.

Each donation must include donor's name, donor's contact information, and Submarine name/hull number to be credited.

The 1st Submarine to "reach" the North Pole wins the race. Total distance "traveled" must be at least 4500 NM (\$4,500).

If no Submarine "travels" 4500 NM by August 3, 2008, the Submarine "closest" to the North Pole on August 3rd (as judged by total donations to DSF designated for that submarine) will be announced as the winner of the Race to the North Pole. Additional prizes may be awarded to Submarines traveling "beyond" the North Pole.

Any Submarine reaching at least 3250 NM (\$3,250) will have a one-year Heritage Scholarship established in the name of that Submarine.

Complete event rules can be downloaded from this web page:

<http://www.dolphin scholarship.org/Index.cfm?pageid=Fundraising>

Tracking of the race will be posted on the Dolphin Scholarship Foundation website, www.dolphin scholarship.org, as the race progresses.

(As noted in my reprint of the American Submariner article, there are significant eligibility differences between Dolphin Scholarships and USSVI Scholarship Fund scholarships.)



The 60's

March 2008 Issue



Memoirs of a Sea Owl Mess Cook

ED WELCH
IN 1969

KEEP THIS
BOAT LEVEL!
I HAVE A
CAKE
IN
THE OVEN!

IT'S MARCH 17TH!
HAFFY ST.
F-FATRICKS DAY...
HERE... HAVE SOME
OF MY HOLIDAY SPUDS...
...I MEAN F.F-FOTATOES!

WHAT'S FOR
LUNCH?
STEAK AND
BUBBLE-GUM...

AND WE JUST
RAN OUT OF
STEAK!

F) I'm the mess cook who carried the cardboard box of spuds—that was full of roaches—on board during the '69 med cruise. When we opened it in the seating area to put the spuds under one of the storage seats, the spuds were rotten and the roaches scattered in all directions. We all got to see how handy living on a sub was as we fumigated that compartment shortly afterwards. I can't remember if we just sealed off that compartment... or the whole boat... but it did the trick. Anybody remember this?

SHADDUP... KEEP
WASHIN' THOSE
DISHES!

(GOBBER SPEAKING)
AFTER YOU FINISH
6 WEEKS OF MESS
COOKIN'... WE'LL
PROMOTE YOU TO
SHITHOUSE MOUSE!

BUG JUICE

A) Irish inspiration and food coloring must've struck our cook, Ed, some time in the middle of the night of March 16, 1969. Next morning, as he started passing the scrambled eggs... they were GREEN! In true sub sailor fashion, we did a couple of double takes... then gobbled them down. Fortunately they still tasted like eggs. Spurned on by his success, the next few meals had some interesting technicolor spuds and other things we were served. 'Wow... that looks just like an #!@%^' became the popular way of starting a conversation during a meal.



RADIO
SHACK

CHIEF'S
PICKLED
ONIONS

TAKE US
FOR A NICE
CRUISE!

B) We started replacing the letter 'D' with 'F' in our speech patterns. Go figure.

C) I remember looking closely at the 'bug juice' before I tried it.

D) During that med run I got my first taste of pickled onion. The RM chief had pickled a few large jars of them in a nice warm spot in his radio shack. They were damn good.

E) I still do the submarine can trick. Whoopie doo, eh?



G) I earned the nickname 'the green guined' by getting quite green and seasick until I got my 'sea legs.' Of particular interest was the behavior of the chiefs during rough seas... it seemed that they'd head for the after battery eating area, where they'd smoke huge cigars and eat gargantuan baloney sandwiches drenched in mustard. They were right at home, and somehow must've had gyroscopic balance, as I don't remember seeing a chief ever lose his balance... or lunch... in the roughest seas.

WASSAMATA... KID?
ROUGH SEAS!

HERE...
HAVE A
CIGAR!...
AND SOME
BALONEY
SANDWICH!

