



USS Cusk SSG 348 Newsletter

Volume II Issue 1

Fall 2006

We are into our third year of the Cusk newsletter. Things are going fine. The Cusk Booster Club has had a real good response, as you will see later in this newsletter. We will start a new Cusk Booster Club for 2006-08. On the down side, we are spending too much money on mailing to wrong addresses. When you change your information, phone No., address, e-mail, etc., please let Bill Vincent know.

Planning for the next reunion, at Charleston SC in May 2008, Greg Czech is in charge of the reunion. The information will appear in future additions of the newsletter.

We just completed our reunion in Branson, MO. It was well attended and everybody had a great time. The hospitality room was spacious and well stocked.

It was a great place to gather, renew old friendships, make new friendships, and tell sea stories. A real Bravo Zulu to Delmer and Shirley Wetering, and Karen Lyons for a job well done. We all were real glad to see Mike and Terry Fallatt.

Reunion Agenda

Hotel: Lodge of Ozarks, Branson, MO.

Wednesday, August 23: Check in day and Hospitality room open.

Thursday, August 24: We went to Silver Dollar City during the day. Silver Dollar City is a great park, a little hilly, but a great family park. One of the highlights for us was the train ride and the train robbery that followed. Thursday evening was open to go to any show or dinner. Hospitality room was open.

Friday, August 25: Morning and early afternoon open. A chance to do some exploring, do some shopping.

3 p.m: Because of the weather, we had to postpone the Memorial Service until after the business meeting on Saturday.

4 p.m: We boarded the Branson Belle for a meal and entertainment. Leisure dress. The Branson Belle was a ball. The shows and costume changes were as good as ever seen in Las Vegas or Reno.

One of the highlights of the show was a ventriloquist act with a talking dog. He picked two people from the audience to assist him on the stage. One of the people he picked was Joan Dalton, Bob's wife. She is a natural ham and with her gestures, she became so much a part of the show that many thought she was a part of the act.

Saturday, August 26: 9 a.m. ladies breakfast, by the pool area and hat decoration.

Saturday, August 26: Mens breakfast and business meeting at Crystal Hall which was next to the hospitality room. After the meeting, we held our memorial ceremony.

Saturday Evening, August 26: Pictures were taken in the hotel lobby at 4 p.m. Picture was an 8 x10 color print for \$12 per picture. After picture taking, we went to Club Vegas in the Lodge for dinner and show. Ladies could wear their hats if they wanted to. After an especially good dinner, there was dancing. It was a fun evening for all, especially saying goodbyes. The hospitality room was open very late.

Sunday August 27

It was departure day for most of the guests. Plans were set for the 2008 Cusk Reunion in Charleston, SC. Information where the churches were located were provided. Other sites to think about if you had a car, included Eureka Springs, a small historic town south of Branson, Stone Hill Winery Tour, one hour long, wine tasting included. Cedar Lodge is about 10 miles south of Branson and has a breakfast buffet.

Driving back to the Springfield airport was fun, trying to find an open gas station. The plane to Dallas-Fort Worth was an hour late, but we made our connection. For those who missed it, it was a great reunion. Looking forward to seeing all of you in Charleston SC in May 2008.

One last thing, anybody who would like an update of the Cusk roster, let me know and I will send you one, either by e-mail or snail mail.

Bill V

USS Cusk Newsletter Boosters 2006-08

Boosters contribute money to cover the cost of the newsletter. To raise funds for the Cusk newsletter, a Booster Club has been established. Anybody who sends a contribution will have their name added to the Booster Club list.

Make contribution checks to the Cusk Newsletter Fund and mail to:

William E. Vincent
Cusk Newsletter Editor
10249 Ainsworth Dr.
Cupertino, CA 95014-1001
(408)749-8541
e-mail wvincen1@pacbell.net

Boosters: 2006-08

Richard Carroll, David Meyer, Bill Nix, Anthony Sauk, Jack Sclairpon, Charles Stills, Charles Walker, Bill Vincent

People who attended the 2006 reunion

Tom & Susanne Arnold
Charlie & Betty Boushley
Charlie & Mary Brown
Larry & Norma Callihan
Richard & Rose Carroll
Robert & Herta Comperini
Gregory Czech
Robert & Joan Dalton
Mike & Terry Fallatt
Louis & Peggy Gamer
John & Kay Gardner
Norva Green
George & Arlene Harlow
Chuck Harner
Bill & Mary Jean Hrbacek

People who attended the 2006 reunion (Cont)

James & Nancy Hume
Jack & Isabel Kimball
Nelson Kirsh
Leo & Charlotte Kunkel
Robert & Suzy Lowry
Karen Lyons
Mark & Kay Markham
Vernon & Carmen Maxson
John McBriar
Robert & Peggy McDonald
Mac & Marge McKenzie Jr.
Richard & Margaret McKenzie
William & Ruth McNay
Robert Moritz & Wanda Wilbe
Bill & Susan Munson

**People who attended the 2006 reunion
(Cont)**

David & Carmelita Meyer
 Billy & Nancy Nix
 Tony & Gloria Sauk
 Jack & Vickie Scairpon
 John & Connie Scarlett
 Dennis Schultz
 Edward & Peggy Schulze
 Harry & Doris Senior
 George & Gerda Shreve
 Donald Shoemaker
 Richard & Joanne Specht

**People who attended the 2006 reunion
(Cont)**

Gerald & Pauline Spielman
 Harold & Kay Staggs
 Gerald Stratton
 Charlie & Joann Stills
 Art & Carolyn Thomson
 Gary & Virginia Tucker
 William Vincent & Lu Mitchell
 Joe & Mary William
 William & Nancy Weisensee
 Delmer & Shirley Wetering

Lost Shipmates

Does anyone know of the whereabouts of these shipmates? Their names appear on past rosters but their addresses can't be verified. If you know anything about these shipmates please fill out the form (appearing elsewhere in the newsletter) and mail to Bill Vincent.

Name	Rate	Time on boat
John Michael Barr		
Edward "Eddie" Bernight	TAD	68
George E. Berry		56-57
Norwood Bridgers		
Lawrence Cummings	STS2 (SS)	
A W "AL" Covington	TM 1 (SS)	54-56
Morris Christensen	Lt (SS)	54-56
David P. Duerr	EN 2 (SS)	66-68
Pete Esterle		
Don Floyd		64-66
Larry Franklin		
Paul Gavala	CCS	46
Don Gill	TM3 (SS)	61-52
Gary "Goose" Gosney	TM2 (SS)	65
Irving Goldberg		45
Walter Hanau		
George Henry		
J.M. "Hump" Humphries		
Ernest Keeran		
Allan Kirkpatrick		62-66
Creighton Knutson		
Earl L. Krabill		
Jim Le Blanc	YN3 (SS)	58-59
David J. La Pierre	STS3 (SS)	64-66
Vince "Mac" Mahany	IC3 (SS)	64-66
Robert Manton	RM3	62-66

Lost Shipmates (Cont)

Gary Markwell
 Mark K. Maynard
 Richard J. Murphy
 Arthur O'Maelly Jr.
 Roby Richards
 Herbert Rinn
 William A. Roberts
 Richard E. Rusconi
 Richard Saunders
 Jullius J. Sedtal Jr. 67-69
 Kirby L. Sheets
 Wesley M. Shrum
 Peter Smith
 Jim Spivey EN3 (SS) 60-62
 Robert Laird Starkey
 Jammie D. Tipton IC1 (SS) 68-68
 Waldon W. Wilson LCDR 52-53
 Jerry L. Weaver TMCS (SS)
 Dennis Weller
 Richard Weyenberg
 Jim Wiely TM2 (SS) 49-53
 Robert E. Woods

**USS Cusk Shipmates on Final Patrol
since August, 2006**

These are the names of Cusk crewmates that are on final patrol. Anyone who knows of others who are deceased, please send to Bill Vincent.

Jones, Bill

Shipmates:

I need your help. I need an update of your information for the Cusk newsletter.

First name	MI	Last name	Spouse	Address		
City		State	Zip	Rate	Time on ship	
Phone No.			And most important e-mail (if there is one)			

Send to:

William E. Vincent
Cusk Newsletter Editor
10249 Ainsworth Dr.
Cupertino, CA 95014-1001
(408)749-8541
e-mail wvincen1@pacbell.net

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Pictures of the Cusk Reunion 2006



Jim & Nancy Hume, Lu Mitchell & Bill Vincent



Mac & Marge McKenzie Jr.



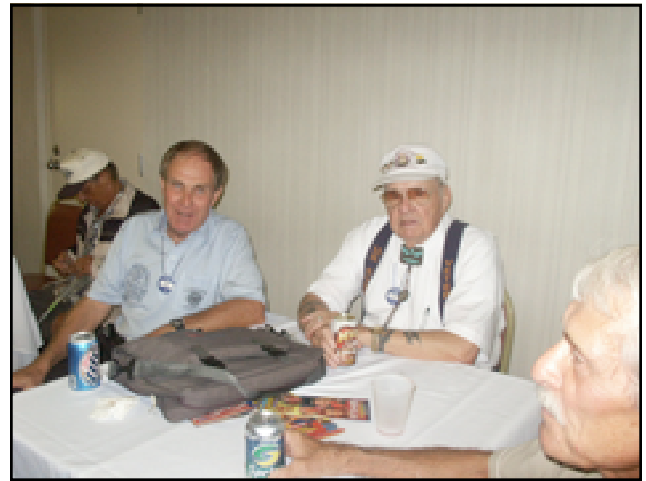
Rigger Moritz and Billy Nix



Bob Lowry



Jack Scairpon and Leo and Charlotte Kunkel



Greg Czech and Charlie Brown



Bill Hrbacek



Delmer Wetering and Richard Carroll



Boarding the Branson Belle



**Waiting for dinner and the show on the
Branson Belle**

Life on an APL

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

When ships go into the yards, they 'offload' the contents and crew. In the Norfolk Naval Shipyard, that meant moving the crews into floating contraptions known as auxiliary personnel lighters... Floating steel boarding houses that could handle up to a light cruiser crew.

At the time we pulled into drydock #2, our crew along with a second boat crew had moved into "musty mattress heaven," an APL located adjacent to our boat's drydock position.

To be honest, the accommodations weren't half-bad. Aboard subs, you had a locker the size of a breadbox and shared a bunk. On an APL, you could have all the broom closet-size lockers you wanted to homestead and could control a whole section of bunks. You could 'bunk hop' to an area with guys who listened to country music... Played hearts all night... Or maintained deck silence to get some sleep. The area where silence was maintained was known as the 'red light district' because we kept it in continual red light for odd-hour sleepers.

The first thing you did when you came aboard was haul musty mattresses topside, a Navy enlisted evolution known as 'airing bedding.' APL mattresses were members of the same family as skid row flophouse mattresses. APL bedding was never high on the Navy's priority list.

Also, we found that the below decks compartment ventilation needed some repair and maintenance before we could get proper airflow down in the bowels of the steel monster. The names and hull numbers of hundreds of ships were written or scratched into the paint everywhere, to which ours was added in several locations USS REQUIN (SS-481).

Life aboard an APL, once you got into the routine, was about as good as naval service got.

You had morning muster after all the married brown baggers (khaki-sackers) turned up.

At morning quarters, the engineering officer and chief of the boat divvied up the work assignments. Most rated petty officers took care of upgrading and part replacement on their assigned gear. The non-rated guys stood fire watches and cleaned our floating 'rat box.'

For men who spent a great deal of time beyond the limits of sunshine, life on an APL was a very agreeable novelty. The galley and mess deck were monstrous compared to anything we had experienced, other than on our tender and shore-based transient galleys.

Submariners had a long established tradition called 'open galley.' For those of you not familiar with the term, let me attempt to explain.

Any submariner who was willing to clean up after himself could break out anything he wished to eat and cook it for himself or a group of shipmates. Dining aboard submarines was about as informal as communal bread-breaking got. At times, submariners partaking of daily sustenance resembled Robin Hood's Merry Men at a Sherwood Forest feast. The only difference being we left things shipshape afterwards... And we had no dogs to toss scraps to.

Those who desired to, could phone for pizza and Chinese food deliveries.

Most evenings, someone would tap into the 1MC and since no one had yet invented ethnic sensitivity, would announce:

"Anyone wanting to get in on a chink chow order lay topside. First and last call for roast rat and noodles."

You could draw your chow and haul your steel shingle topside, watch the river traffic and duck seagull crap, out in fresh air, in either daylight or starlight.

We collected a load of discarded lawn furniture and created what we perceived to be a luxury liner promenade deck... But it looked more like the Beverly Hillbillies. I can't remember any officers coming aboard our floating raghat ghetto... We owned it.

We had practical factor lectures. Our corpsman, the ever-faithful Walter 'Doc' Rohre, taught us first aid. We learned how to field strip and clean all onboard small arms. We learned basic code and how to read flashing light. We learned how to read channel buoys, merchant ship colors and easily recognized stack markings. And, we learned about the evils of indebtedness, alcoholism and various types of VD... The kind girls all over the world were lined up to give stupid American bluejackets.

I can't imagine what it would have been like, living on a fully loaded APL. Somehow, I conjure up visions of overcrowded migratory labor camps or cheap hotels in Bangladesh. But they were pretty spacious for 130 boat sailors.

Most of the animals assigned bunks on the APL were non-rated idiots or junior petty officers. The mature enlisted leadership was either married or had a steady shack-up with some honey on the other side of the base gate.

The rambunctious wild men on the APL created their own amusement.

The most popular after hours sport was chariot racing. They had these two-wheel carts everywhere. When ships pulled into drydocks, they secured the sill (the opening by which a ship enters a drydock). They would float this metal dock door into place, then flood it down until it seated, forming a seal. Then, lines would be thrown to men on deck. These lines were faked down in those prepositioned carts.

Some civilian engineer was situated at the head of the drydock with a surveyor's transit and made hand signals to indicate which lines had to be taken in or slacked off on, to position the ship over large concrete blocks that the ship would rest on, as the water was pumped out and the hull settled in position. Then, the pumping began. After an hour or two, the ship came to rest on the concrete blocks, held in place by the network of lines. With all the lines in use, the little two-wheel carts were all standing around empty.

In the evening, we would form up teams and hold chariot races around the drydock, ala 'Ben Hur' style, with most of the horses being E-3s... Comprised of mess cooks, firewatchers and APL cleaning coolies. It's amazing what grown men could come up with to amuse themselves.

We also found that we could shoot welding rods one helluva long way out of the hoses of CO2 fire extinguishers. There were two tin-cans... Old 700 class Fletchers, in the drydock with us. At night, we would launch welding rods at the two destroyers. We called it 'Admiral Yamamoto Kamikaze Drill.' This might seem to some as 'stupid,' but it passed time for kids who were broke and bored as hell.

The dumbest thing that was done, was pulled off by two drunks returning one night. At one side of the drydock was a covered shed with several time clocks... A rack of time cards... And several hundred yellow safety helmets with big, black '72's painted on them. Shop 72 was the riggers shop.

When the two loaded returning bluejackets returned, they noticed that the stacks of the two destroyers had been removed and placed on the floor of the drydock. Well, these two totally inebriated undersea warriors proceeded to toss all... Repeat, ALL... Of the yellow Shop 72 helmets at the two destroyer stacks, keeping score of those actually going into the stacks.

The next morning, all hell broke loose when men started to punch in and found the floor of the drydock literally covered with Shop 72 yellow helmets. A four-striper showed up, snorting fire and ready to pour molten lava on the clown or clowns responsible. We underwent a mass interrogation, during which time the little irate, fireplug-built bastard must have said, "When I get my gahdam hands on the sonuvabitches responsible for this stunt, I'm going to..." fifty or sixty times

We stood there along with the two now badly hung-over culprits with the look of total innocence submarine crews often adopt when the lion-tamers and alligator wrestlers show up. Under threat of dismemberment, being boiled in oil and a complete

litany of possible unpleasantness, we explained that to us, it appeared to be the kind of thing a tin can sailor would do.

After the captain left, we all shook hands and took the customary sub crew blood oath not to give up the culprits. Straight face lying to heavyweight authority came with Silver Dolphins... But never to commissioned members of the brotherhood, except what was required for favorable consideration at Captain's Mast.

Many favorable memories were hand built in Navy yards. All submariners have them.

Funnies

Here are the top ten reasons why men favor guns over women.

10. You can trade an old 44 for a new 22.
9. You can keep one gun at home and have another for when you're on the road.
8. If you admire a friend's gun and tell him so, he will probably let you try it out a few times.
7. Your primary gun doesn't mind if you keep another gun for a backup.
6. Your gun will stay with you even if you run out of ammo.
5. A gun doesn't take up a lot of closet space.
4. Guns function normally every day of the month.
3. A gun doesn't ask, "Do these new grips make me look fat?"
2. A gun doesn't mind if you go to sleep after you use it.

And the number one reason men favor guns over women....

**1. YOU CAN BUY A SILENCER
FOR A GUN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Making a difference

Here's a truly heart-warming story about the bond formed between a little 5-year-old girl and some construction workers that makes you believe that we CAN make a difference when we give a child the gift of our time ...

A young family moved into a house, next door to a vacant lot. One day a construction crew turned up to start building a house on the empty lot. The young family's 5-year-old daughter naturally took an interest in all the activity going on next door and spent much of each day observing the workers.

Eventually the construction crew, all of them gems-in-the-rough, more or less, adopted her as a kind of project mascot. They chatted with her, let her sit with them while they had coffee and lunch breaks, and gave her little jobs to do here and there to make her feel important. At the end of the first week, they even presented her with a pay envelope containing a couple of dollars.

The little girl took this home to her mother who said all the appropriate words of admiration and suggested that they take the two dollar "pay" she had received to the bank the next day to start a savings account.

When they got to the bank, the teller was equally impressed and asked the little girl how she earned the money. The little girl proudly replied, "I worked last week with the crew building the house next door to us."

My goodness gracious," said the teller, "and will you be working on the house again this week, too?"

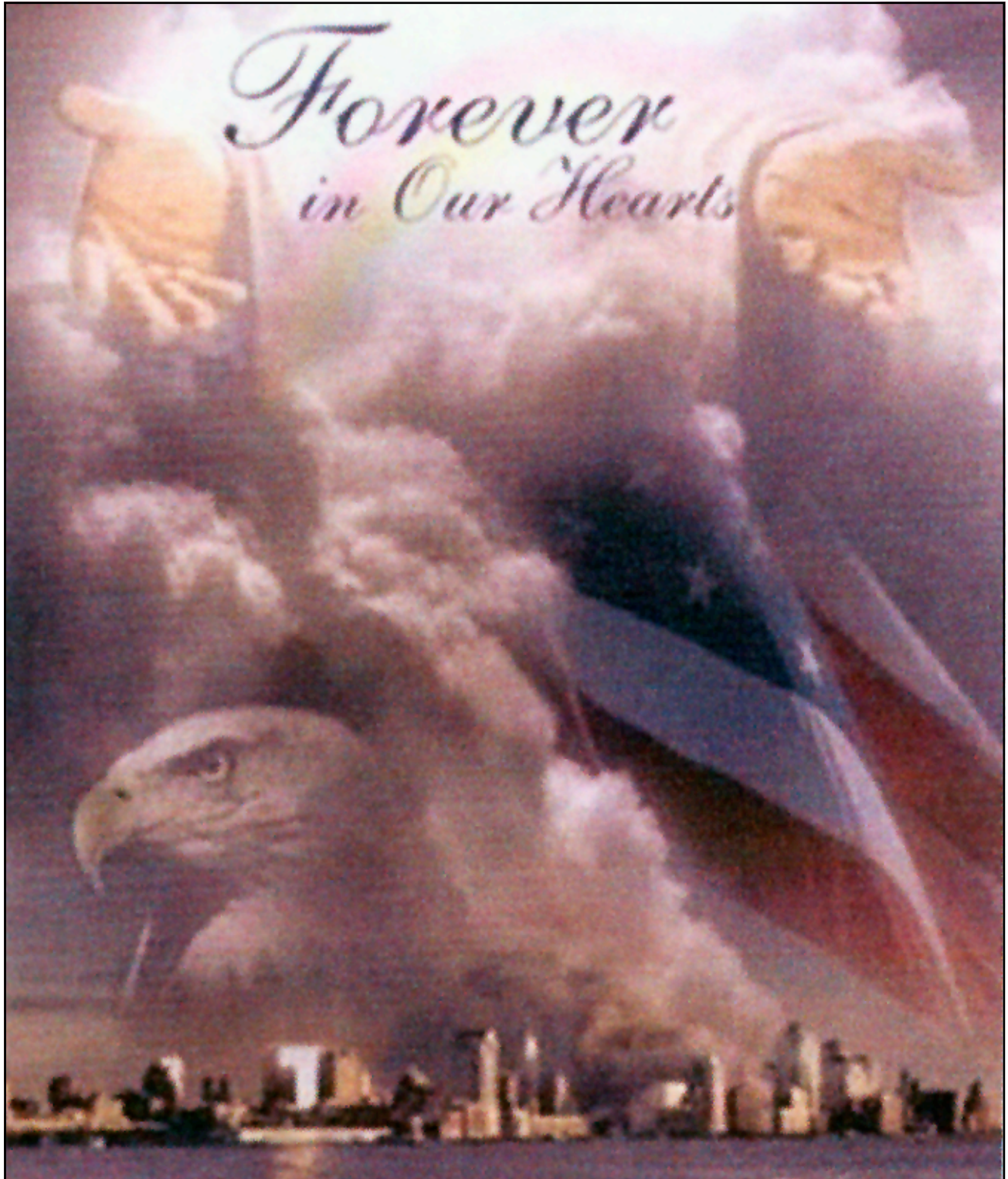
The little girl replied, "I will if those assholes at Home Depot ever deliver the f...ing sheet rock."

Kind of brings a tear to the eye . . .



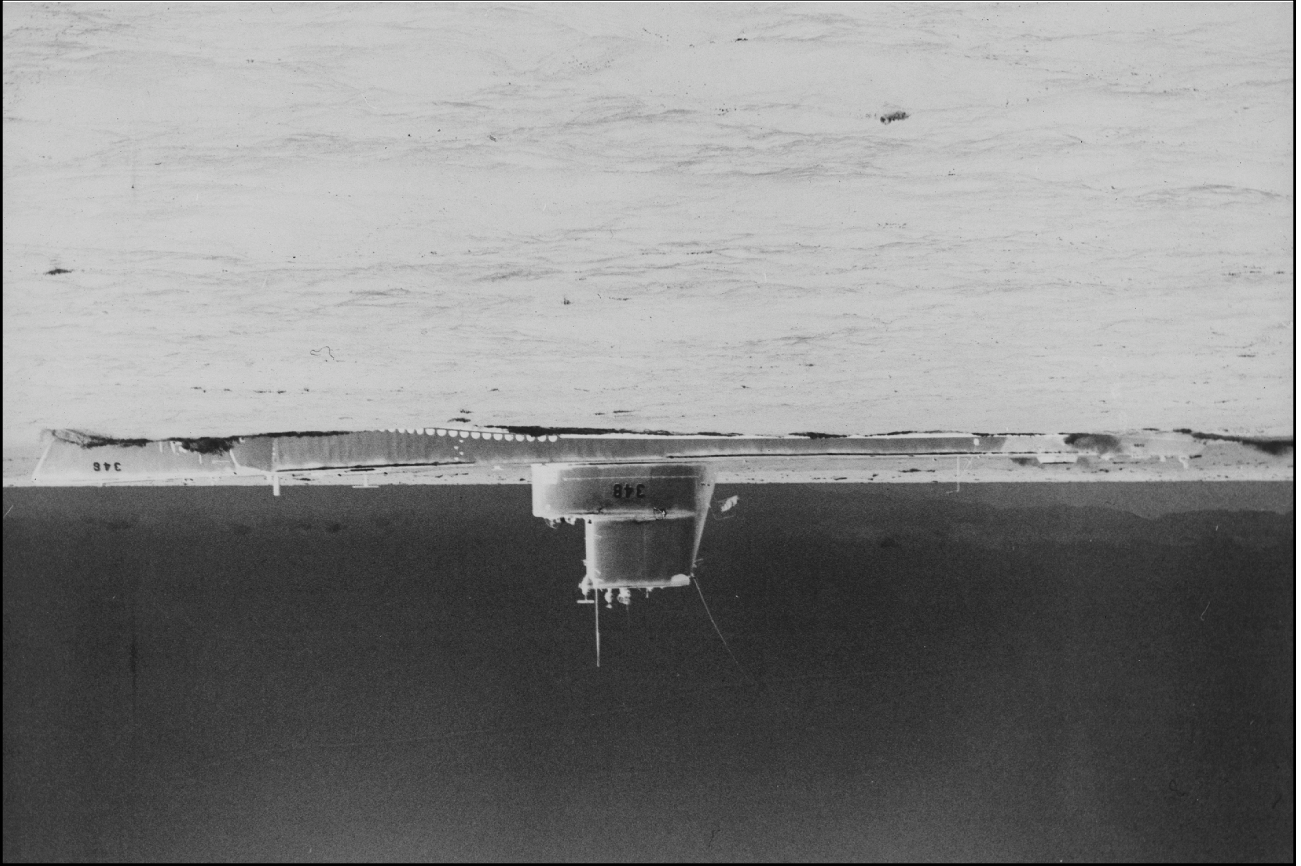
**DID THIS CAKE FALL OR WAS IT
PUSHED?"**

Remember 9/11



The Cusk Newsletter would like to thank Danny Hahibohm for granting permission to publish his picture in the Cusk Newsletter. For more information on Danny's work contact him at Passion Web Design at webadmin@inspired-art.com or E-mail: info@inspired-art.com

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