



# The Dolphin Brotherhood

## Seattle Subvets Steam South to Pampanito



*(stories and photos inside)*

### Commander's Corner

by Patrick Householder, Base Commander



Seattle Base continues to grow, now with 131 members, up five from my

last report.

Cliff Nutter, Jim Foote and I made the trek to Duluth for the annual Subvet Convention. While there, Cliff was formally installed as District 9 Commander and I was sworn as National Secretary. Vice Cdr Bob Opplé was invited to join the Board of Directors for the Charitable

Foundation as well. With Jim Foote and I on the USSVI BoD as voting members and Jim, Bob and I on the Charitable Foundation BoD as well, we've got a fair amount of 'juice' to exercise in making Subvets a better organization for us all.

Bob Opplé gave a really  
*(Continued on page 12)*

**Reminder: Membership dues. Please renew your membership soon!**

## **Eyeball to Eyeball With Nuclear Torpedoes**

by Charles R. Ryan

*A summary and review of October Fury (Peter Huchthausen, John Wiley & Sons; ISBN: 0471415340; first hardback edition (July 25, 2002), 281 pages, \$24.95).*

Just in time for the 40th anniversary of the Cuban Missile Crisis, Peter Huchthausen provides an "I was there" account from the alternating perspectives of U.S. Navy destroyer crews attempting to enforce a Cuban blockade and Soviet submariners who unknowingly stumble into the largest antisubmarine warfare (ASW) force assembled during the Cold War. Huchthausen (author of Cold War submarine tales K-19: The Widowmaker and Hostile Waters) was a junior officer in 1962 on Newport, RI-based USS Blandy (DD- 943), a Forrest Sherman Class destroyer. As Electronics Materials Officer he had a ringside seat during the Crisis as Blandy hunted Soviet submarines and inspected Soviet freighters as they withdrew from Cuba with ballistic missiles.

October Fury's unique contribution to Cuban Missile Crisis history is the story, based on Huchthausen's interviews with former Soviet submarine officers, of four Foxtrot submarines the USSR attempts to deploy to the Cuban port of Mariel. The Foxtrots are supposed to pioneer the route and establish a permanent base for follow-on deployment to Cuba of Golf Class strategic missile submarines, creating a perpetual anti-shipping and strategic threat 90 miles from the United States. Unaware of the additional Soviet deployment of land-based ballistic and surface-to-air missiles, bombers and other forces to Cuba that will soon trigger the Crisis, the Foxtrots depart the Kola Peninsula on October 1, 1962. Just before they sortie each Foxtrot is issued a nuclear-tipped torpedo, said to have both submerged and surface detonating capability, which the crew has never trained on; nobody is certain whether they can fire the nuclear torpedoes without destroying their own vessel in the process. Sealed orders instructing each submarine to make its way to Cuba while avoiding detection by American ASW forces at all costs are opened only after the outbound Foxtrots submerge in the Barents Sea. And the submarine captains have conflicting oral and written orders that seem to grant authority to fire the nuclear

weapons without instructions from Moscow if the submarines come under U.S. Navy attack.

With dreams of meeting their families in Cuba and being stationed several years in the tropics the Foxtrot crews venture into a very stormy North Atlantic, apparently making one of the then-new submarines' longest deployments to date. Unaware of the effectiveness of the U.S. Navy's underwater sound detection system (SOSUS) the Soviet submariners can't understand why so many ASW patrol planes are flying above their transit route. They hypothesize that a spy in their headquarters has tipped off the Americans. Iceland-based Neptune P2Vs force the Foxtrots to proceed at an excruciatingly slow pace, staying underwater on batteries or snorkel much of the time.

By the time the submarines near the Bahamas the U.S.-Soviet face off over Cuban-based nuclear weapons has commenced. On October 15 the Foxtrots receive new orders that cancel the voyage to Cuba and deploy them instead to combat patrol stations: three of them northeast of Cuba in the Atlantic and the fourth southeast of Cuba in the Caribbean. Confused by the change of orders and with no other information coming from Moscow the Foxtrot captains are desperate to figure out what is happening. In violation of Soviet Navy political rules they tell their onboard Signals Intelligence (SIGINT) operators (i.e., "Spooks") to monitor U.S. commercial radio stations and discover that a U.S.-Soviet military confrontation is shaping up.

For a while the Foxtrots evade U.S. forces. One submarine hides in the wake of a Norwegian oil tanker. When the tanker pulls out of the shipping lane and stops in the middle of the night the Foxtrot decides to sit silently on the shallow ocean floor at periscope depth, hoping the tanker will soon proceed again. A U.S. destroyer approaches to investigate the tanker and the Foxtrot crew, defenselessly stuck in shallow water, sweats bullets in fear of being detected. Situated directly between the surface ships, the Foxtrot intercepts a flashing light message telling the tanker to contact

the destroyer on a particular radio frequency. Foxtrot SIGINT riders tune into the conversation and learn the tanker is repairing a boiler and will soon be moving again the desired direction. The destroyer departs, satisfied the tanker is not bound for Cuba. Soon the Foxtrot is again traveling undetected in the tanker's wake.

But one thing the Soviet submariners can't determine from SIGINT is whether the U.S. Navy will actually attack them if they are detected. Fortunately the Foxtrots' operational commander in Moscow disobeys orders and on October 25 forwards to his submarines a message from the U.S. State Department that says Americans "are going to drop explosive signals (i.e., grenades) to force (the Soviet submarines) to surface and be identified, (and they should take) a safety course of due east to acknowledge understanding" and avoid being attacked.

At one point the U.S. Navy thinks it has detected almost 30 Soviet subs, indicating many false contacts or a failure to realize they've identified the same submarine more than once. Eventually the Navy locates and closes in on all four Foxtrots. After hounding them for hours with destroyers and aircraft the Americans eventually force three of the Foxtrots to surface as they run out of air and battery power. The Foxtrot assigned to the Caribbean evades its pursuers.

Although the Foxtrots know the Americans have promised to allow them to withdraw unharmed when they surface, the relentlessly aggressive destroyers cause the submariners to fear being rammed. One submarine captain is driven to the brink of launching torpedoes, including one of the nuclear-tipped weapons, before he surfaces in accordance with American instructions. And even after surfacing in the required manner a submarine opens its outer torpedo doors and starts swinging into position to launch against a destroyer because one of the destroyer's 5-inch gun crews, acting without authorization, trains its weapon on the surfaced submarine. When the destroyer captain realizes his own crew is causing the submarine's threatening maneuver he orders the gun trained back straight

ahead. As the Americans turn their weapon away the submarine captain closes his torpedo doors and swings his vessel back to the designated 090 course. Close call!

The Foxtrots eventually commence an epic homeward surface transit. By late December the Soviet submariners, nearly starved and with their engines running on fumes, have all limped back to the wintery Kola Peninsula. There the crews endure a weirdly unique Soviet-style "greeting" process but eventually reunite with their families. The Soviet admiral who sent his submarines the unauthorized message that prevented a nuclear nightmare was forced to retire.

Huchthausen's writing would benefit from editing to eliminate wordiness and repetitions as well as some improbable dialog should be rewritten. The small black and white photographs are poorly reproduced on textured paper, and one photo supposedly showing a Soviet submariner from a Foxtrot in the Cuban expedition "preparing to bathe in the sea" has been published elsewhere and described, more probably, as Foxtrot crewmen recovering a NATO sonar buoy. The chart showing the region of ocean and islands where the destroyer-submarine confrontations took place is inadequate to help readers follow vessel movements as each side jockeys for advantage. Finally, despite having written prior submarine narratives, Huchthausen should have had an American submariner edit this book to correct improper terms and render descriptions of submarine operations and onboard life more accurate or probable.

Despite these shortcomings I greatly enjoyed October Fury and recommend it to everyone interested in the Cuban Missile Crisis, Cold War military topics, submarine adventure and SIGINT. Readers won't want to put down the dramatic back and forth descriptions from submarine and destroyer crew perspectives as the Crisis builds up and fades away. This story has potential to make a great movie.

## Patrol Report: Seattle Base Members Relive Their Youth On USS Pampanito

by Charles Ryan, USSVI (Associate), Seattle Base

Cliff Nutter spent months arranging a four-day, three-night (October 22-25) Seattle Base volun-



Cliff Nutter in the pump room

teer work party/"sleep aboard" on USS Pampanito (SS-383), a Balao Class submarine owned by the San Francisco Maritime Park Association. The trip's ostensible purpose was to contribute maintenance support to this National Historic Landmark, but the real mission was to let ten "pigboat" veterans relive youthful submarine adventures.

Cliff, Pat Householder, Robbie Robertson, Dutch Krampholz, Doug Abramson, Phil Ward, George Debo, Mike Bennett and Charles Quimby flew to San Francisco on Tuesday. USSVI Mare Island Base member Lenny Stefanelli met them with a large van, took them out for a great lunch and then to Pampanito at Pier 45 on Fisherman's Wharf. Delayed by a prior commitment,

I flew in Wednesday morning, and Lenny *insisted* on meeting me at the airport and driving me to Pampanito. Lenny qualified on Catfish (SS-339) in 1953. He played a role in preserving Pampanito after "discovering" her, rusting and vandalized, in a slough in the 1970s (see Lenny's article "Saga of Pampanito", The Submarine Review, October 2000).

On Pampanito I stowed my gear in the "goat locker" and put on Walkman-like tape player/headphones for the self-guided tour of the boat. The gray and black veteran of six WWII war patrols sank six Japanese merchantmen and damaged four others. She is in original "fleet boat" configuration and *beautifully* restored throughout.

During our stay Seattle Base members, guys who, unlike me, have useful electro-mechanical skills, contributed to Pampanito's restoration and maintenance by working on such things as electrical trouble shooting, diesel engine maintenance, starting an air compressor and deck chores. We also



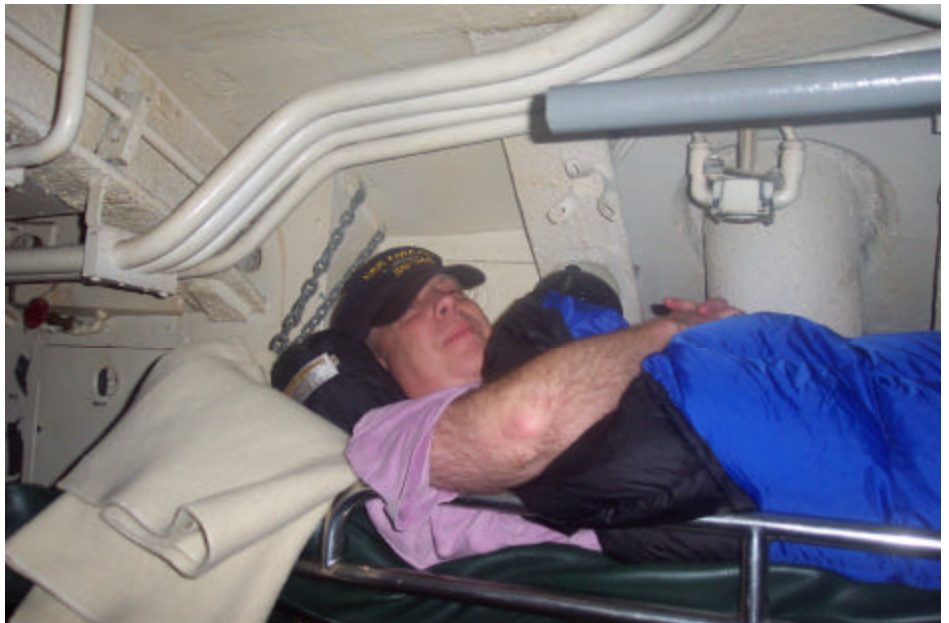
Doug Abramson and Phil Ward and #2 main engine



Mike Bennett and his favorite fish

did a parts inventory and I “wiped down” every pipe, dial and horizontal surface within reach from the stern torpedo tubes through the engineering spaces, mess deck and control room.

Wednesday afternoon Lenny returned to Pier 45 with a car full of Italian sausage and bread, shrimp cocktails, salad, pork chops, fresh ravioli, a special pasta sauce Lenny made himself, beer, wine, and brandy. We passed food up from the pier, across the gangplank and stacked it by the after battery hatch. Then, like old times, we passed it through the narrow hatch and down the vertical ladder to the mess deck. As the last visitors left Pampanito some of us did mess cook duty while Lenny and crew member Bob Johnson boiled ravioli, heated sauce, made hot garlic bread and cooked pork chops in the old sub’s galley. The scent of great Italian cooking drifted through the control room and forward bat-



The author, Charlie Ryan, after a long night of mess cooking

great?!”

There wasn’t as much room in the crew’s mess

*(See “Pampanito” continued on page 10)*

tery.

Meanwhile, most Seattle Base members and two USSVI Mare Island members prepared to light off two of Pampanito’s 60-year old Fairbanks-Morse 1,600 horsepower, ten cylinder diesels. After dinner prep I went on the pier to watch twilight settle over San Francisco Bay and wait for the engines to start. Soon, their arrival announced by a loud cough and belch of black smoke, the noise of 3,200 wild horses filled the air. Alcatraz’s lighthouse was partly obscured by fragrant diesel exhaust and the old sub’s deck plates began to vibrate. It

seemed like all we had to do was untie the lines and we could be underway once again for WestPac adventure. The din of the diesels in the engine room made it far too noisy to talk to each other, but ear-to-ear grins on every former submarine sailor’s face said it all: “Isn’t this

## A Real Sailor

(Author Unknown)

I like standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe - the ship beneath me feeling like a living thing as her engines drive her through the sea.

I like the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, the harsh squawk of the 1MC and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I like the vessels of the Navy - nervous darting destroyers, plodding Fleet auxiliaries, sleek submarines and steady solid carriers. I like the proud sonorous names of Navy capital ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea - memorials of great battles won. I like the lean angular names of Navy 'tin-cans': Barney, Dahlgren, Mullinix, McCloy - mementos of heroes who went before us. I like the tempo of a Navy band blaring through the topside speakers as we pull away from the oiler after refueling at sea.

I like liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port. I even like all hands working parties as my ship fills herself with the multitude of supplies both mundane and exotic which she needs to cut her ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there is water to float her.

I like sailors, men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New Eng-

*Ever stop and wonder why officers rank is designated by a shoulder board....while enlisted is designated by an insignia worn on the sleeve?*

*— Officers shoulder boards signify the responsibility an officer must carry on his shoulders....*

*— Enlisted wear their strips on their arms to signify the muscle and brawn it takes to bear arms*

land, from the cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life. I trust and depend on them as they trust and depend on me - for professional competence, for comradeship, for courage. In a word, they are "shipmates."

I like the surge of adventure in my heart when the word is passed "Now station the special sea and anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving port", and I like the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pierside. The work is hard and dangerous, the going rough at times, the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the 'all for one and one for all' philosophy of the sea is ever present.

I like the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flit across the wave tops and sunset gives way to night. I like the feel of the Navy in darkness - the masthead lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and join with the mirror of stars overhead. And I like drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that tell me that my ship is alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch will keep me safe.

I like quiet mid-watches with the aroma of strong coffee - the lifeblood of the Navy - permeating everywhere. And I like hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed keeps all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

I like the sudden electricity of "General quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations", followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of wa-

tertight doors as the ship transforms herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful work place to a weapon of war - ready for anything. And I like the sight of space age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

I like the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them. I like the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones. A sailor can find much in the Navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent can find adulthood.

In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and messdecks. Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their Navy days, when the seas belonged to them and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

Remembering this, they will stand taller and say,

"I was a Sailor. I was part of the Navy and the Navy—will always be a part of me."

A message to "All Hands" from John Peters, USSVI Nat'l Cdr

### "DINNER FOR SAILORS" - A HOLIDAY MEAL PROGRAM FOR SUB SAILORS

**BACKGROUND:** In FY 2000 the Lockwood Internet Base learned there was a need in the Norfolk area for some funds to ease the burdens on some younger submariner families that were financially struggling. The thought was to give them funds for a nice holiday dinner so that their money could go further for other needed things.

In a short span of two weeks L.I.B. collected some \$1,100.00 from USSVI sources and this included National and seven other Bases. The money was sent to the COMSUBLANT Command Master Chief for distribution. (He had been in contact with other CMCs and COBs there to determine those sailors most in need for assistance.)

In 2001 the program targeted San Diego, Bangor and Hawaii Sub Bases. Local USSVI members were selected as our personal representatives to arrange for commands there to select the submariners in most need. Funds were delivered on December 10th by these shipmates to the respective Command Master Chiefs. The funds were presented to the sailors in the form of Navy Exchange Gift Certificates to be used for food purchases only and at \$30 each family could buy a nice turkey or ham and all the trimmings for a Christmas Dinner.

Nationally, about \$ 4,000.00 was raised, and, demonstrating how much this sort of help is appreciated, Admiral John B. Padgett (COMSUBPAC) wrote a letter thanking USSVI for providing assistance to over 100 submariner families in 2001.

**NOW:** Our 2002 fundraising program is now underway. Supporting our active force sub sailors and their families is both personally satisfying and honors the spirit and intent of our creed of brotherhood. Please be as generous as you can be. LOCKWOOD BASE has made a very generous contribution of \$ 750.00 towards the 2002 program and challenges all of the other Bases in USSVI to be generous as well.

**GOAL:** The National Goal established is \$ 5.00 per member, but any amount raised will be very welcome and helpful.

**HOW:** STARTING NOW, I'm asking each Base Commander to promote this worthy program to his Base members and to collect checks and cash donations for this program. Checks collected at the Seattle Base level should be made payable to the U.S. Submarine Veterans' Charitable Foundation or USSVCF. Note on the check that it is for the "Dinner for Sailors (DFS)

(See "Dinner" on page 9)

## It's Time to Ship Over Shipmates!

Don't forget to renew your membership for 2003.

Please send your dues to:

**Jim Harper**  
**12105 48th Drive SE**  
**Everett, WA 98208-9106**

## American Destroyer Attacks Pearl Harbor

I ran across this brief story on the Internet (*with my comments in italics*) and fear it will only reinforce submariners' worst impression of skimmer crews:

On November 24, 1965 "While moored at Mike Two Pier at Pearl Harbor Naval Station, USS Goldsborough (*DDG-20, a then-new Charles F. Adams Class destroyer*) mistakenly fired a live torpedo onto the pier. The torpedo broke into two pieces, one the warhead and the other the motor, but it did not detonate. Since torpedoes are not armed if a ship is in port, the detonating mechanism had not been activated (*Hey, they got that something right!*). An Explosive Ordnance Disposal Unit removed the torpedo from the pier. Nobody was injured. The pier was slightly damaged."

Don't be too hard on these skimmer sailors. Despite this incident, Goldsborough's crew must have learned to shoot straight because after this incident they went on to earn the Combat Action Ribbon on eight separate occasions, two Meritorious Unit Commendations, the Navy Unit Commendation and the Cross of Gallantry Unit Citation during the Vietnam War.

Charlie Ryan

## 2002 Seattle Base Officers and Chairs

Commander:	Patrick Householder	425-392-0440
Vice Commander:	Bob Oppe	425-747-1247
Secretary:	John Mansfield	253-922-7551
Treasurer:	Jim Harper	425-357-6485
Membership Chair:	Jim Harper	425-357-6485
Ceremonies Chair:	Ric Hedman	253-922-7551
Base Chaplains:	Mike Bennett	206-767-1934
Chief of the Boat	Ted Taylor	425-228-3764
Editor:	Don Gentry	425-227-5410

## Upcoming Meetings—Seattle Base

November 20 Wednesday	Fleet Reserve, Montlake Terrace 6:30 Social, 7:00—10:00pm Mtg Segundo's capture of the I-401
December 14, 2002 Saturday Spouses/partners welcome	VFW Post 969 3510 E McKinley Ave Tacoma WA 98404  Joint Christmas Lunch with Subvets WWII, Bremerton and Tacoma Bases USSVI Noon - 3 PM (approx.)

## Welcome Aboard to New Crewmembers

Name	Qual Boat
William Major (ST)	Nathan Hale SSBN 623
Don Sass (EN)	Bashaw SSK 241
Richard Bankus (MT)	Bream SSK 243
Sam Ronnie (MM)	Harder SS 568



Photo: To minimize the effect of Allied bombing, the late-war Type XXI boats were built in virtually complete sections at scattered locations, and transported by barge to assembly yards.

Note the "figure 8" cross section of the pressure hull. The lower section was initially intended for storage of hydrogen peroxide for a Walter powerplant; it became, instead, the compartment for the enlarged battery capacity that gave these boats the nickname "Electroboot."



(*"Dinner" continued from page 7*)

Fund".

Seattle Base members can send their donation checks to Jim Harper, Seattle Base Treasurer, 12105 48th Drive SE Everett, WA 98208-9106.

The amount of help we can give these young sub sailors and their families will be dependent on the amount of funds raised and in hand at the National Office by December 2, 2002, so please have your contributions to Jim Harper by November 27th.

In accordance with IRS regulations all donations of \$250 or more will be acknowledged with a "contemporaneously written" letter from the Foundation. Additionally, all donations from \$25 to \$250 will be acknowledged. Your cancelled checks will serve as your substantiation of donation of less than \$25.

Thank you for your support and cooperation in extending a helping hand across the generations to our latest members in our 'Brotherhood of the Dolphin'.

Aloha,

John Peters  
National Commander

## Auburn's Veterans Day Observance

All District 9 US Submarine Veteran (USSVI) members and other SubVets are invited to participate in the Nov 9th Veterans Day Parade in Auburn, WA.

This will be a really big parade and you owe it to yourself to join in the fun. Parade assembly is on Main Street in Auburn at "L" Streets at no later than 10:30 AM. The parade starts marching at 11:00 AM.

The annual Auburn Veterans Day observance features one of the northwest region's largest parades and moves down Main Street at 11 am on the Saturday prior to Veterans Day. In addition to the parade, there is a military static display, entertainment and a Veterans Day luncheon. The parade features more than 20 bands that compete following the parade in the Auburn Veterans Day Marching Band Championship competition.

So far, Seattle, Bremerton and South Sound Base members have reported they are participating, along with the members of Sub Vets of WWII.

Because of the size of the parade, the City of Auburn asks that participants **park at the 600 Car Parking Garage located at A St. S.W. and 1st St.**

(See "Vets Parade" on page 11)

(“Pampanito” - Continued from page 5)

as when everyone weighed just 140-160 pounds, but somehow we squeezed into the four tables for a family style feast. We ate multiple servings of Lenny and Bob’s great cooking and told stories from days, 30, 40, 50 or almost 60 years ago, when each of us sat with



shipmates at these same tables on some remote ocean. Finally we passed around the brandy. Lenny asked Holland Club member Robbie Robertson to tell how his Captain, George Street, earned the Medal of Honor and Robbie, then a young electricians mate on his first submarine, and his shipmates earned the Presidential Unit Citation on USS Tirante (SS-420) in April 1945.

The scent of diesel hung in the air and 1940s big band music played softly over the intercom. Robbie quietly told the thrilling tale. On a black night Tirante skimmed the surface of a Korean harbor, hiding, decks awash, among fishing boats in just 60’ of water. Tirante closed in on a large Japanese ship and opened fire with torpedoes. The enemy ammunition ship didn’t sink, Robbie told us, “it just vaporized in a huge blinding ball of fire that turned night into day”. Nearby Japanese destroyers

weighed anchor to pursue Tirante. She opened fire again and sank two of them, but a third destroyer gave chase. Running at full speed Tirante fired more torpedoes at the pursuer but missed. Reaching deep water in the nick of time Tirante submerged and, after enduring a depth charge attack, escaped the destroyer and avoided the deadly fate that met 52 less fortunate American submarines during the war. We won’t soon forget sipping brandy on Pampanito’s crowded mess deck while Robbie told that story and the old sub gently rocked against the tide.

Later on deck, three hundred feet off the street and with all the visitors gone, darkened Pier 45 was a quiet island in time. The lights of Telegraph Hill and the Bay Bridge must have looked much the same when Pampanito

returned from her last war patrol 57 years ago. What a fantastic “living history” experience!

Everyone slept for a second night on bunks in the officer and chiefs quarters. For old time’s sake I slept in the forward torpedo room where I berthed 33 years ago on a Balao/GUPPY boat. I climbed (OK, struggled) eight feet up the torpedo racks, squeezed under a pipe and somehow wiggled into a bunk over the starboard reloads. Better, for one night at least, than a room at the Four Seasons. I slept well in the narrow submarine bunk as gentle waves slapped the hull and sea air flowed down the torpedo loading hatch.

Thursday we did some chores around the boat. Three of our group left to visit family and the rest moved to a nearby Holiday Inn; a Cub Scout group had the boat Thursday night and none of us had showered since leaving Seattle. Friday

(See “Grey Lady” - continued on page 11)

(“Freedom” continued from page 10)

we slept late, went sightseeing and hung out by Pampanito until Lenny picked us up. We enjoyed the unique experience of going to Scoma’s restaurant as Lenny’s guests at the weekly “Calamari Club”. Lenny said the club dates from the 1920s and is limited to a handful of San Francisco’s “movers and shakers” (leading businessmen, former police chief and mayor, superior court judges, etc.). Calamari Club members roast each other mercilessly, tell stories, have a few drinks and eat lunch. We were treated as guests of honor at the delightful, entertaining event. Afterward Pat Householder presented Lenny a framed certificate confirming him as an honorary life member of USSVI Seattle Base.

Lenny Stefanelli is a colorful (to put it mildly!) submariner, strong supporter of Pampanito and submarine history and all around great and generous guy. He went **way** out of his way for his Seattle Base shipmates, and we owe him a debt of gratitude. Lenny, along with Cliff Nutter’s organizing, Pampanito Ship’s Manager Chris Bach, the San Francisco Maritime Park Association and USSVI Mare Island Base Commander Dom Boncore and his shipmates, made Pampanito Patrol an extraordinarily memorable event. Seattle Base veterans earned the coveted “Pampanito Overnight Crew” patch. We’re probably the only people more than twelve years old to win this award, and we’ll wear it proudly. DBF!

When you’re in San Francisco visit Pampanito to support their efforts to preserve and honor Submarine Service heritage. You can see photos of their accomplishments at (<http://www.maritime.org/pamphome.htm>).

(“Vets Parade” - continued from page 9)

**SE before 10:00 AM (Parking is free) and then converge on our parade assembly point at the corner of Main St. and "L" St (see map attached) to be ready for Parade Marshall moving instructions no later than 10:30 AM.** As parking is about 1,200 yards apart from parade assembly, we will have to provide some kind of vehicle shuttle from the Garage to the Assembly point especially for our older members. If anyone wishes to volunteer along with myself to use their car to shuttle our members, please get back to me by return email.

Western Region Director Jim Foote will be pulling the beautifully maintained USS Bonefish float, which will also be equipped with the new AAa-HOOoGA horn donated by Seattle Base. Shipmate Doug Abramson will have his restored 'collectable' car in the parade featuring USSVI magnetic logo on the sides as well, SubVets WWII will have a wives car in the parade and I've heard unconfirmed reports there may be other subvet restored vintage cars in the parade as well.

Wear your Sub Vet garb if you have it. Otherwise, something else patriotic will do.

See you all there!  
Pat Householder — 425 392-0440

(photo below from 2001 parade)



USSVI Seattle Base  
c/o Patrick Householder  
25003 SE 146th St  
Issaquah, WA 98027

To:

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*"No matter where you travel, when you meet a guy who's been...  
There's an instant kind of friendship 'cause we're brothers of the 'phin."*  
— Robert Reed, G.W. Carver (SSBN-656)

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*("Commander"—from page 1)*

splendid talk on his recent visit to Turkey and the Razorback at our Oct. meeting and a audio tape is available for a minimum \$10.00 donation to the Charitable Foundation.

Our docent work continues on the Russian Foxtrot. Traffic is down now that the summer is gone and hours are cut back. We've sold nearly \$2,000 in sub vet related items to the tourists in the store and gotten roughly \$150.00 in donations for the Charitable Foundation.

In Oct Cliff Nutter, Pat Householder, Charlie Ryan, Robbie Robertson, Phil Ward, Dutch Krompholz, George

Debo, Mike Bennett, Charles Quimby and Doug Abramson visited the USS Pampanito in San Francisco and stayed aboard to work and play. Doug Abramson and Phil Ward even got to light off 2 main engines. It was an unforgettable experience.

We've got a Veterans parade coming up in Auburn on Nov 9th. Be sure to attend. This is a great parade and members from South Sound and Bremerton will be there along with the Bonefish float and our SVWWII brothers.

On Saturday, December 14 we'll have a joint luncheon with our SVWWII brothers and members

of South Sound and Bremerton Bases at the VFW 969 in Tacoma, so mark your calendar and bring your family.

Our base is thriving, meeting attendance is up and most important, we're having fun as we honor our submariner creed and the memories of shipmates past.

Until next we meet, keep a steady bubble.

Fraternally,

Pat