

The Piper Report

USS Piper (SS409) 1944 - 1967



April 2006

Photos

Included in this issue of The Piper Report are some of the great photos sent to me for the newsletter and website. If you don't see your era represented, it's time to blow the dust off of your collection of Piper stuff and send it to me. Our shipmates will thank you for taking the time!

Email & Letters

Thanks for your email and letters. They mean a lot to me and to our shipmates. We want to hear about your experiences while on Piper and what you are up to today. Please take the time to write a few lines that will bring reading enjoyment to your shipmates.

Out of Touch

We have lost touch with the following shipmates. If you have a postal or email address for them, please forward the information to me. My email/address can be found on page 10 of this newsletter. Thanks, Mike Bray

Paul Baker
Frank Chietro
Keith Cisewski
Bert Hampson
John Lowry

We had Ugly Enginemen

by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

The Good Book tells us that God created the earth and all in it, in six days and that he and Moses pulled a twenty-four on the seventh day. The Creation was a fairly complicated exercise in fabrication and I figure they were pulling liberty every night so it's no wonder they turned out things like, giraffes, armadillos, hippos, hammerhead sharks, and duck-billed platypuses. They had to have been half-in-the-bag when they bolted some of that stuff together.

Late on Friday night, He created Enginemen. They must have been so bent out of shape, they had no idea what they were making. Nobody would have created an Engineman on purpose.

After a few million years (That is like a first-time enlistment for deities and their immediate families), God contacted John Holland and said, "Hey Johna, Build me an iron contraption I can fill with some of my most marginal idiots and stick underwater out of sight. And then I'll cram a bunch of Enginemen in the iron monsters to liven the damn things up. After fifty years or so, I'll create a 'Mike Hemming' and turn that wild man loose on one of those subsurface looney bins just to see what happens."

Since then, the U.S. Submarine Force was never the same. I have it over the rest of you. I actually rode with Mike aka 'The Boy Throttleman'. We were true shipmates. I am sure, given the odds, there must have been other Enginemen as crazy as Hemming, but at least the good Lord fixed it so that they never turned up in the same squadron.

The Engine Rooms were located aft of the After Battery compartment. There were two Engine Rooms each containing a pair of Fairbanks or General Motors engines. The 'Jimmies' (General Motors) engines were configured in a "V" cylinder arrangement and the Fairbanks 38 Ds were config-

ured in opposed-piston fashion with an upper and lower crank shaft connected to a vertical drive. The engines drove 500 kw generators that fed batteries or the electric motors that drove the boat. Engine rooms were noisy, dirty, stunk of smoke and oil, and the interior decor was made up of collections of overflowing butt kits, oily rags, dirty coffee cups, maintenance manuals covered with dirty fingerprints, torn skin books and scroungy, raggedy-ass Enginemen.

Every lad who rode diesel boats will tell you that being an Engineman or a Machinist Mate made you special. We all remember them. We can see their laughing faces. The crazy bastards had the toughest job on the boat. There was no such thing as a 'light' engine part. The rascals who built the power that kept the old gals plowing saltwater, worked with tools that were Paul Bunyan size. To be an Engineman, a man had to have the arms of a gorilla, the spinal column of a mule, and possess the mechanical ability of a railroad engineer.

They were good, Damn good. In the age before nuclear power, with its aseptically clean engine spaces and spotlessly attired personnel, there were big laughing bastards who kept power going to the big bronze screws that drove iron ships across oceans and helped win a war.

Being an Engineman or a Motor Mac doesn't get you a lot of recognition. The Navy, God bless it, has a reputation for clean efficiency, Clean, well regulated ships and crews, Uniform of the day, Shined brass, Well painted, And officers who looked like they fell off a wedding cake. Submariners in the old smokeboat navy didn't fit that image. And the guys riding herd on the rock crushers that provided propulsion to the diesel-powered fleet submarines were 180 degrees out from that image, so their contribution has never been recog-

(Continued on page 2)

Commander's Column

11 April 2006

Dear Shipmates:

I write this on the 106th Birthday of the United States Submarine Force. That's quite a history to be a part of. As we all know, "If you ain't qualified, you ain't *#&\$*"

I read with interest that our Shipmate, Bill Britt, has asked for nominations to replace him as Commander of the prestigious Holland Club of USSVI. That election will take place in Little Rock this year at the convention. Bill has done an outstanding job in that post for a number of years, and it should be with Piper Pride that we thank him for his service to the submarine community.

Another notable achievement is the award of "Shipmate in the Spotlight" to our own Mike Hubbard from Groton Base. Mike qualified on board Piper in 1962 and served when Joe Negri was COB, as I did a couple of years later. Mike has not only been a valuable member of the Piper Association, but his efforts at Groton Base have now drawn him well deserved praise.

I assume most of you know, but for those who have never visited 40 School St. in Groton, the Base Clubhouse is named after Piper COB Joe Negri, who was a co-founder of USSVI back in 1962 and helped arrange for the purchase of the building a couple of years later. There is a beautiful lighted display case dedicated to Joe at the club, which includes his Silver Star and other awards for his service in WWII, along with some Piper memorabilia. One way to see it if you haven't is to attend the 2007 edition of the Piper Clambake and Reunion next year.

Speaking of reunions, my wife's medical condition and other related issues, will not allow us to travel to the USSVI Convention in North Little Rock this coming September, so if any of you are attending, please try to muster any Piper sailors, at least to get a picture for the newsletter.

I hope you all have a happy and healthy spring and summer.

Regards,

Frank Whitty, FTG2(SS)

Piper Association Life Membership

In the last three months, eight more shipmates have become life members of the USS Piper (SS409) Veteran's Association. Why not decide to do the same? This would eliminate paying each year and result in less paperwork for us.

We had Ugly Enginemen

(Continued from page 1)
nized or acknowledged.

That's a gahdam shame because they did tough work under as rough a set of conditions as any man should be called upon to endure and took it all, including the unmerciful ragging of their shipmates, In good natured stride.

These stories have become an idiot's feeble attempt to recapture a time in submarine history nobody cared about enough to record. From 1945 to 1970, a lot of very good men rode petroleum-powered submarines. We did the unheralded bull work while the sunbeam-powered undersea love boats, the glamorous sweethearts of the heavy braided who, along with their P.R. flacks, were giving the nukes hugs and kisses.

The Navy was building undersea craft that only required some clown to toss a shovel full of neutrons and protons in the propulsion hopper every ten years so they could spend months at a time disturbing marine life. But at the same time, big, ugly hairy-chested, whisker-loaded rascals were still punching holes in the ocean with old wornout pigboats.

And we had Enginemen and Machinist Mates who nursed 32,000 horses in each engine room, Kept them driving generators that made all the sparkies it took to push the old iron scrap yard cheaters, through the saltwater.

Oh hell, we knew that we were no more than warts on the behind of the great Goddess of the Main Induction. The red-headed step children at the family reunion, but dammit, the Navy owed us a few paragraphs to record our passing. Once there were guppy boats, Fleet snorkel conversions, Radar picket boats. Jeezus, how could they gloss over the Cold War contribution of the lads who rode the picket boats? There were boats rigged for UDT (underwater demolition teams) and later SEALs. Hell you could go on and on, But nobody ever did.

You turn on your idiot box and watch programs about 'Submarines', and lately there has been a lot of stuff about the boats. At the end of the program your family turns to you and asks, "Didn't you do any important stuff?"

"Guess not. We just were out there, Smelling weird, Drinking coffee you could patch potholes with and Breathing lousy air, smoking a 'dollar a carton' sea stores and doin' nothing worth mentioning."

But we had Enginemen. We had big ol' noisy, stinking, smoke-belching engines. Every one of us remembers trying to work his way past engine covers laying in the passageway and greasy, cussing Enginemen and Motor Macs.

"Hey Bobby Ray, Ya having bad luck?"

(Continued on page 8)

An Old Submarine Sailor

An old Submarine Sailor walked into a bar, sat down at the bar and ordered a drink. As he sat sipping his drink, a young woman sat down next to him. She turned to the Submariner saw his dolphins and asked, "Are you a real Submarine Sailor?"

He replied, "Well, my father, two brothers and a third cousin were on boats, I've spent my whole life, riding boats. Snorkeling, deep dives, Diesel Boats, Nuclear Power, Med Runs, Northern Runs, FBM Patrols, Arctic Runs, SPECOPS, WESTPACs, Runs to the Caribbean, Halifax, Faslane, Holy Loch, Rota, Guam, 2 day runs, Blue Crew, Gold Crew, the other crew, 90 day patrols, 6 month deployments, been through the ditch, across the equator, under the ice, and up to the pole, Pearl, Yokosuka, Guam, La Madd, Fort Lauderdale, San Juan, tracking Ruskies, dodging P-3s, been depth charged, torpedoed, tracked with Active Sonar, detected by SO-SUS, built them, decommissioned them, overhauled them, re-commissioned them, been a Blue Nose, a Shellback, blown from test depth, gone emergency deep, rode Tridents, 688s, 637s, 594's, Skipjack and Franklin class, drug runs, liquor runs, crazy Ivans, been in trail, used a Steinke hood, been through the tower, dodged Russian air power, fought flooding, fires, reactor scrams, stood watch on the BCP, SCP, ECP, GDU, and TDU. I got dolphins, a combat patrol pin, deterrent patrol pin and a DBF pin tattooed on my chest, THRESHER on my left arm SCORPION on the right, missiles on my back, and twin counter rotating screws on my ass. I've drank beer at the Horse and Cow, Scotch in Dunoon, wine in Naples, puked at Beamans, ate Chili at SUBVETS and I ain't missed a SUBBALL since 1952 so I guess I am a Submarine Sailor.

She said, "I'm a lesbian. I spend my whole day thinking about women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about women. When I shower, I think about women. When I watch TV, I think about women. I even think about women when I eat. It seems that everything makes me think of women."

The two sat sipping in silence.

A little while later, a man sat down on the other side of the old Submariner looked at his dolphins and asked, "Are you a real Submarine Sailor?"

He replied, "I always thought I was, but I just found out I'm a lesbian."

Piper Website Guest Book Entries

28 August, 2005

Bernard (Gene) Jenkins, MM
BEJ13@mindspring.com

I came onboard about Dec 63 - Jan 64, just as Piper came back from the Med trip. The most memorable thing I remember about Piper underway was smelling "Mother Burke's" sticky buns when I got up to go on the 04-08 watch.

Great site, B.E.J.

17 August, 2005

It is really great to see that someone stepped up to the plate to help us remember and reminisce about the best days of our lives. Piper was a great experience for me, even though Chief Morgan wouldn't let me go for third class (cause he didn't think I was devoted enough). Anybody remember the chit for a new battery when we were in the yard for decommissioning? If I remember right, it got all the way to Third Naval District before someone actually caught it. Joe Negri was COB when I came aboard and thanks to his foresight and devotion we have an organization that helps keep us all together. Thanks again Mike, for the website. Great continuation and addition to what Crash started. Thanks to Frank and Mother Burke for putting the Association together in the first place.

Hank Wiley, Rm2(SS) 1966-1967

hankwiley@juno.com

Also, I was on the decommissioning crew.

11 August, 2005

John Nazarchyk TM3 SS
jzan29@cs.com
Made last two [war] patrols.

11 August, 2005

Great job, Mike. Another Piper "BZ".
God Bless all Submariners.
Mike Remington
m-remington@comcast.net

10 August, 2005

Great Job!
Ralph A. Schmidt
YNC(SS) USN(Ret)
yncssusnret@aol.com

10 August, 2005

Thank you Mike for taking over the web duties. I've missed looking back at memories and pictures of the old times. I have my pics of the Med cruise which I will send soon.

Phil Pattison (Pat)
ppattison24@enter.net

Piper Sea Stories

The Way it Really Happened

by Robert F. Marble TMCS(SS) USN (Ret), Piper 1954-1960

I read Richard Collins' story about PIPER'S deep angled dive, but I'll give you my version, OK?

This new man, ENS, Mueller, wearing silver dolphins, (former EMC from USS NAUTILUS (SSN-571) dove the boat with a not too good trim, due to his failure to compensate for the MK 14 torpedo that was fired aft. When he dove the boat and tried to level off after blowing Negative to the mark, he noticed he was heavy forward. He then ordered the trim manifold operator to pump from Forward Trim to After Trim, and the operator acknowledged his order by repeating it. Now, normally the air manifold operator checks to see if there's a suction on Forward Trim and venting on After Trim..... but the air manifold operator was making a coffee run at the COC after WT door, waiting for his full coffee mugs and not checking his air manifold.

The Diving Officer, ENS. Mueller, saw he was still heavy forward and slowly losing ground in getting the bow back up, so he ordered the trim manifold operator to continue pumping from Forward Trim tank to After Trim tank and the trim manifold operator repeated his order again. By now there's a lot of excitement throughout the boat and the air manifold operator is back at his manifold, but not checking it.

The IC electrician notified the XO, LT. Oliver "Jollie Ollie" Hallett and he charged into the COC and he ordered "SILENCE IN THE CONTROL ROOM; DIVING OFFICER, I HAVE THE DIVE; AIR MANIFOLD OPERATOR CHECK YOUR MANIFOLD AND REPORT; TRIM MANIFOLD OPERATOR, SECURE THE TRIM PUMP, SECURE YOUR MANIFOLD, CHECK YOUR MANIFOLD LINE-UP AND REPORT." With the depth guages indicating approach to excessive depth, he ordered "BLOW BOW BUOYANCY, BLOW NEGATIVE DRY."

After checking his trim manifold line-up, the operator noticed that he had been pumping from After Trim tank to Forward Trim tank all the time and the air manifold operator confirmed this before the trim pump was secured.

RMC Barney D. Wixom drew a mark on the sight glass of the snorkel-whip antenna hydraulic tank, just outside the Radio Shack, at that critical angle for later reference.

A TM2, from the south, was crapped-out in a FTR port "pull-out bunk" and woke up during this depth excursion, ran between the torpedo tubes, climbed on the "jeep" seat and was clawing away at the overhead trying to find a way out, He was having a living nightmare. The hold-down straps on the torpedo skids were straining in both the Forward and After Torpedo Rooms, but held.

The galley was a friggin' mess, needless to say. Quite a few "brownies" appeared in the crew's shorts after that event. The CO, LCDR Joseph Beadles remained in the COC and observed the coolest performance he had ever witnessed by any submarine officer, when his XO took the dive. "Ollie" was some sharp cookie.....

A "critique" was held in the wardroom after everything had settled down and the final results were not "published" to the crew at the time, but ENS. Mueller did get transferred when PIPER returned to port. Needless to say that some ass-reaming did occur to the persons responsible for the fiasco. I got shook up just like the rest of the crew, I don't even remember who the COW was and I was in COC training to stand watches in that capacity. When the XO ordered "ALL NON-WATCHSTANDERS CLEAR OUT OF THE CONTROL ROOM", I high-tailed it to the FTR to see what was happening there. I saw a lot of pale faces in the Forward Battery and the FTR, but none as white as that TM2 sitting in a bunk shaking like a palm tree in a Florida hurricane.

Here's a little story about USS PIPER'S XO, LCDR Oliver S. Hallett

by Robert F. Marble TMCS(SS) USN (Ret), Piper 1954-1960

PIPER made its first "cold war" patrol around the Faroe Islands during the "Jerusalem Crisis" at the end of 1957, and we carried reel-to-reel tape recorders, monitoring USSR radio traffic, whenever the seas permitted us to get the snorkel whip antenna up.

Barney D. Wixom, RMC(SS) and the XO would stay up all night listening to the tapes in Russian. The XO was a "spook"....

Sometime later, after PIPER was back in N'Lon, "Jollie Ollie" as the XO was nicknamed, was transferred to the Soviet Embassy in Moscow. His family went too, and his wife got a job at the U.S. Embassy as a receptionist. One day, a young fella came in and dropped his passport on the counter and sez "I want to renounce my U.S. citizenship, immediately" The young fella was Lee Harvey Oswald!

Upon completion of his Moscow tour, "Ollie" was assigned to JFK's staff and on November 22, 1963 he had the duty in the Situation Room at the White House when JFK was shot.

The first thing he did was to have the Marines lower the colors to half mast. Upon receiving confirmation of the Commander-in-Chief's death, he ordered the Cabinet Member's plane to return to Washington immediately. (They were on their way to Pearl Harbor)

Strange coincidence isn't it? You can find all this good stuff in William Manchester's book "Death of a President," available in any library.

An Old Farmer's Advice

Your fences need to be horse-high, pig-tight and bull-strong. Keep skunks and bankers and lawyers at a distance. Life is simpler when you plow around the stump. A bumble bee is considerably faster than a John Deere tractor. Words that soak into your ears are whispered...not yelled. Meanness don't jes' happen overnight. Forgive your enemies. It messes up their heads! Do not corner something that you know is meaner than you. It don't take a very big person to carry a grudge. You cannot unsay a cruel word. Every path has a few puddles. When you wallow with pigs, expect to get dirty. The best sermons are lived, not preached. Most of the stuff people worry about ain't never going to happen anyway. Don't judge folks by their relatives. Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer. Live a good, honorable life. Then when you get older and think back, you'll enjoy it a second time. Don't interfere with somethin' that ain't botherin' you none. Timing has a lot to do with the outcome of a rain dance. If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop diggin'. Sometimes you get, and sometimes you get got. The biggest troublemaker you'll probably ever have to deal with, watches you in the mirror every mornin'. Always drink upstream from the herd. Good judgment comes from experience, and a lotta that comes from bad judgment. Lettin' the cat outta the bag is a whole lot easier than puttin' it back in. If you get to thinkin' you're a person of some influence, try orderin' somebody else's dog around. Live simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly. Leave the rest to God.

29 March, 2006

Hi Mike,

Thanks for paper report. Still have inactive printer. On test depth - first one in 1944 to 450 feet, all civilian yard-bird bosses were aboard for the trip. One of the Navy's better ideas. On Piper cost - always thought the joke of the time was accurate "We are riding in a \$5,000,000 dollar coffin". For me, after diesel school this was much better than a 40 foot landing craft.

Best regards,
Burt Ebaugh, END2SS
burtepeche@hotmail.com

Cartoonist Wanted

No one stepped up to provide cartoons of our Sea Stories, so I'm still looking for a cartoonist. The cartoons will be published in the newsletter and posted on the website. Credit will be given to the artist. If you are interested, please scan your work and send it via email attachment or send it via the US postal service. My email and postal address can be found on the last page of the newsletter. Thanks—Mike Bray



Celebration of 1,000th Foghorn Blow - 7 September, 1961

Using the Captain's sword, Westall, Starboard Lookout, cuts the cake baked by Mother Burke in celebration of the 1,000th foghorn blow while Piper was anchored off of New London, CT on 7 September, 1961. (Photo Courtesy of Cal Sutliff)



Arnold "Satch" Cross and Jim "Mother" Burke - 1961

(Photo Courtesy of Cal Sutliff)

The Piper Report

January 19, 2006

Mike...

Page 7 [Jan 06 Piper Report], Celebrating Piper Dives, sitting next to Rudy looks like me when I was much younger, and substantially lighter. I came aboard Piper in January 1960, as an ETRSN(SS), fresh out of ET(A) School at Great Lakes. Great Lakes sent me to Basic Sub School, but I was already qualified on Trumpetfish SS425, out of Key West. She transferred me to Clamagore SS343, as I was awaiting orders to ET(A) school, and Trumpetfish did not want to lose me in the Med, with no replacement, so they swapped me with a Clamagore seaman. Basic Sub School had me drive C.O. Sub School around until they got me orders to Piper.

When I reported aboard Piper, I went down the After Battery hatch into the mess hall, and one of the mess cooks shouted out "my relief", and as I turned around sporting my Dolphins on my blues, his jaw dropped, as I said "not with these", pointing to my Dolphins, which he apparently was unable to see as I came down the hatch. Evidently, he could see my left arm with the seaman stripes!! I was welcomed aboard by Bob Kuhn, CS3, whom was in the galley.

I was put in the Ops Department, and of course, operated the Radar and Sonar underway. I remember working with ET2 Cotter, and with ET3 Zimmerman, and ET3 Engler. EM1 George McCabe and I became good friends. Bob Lloyd allowed me to qualify as a Jr. Controllerman on the sticks, but was always cautioning me about arcing his contactors in the cubicle, and threatening to have me polish the contacts if I kept drawing arcs when answering bells. I also qualified as duty Quartermaster, with the help of QM1 "Uncle Milty", and especially SM1 Pat Ryan. I remember John Hendry, whom was a great shipmate, as was "Stash" Polovitch.

I was aboard for the runaway Main Engine, and Main Motor flooding incidents. I made the '61 Springboard run and as I recall, we broke the bull gear on the bow planes coming out of San Juan Harbor, and did a submerged Engineering Snorkel Run to NLON with the bow planes tied against the hull with cables. I also remember taking Army Paratroopers on a 1 day run out of San Juan, and flooding the After Battery well from a broken sanitary discharge line on the day's first dive. I also remember breaking ice in the Thames River on our return to NLON.

Like you Mike, I was aboard Piper until June of 1961, when I left for Basic Nuclear Power School also. I actually had orders to Dam Neck, but went to the X.O. and asked him to change my orders, because at the time I was an ET3, and the Navy wasn't paying for my move to Virginia. He agreed to get my orders cancelled, if I "volunteered" for Nuclear Power School, which would keep me in NLON. I went on to two different Boomers, John Adams SSBN620 Gold and George W. Carver SSBN656 Blue and Gold, where I served with both of my younger brothers. I retired in 1977 as a Chief ET. I went to work for Northeast Utilities at Millstone Nuclear Power Station in Waterford, Connecticut, where I worked with two other Piper sailors, Don Wright and Eugene Palladino. I retired from Millstone in 1995.

I'll try to dig up anything I have on Piper, and get it to you as soon as I can. I have great memories of Piper, and her great crew.

Sincerely, Don Del Core, Sr.



January 17, 2006

Dear Michael,

I received my first copy of The Piper Report recently and enjoyed reading about the boat I spent time on back in '48.

Your request for material for the Report prompted my memory of the enclosed picture which I took in the summer of '48. We were headed back to the sub base after spending about a month at Gitmo with the Midshipman effort and the swells along the way let Piper send up some spectacular sprays.

Thanks for doing such a good job on the Report!

Sincerely,
Karl Krull

New Additions to the Association Roster

Larry Boutelle, IC2(SS) aboard Piper 1953 to 1956, has been searching for shipmates that were on Piper when he was aboard. He started by writing to the National Archives for muster logs of the Piper from 1952 to 1956, then went to the Social Security death index through Google to find which ones had passed away. Then he bought time on a "people search" site and started looking for those that remained. He has been finding 2 or 3 a week on average.

19 January, 2006

- Memories -

Dear Mike,

June 1941 to October 1945, a period of my life in the U.S. Navy. Like any old veteran, there always will be fond memories, and also of course the hell of wartime.

My early memories of serving aboard a Destroyer (USS Livermore DD429) with my older Brother, this during so many North Atlantic convoys to England. After the loss of the Sullivan Brothers, my Brother and I were ordered to other commands.

I stayed aboard the Livermore until mid 1944, when I volunteered for submarine duty. After training, I was sent to Pearl Harbor aboard a sub tender.

December 1944 I was assigned to the USS Piper (SS409). Lots of memories followed. Piper made 3 successful war patrols. We sank some ships, endured some depth charges, traversed a mine field, rescued 6 Jap prisoners while in the Sea of Japan.

October 1945 I was honorably discharged from the U.S. Navy.

I've often thought of old shipmates, places and experiences, both good and bad that had occurred.

Summer, 2005 in Atlantic City, NJ, after 60 years my wife and I met an old Piper shipmate, Chet Skrocki and his wife Ann. What a wonderful experience and talk about memories, Wow, we really had them

All WWII veterans are rapidly passing on and I'm sure that each one of us, especially submarine veterans, will go on Eternal Patrol with fond memories of life as a submariner.

Respectfully,

John Clarkin
12286 Lakeside Drive, Apt 5
Conneaut Lake, PA 16316
Phone: (814) 382-9740



This was taken at Groton around 2003. From left to right we have Butch LeBrasseur, Ralph "Zoomy" Norman, Frank Whitty, Charlie Schwartz, and Mike Lally. Notice that Joe Negri, who was COB when all of us but Lally were on board in the mid-sixties, is keeping an eye on us. Pretty neat getting him in the picture with us. By the way, this was an impromptu mini-reunion as LeBrasseur, who couldn't make the clambake we'd held in August, was passing through.

(sent by Frank Whitty)



I served on the Piper from December 1955 to January 1959, and was discharged as an RM1(SS). The attachment is a shot from the 1957 Piper Christmas party. Seated l. to r.: Joe Pow; Jerry Rodgers; Eugene Shirley; Shorty Wolters, COB (in profile). Standing, l. to r.: George Locke; Jimmy Mohon; Eugene Zakutansky.

(sent by Jerry Rodgers)

We had Ugly Enginemen

(Continued from page 2)

"Bad luck, Are you kidding, horsefly? Hell, with my luck, if I was Jane Mansfield's baby, she'd bottle feed me. You going forward?"

"Heading that way."

"Well why don't you drag your worthless ass back here with a cup of whatever Rat is perkin' in the pot?"

When an old bastard who wrench-wrestled submarine diesel engines throws his earthly gear in the big Lucky Bag, he goes directly to Heaven. No gahdam receiving station, He reports directly on board one of those low hull numbered, solid gold smokeboats at the big silver pier in the sky. Wears clean socks and silk dungarees. Gets to park his old wornout butt on a rocking chair in the Engineroom and tell lies. Go forward late at night for mid rats of humming bird wings on toast and decent coffee. And there's always a big-titted blonde to scratch his back in the places he can't reach, with a short handled box wrench.

That's something they missed on the History Channel and the book 'Blind Mans Bluff'. While folks were out there bluffing blind men, Mike Hemming and Bobby Ray Knight were out there cussing, up to their eyeballs in grease and lube oil, baby sitting cantankerous machinery and just being hardworking happy-go-lucky sonuvabitches. And they were not alone.

They don't put up statues of sweat-soaked stinking rags in parks but somewhere there should be one to the Smokeboat Engineman with a greasy bandana hanging out of his hip pocket and a dirty cup full of coffee in his hand. But it will never happen, horsefly. It's all about stuff powered by snap, crackle and pop that could fry your cajones. Encased in lead, that lasts for years.

I know. I watch the History Channel.

Oh yes, At the big silver pier in the sky, nobody has to fight for a fuel hose or gets blamed for oil slicks.

Dex Armstrong has given permission to publish his material in The Piper Report. Thanks Dex!



Tom Calabrese, Mrs. and Doc Arnold, Monaco, January 1964

(Photo courtesy of Tom Calabrese)

Captured U-Boat 1945



The U 3008 was captured shortly before the war ended. The boat was located at the Sub Base, New London when the photo was taken.

(Photo by Tom Taylor - USS Piper, 1945-1951)

3 April, 2006

Hi Mike,

Good job on the pictures. I have some more of the 8,000 dive, and ship's parties. I reported on board the Piper at the end of 1957 as an EMFN, and was discharged as an EM2 in March of 1960. The day that I reported on board, QM1 Hartman was on watch in the control room. He looked at me with orders in hand and told me to go to the wardroom and ask for the officer of the day, "Wingnut". Not knowing any better, I did just that. When I asked for the OOD, Mr. Wingnut", the officer seated at the wardroom table looked up at me and said "I AM THE OOD, AND MY NAME IS MISTER GILGORE". Hartman was having a good laugh in the control room until Chic Gilgore stepped through the watertight door to chew him out.

Phil Lecky
janphil@cox.net

The Piper Report

Note from Mike & Pat Lally,
Membership Chairpersons,
usspiper@aol.com
patlally13@aol.com

So that we can all be in touch with each other as friends and old shipmates, a Piper Association was formed some years ago by Frank Whitty (old Piper guy). We have reunions and publish an occasional newsletter called the Piper Report. In order for the Association to exist we need to have paying members.

The dues moneys go for paper, ink, postage, etc. This is a considerable expense. A newsletter, The Piper Report, is published once or twice a year (depending on health and work) to bring you up to date on what's happening about future reunions, picnics, etc. It isn't much for \$10.00, but think of how sweet it is.

It sure would be nice to see 100% signed up for the Association. To receive a copy of the newsletter or other correspondence (reunion news, etc. you must be a paid member of the Piper Association.

USS Piper (SS409) Veteran's Association Membership/Renewal Form

Send form and payment to:

Michael J. Lally
95 Pineview Lane
Coram, NY 11727
usspiper@aol.com

Name: _____
Address: _____
City, State, Zip: _____
Email Address: _____
Phone: _____
Year reported aboard Piper: _____ Year departed Piper: _____
Highest rank/rating while aboard Piper: _____

Enclosed is my \$10.00 for the year beginning July _____
 Here's another \$10.00 for next year
 Enclosed is my \$100.00 for Life Membership!

Make check payable to Piper Association

Total enclosed: _____ Date: _____

The dues are \$10.00 each year. A year is between 1 July to 30 June or any part of it. Sorry it has to be that way, as we are unable to take care of the books for "parts of a year".

Please consider a Life Membership payment. This would eliminate paying each year and result in less paperwork for us.

Life Members

William Bailey Gerald Harring
Richard Caldwell Jim Burke
John Donkus Terry Welsh
Ralph Clark Jim Burdett
Edmund Lee Joyner James King
Chic Gilgore John Polovitch
George Holst Willis Clifford
Charles Jones Robert Smith
Don Del Core William Fuchs
R Calvin Sutliff Michael Lally
James Morris Ralph Schmidt
Paul Barlow Frank Mayo
John Hendry Howard Clark
Keith Cisewski Douglas Ward
James Delaney Clarence Spencer
Robert Lloyd Michael Hubbard
Charles Patch Edward Cushman
Frank Whitty Aldo Cecchi
Gilles St. George Thomas Kucharski
Joseph Marmaud Thomas Calabrese
Bob Staufenberg Thomas J Stanton
Tom Black Joseph Dooley
Chester Fuller Ross Morrison
Charles Schwartz David Winnington

Members on Eternal Patrol

Captain Edward Beach
Bob Harwood
Raymond Hughes
John Lynch
Jim Youtsey
Arthur Cooley
Herbert Scheuing
Ira Goldenberg
Dominic "Joe" Negri
Ed Hurley
Jim "Crash" Evans
Captain Jim Rogers
Cleve Pipe
Ken "Sid" Westall
Eugene Palladino
Webster Davis
Manual "Manny" Paris
Arnold "Satch" Cross
Donald Wright
Melvin Ponton
Herb Crane, XO
Leslie Wood
Harry "Greek" Alevras
Ed Moore
Donald Rogers
Franklin Snelgrove
Jerome "Shorty" Wolters

Ailing Shipmates

We have received news that the following members are not feeling up to par. Why not take the time to lift their spirits by sending them a card? They would love to hear from an old shipmate!

Chester Skrocki 721 Evergreen Court Whiting, NJ 08759	Gary Booth 1600 N 70th Ave Hollywood, FL 33024
Thomas Mally 49 Hewitt Drive Uncasville, CT 06382	Jack Drennan 3120 Powder Mill Road Adelphia, MD 20783
Jim "Mother" Burke 78 Eagle Drive Whiting, NJ 08759	George McQuillan 7928 Windoga Lake Dr Weidman, MI 48893
Joe Pow 15 Webster Road East Lyme, CT 06333	

Please notify us of the sickness or death of any association member

The Piper Report

USS PIPER VETERAN'S ASSOCIATION
c/o Michael F. Bray
W3821 Waucedah Road
Vulcan, MI 49892-8483



USS Piper (SS409) Great boat, great crew!



The Piper Report

Material for The Piper Report

We are always looking for photos, sea stories and memorabilia to print in the newsletter and put in our albums. If you have anything, please send it to me, Mike Bray, W3821 Waucedah Road, Vulcan, MI 49892-8483 or email: mikebray@chartermi.net

Email attachments are welcome, you can send scanned photos and material formatted with software in the Microsoft Office suite.

The URL for the USS Piper Veteran's Association website is:

<http://webpages.charter.net/usspiper/index.html>

Jim "Crash" Evans' website is no longer on the internet. We are in the process of building a new site, but need your help. Please send photos, sea stories, news, etc., to: mikebray@chartermi.net Please provide as much information about the photos as you can.

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