



Hooter Hilites

A Publication of the USS Sea Owl Association

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

We still give a hoot!

September 2009 Issue



President's Message

Shipmates & 1st Mates:

Here we are again at the end of ANOTHER GREAT reunion. Having our reunion in combination with the National Convention gave us the opportunity to meet other submarine sailors that we would not normally see. For those that were there for the week, I think it was a very good time. The San Diego weather was great for us from the Northeast; we will envy those living there all winter.

I would like to thank Shipmate Charlie Dansreau ET 67-68 for supplying the beverages for our hospitality room and Shipmate Jim Callan LT 60-64 for giving us a great cocktail party of snacks and margaritas that was truly enjoyed by everyone after our business meeting. Charlie & Jim you both really came through for your shipmates -- my sincere thanks to you both.

During our business meeting, it was decided that Galveston, Texas, would be our destination for next year's reunion. I, along with shipmate Bill Slater EN 65-67, will begin working on this right away. It was also voted on and approved that our wives would be given voting rights when we vote on where the next reunions are held.

Carol & I delayed our return to New York after the reunion by taking a short cruise out of San Diego. Our son Bryan and Paulette Welch joined us for the great time. It was a very nice, warm & sunny cruise; we did not look forward to returning to the low temperatures and falling leaves back home, although it's always nice to return home.

At the reunion we gave everyone present a "T" shirt. I hope that everyone wears their shirt, showing off the USS Sea Owl name & patches. During the final dinner at the National Convention I had someone say to me that we had a lot of Sea Owl sailors around. This tells me that we must be doing something right.

Your Association officers are the same. Tom Moniz & Ken Johnson and I share ideas and thoughts throughout the year. This seems to be working very well. My thanks to Tom & Ken for your efforts, your shipmates appreciate it.

Have a very happy holiday season with your families, stay safe & warm.

Roy

Treasurer's Report

By Ken Johnson

After taking over as Secretary/Treasurer I invested \$4,000 into a 12 month CD at an APY of 3.5%. This earned \$139.87 in interest. Since Commerce Bank offered only 1.5% I am investigating other options. Navy Federal Credit Union is currently offering a 12-month CD at an APY of 2.9%, for example. Over the past year we have donated \$100 to the Cavalla Historical Foundation for Seawolf Park Restoration after hurricane Ike, \$100 to USSVI Groton Base in memory of shipmate Robert Kreeger, \$50 to the American Heart

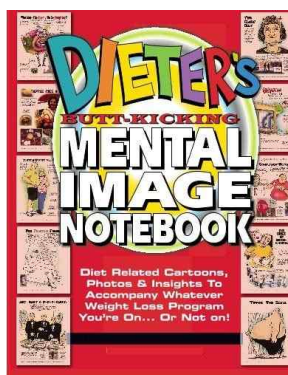
Association in memory of shipmate Lionel Cyr, and \$100 to USS Drum restoration in Mobile in memory of shipmate Tom Gilbert. We also donated \$100 to the Children's hospital in Macon, Georgia in memory of shipmate Lamar Taylor. We have also given \$150 to the USSVI Groton Base Thanksgiving Dinner Fund.

After paying all expenses relative to our reunion at San Diego, we have a balance on hand of \$5,448.15.

From the Editor

Back in early July I read the book "A Tale of Two Subs" by Jonathan McCullough. In it was a poem titled, "Squat Div One" written early in WW II by LCDR Arthur Taylor, CO of USS Haddock (SS 231), during her first three war patrols. After finishing the book I read in the Acknowledgments that the poem was used with the permission of Capt Taylor's sons, Anthony and Patterson Taylor. Since I knew that Sea Owl had an XO in the mid-60s named Patterson Taylor, I wondered if this could have been his father so I sent him an email. As it turns out it was in fact his father and Pat sent me some fascinating background information that you can read about on the extended '40s page. (Sorry no '50s page in this issue, but I am always short of good material from the '50s anyway.)

Pat also sent me some information about how the Sea Owl earned the battle efficiency "E" back in 1966 when he was XO and Herb Cherrier was CO. This seemed like an excellent subject for another "Cartoon Bob" D'Amico cartoon which you will see on the '60s page. To Bob this episode sounded like Captain James T. Kirk, and his "Kobiashi Maru" story... how he bent the rules and won! (If you haven't seen the new "Star Trek" movie, you wouldn't understand the reference.)



Speaking of Shipmate Bob D'Amico, congratulations are in order to him on the publication of his first book titled, "Dieter's Butt-Kicking Mental Image Notebook". So far it has received one 5-star review on Amazon.com from a UK source:

"If you are expecting a 'new fad diet' book then this is not for you.

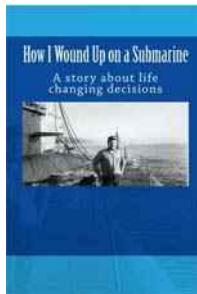
If you like humour that gives thought-provoking insights then you'll love this unique take on the whole idea of

weight-watching. Whether you want to lose weight, gain weight or just become comfortable with how you are the cartoons and comments in this book hit the spot. Browse these quality cartoons; sometimes they'll make you smile; sometimes grimace with rueful agreement and at other times shout out laughing.

What surprised me was it actually gave me the incentive to do something about my weight - I didn't expect that."

I understand that Bob is considering another book on submarine life.

Shipmate Bill Noe's book is also out and Amazon.com describes it as follows:



"How I Wound Up On a Submarine" is a story of surviving the 1960s, the threat of nuclear war, Viet Nam, racial tension, flower power, duty to country, the cold war and life. How does a kid who, by all accounts, grows up as a normal happy child is suddenly standing in the control room of a World War II submarine with a panel of valves and gauges in his hands; in control of the submarine's ability to dive and surface? The book gives a detailed account of how it came to

be and what affect this has on the rest of his life."

The book includes several graphic illustrations prepared for Bill by Shipmate Bob D'Amico.

I am pleased to report that this issue contains no names of shipmates who have departed on "eternal patrol" since the June issue. While many shipmates out there are not in the best of health, it is good that they are still with us.

San Diego Reunion

By Ken Johnson

As Roy has said, our San Diego reunion was a great success and it was great to see some new faces there of shipmates who live in the San Diego area and who don't make it to our reunions. I want to especially thank Jim Callan, Charlie Dansreau and Ben Bustria all of whom live in the San Diego area for making our hospitality suite more hospitable by their generous contributions of food and drink. Others from the area and who made it to the Town and Country to meet their Sea owl shipmates include Terry Murphy – ST 63-65, Leo Masterson – XO 65-66 and Randall Christison – LT 65-67.

Not only was this reunion combined with the USSVI National Convention, but the 46th International Submariners Congress was also held concurrently at the same hotel with submariners from 18 countries in addition to the USA represented.

Here are some San Diego reunion pictures:



l to r Front row: Roy Purtell TM3 66-69, Tom Moniz EM2 62-66, Frances Rabaey TM 53-55, Bob Laird EM 53-56
Middle row: Ken Johnson LTjg 62-65, Doug LaRock IC 64, Ken Nichols TM2 66-68, Pete Bailey QM 2 54-56, Bob Russell QM 62-65, Mike Jansen TM 59-62, Howie Stein IC 59-61
Rear row: Jim Callan LT , Jack Mahan TM 61-63, Ray Stolberg EM 61-63



Ben Bustria EM3 58-61 from San Diego came to his first Sea Owl reunion and became a member of the Sea Owl Association.



l to r: Paulette Welch, Judy Callan, Arline Stein, Debbie Bailey, Theresa Jansen, Carol Purtell, Grace Rabaey, Corrine Boyce, Barbara Moniz, Faith Russell



l to r: Don McPhillips EM 64-66, Jim Callan LT 60-64, Ray Stolberg EM 61-63, Tom Moniz EM2 62-66, Ken Johnson LTjg 62-65

My Hobby

By Ken Florey, FTB2 64-66



Ken Johnson had asked me over a year ago to write up an article on my hobby. While I have a few, far and away the one that consumes the most of my time and resources is Diesel Pickup Drag Racing. That's right, drag racing full sized diesel pickup trucks.

I got into drag racing as a kid here in Madras, Oregon. We started a ¼ drag strip in 1960 on part of the old abandoned WWII airbase. The local car club, "The Loafers" of which I was a member were the driving force behind the drag strip. Get the kids off street racing and on the drag strip. We had a little 32 Ford Coupe 3 window with a 56 Buick engine. It was a lot of fun, and it really got me hooked on the sport.

I got totally away from drag racing for over 40 years, only getting interested in it again after the death of my wife and me needing something to keep from growing crazy. I have always been interested in diesels, loved to stand topside on the old Sea Owl when the guys in the engine rooms would roll and start all 4 engines simultaneously. Four perfect smoke rings and that beautiful rumble. The finishing rates on the battery charge while standing topside watch in the early morning hours at New London is etched into my memory as well as the smells.

My first diesel truck was a 6.2 liter Chevy, it was a complete dog. I was living in Alaska at the time and getting that beast to start on a cold winter morning was a task. My neighborhood in Anchorage looked like the Thames River during one of those finishing rate charges in New London, neighbors were not impressed. You needed to have a long down hill grade if you wanted to pass anything. Luckily that truck was destroyed in a barn fire the year after I retired. I didn't have another diesel till after the 2001 Chevy Duramax came out, quiet, common rail fuel injection and 300hp. I was hooked.

I bought a new 2002 GMC crew cab short bed. I loved the truck and started reading everything I could on the engine and what could be done to make more power. I bought a programmer and installed the hottest tune which immediately caused the transmission to limp. The Allison is a great transmission, but sometimes too smart for it's own good. It didn't like the added horse power so sent the truck into limp mode, (no power) so the transmission wouldn't be damaged. That all lead to where I am today, many modifications, a blown engine, a couple more trucks, and most of my life savings and I'm finally learning a bit about these things.

After I blew up the engine in my 2002 GMC I decided I wanted build a dedicated drag racing diesel truck. I look all over the country for a single cab 4x4 work truck. No bells and whistles, just plain truck. I found what I was looking for in a little town in Missouri and flew back to Kansas City to pick this truck up. This poor truck has spent it's entire life in a Missouri field and was caked with mud from one end to the other. I drove it back to Oregon, hoping I would break down and started the process of converting it into a race truck.

I had partnered with two very knowledgeable guys who live inn Boise. Nathan Wright, who owns Maximized Performance Inc. and makes compounding twin turbo systems for Duramax and Cummins engines. And Rob Coddens, owner of Adrenaline Truck Performance, an on line performance parts supply house and he is also a master tuner of Duramax engines. Both of these guys are excellent drag racers as well.

The building of a race truck turned out to be a very slow and expensive process. My goal from the start was to build a full sized 4x4 diesel pickup that would be street legal, burn only #2 diesel and run the ¼ mile in under 10 seconds. That takes about 1,100 rear wheel horse power in a 6,100 lb truck and everything else going well. Not much in a stock Duramax is made to handle this kind of horse power so all pars are after market and since there isn't a huge demand for 1,100 hp diesel pickup, the parts are very spendy.

It took almost two years for the truck to finally come together and we finally debuted Max'd Out, (that's what I named the truck) on March 21 at Portland International Raceway during the National Hot Rod Diesel Association's first race of the season. We set a new national record for the Superstreet class out first pass down the track, 10.60sec @ 129.60 mph. with Rob Coddens driving. We since broken that record and it currently stands at 10.07sec @ 137.18mph. Superstreet rules say you must weigh at least 6,000 lbs (we weigh 6122 with Rob) and you must use street legal tires. We also many times run the Prostreet class as well, you can run slicks in this class and can weigh as little as 4,500 lbs. Our best time running this class is 9.94sec @ 138.44mph.

Since these records we have installed a bigger set of compounding turbos, (capable of making 120psi of boost), have bigger injectors and can install a third high pressure fuel pump if needed to keep the fuel pressure at optimum in the common rail injection system. We feel we can make close to 1,300 rear wheel horse power with this combination.

To drive this truck is a total rush, it slams you hard in the seat and you feel like you have a rocket tied to your butt. The truck has never been beaten even when I'm driving it. We plan on turning the power up for the last race of the year in Boise on Oct 3rd. We would like to set the Superstreet record well into the 9's and give the competition something to think about.

Unfortunately the truck is too heavy to be competitive as a top tier Prostreet truck. Those records are held by lightweight 2 wheel drive truck. You have to run low 9's and over 150mph to compete. I just bought another 02 GMC single cab work truck in a 2 wheel drive. We plan to gut it, shorten it to a short bed, back half the truck, (made the rear portion tube frame) 4 link the suspension, (type of rear suspension used on race vehicles) narrow the rear axle and tub it out, (open up the bed so we can run wide slicks). I firmly believe we can get this truck into the 8 sec club on a full size diesel pickup on #2 diesel only. We'll see.

Any of you in the Midwest and Southeast we'll be racing in Bowling Green Kentucky, Indianapolis Indiana, on the North Carolina coast, next summer along with Billings, MT, Edmonton, Alberta, Spokane, Medford, Redding, and Salt Lake City next year as well. Hope to see some of you at the diesel truck races..

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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

September 2009 Issue



Squat Div One

By Ken Johnson and Pat Taylor

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 the U. S. Navy submarine force, which had not been attacked and which survived relatively unscathed was directed to conduct unrestricted warfare against Japan. Little did the submarine crews who made the first war patrols suspect, the MK 14 torpedo, their first-line weapon, had some serious and significant problems. These problems included failure to maintain set depth as well as problems with the torpedo exploder. The lack of success during early war patrols was often blamed on the lack of aggressiveness on the part of the submarine's CO or just plain poor aim.

Among the early submarines sent on war patrol was the USS Haddock (SS 321) under command of LCDR Arthur Taylor who was the father of Patterson Taylor, Sea Owl's XO in '66-67. Capt Taylor was critical of the staffers who evaluated submarine patrol reports and wrote the following poem titled "Squat Dive One".

They're on their duff from morn till nite;
They're never wrong, they're always right;
To hear them talk they're in the fight –
Oh, yeah?

A boat comes in off a patrol,
The skipper tallies up his toll
And writes it up for all concerned.
He feels right proud of the job he's done,
But staffers say he shoulda used his gun!
Three fish for a ship of two score ton?
Outrageous! He should have used but one!
A tanker sunk in smoke and flame –
But still he's open wide to blame.
His fish were set for twenty right –
That proves he didn't want to fight!
Oh, yeah?

The freighter he sunk settled by the stern –
With depth set right she'd split in two!
So tell me, what is the skipper to do?
He's on the spot and doing his best,
But that's not enough by the acid test.
The staff must analyze his case
And pick it apart to save their face.
Just because you sink some ships
Doesn't mean you win the chips –
You've got to do it according to Plan;
Otherwise you're on the pan!
So here's to the staff with work so tough
In writing their endorsement guff –
Whether the war is lost or won
Depends entirely on "Squat Div One".
Oh, yeah?

The following is the story of what happened to this poem in the words of Pat Taylor:

When the young Lcdr PCO riding my dad's ship saw the poem during my father's second patrol, he - the PCO- asked for a copy. To make a long story short- the PCO took that little piece ashore on Midway during a torpedo reload, passed it around among other skippers at their thatch-hut O'Club... and it- the poem -got back to Pearl Harbor. Admiral Bob English, who preceded Admiral Lockwood at SubPac- went ballistic- called the poem "Subversive Literature", and ordered the author found and brought before him. Captain Roper, my dad's commodore, went to bat for him- told the admiral you can't fire a skipper with two Navy Crosses and a Silver Star "because of an error in judgment"... my dad kept the Haddock and continued on his patrol.

A month later- before my father was back in Pearl, we lost RADM English in an airplane accident.... and his relief - Lockwood, found out that my father was a "Gun Clubber" - (a bad-rap name given to those officers who had a Post-Graduate in Ordnance Engineering from the Navy's PG school) - (I learned from my dad that most of this genre tried to keep their OrdEng learnings under wraps... because when the Pers Bureau found these officers, they got their shore duty toured in BuOrd in Washington, DC.- not considered an enjoyable tour.

In any case- Lockwood brought my father up onto his staff after his third patrol, told him he could pick anyone he needed in the Pac Flt force to help him.... "But I want you to fix the G-d- Damn torpedo problem!"... So- A. H. (known to his contemporaries as "Otts" Taylor-) and a hand picked whiz- a chap by the name of Piezenkowski - the two of them set up the steel plate and cherry picker rigs on the Sub Base piers on which to hoist and drop Mk14's (with Torpex removed) in various configurations to learn that: (1) straight on drops crushed the detonator/exploder mechanism, while (2) the "glancing blow" drops (with the steel plates hoisted to 30/45/60 degrees from horizontal) all fired as designed. The rest is history... the Sub Base and tender did the re-engineering of the exploder mechanisms... torpedomen and warrants- rebuilt these components right there in Pearl, and went back to war with a hell of a better track record- after some 21 months of those boats and their skippers being censured for "lack of aggressiveness- and shooting too deep and/or at too great a range."

Pat Taylor sent me much more information from his father's archives including copies of letters giving the statements of several involved in the investigation ordered by RADM English. This is Capt Taylor's letter to his Squadron Commander on the subject:

Subject : Poem entitled Squat Div One

1. At the direction of Commander Submarine Squadron EIGHT I hereby submit the following statements regarding the source and intent of the poem "Squat Div One".
2. First I wish to state that the poem was written solely by me with collaboration from no one. It was entirely original on my part, and any blame attached to this piece



The 40's (cont'd)

September 2009 Issue



of “misdirected humor” rests with me alone. Although it will necessitate what may appear to be needless detail and repetition, I shall give the entire history of this poem in an attempt to make clear that from its very inception it was intended as a bit of good-natured “joshing”.

3. While undergoing four weeks of training and shakedown at Submarine Base, New London, it was my habit to joke with Lieutenant Commander James V. Query and Lieutenant Commander R. J. Ramsbotham who were then Operations Officer and Division Engineer, respectively, in Submarine Squadron ONE. This joking was mainly with Lieutenant Commander Query who was an old friend and destroyer shipmate of mine. My usual greeting when entering the office they shared was “Good morning, how is Squat Div One this morning?” My joking with Query would often run along the lines of – when he was going to sea, the thick cushion he had on his chair for comfort, did he know there was a war going on, and similar jests. Naturally he would always respond with an appropriate repartee.
4. After leaving New London and enroute to Panama I jotted down in pencil the “Squat Div One” poem with my friend Query in mind and with the intention of enclosing it in a letter to him from Panama. I failed to write him at any time since leaving New London. Consequently the poem lay in my desk aboard Haddock and was forgotten about completely until one day while on my first patrol.
5. While on patrol I spent some of my time brushing up on my typing in an attempt to increase my speed. To do this I would copy whatever happened to be lying on my desk. This is how the poem first became typed. I then showed it to Lieutenant Commander B. F. McMahon, who was making a P.C.O. patrol with me and was sharing my room. This is the first time anyone had ever read the poem. McMahon asked me to type him a copy, which I did. This was the Second copy made; and at some time later on patrol I typed a Third copy.
6. When I gave McMahon his copy I had misgivings that perhaps it might be misinterpreted by some who read it as a feeling of discontent or bitterness on my part. I explained this to him and asked him not to give it wide circulation as I had written it with my friend Jim Query in mind and did not want it to be misunderstood.
7. After Haddock's return to Midway I read it to my good friends Lieutenant Commander Reilly Coll and Lieutenant Commander M. P. Hottel over cups of coffee aboard the Haddock. They seemed to think it quite humorous and I remarked that although I had written it about Query it could have been written about Coll, and conversation went on in a light vein. Coll asked me for a copy to take back to Pearl Harbor but I protested on the grounds that it might be misunderstood. His reply was to the effect that he was sure it would be taken as a joke and no one would

believe my intentions to be destructive criticism. So with the same misgivings and explanations as in the case of McMahon I consented. A day or two later I had occasion to take some official mail to Lieutenant Commander Murphy on the Fulton which I left on his desk together with a copy of the poem, marked for Coll. It was later stencilled aboard the Fulton and one copy given to me. I now have one typed copy and one stenciled copy which I shall destroy as soon as I return aboard the Haddock. (This statement is being written on the Fulton.)

8. As far as I am concerned the history of my poem ends here. Realizing now that I should have been guided by my own misgivings, I sincerely regret that something I originated in a spirit of fun has in any way been interpreted as discrediting any of my fellow officers or expressing discontent on my part.

In his investigation report to RADM English, Capt Taylor's Squadron Commander, Capt C. H Roper said the following:

“That Lieutenant Commander Taylor, while guilty of a serious error in judgment in writing the matter under consideration, did so in a spirit of pure jest emanating from a misdirected sense of humor.”

While Capt Taylor would have liked the history of his poem to end with the above statement which he wrote on October 9, 1942, the poem that got him in trouble and almost cost him his command appears in several books including Clay Blair's “Silent Victory”.

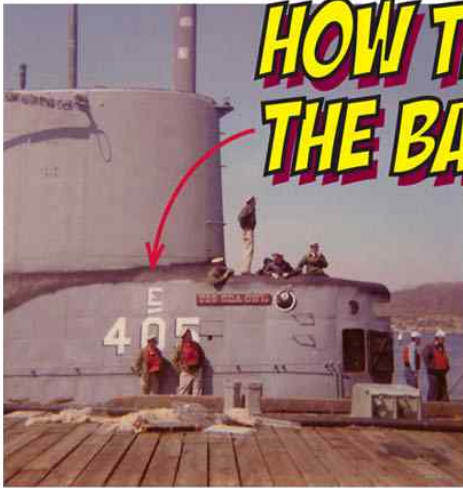
Finally, there was a part of the original poem that never made it to RADM English and which Pat Taylor only found recently in his father's papers. Here it is for the first time:

“The area was covered very well”
(Tho not one time did he ring the bell)
Sixty days were spent all told”
(So what? Does that make him very bold?)
But wait my friend-here's the rub-
This guy didn't prove a dud)
“the sinking of sampan twenty-three
Was right in line with the best theory
It proves the Skipper's aggressive and tough”
(so runs the usual endorsement guff!)
“The percentage of hits was under par
Which shows he tried to shoot too far”
(It couldn't be the fish ran under
With destructive force the same as thunder!)
“The misses were due, it's easy to tell
To faults and blunders of personnel”
(It wouldn't do to admit with shame
Gun-Club torpedoes deserve the blame!)
That Farragut lad knew his stuff
He wasn't shouting out a bluff
When he damned the torpedoes and rang up “full”.
He had the dope-he was keen
He knew those fish were Mark fourteen!



The 60's

September 2009 Issue



HOW THE USS SEA OWL WON THE BATTLE EFFICIENCY 'E'!

by Pat Taylor, Sea Owl XO, '66-67.

I'd love to share my remembrances of Sea Owl's underway event the fall of '66, when we were vying for the "E" - up against our strongest competitor on the waterfront, the good ship Sea Robin. That's the ORI event where we were to be pitted against an ASW helo, a Coast Guard Cutter with active sonar, and the Sea Robin... with a mission to reach Block Island, make a photo recon, and land a party of 4 "swimmers" to the beach.

Between our skipper, Herb Cherrier, COB Bodnar, and I- we dreamed up a black canvas rig with grommets and lines to disguise the sail and bridge-a camouflage rig with a 30 foot pipe-mast with an all-around white light that we could plug into the conning tower, forward and aft cables from the mast to the deck, and six sets of yellow vinyl



raingear and deck lights to disguise the Owl for a night penetration on the surface! We practiced alongside the pier three nights in a row so each duty section got the gist of "surface-surface-surface", then as many as a ten man team rushing topside to rig our canvas shields, high lited mast, life lines and fore and aft wires with extra lights, and a "fishing crew" in bright yellow foul weather gear.

We got underway early with the DivCom on board- our "examiner" for the ORI, who had no idea what we had planned. Played at a submerged approach with Mk-37 firings against the Robin... and then we took off to hide behind the island for the rest of the day... Nightfall- we surfaced... flooded down, ran on one diesel - and "rigged the boat"... With our

single shaft approach we got passed the Sea Robin, and with our jury rig camouflage we got no interest from either the helo or the CG Cutter.... we pulled within maybe 800 yards of Block Island Light, launched 4 troopers with blackened faces and watch caps the way we thought commandos might do it... and set them out as the landing party. We surface "trolled" back and forth until almost dawn... picked up our commandos, and dove at first light for the photo recon.... We couldn't believe our good luck as we crept submerged at



about 5 knots, again on one screw... passed the Sea Robin - when the Div Com gave us a 4.0 and permission to surface!

We had more damn fun on that one 48 hour exercise than anyone deserves! And so many of the crew got to participate- that's what made it special... Needless to say... Owl got the Battle Efficiency "E"