



# BONEFISH Chronicle



USS Bonefish SS-223



USS Bonefish SS-582

## OUR CREED

"To perpetuate the memory of our shipmates who gave their lives in the pursuit of their duties while serving their country. That their dedication, deeds, and supreme sacrifice be a constant source of motivation toward greater accomplishments. Pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States of America and its Constitution.

In addition to perpetuating the memory of our departed shipmates, we shall provide a way for all submariners to gather for mutual benefit and enjoyment. Our common heritage as submariners shall be strengthened by camaraderie. We support a strong U.S. Submarine Force."

The organization will engage in various projects and deeds that will bring about the perpetual remembrance of those shipmates who have given the supreme sacrifice. The organization will also endeavor to educate all third parties it comes in contact with about the services our submarine brothers performed and how their sacrifices made possible the freedom and lifestyle we enjoy today.

10th Edition  
May 12, 2013

## E-Board Members

Base Commander – Frank Campbell  
Senior Vice Commander – John Anderson  
Junior Vice Commander – Don Noyes  
Treasurer – Brick Noyes  
Secretary – Daryl Brock  
COB – Bob Schive  
Chaplin – Don Noyes  
POC – Mike Williamson  
Storekeeper – Marty Bruce  
Kaps 4 Kids Chairperson – Shirley Williamson  
Webmaster – Marty Bruce

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## COMMANDER'S CORNER

Shipmates,

It's funny how things happen sometimes...

I pulled into a fast food place in Parker, Arizona one morning last month and there was a guy wearing an Archerfish SS-311 hat. I said, "Were you a crewmember on that all-single crew?" He looked at my Sirago SS-485 hat, got a smile on his face and said yes-he was a member of that infamous group. Not only did he know Jerry Cornelison, he said that when he'd suddenly taken sick at an Archerfish reunion in Lake Tahoe a few years ago Jerry had relieved him as MC. So Jerry, "Hello from Doc." Small world, ain't it?

Pretty timely, too, since it's the Archerfish adorning my calendar this month. Her first claim to fame was the sinking of the Japanese carrier Shinano in November of 1944. She received seven battle stars and a Presidential Unit Citation for her service in WWII. When Jerry talks about her, however, he's never mentioned that she was declared unfit for further naval service after he and Doc got back from that around the world cruise. Hopefully he'll be at our Memorial Weekend meeting this month and can confess to us what those guys did to wear the Boat out like that...

Enlivening our meeting last month was potential member Derek Cantrell. Derek sought us out through the USSVI Website, which proves he's persistent. He qualified in 1997. Also present was George Kinnison, who qualified in 1943. It underscored one of my favorite things about our Base, which is our diversity and the depth of our collective experience. Even if some of you are Nukes...

I've forgotten which Boat Derek qualified on. Hopefully he'll be back again to remind me and continue to add his presence to our Base.

Speaking of Nukes-it strikes me that there will be a day when none of our members will have experienced a Diesel Boat. I'm not sure what that means-other than everybody will have been culturally deprived rather than just some of you. DBF.

Our meeting this month is on Saturday the 25<sup>th</sup>. It's appropriate that we're meeting on the Holiday weekend, since this is our annual Memorial Meeting. We will be honoring our Bonefish Base members on Eternal Patrol with a special Tolling of the Bells. In addition, we'll receive an insider's perspective of the fire and ensuing loss of our namesake USS Bonefish SS-582 in 1988.

At our EBoard meeting this past weekend we had an update from Daryl Brock on the Riverside Submarine Memorial Plaque. Incredible progress is being made! We're close to our goal of having a real Submariner's presence at our National Cemetery. Having an installation ceremony later this year may even be a realistic target. Daryl will update us again at the meeting.

Frank McCoy made a tour of museum boats on the East Coast last month. He even visited a real S Boat! Look for him to share the details of his excursion with us at a future meeting.

Several of us made it to "Rancho Remembers" earlier this month. We even saw Johnny Meyer make it all the way in to Rancho Cucamonga High School. The one thing they did better than King High was the welcoming at the entrance. A student took each Vet's arm and escorted us through a 75 foot corridor of pretty girls welcoming us to the program. I'll probably be going back next year just for that... You can expect an update at our meeting as well.

As to the Binnacle List... rumor has it that John Raplee may be able to join us this month. Whenever that may occur it's a marvelous comeback and we'll be delighted to have him back with us. Additionally, there are several other members of the Bonefish family that have various reasons to be on our list this month. Please take a moment to say a prayer for those among us who most need the prayers of the rest of us.

I hope to see you at the meeting-Spaghetti Factory in Redlands, 25 May. The klaxon sounds at 1200. And remember to display your submarine colors when you're out and about. No telling what good things might happen when you do.

Finally, this month's Nostalgia Note:

Every week or so, throw your cat or dog into the pool and shout "Man overboard, port side!" Rate your family members on how fast they respond.

Frank  
Base Commander  
USS Bonefish Base USSVI



**USS Lagarto (SS-371)**

Lost on May 3, 1945 with the loss of 86 men near the Gulf of Siam. On her 2<sup>nd</sup> war patrol, she is believed to have been lost to a radar-equipped minelayer. The USS Hawkbill sank this minelayer 2 weeks later.



**USS Scorpion (SSN-589)**

USS Scorpion (SSN 589) was returning to Norfolk, VA from a Mediterranean deployment. On May 22, 1968 she reported her position to be about 50 miles south of the Azores. Scorpion was never heard from again. The exact cause of her loss has never been determined. 99 officers and men were lost.



### **USS Squalus (SS-192)**

USS Squalus suffered a catastrophic valve failure during a test dive off the Isle of Shoals. Partially flooded, the submarine sank to the bottom and came to rest keel down in 240 feet of water. Commander Charles Momsen and Navy divers on the USS Falcon (ASR-2) rescued 33 survivors using the diving bell he invented. 26 men drowned in the after compartments. Later Squalus was raised and recommissioned as the USS Sailfish. In an ironic turn of fate, Sailfish sank the Japanese aircraft carrier carrying surviving crew members from the USS Sculpin, which had located Squalus in 1939. Only one of the surviving crew members survived after spending the rest of the war as slave laborers in Japan.



### **USS Stickleback (SS-415)**

Lost on May 30, 1958 when it sank off of Hawaii while undertow after collision with the USS Silverstein (DE-534). The entire crew was taken off prior to sinking.

## ***Binnacle List***

John Raplee

## ***May Birthdays***

Jerry Cornelison – May 18  
Dennis Fuqua – May 27

## ***Treasurer's Report***

See the Meeting Minutes



***USSVI BONEFISH BASE***  
***(SS-223) & (SS-582)***  
***Redlands, California***

**April 27, 2013**

**OUR CREED:**

Our organization's purpose is "To perpetuate the memory of our shipmates who gave their lives in the pursuit of their duties while serving their country. That their dedication, deeds and supreme sacrifice be a constant source of motivation toward greater accomplishments Pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States of America and its Constitution.

In addition to perpetuating the memory of departed shipmates, we shall provide a way for all Submariners to gather for the mutual benefit and enjoyment. Our common heritage as Submariners shall be strengthened by camaraderie. We support a strong U.S. Submarine Force.

The organization will engage in various projects and deeds that will bring about the perpetual remembrance of those shipmates who have given the supreme sacrifice. The organization will also endeavor to educate all third parties it comes in contact with about the services our submarine brothers performed and how their sacrifices made possible the freedom and lifestyle we enjoy today."

**1202 Hours:**

Commander Frank Campbell convened the meeting of the Bonefish Base. Mike Williamson, Dean Leeuwen and Lynn Schive read Our Creed. Bob Schive led the members present in the Pledge of Allegiance. Don Noyes gave the opening prayer and conducted the MIA ceremony. Joe Canchola and Johnny Meyer then reported the boats lost in the month of January.

**Tolling of the Boats:**

The following boats were lost during the month of April:

**USS Pickrel (SS-177)**

Lost on April 3, 1943 with the loss of 74 officers and men, while on her 7th war patrol. She was lost off

Honshu. The exact cause of her loss has never been determined, but her OP area contained numerous minefields.

### **USS Snook (SS-279)**

Lost on April 8, 1945 with the loss of 84 officers and men. Snook ranks 10th in total Japanese tonnage sunk and is tied for 9th in the number of ships sunk. She was lost near Hainan Island, possibly sunk by a Japanese submarine.

### **USS Thresher (SSN-593)**

Lost on April 10, 1963 with the loss of 112 crew members and 17 civilian technicians during deep-diving exercises. 15 minutes after reaching test depth, she communicated with USS Skylark that she was having problems. Skylark heard noises "like air rushing into an air tank" - then, silence. Rescue ship Recovery (ASR-43) subsequently recovered bits of debris, including gloves and bits of internal insulation. Photographs taken by Trieste proved that the submarine had broken up, taking all hands on board to their deaths in 1,400 fathoms of water, some 220 miles east of Boston.

### **USS Gudgeon (SS-211)**

USS Gudgeon (SS-211) was lost on April 18, 1944 with the loss of 79 men off Saipan. Winner of 5 Presidential Unit Citations, Gudgeon was on her 12th war patrol and most likely due to a combined air and surface antisubmarine attack.

Gudgeon was the first US submarine to go on patrol from Pearl Harbor after the Japanese attack. On her first patrol, she became the first US submarine to sink an enemy warship, picking off the submarine I-173.

### **USS Grenadier (SS-210)**

Lost on April 22, 1943 near Penang, with no immediate loss of life. She was on her 6th war patrol. While stalking a convoy, she was spotted by a plane and dove. While passing 130 feet, the plane dropped a bomb causing severe damage. She was lodged on the bottom 270 feet and the crew spent hours fighting fires and flooding. When she surfaced, she had no propulsion and was attacked by another plane. While she shot down the plane. When enemy ships arrived, the CO abandoned ship and scuttled the boat. Of the 61 crew members taken prisoner, 57 survived the war.

Tolling of the Boats was followed by a moment of silent prayer.

Those in attendance introduced themselves.

#### **Sailing List:**

<b>Members</b>		
George Kinnison	Joe Canchola	Bob Schive
Frank Campbell	Mike Williamson	George O'Zanich
Don Noyes	Brick Noyes	Johnny Meyer

Daryl Brock	Dean Van Leeuwen	Jack Baker
<b>Associate Members</b>		
Alyce Abels	Shirley Williamson	Jan Noyes
<b>Honored Guests</b>		
Gary Kinnison	Sally Van Leeuwen	Derek Cantrell
Marcia Campbell	Lynn Schive	

### **Minutes:**

March 23, 2013 minutes are posted on the website with copies available for review at the meeting. It was moved, seconded and passed to accept the minutes as written and available.

### **Treasurer's Report:**

Base Treasurer Brick Noyes presented the Treasurers Report for the month of March 2013 as follows:

Starting Balance		<b>\$3,772.15</b>
<b>Expenses</b>		
Ck#1096	Donated to the USS Thresher Service Fund	\$215.00
CK#1095	Pd for metal for trailer repair	\$37.17
	Frank raffle winner donated back to base	\$20.00
CK#1097	Paid for website	\$107.80
Total Expenses		<b>\$379.97</b>
<b>Income</b>		
	Raffle	\$65.00
	Donations	\$20.00
	Donations for USS Thresher Service Fund	\$115.00
Total Income		<b>\$200.00</b>
Ending Balance		<b>\$3,592.18</b>

It was moved, seconded and passed to accept the treasurers report.

**Binnacle List:**

John Raplee, John Anderson, Rita Kilpatrick

**Old Business:**

Frank Campbell reported on website progress.

Daryl Brock reported on memorial plaque progress.

**New Business:**

All members were reminded that our May meeting will be during Memorial Day weekend, and we will honor and remember our members on eternal patrol.

**Adjournment:**

The Base Commander adjourned the meeting at 1:05 for lunch and raffle. The program was Storytime, where various members shared their sea stories . An enjoyable time was had by all.

Respectfully submitted,

Daryl E. Brock  
Secretary

**Meeting Dates:**

**The Bonefish Base (SS-223)/(SS-582) meets at 1200 hours on the fourth Saturday of the month. Currently meetings are being held at The Old Spaghetti Factory, 1635 Industrial Park Avenue, Redlands, CA 92374**



If you want to send me an article or an item of interest that would be good to pass along to our members, and would like it published in our newsletter please feel free to do so, but do it before the 10<sup>th</sup> of the month, as that's when I start putting the newsletter together. Please no politics.

**Cold War Submariner memories by an old salt wearing dolphins (compliments of our Chaplin Don)**



I had a pair of working Khakis with acid holes in the legs. As "George" the junior officer on the Carp, I had a bunk right under the battery blowers, and they dripped sulfuric acid, especially during battery charges on the finishing rate. You could always tell when the charge was over, the blowers would slow down real fast.

Ah, the good old days. Now I remember how I lost my sense of smell.

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Just a good read and a little remembrance of good times past.

One of the benefits of growing old is the gift of time... Time to look back and revisit your collective 'Life Experiences',

For old smokeboat sailors, that means time to shuffle through memories of pissing against the wind in faded soft dungarees, frayed raghats and zinc chromate-spattered broghans. You can close your eyes and be transported back to a time when men wore acid-eaten uniforms, breathed air worse than the primate house at a poorly managed zoo, whittled mold and rot off food of advanced age being reclaimed by the gods of purification, and surgically carving off the stuff and eating it. You survived and built up an immunity that could handle leprosy, lockjaw and cobra bites. We survived. Submarine duty was rough.

Many of us 'hotsacked'. For those of you who missed that life experience, hotsacking was sharing sleeping arrangements (to put it in easily understood terms). A system that required lads at the entry level of the undersea service profession, to crawl onto a sweat-soaked flashpad just vacated by another bottom-feeding shipmate. Lads of today's modern technically advanced undersea service would find it damn near impossible to imagine a day when lads who hadn't showered in weeks, climbed a tier of racks sharing sock aroma on par with three-day old roadkill, with his bunkmates... A time when raghats communally shared blankets that looked like hobo camp hand-me-downs.

It was a time when the common denominator of the naval supply system was the cockroach, with the longevity of Jack LaLanne. Cockroaches that could deflect claw-hammered blows and could reach rodeo entry size.

In the late 50's, the submarines built in the years of World War II were rapidly approaching an advanced age comatose state. The navy quit making many of the replacement parts for these seagoing antiques, so we cannibalized the boats in line heading to the scrapyard. It was like harvesting organs from a dead Rockette to keep the chorus line going.

After decommissioning, the old boats would have electricians and engine men crawling all over them with shopping lists and wrenches.

Memory is a wonderful God-given gift. There were sunrises and sunsets, rolling seas, visits to exotic places, and ladies with loose panty elastic and no AIDS. There were consumable combustibles on par with the liquids that propel hardware to outer space.

It was a time when the world's population loved the American submariner..

Boat sailors in port meant good times, hell-raising and calling in the night shift at the local brewery. It was a time when the United States Navy had no recruitment problems, paid no incentive money and had to kiss no butts to entice grown men into accepting their manly obligation to their nation.. Men signed up for undersea service, motivated by patriotic obligation, a sense of history and adventure, and to follow the gallant submariners who rode the boats against the Japanese empire. We wanted to wear the distinctive insignia universally recognized as the symbol of the most successful and demanding submarine service on earth.

We were proud. We had a right to be. We were accepted as the downline fraternity brothers of the courageous men who put Hirohito's monkey band all over the floor of the Pacific. We rode their boats, ate at their mess tables, slept in their bunks and plugged the ever-increasing leaks in the hulls they left us. We patted the same barmaid butts they had patted when they were far younger and half as wide. We carved our boats names and hull numbers on gin mill tables in places that would give Methodist ministers cardiac arrest.

We danced with the devil's mistress and all her naughty daughters. We were young, testosterone-driven American bluejackets and let's face it... Every girl in every port establishment around the globe both recognized and appreciated the meaning of a pair of Dolphins over a jumper pocket. Many of these ladies were willing to share smiles and body warmth with the members of America's undersea service.

It was a time when the snapping of American colors in the ports of the world stood for liberation from tyranny and the American sailor in his distinctive uniform and happy-go-lucky manner, stood for John Wayne principles and a universally recognized sense of decency, high ideals and uncompromised values.

It was in every sense of the term, 'A great time to be an American sailor'.

There were few prohibitions. They were looked upon as simply unnecessary. It was a time when 'family values' were taught at family dinner tables, at schools, the nation's playing fields, scout troops, Sunday school or other institutions of worship. We were a good people and we knew it.

We plowed the world's oceans guarding her sea lanes and making her secure for the traffic of international commerce. But at eighteen, let's face it... We never thought much about the noble aspect of what we were doing. Crews looked forward to the next liberty port, the next run, home port visits, what the boat was having for evening chow, the evening movie after chow, or which barmaids were working at Bell's that evening. We were young, invincible and had our whole lives ahead of us. Without being aware of it, we were learning leadership, acceptance of responsibility and teamwork in the finest classroom in the world... A United States submarine.

It was a simpler time. Lack of complexity left us with clear-cut objectives and the 'bad guys' were clearly defined. We knew who they were, where they were and that we had the means, will and ability to send them all off to hell in a fiery package deal. We were the 'good guys' and literally wore 'white hats'.

What we lacked in crew comfort, technological advancements and publicity, we made up for in continuity, stability and love of our boats and squadrons. We were a band of brothers and have remained so for over half a century.

Since we were not riding what the present day submariner would call 'true submersibles', we got sunrises and sunsets at sea... The sting of wind-blown saltwater on our faces... The roll and pitch of heavy weather swells and the screech of seabirds. I can't imagine sea duty devoid of contact with these wonders. To me, they are a very real part of being a true mariner.

I'm glad I served in an era of signal lights... Flag messaging... Navigation calculation... Marines manning the gates... Locker clubs... Working girls... Hitchhiking in uniform... Quartermasters, torpedo men and gunner's mates... Sea store smokes... Hotsacking... Hydraulic oil-laced coffee... Lousy mid rats... Jackassing fish from the skids to the tubes... One and two way trash dumping... Plywood dog shacks... Messy piers... A time when the Chief of the Boat could turn up at morning quarters wearing a Mexican sombrero and Jeezus sandals... When every E-3 in the sub force knew what paint scrapers, chipping hammers and wire brushes were for... When JGs with a pencil were the most dangerous things in the navy. When the navy mobile canteen truck was called the 'roach coach' and sold geedunk and pokey bait... When the breakfast of champions was a pitcher of Blue Ribbon, four Slim Jims, a pack of Beer Nuts, a hard-boiled egg, and a game of Eight Ball.

It was a time when, if you saw a boat sailor with more than four ship's patches on his foul weather jacket, he was at least fifty years old and a lifer. A time when skippers wore hydraulic oil-stained steaming hats and carried a wad of binocular wipes in their shirt pockets. In those days, old barnacle-encrusted chiefs had more body fat than a Hell's Angel, smoked big, fat, lousy smelling cigars or 'chawed plug', and came with a sewer digger's vocabulary.

It was a time where heterosexuals got married to members of the opposite sex or patronized 'working girls', and non-heterosexuals went world Peace Corps.

It was a good time... For some of us, the best time we would ever have. There was a certain satisfaction to be found in serving one's country without the nation you so dearly loved having to promise you enlistment bonuses, big whopping education benefits, feather bed shore duty, or an 'A' school with a sauna and color TV. It was a time when if you told a cook you didn't eat Spam or creamed chipped beef, everybody laughed and you went away hungry... And if you cussed a messcook, you could find toenail clippings in your salad. Our generation visited cemeteries where legends of World War II undersea service were issued their grass blankets, after receiving their pine peacoats and orders to some old hull number moored at the big silver pier in the sky. We were family. Our common heritage made us brothers. There came a point where we drew a line through our names on the Watch, Quarter and Station Bill, told our shipmates we see them in hell, shook hands with the COB, paid back the slush fund, told the skipper 'goodbye', and picked up a disbursing chit and your DD-214. We went up on Hampton Boulevard, bought a couple

of rounds at Bells, kissed the barmaids, gave Thelma a hug, then went out to spend the rest of our lives wishing we could hear, "Single up all lines...", just one more time.



### **Marty Bruce, Base Storekeeper**

- 46 – Bonefish Patches
- 5 - Large Submarine Veteran Shirts
- 21 – Extra Large Bonefish Base Shirts
- 3 - 2XX Bonefish Base Shirts
- 4 - 3XXX Bonefish Base Shirts



### **Karl Waterman, Librarian**

Want to check out a book or DVD, just contact Karl at [karlwaterman@verizon.net](mailto:karlwaterman@verizon.net). You can view what is in the library on our website.



[https://www.designed4submariners.com/A\\_Submariner.html](https://www.designed4submariners.com/A_Submariner.html)

What is a Submariner, written by the late Dr. Joyce Brothers

[http://www.roadrunnersinternationale.com/transporting\\_the\\_a-12](http://www.roadrunnersinternationale.com/transporting_the_a-12)

It gives you a small clue to how expensive just one phase of the program was and the measures taken to maintain its secrecy.

I doubt you have seen some of the photos that were taken before, during and after the move from Burbank to Area 51. The secret convey that moved the A-12 (Pre SR71 Blackbird) from Burbank, CA to Area 51 for flight testing.-----  
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### Book Review

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Book Read – “Silent Killers” – This book was written by James P. Delgado. The Foreward written by Clive Cussler.

Excellent book that goes through the history of the submarine.

Bob

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### Calendar of Events

Next E-Board meeting June 8th at Mimi's on Hospitality Way in San Bernardino at 8a.

July 4<sup>th</sup> parade at Corona. Parade starts at 10am. More details to follow.

May's monthly meeting to be held at the Old Spaghetti Factory in Redlands on the 25th at 12 noon. Try to arrive early to order your lunch.

Memorial Day Remembrance at the Roncador Memorial at Pt Loma San Diego at 10:00am. If not retired must have base pass to get on base.

