

CORVINA BASE

August 2013

NEWSLETTER



Meetings are held on the first Saturday

Of each month at Denny's Coffee

Shop, 205 E. Nugget Ave. Sparks NV

At 1400 hours.

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SHIPMATES ON ETERNAL PATROL

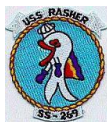
Harry Wellman CS1 (SS)	Harry Sembagh EN3 (SS)
Melvin Phillips ET1 (SS)	Boyd Tieslau TM3 (SS)
Russel Scofield TMCS (SS)	Robert Rich EN1 (SS)
Donald Campbell TM2 (SS)	Francis Signore CSC (SS)
Harold Lister EN3 (SS)	Stanley Blair ICC (SS)
James Avitt RM1 (SS)	Richard Burdette LT. (SS)
Charles H. Massie TM1 (SS)	Wayne F. Garrett ET2 (SS)
Elvin L. Morrison FTC (SS)	Larry Garrelts ETCS(SS)
Erick Bjorum CWO(SS)	Melvin Schreckengost ET2
Norm Snyder EM1(SS)	Charles Hyman MM2(SS)
James T. Wright III	Gordon Lane RMC(SS)
Chester E. MacDowell TMI (SS)	Edwin V. Schalbert TMC (SS)
Jerry D. Noma MM2(SS)	Richard Ekenberg , ETC(SS)
Gerald Stratton ENC(SS)	Richard C. Barringer SOSN(SS)

Base Officers

Base Commander



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Vice Commander



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Secretary



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Newsletter/WEB



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MAL



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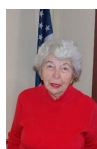
MAL



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Past Base Commander



Dan Moran
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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.



Commanders Log

The August 3rd Corvina Base annual picnic at Davis Creek Park was great as usual. The weather could not have been more perfect. We had a special treat with the Carson City US Naval Sea Cadet Corps Honor Guard opening with the posting of the colors and the Pledge of Allegiance. Thanks to John Hannah and LT(jg) Anthony Sainz for making that happen. Also BZ's to Terry Bolen for planning and shopping for the picnic; and again to John Hannah for the cooking. There were lots of prizes and a nice cash award. We presented LT Sainz with a framed Corvina Base Logo as a thank you.

The annual Base garage sale went well in Hidden Valley. Many thanks to all who participated and braving the hot weather; and to those who donated all of the goods. We had quite a haul to sell. Special thanks to Pete Akerson who made all of the arrangements, and for the use of his driveway. The sale proceeds was down from previous years, but more than enough to make it worthwhile. Guys, we could have used a little more help with the setup on the Friday before; it was a lot of work for four people. Many hands make light work.

I recently saw another sub flick, which is available on DVD- *Phantom* (2013) starring Ed Harris. Interestingly enough, it ties with the book review of *All Hands Down* by Kenneth Sewell, which was in the June Newsletter. Sewell was a consultant for the movie, and it is based on his book *Red Star Rogue*. It's about a rogue Soviet diesel missile sub in the 1960's, and is supposed to be "inspired by true events". It could be based on the sinking of the Soviet sub K-129, which sank for "unknown" reasons northwest of Oahu in March, 1968. The Soviets theory is that the K-129 was sank by a collision with the SWORDFISH; and they in retaliation sank the SCORPION near the Azores in May, 1968. Nevertheless, it's an OK sub flick which includes a KGB "cloaking device"; a Soviet Captain with a lot of issues; and a high-tech canary to detect poisonous gases. It was filmed, in part, on the Soviet B-427 Scorpion sub moored alongside the *RMS Queen Mary* in Long Beach. No imaginary dogs or stunt-canaries were actually harmed during the filming.

Don't forget, coming up on Saturday, September 7th, will be the annual Corvina Base Memorial Service (1000hrs) at the Fernley Veteran's Cemetery.

Dave

Base Commander



Treasurers Report

1. All account balances are available at Base meetings.

2. Deposits for August

From August meeting	\$318.00
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From Garage Sale	\$603.00
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3. Checks issued in August

Frank Urbani	\$104.00
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No report from our secretary as a meeting was not held.

Our Chaplin is in the far reaches of Europe.



Lunch bunch

Sept 20

Texas Roadhouse

150 Damonte Pkwy

Reno, NV

GARAGE SALE PICTURES



Calendar of Events

SEPTEMBER

3- BOD Meeting 0900hrs

7- Memorial Service @ Fernley 1000hrs

11- Patriot Day/Remember 9/11

20- Lunch Bunch 1130 hrs

OCTOBER

1- BOD Meeting 0900 hrs

5- Base Meeting 1400 hrs

13- US Navy 238th Birthday

18- Lunch Bunch 1130 hrs

26- Nevada Day Parade/Carson City

29- BOD Meeting 0900 hrs

Birthday List

September

3 Paul Allen

4 Steven Tefft

9 Ken Anderson

11 Rick Stewart

13 Smoky Jordan

16 Terry Bolen

19 Pete Akerson

25 Patrick Goldstrand

27 Augy Augenstein

28 Ed Brandenburg

30 Lon Schmidt

2013 BASE BOOSTER CLUB LIST

Steve Warner

Leonard Stefanelli

R. Dennis Wiley

Mark Hogan

Jim (Smokey) Jordan

Dan Moran (2)

Jack Quade

Bill Parsons

Dave Aunkst

Terry Bolin

Bob Heaps

Don Brown

Oscar Rambeau

Terry Sheldon-Brown

Bill Desormier

Scott Stanfill

Pete Akerson

Frank Kenyon

Primo Quarisa

Mary Ellen Schwicktenberg

Della Quarisa



I wonder how many got back
To their owners.

CPO Standards

Contributed by: Mike McCaffrey, Admiral (retired USN)

Never forget this, a Chief can become an Officer, but an Officer can never become a Chief. Chiefs have their standards!

Recollections of a White hat.

"One thing we weren't aware of at the time, but became evident as life wore on, was that we learned true leadership from the finest examples any lad was ever given, Chief Petty Officers. They were crusty old bastards who had done it all and had been forged into men who had been time tested over more years than a lot of us had time on the planet. The ones I remember wore hydraulic oil stained hats with scratched and dinged-up insignia, faded shirts, some with a Bull Durham tag dangling out of their right-hand pocket or a pipe and tobacco reloads in a worn leather pouch in their hip pockets, and a Zippo that had been everywhere. Some of them came with tattoos on their forearms that would force them to keep their cuffs buttoned at a Methodist picnic.

Most of them were as tough as a boarding house steak. A quality required to survive the life they lived. They were, and always will be, a breed apart from all other residents of Mother Earth. They took eighteen year old idiots and hammered the stupid bastards into sailors.

You knew instinctively it had to be hell on earth to have been born a Chief's kid. God should have given all sons born to Chiefs a return option.

A Chief didn't have to command respect. He got it because there was nothing else you could give them. They were God's designated hitters on earth.

We had Chiefs with fully loaded Submarine Combat Patrol Pins, and combat air crew wings in my day...hard-core bastards who remembered lost mates, and still cursed the cause of their loss...and they were expert at choosing descriptive adjectives and nouns, none of which their mothers would have endorsed.

At the rare times you saw a Chief topside in dress canvas, you saw rows of hard-earned, worn and faded ribbons over his pocket. "Hey Chief, what's that one and that one?" "Oh hell kid, I can't remember. There was a war on. They gave them to us to keep track of the campaigns." "We didn't get a lot of news out where we were. To be honest, we just took their word for it. Hell son, you couldn't pronounce most of the names of the places we went. They're all depth charge survival gee dunk." "Listen kid, ribbons don't make you a Sailor." We knew who the heroes were, and in the final analysis that's all that matters.

Many nights, we sat in the after mess deck wrapping ourselves around cups of coffee and listening to their stories. They were light-hearted stories about warm beer shared with their running mates in corrugated metal sheds at resupply depots where the only furniture was a few packing crates and a couple of Coleman lamps. Standing in line at a Honolulu cathouse or spending three hours soaking in a tub in Freemantle, smoking cigars, and getting loaded. It was our history. And we dreamed of being just like them because they were our heroes. When they accepted you as their shipmate, it was the highest honor you would ever receive in your life. At least it was clearly that for me. They were not men given to the prerogatives of their position.

You would find them with their sleeves rolled up, shoulder-to-shoulder with you in a stores loading party. "Hey Chief, no need for you to be out here tossin' crates in the rain, we can get all this crap aboard."

"Son, the term 'All hands' means all hands."

"Yeah Chief, but you're no damn kid anymore, you old coot."

"Horsefly, when I'm eighty-five parked in the stove up old bastards' home, I'll still be able to kick your worthless butt from here to fifty feet past the screw guards along with six of your closest friends." And he probably wasn't bullshitting.

They trained us. Not only us, but hundreds more just like us. If it wasn't for Chief Petty Officers, there wouldn't be any U.S. Navy. There wasn't any fairy godmother who lived in a hollow tree in the enchanted forest who could wave her magic wand and create a Chief Petty Officer.

They were born as hot-sacking seamen, and matured like good whiskey in steel hulls over many years. Nothing a nineteen year-old jay-bird could cook up was original to these old saltwater owls. They had seen E-3 jerks come and go for so many years; they could read you like a book. "Son, I know what you are thinking. Just one word of advice. DON'T. It won't be worth it."

"Aye, Chief."

Chiefs aren't the kind of guys you thank. Monkeys at the zoo don't spend a lot of time thanking the guy who makes them do tricks for peanuts.

Appreciation of what they did, and who they were, comes with long distance retrospect. No young lad takes time to recognize the worth of his leadership. That comes later when you have experienced poor leadership or let's say, when you have the maturity to recognize what leaders should be, you find that Chiefs are the standard by which you measure all others.

They had no Academy rings to get scratched up. They butchered the King's English. They had become educated at the other end of an anchor chain from Copenhagen to Singapore . They had given their entire lives to the U.S. Navy. In the progression of the nobility of employment, Chief Petty Officer heads the list. So, when we ultimately get our final duty station assignments and we get to wherever the big Chief of Naval Operations in the sky assigns us, if we are lucky, Marines will be guarding the streets, and there will be an old Chief in an oil-stained hat and a cigar stub clenched in his teeth standing at the brow to assign us our bunks and tell us where to stow our gear... and we will all be young again, and the damn coffee will float a rock.

Life fixes it so that by the time a stupid kid grows old enough and smart enough to recognize who he should have thanked along the way, he no longer can. If I could, I would thank my old Chiefs. If you only knew what you succeeded in pounding in this thick skull, you would be amazed. So, thanks you old casehardened unsalvageable son-of-a-bitches. Save me a rack in the berthing compartment."

Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass. It's about learning to dance.

One of our members sent this to me. He will remain anonymous
for his protection.

I have a little GPS
I've had it all my life
It's better than the normal ones
My GPS is my wife

It gives me full instructions
Especially how to drive
"It's thirty miles an hour", it says
"You're doing thirty five"

It tells me when to stop and start
And when to use the brake
And tells me that it's never ever
Safe to overtake

It tells me when a light is red
And when it goes to green
It seems to know instinctively
Just when to intervene

It lists the vehicles just in front
And all those to the rear
And taking this into account
It specifies my gear.

I'm sure no other driver
Has so helpful a device
For when we leave and lock the car
It still gives its advice

Ah well, you see, it cleans the house,
Makes sure I'm properly fed,
It washes all my shirts and things
And - keeps me warm in bed!

Despite all these advantages
And my tendency to scoff,
I do wish that once in a while
I could turn the damned thing off.

Labor Day sayings

If a train station is where the train stops, and a bus station is where the bus stops, what is a work station?



If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.
Be the labor great or small, Do it well or not at all.

Happy Labor Day!

Now go stuff your gut with hot dogs like a good American.



LABOR DAY



Labor Leaves Us Little Time to Live

Labor leaves us little time to live
As we are given less than we must give,
Being but the undistinguished sea
On which may sail those who catch the wind.
Reason not with sailors, but together
Designate the furies of your weather,
And storm, if storm the wayward watchword be,
Yielding waves that little leave behind.

*Labor Day officially ends summer,
As those who work enjoy one final fling.
Blessed are those who bear the daily burden,
Of whom few savants speak or minstrels sing,
Returning to the shallows of September.*

*Days of ease give way to hours certain,
A long routine that wends its way towards winter,
Yearning for the promises of spring.*

Classifieds

The following business have generously donated to defray the costs of
printing and distributing the Corvina Base Newsletter.

Please consider using them if you need one of their services and
let them know you saw it in the newsletter.

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Holland Club members are those submarine veterans of USSVI (United States Submarine Veterans, Inc.) that qualified on a submarine 50 or more years ago. When qualified, a sailor earns the right to wear, and responsibility of, the dolphin insignia of submarine service.

Russell Noragon MMC (SS)



USS Segundo SS-398

Qual Date 1963

James Tiernan QMC(SS)



USS Irex SS-482

Qual Date 1958

Frank Urbani EN2 (SS)



USS Gudgeon SS-567

Qual Date 1958

Lowell Wapelhorst MOMM2(SS)



USS Angler SSK-240

Qual Date 1944

Clyde Webber ETNSN (SS)



USS Trumpefish SS-425

Qual Date 1954

Phillip Zeddies ENFN (SS)



USS Caiman SS-323

Qual Date 1960

Arthur Akerson LCDR



USS Carbonero SS-337

Qual Date 1949

Gerald Baer ENFN (SS)



USS Charr SS-328

Qual Date 1959

Richard Barringer SOSN (SS)



USS Bang SS-385

Qual Date 1952

Joseph Casten EM3 (SS)



USS Baya AGSS-318

Qual Date 1954

Dave Craig ETC (SS)



USS Croaker SS-246

Qual Date 1961

Terry Critchett EM3 (SS)



USS Bluegill SS-242

Qual Date 1955

Richard Dentino EM3 (SS)



USS Tigrone SS-419

Qual Date 1955

Paul Allen EN1 (SS)



USS Blackfin (SS-322)

Qual Date 1963

Bruce Hedrick EM2 (SS)



USS Sea Dragon SS-584

Qual Date 1961

Donald Johnson RMC (SS)



USS Charr SS-328

Qual Date 1958

James Jordan TMSN (SS)



USS Toro SS-422

Qual Date 1948

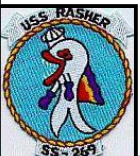
Frank Kenyon EM3 (SS)



USS Skate SS-305

Qual Date 1944

Walter Lewis IC1 (SS)



USS Rasher SS-269

Qual Date 1961

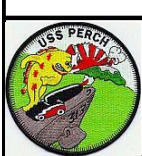
Frank Lipera EM2 (SS)



USS Greenfish SS-351

Qual Date 1960

Kenneth Anderson EMC (SS)



USS Perch SS-313

Qual Date 1963

Holland Club Members (cont)

<p>Kenneth McCray EN1 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Blackfin SS-322</p> <p>Qual Date 1951</p>	<p>Daniel Moran EN3 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Jallao SS-368</p> <p>Qual Date 1959</p>	<p>Raoul Noland EM2 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Trutta SS-421</p> <p>Qual Date 1945</p>
<p>William Parsons RM1 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Thresher SS-200</p> <p>Qual Date 1941</p>	<p>Jack Quade SN (SS)</p>  <p>USS Skipjack SS-184</p> <p>Qual Date 1943</p>	<p>Primo Quarisa EN3 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Aspro SS-309</p> <p>Qual Date 1952</p>
<p>Oscar Rambeau Qm3 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Carp SS-338</p> <p>Qual Date 1954</p>	<p>James Saunders SOS3 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Greenfish SS-351</p> <p>Qual Date 1960</p>	<p>Dennis Wiley E9 MMCM(MDV/SS/SW)</p>  <p>USS Medregal (SS-480)</p> <p>Qual Date 1963</p>
<p>Lionel Schmidt STS1 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Seafox SS-402</p> <p>Qual Date 1955</p>	<p>Jon Schoenfeld ET2 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Sea Cat SS-399</p> <p>Qual Date 1960</p>	<p>Delmar Schwichtenberg CWO3 (SS)</p> <div> <p>No</p> <p>Patch</p> </div> <p>USS O6 SS-67</p> <p>Qual Date 1941</p>
<p>Albert Skidmore YN2 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Diodon SS-349</p> <p>Qual Date 1947</p>	<p>Herbert Starmer HMC (SS)</p>  <p>USS Cobia SS-245</p> <p>Qual Date 1944</p>	<p>Leonard Stefanelli QM3 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Catfish SS-339</p> <p>Qual Date 1954</p>
<p>David Aunkst ET1 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Rasher SS-269</p> <p>Qual Date 1962</p>	<p>Rod Friedline STS1 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Pomfret SS-391</p> <p>Qual Date 1962</p>	<p>Gabriel Fretias SK3 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Wahoo SS-565</p> <p>Qual Date 1962</p>
<p>Harry Cousins LT</p>  <p>USS Chopper SS-342</p> <p>Qual Date 1962</p>	<p>Norman Peterson IC2 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Growler SSG-577</p> <p>Qual Date 1962</p>	<p>Robert Heaps IC2 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Grampus SS-523</p> <p>Qual Date 1962</p>
<p>Bill Desormier SK3 (SS)</p>  <p>USS Plunger SSN-595</p> <p>Qual Date 1963</p>	<p>Wayne Levie SN (SS)</p>  <p>USS Bashaw AGSS-241</p> <p>Qual Date 1963</p>	<p>Elmer Hopson</p>  <p>USS Pomfret SS-391</p> <p>Qual Date 1963</p>