



The 7MC

A Publication of
Wahoo Base USSVI
August 2017



Wahoo Base Officers

Base Commander & P.O.C.

Jim Van Vranken

1520 Cypress Lane
Chowchilla, CA 93610
olfatman@sbcglobal.net
(559) 665-0474
(707) 696-2578

Vice Commander Del Bowlby

5739 N. Cedar Ave Apt. 263
Fresno, CA 93710
delrbowlby@sbcglobal.net
(559) 270-2191

Secretary / Treasurer & Storekeeper

Glenn Boothe

131 W. Warwick Ave.
Clovis, CA 93619-3709
gbpluspb@aol.com
(559) 322-6624

Chaplin Donald Johnson

311 N. Carl Drive
Visalia, CA 93291
70524.1023@compuserve.com
(559) 732-4440

Past Commander Robert Howk

2001 N. Van Ness Blvd.
Fresno, CA 93704
rlh@howk-downing.com
(559) 229-8109/905-9426

www.wahoobase.com

Our Creed

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

From The Commander

Shipmates, According to the Wahoo Base By-Laws Article III, Section 1, sub-section C. Dual Members says this; All Regular Members who consider another Base as primary, yet request affiliation with the Wahoo Base shall be carried as “Dual Base” members. Dual base members will be required to pay base dues as per Base bylaws. Dual Base members may vote on Base matters but not National Matters. With this thought in mind, as dual base members, I will tell you that you will be receiving a letter telling you of the changes that we are making to the Wahoo Base By-Laws. But according to the Wahoo Base By-Laws here is the way that members vote; ARTICLE VII, Section 1. Amendments. Amendments to these Bylaws require a written notice to the membership thirty days prior to acceptance by a two-thirds vote at a regular meeting. So even though you are getting a letter of the changes you need to vote at the Base

meeting and the Wahoo Base has set that meeting as the September meeting. That date is the 16th of September. You cannot vote by mail and you cannot vote by proxy. But I as Base Commander will listen or read any thoughts that you want to send to me via snail mail or email. By the way, I, the Base Commander, will be in Cleveland, OH for a USS Wahoo reunion during that meeting. So I guess you will get the results after I get back to California.

Jim Van Vranken Base Commander

August Meeting

The August meeting of the Wahoo Base is the planning meeting it will be held at the home of Glenn Boothe. The address is 131 W. Warwick Ave Clovis, CA. The meeting will start at 12:00 pm. We will eat after the meeting. Bring what you want to eat for lunch.

August Anniversaries

Steve & Dawn Bloch	8/2
Gene & Robbie Bonas	8/3

August Birthdays

Pauline Pratt	8/9
John Welch	8/18
Richard Marlin	8/18
Gloria Hoe	8 /19

July Minutes

There are no real minutes of the July meeting because there was no official meeting. Pete Juhos the District 5

Commander wanted to meet with the Wahoo Base in July but because we had no meeting in July Pete and Del Bowlby came to Barbara & Mine home for about three hours to go over the By-Law changes that we are making and Pete also gave us a few things to think about concerning the Base. One of the things was that the combining of the USSVI By-Laws and Constitution will be voted on at the 2018 USSVI Convention. Pete also mentioned that we should have a membership committee Chairman and that he should have tools power to make changes to the Wahoo Base Data online. The USSVI has given permission for a Western Region assistant because Bob Bissonette is still working. The assistant WR Commander is James (Jim) Denzien, Sr. Pete also stated that I as editor of the 7MC should send the 7MC to Fred Borgmann at the USSVI Office and a few other USSVI people.

Boats lost in August



USS S – 39 (SS 144) Lost August 13, 1942 all the crew were rescued after running aground on a reef south of Rossel Island Louisande Archipelago.



USS Flier (SS 250) Lost August 13, 1944 with a loss of (78 men 8 men survived and were later rescued by USS Redfin (SS 272) when sunk by a Japanese mine in the Balabac Strait south of Palawan



USS Harder (SS 257) Lost August 24, 1944 with the loss of all hands (79 men) during a Japanese depth charge attack off Luzon, Republic of the Philippines.

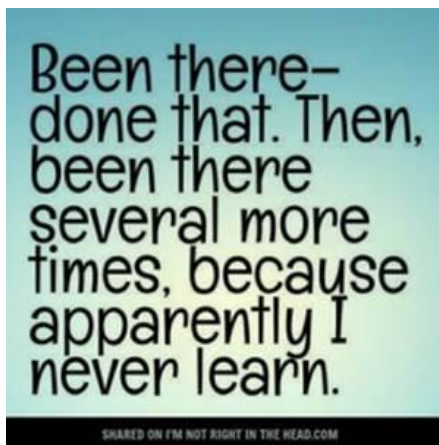


USS Bullhead (SS 332) Lost August 6, 1945 with the loss of all hands (84 men) off the coast of Bali by a Japanese air attack.



USS Cochino (SS 345) lost August 26, 1949 with the loss of 1 civilian and 6 men from the USS Tusk (SS 426) off the coast of Norway due to a battery explosion and fire.

Thought For The Month



This is Part 6 and the End of an Article about the World War II Era Written by Michael Skurat

When conditions approached that of a Chinese garbage scow junk with an overflowing head and the crew in dire need of fumigation the Skipper might decide to allow showers piecemeal by sections. You lined up to enter the shower, the Chief of the Boat turned on the water for 2 seconds and shut it down while you soaped down. You were then allowed a correspondingly brief rinse.

Each member of the crew was allotted one locker which measured about 12" high, 18" wide and about 18" deep. You kept your uniforms under your mattress. Your rack had a plastic zip around cover. Your mattress was encased in a "mattress cover" which was akin to a oversized pillow case. Able to be turned over once and some even turned them inside out and got two more uses. Less the uninitiated be stunned by that you must be cognizant of lack of water for regular laundry. Internal communications on board were conducted by the 1MC and 7MC phone and speaker systems. To reenter a submarine after handling lines etc. when returning to port was a shocking revelation. It was impossible to believe that you had survived that malodorous environment. Politely put the atmosphere was conducive to a shanty town house of ill repute that also was inundated by a back up of its sewer system. Pity the poor relief crew that had to come on board and make the boat shipshape again. You could immediately identify an Electrician on a submarine. He was the individual with the most shredded moth eaten dungarees. Ribald humor was the tenor of the day. No topic or human frailty was off limits. Nothing

was sacred. Horseplay and trickery were the order of the day. The antics and demeanor of the crew, both at sea and ashore, would not be socially acceptable nor politically correct nowadays. I fear that the late Admiral Rickover would have been aghast. One real advantage was food, especially when you first went out. Although they were ridden without mercy the cooks did an excellent job of feeding the crew. We ate family style off china plates. Our officers ate exactly what the enlisted personnel did. The stewards would come back to the After Battery Galley and fill their serving plates and bring it to the Forward Battery for the Wardroom. When leaving port rations were stored in every conceivable space (including the shower since it wouldn't be needed). However, as supplies diminished the cooks were hard pressed to come up with varied favorable menus. All boats had "open icebox" so you could prepare and cook anything you wanted at any time as long as you cleaned up after yourself. The After Battery "Mess" was for chow, off duty recreation, meeting space and a hang-out. This is a collective attempt at recollection after the passing of a half-century so any errors or omissions hopefully forgiven as "senior frailties". Much of this is collective memory and is a compilation of boats in general. There is no pride of authorship so any comments, additions, corrections and/or deletions are welcome and appreciated. This is merely a historical comparison as best one can do and is in no way a negative reflection between "then and now".

GOD BLESS ALL SUBMARINERS
Past, Present and Future

On the Lighter Side

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex standing in the foyer of the church staring up at a large plaque. It was covered with names and small American flags mounted on either side of it. The six-year old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy, and said quietly, 'Good morning Alex.' 'Good morning Pastor,' he replied, still focused on the plaque. 'Pastor, what is this?' The pastor said, 'Well son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service.'

Soberly, they just stood together, staring at the large plaque. Finally, little Alex's voice, barely audible and trembling with fear asked, "Which service, the 9:00 or the 11:00?"

A priest, a doctor, and an engineer were waiting one morning for a particularly slow group of golfers. The engineer fumed, "What's with those guys? We must have been waiting for fifteen minutes!" The doctor chimed in, "I don't know, but I've never seen such inept golf!" The priest said, "Here comes the greens-keeper. Let's have a word with him." He said, "Hello George, what's wrong with that group ahead of us? They're rather slow, aren't they?" The greens-keeper replied, "Oh, yes. That's a group of blind firemen. They lost their sight saving our clubhouse from a fire last year, so we always let them play for free anytime!" The group fell silent for a moment. The priest said, "That's so sad. I think I will say a special prayer for them tonight." The doctor said, "Good idea. I'm going to contact my ophthalmologist colleague and see if there's anything she can do for them." The engineer said, "Why can't they play at night?"

John, who lived in the north of England, decided to go golfing in Scotland with his buddy, Shawn. So they loaded up John's minivan and headed north. After driving for a few hours, they got caught in a terrible blizzard. So they pulled into a nearby farm and asked the attractive lady who answered the door if they could spend the night. 'I realize it's terrible weather out there and I have this huge house all to myself, but I'm recently widowed,' she explained, 'and I'm afraid the neighbors will talk if I let you stay in my house.' 'Don't worry,' John said. 'We'll be happy to sleep in the barn. And if the weather breaks, we'll be gone at first light.' The lady agreed, and the two men found their way to the barn and settled in for the night. Come morning, the weather had cleared, and they got on their way. They enjoyed a great weekend of golf.

But about nine months later, John got an unexpected letter from an attorney. It took him a few minutes to figure it out, but he finally determined that it was from the attorney of that attractive widow he had met on the golf weekend. He dropped in on his friend Shawn and asked, "Shawn, do you remember that good-looking widow from the farm we stayed at on our golf holiday in Scotland about 9 months ago?" 'Yes, I do,' said Shawn 'Did you, er, happen to get up in the middle of the night, go up to the house and pay her a visit?' 'Well, um, yes!,' Shawn said, a little embarrassed about being found out, 'I have to admit that I did.' 'And did you happen to give her my name instead of telling her your name?' Shawn's face turned beet red and he said, 'Yeah, look, I'm sorry, buddy. I'm afraid I did. Why do you ask?' 'She just died and left me everything.'

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales. The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human because even though it was a very large mammal its throat was very small. The little girl stated that Jonah was swallowed by a whale. Irritated, the teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human; it was physically impossible. The little girl said, 'When I get to heaven I will ask Jonah'. The teacher asked, 'What if Jonah went to hell?' The little girl replied, 'Then you ask him'.

One day a little girl was sitting and watching her mother do the dishes at the kitchen sink. She suddenly noticed that her mother had several strands of white hair sticking out in contrast on her brunette head. She looked at her mother and inquisitively asked, 'Why are some of your hairs white, Mum?' Her mother replied, 'Well, every time that you do something wrong and make me cry or unhappy, one of my hairs turns white.' The little girl thought about this revelation for a while and then said, 'Mummy, how come ALL of grandma's hairs are white?'

What did the momma cow say to the baby cow? Its Pasture bedtime

What did the buffalo say to his son as he left for college? Bison

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**LIFE IS TOUGH.
IT'S TOUGHER IF
YOU'RE STUPID.**

