

The Piper Report

USS Piper (SS409) 1944 - 1967



July 2006

Photos

Thank you for the great photos sent to me for the newsletter and website, some are included in this issue. 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

* Life Member

Association Dues

Our Membership Chairman, Mike Lally, recently sent notices to members requesting dues payments. Annual payments were due July 1, so please check your records. A renewal form is included on page 9 of the newsletter for your convenience.

Trying to Sleep in the Alley by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

There was, the captain's stateroom at the high end of the personal comfort scale as applied to smoke-boat duty, and at the low end of the spectrum you had 'Hogan's Alley'. I have no idea what life was like lying flat on your back in the Old Man's rack. All I know is, that after his stewards secured the officers pantry and crawled up in the bridal suite under the torpedo loading hatch in the forward room, his coffee source shifted aft. All the Old Man had to do was make a sound-powered phone call to the crews mess and get an E-3 to jackass a cup up to his stateroom.

Most of the time when the crew's mess phone made the 'Wh-i-i-rp, Wh-i-i-rp' sound, it was some sonuvabitch from the engine room or back in maneuvering, asking, "Hey Dex You guys got any more of that cake we had at evening chow?" Or, "Hey Dex I'll kiss your ass, if you'll get someone comin' aft to haul back two black and bitters back here." Or, "Hey Dex What're you bastards putting out for mid-rats?" So, during the late-night hours, phone discipline went to hell.

'Wh-i-i-rp, Wh-i-i-rp'. "Rat Johnson's sanitary tank cafe". "Who am I talking to?" "Depends, who'n the hell are you?" "The Captain." "Er Sir I REALLY apologize I wasn't expecting you to be calling." "Obviously. What is your name?" "Armstrong sir, the duty idiot." "Armstrong, bring me a black and bitter and tell the diving officer to run with a three down and to pass that instruction to his relief." "Aye, sir."

That night, I got the lecture on inappropriate skylarking. The skipper was not a fan of what he called 'uncalled for stupid shenanigans or idiot behavior'.

Every time there was a weird prank pulled off on Requin, Stuke and I always got a personal invitation to the 'Inappropriate Shenanigan Muster'. "Gentlemen, were you two involved in this

dumbass nonsense?" "No sir" "Very well, return to your duties."

Then, there were some nights when he asked, "Gentlemen, were either of you responsible for tonight's stupidity?" "Sir, do we need legal representation?" "Dammit, how many times do I have to tell you two clowns that a United States warship is no place to act like college freshmen?" "Sir, we didn't initiate this nonsense or have anything to do with Mr. so-in-so's loaded cigars. Our involvement was confined to the rubber rat in the covered dish."

But this thing started out to be about sleeping in the alley.

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Commander's Column

16 July 2006

Dear Shipmates:

Mike has been after me for some input for the newsletter, but I've been waiting until I had some firm dates to report. Unless there is a glitch in the Navy approving Adm. Fife Park for that Saturday, our third triennial Piper Reunion and Clambake will be held on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 24th, 25th, and 26th, 2007.

Since we haven't been together since Saratoga, I would like to invite any members in the area that would like to help plan the reunion (or just say hello), to muster at the Groton headquarters on Saturday, August 26th, 2006. The club has a brunch that day, so we plan to be there around 10 a.m. to chow down. The brunch is over at 11:00. I realize that it may be too early for those of you who may be coming from a distance, so the actual planning meeting will be at 1:00 that day. This is an informal get together, so if you can't make it, don't sweat it. As we get into next spring, we will have to meet again with a more serious reunion agenda.

Crash LeBrasseur is in Western Mass visiting for the summer. They moored the "yacht" down in Virginia, and drove up in a rental. Unfortunately, the trip has a more serious purpose. His mother-in-law is quite sick. If he or they can cut free for a short time, he will try to make it.

I was down in New Jersey last month and on the way home I stopped by to visit "Mother" Burke and his wife Pat. Despite ongoing and worsening medical issues, Burke is still positive and hopeful that things will get better. Mike Lally had also stopped by a while back, and he told "Mother" that we'd figure out a way to get him up to Groton next year. That is a great idea, and hopefully we can make it happen.

I and Dolores will be heading up to Maine in early August, so we hope to get together with Jim and Mary King on our way through.

For any of you in U.S. Subvets, your ballot will be included in the next American Submariner. Please consider writing in Groton Base Commander John Carcioppolo's name in for Eastern Regional Director. Long story, but the Constitution and By-Laws, as changed a few years ago, doesn't allow him to be a write in for National Senior Vice Commander.

I hope to see some of you soon.

Regards,

Frank Whitty
President



Morris Newkirk, RMCS(SS) PIPER 1961-62, now residing in Norway, recently paid a visit to Mike Lally. Shown from left to right are Chief Newkirk, his wife and nephew, and Mike Lally. Chief Newkirk's email address is rmcssnewkirk@hotmail.com.



June 2006
Jim Burke and Frank Whitty at Jim's home in Whiting New Jersey
Photo courtesy of Jim Burke

Shipmate Frank Mazzuchi

I received the following from a Robert E. Lee shipmate. Thought you might want to disseminate the info to Piper shipmates since Frank served on Piper also in the mid fifties about the time the picture on page 7 of April Piper Report was taken.

Ron Kimmel

NEW BOOK FEATURES LEE SHIPMATE: A member of the Lee's Gold Commissioning Crew, QMCS(SS) Frank Mazzuchi (Gold 1960-62), was lost on the USS Scorpion (SSN-589) in May 1968. In July 2003, I was contacted by

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Trying to Sleep in the Alley

(Continued from page 1)

The best rack in the entire Navy was the middle rack outboard in the after end of Hogan's Alley. Why? Well, with the medical locker being located in the after end, it formed a little dark cubby hole where you could stick your head, kinda like having privacy for everything above your dogtag chain. If anybody had the slightest inclination toward claustrophobia, this was not the rack for them. For folks who wanted a little post embalming fluid preview of what it was going to feel like spending eternity in a satin-lined box, this rack was the ticket.

Another benefit to this 'head sanctuary', was that Doc held his daily 'sick, lame and lazy' muster in the Hogan's Alley passageway. It was bad enough having to listen to the daily litany of physical complaint, without having the added visual benefit of having to watch Doc treat abnormalities of the tallywhacker at eye-nose level or lance butt boils six inches from your nasal passages.

"Doc, I've got this chronic itch, can you help me out?" "Doc, I think I may have contracted a case of the mechanized dan-druff." "Doc, you got anything for sonar shack hemorrhoids?"

You spend a couple of years in the Alley next to the medical locker and you could qualify for a general practice at any hospital in Zambia.

The Alley's after bulkhead that Doc's magical 'cure for damn near everything' locker was bolted to, was a CRES sheetmetal partition. The damn thing was so thin, you could hear all the conversational exchange between guys using the sinks, urinals or showers. "Hey Bill, you going to Philly when we get in?" "Not until those guys up on Orion tell me if they can fix number one scope." "In that case, I'll probably take Trailways."

The After Battery head was like 'the meeting place'. The 'at sea' information exchange location. "Man, the racket of those rudder rams whacking into and out of the 'stops' is driving me nuts." "Why'n the hell did you move to the after room?" "Got my own bunk back there." "Hey Jack Who was that goodlookin' gal you had out at Ocean View?" "Dixie's sister." "I didn't know she had a sister." "There's a helluva lot of stuff you probably don't know, horsefly."

And so it went. You could rack out in the after end of Hogan's Alley and listen to the head conversation and piece together a pretty accurate picture of 'on board' happenings. There were sounds that became familiar to the lads who stowed their gear in the 'After Battery Crew's Zoo'.

There was engine vibration. To a smokeboat sailor, silence was an alien concept. On the surface, you got engine vibration and engine racket whenever some jaybird opened the forward engine room watertight door.

In winter, we would get authorization to leave the forward engine room door 'on the latch' (open), so that we could become the beneficiaries of the warmth generated by the rock-crushers back there. The entire advantage of this ambient heat could be cancelled out by some sonuvabitch opening the conning tower hatch, allowing igloo air to turn the place into something resembling a Butterball frozen turkey locker. "Somebody slap some iron in that pneumonia hole!"

Then, there was the incessant grabass in the chow line. The cooks could only feed twenty men (absolute max) at a single setting. The remaining animals used to line up in the after battery for'n aft passageway and engage in all manner of inconsiderate grabass and clutch butt. What you had was a line of supposedly mature individuals, punching and poking each other, sticking wet fingers in each other's ears and yelling "Rape!" Telling each other how socially unacceptable they smelled, making all sorts of bodily-generated sounds, singing, dancing, hooting, hollering, and imitating jackasses.

Every now and then, the lead element would open the airlock door and start yelling, "Hey Peto, you one-way sonuvabitch That's the third gahdam load of mashed potatoes you've parked on your plate. Give your shipmates a gahdam break, you inconsiderate bastard." "Hey Rat, No dessert for Harry. He didn't eat any of his liver." "Hey Rat, Stuke's putting fresh rolls in his pocket." It went on and on, grown men totally devoid of social grace or considerate behavior.

Then, you had animals searching for either 'right' or 'left' footwear in the glow of redlight, when riding the surface in moderate to heavy seas. Shoes and boots migrated around the After Battery like stray cattle. There is something in North Atlantic rolls that causes adrift boots to cha-cha off in different directions. I have seen men hunt for the better part of an hour for a left brogan using a Zippo for illumination.

You had ballast tanks surrounding the After Battery. When they opened the vents hydraulically, you could hear the damn things slam open. We called it 'roof racket' The topside walking deck was affectionately known as 'the roof'. The vents would open and if you had an outboard rack, you could hear the water rush in as 311 feet of steel monster slipped beneath the waves. After the old girl settled at her designated depth, air trapped in strange places would gurgle up in the tanks. 'Bloop Blooble, bloop, booble, booble, gurgle, bloop, bloop.' It always reminded me of the sounds emanating from an old coot's stomach following Thanksgiving dinner.

And there were times when the old gal blew her packing and the Atlantic Ocean came calling. Water came in, in submarine terms, 'like a cow pissing on a flat rock'. If saltwater got into our battery well, things could get serious in a hurry. Salt water and sulphuric acid create chlorine gas. Chlorine gas in

(Continued on page 7)

Final Remarks of Piper's Third War Patrol

by Lieutenant Commander Edward L. Beach, Commanding Officer, USS PIPER - 1945

The Commanding Officer may be pardoned, surely, for feeling a little disappointment at the fact that, after eleven War Patrols in subordinate capacities, he finally achieved command, and entered one of the last areas still considered potentially productive with a ship and crew trained to a high condition of readiness, only to have the war end ten hours after he arrived in the area.

It is, however, with a soul full of emotion that he adds these final remarks to what may well be the last War Patrol of the Submarine War. Having served in Submarines Pacific since the start of the war, since those dark days of 1942 when disaster appeared to be pressing steadily closer and closer, having seen (and been part of) that thin grey wall which held the enemy in check while the nation looked at despair and came raging back - - having fought beside men who laughed at futility, who spit in the face of the dragon, who quietly and gaily interposed their puny bodies athwart the course of the Beast - - having grieved at those names who inspired us and left their legacy - - HARDER, SEAWOLF, WAHOO, TRIGGER, GUDGEON, TANG, BONEFISH, GRAYBACK - - he hopes that he may be forgiven for a bit of sentimentality.

The realization is growing swiftly that no more will the warheads announce our answer to the barbarians; no more will the loins quiver and spine tingle at the chase; no more will the heady champagne of conflict steady our aim; nor will experience the fierce joy of a sturdy hull, a steady hand on the helm, four engines roaring a bit more than their rated full power, of riding our steel chariot bridge right into the teeth of the huge foe, tearing out his vitals while in terror he vainly shoots his guns and helplessly tries to get away.

Never again the blind groping of the water mole, listening, always listening - - nor the steaming, sweating, drenching heat, the decks and bulkheads solid water, perspiration running down your bare chest and back, soaking the rags and towels you vainly throw around you, soaking your trousers and shoes - - while you pay no attention, act unconcerned (if they only knew), keep reliefs going to the planes and steering, keep checking all compartments after each salvo, keep the soundman on - - He's dead tired but you couldn't get rid of him anyway - - and you listen, and guess, and maneuver, and wait . . .

And now, the small perspective grows large. It wasn't just one sub against Japan. In that cloudy sky, there are no longer enemy planes, out to get that sub. In those white-capped waves are no longer the periscopes of the foe, but only our own. In these contested waters floats a mighty fleet, but it flies the stars and stripes. On that distant shore there is a great army, but it calls itself "G.I." instead of "Son of Heaven". Suddenly the truth stands as high and broad as the free air we breathe. We were never alone! Japan, poor fool, you never had a chance!



The thin grey line never faltered - - couldn't falter - - as long as we had faith. And never was faith more fully, more gloriously justified. Our thin grey line suddenly exploded with the accumulated wrath of years of toil and patience, became overnight, the grey juggernaut of revenge, and it ground, slowly at first, then faster and faster, more audaciously, finally with breath-taking speed, but always exceedingly fine.

Pearl Harbor, you will never be forgotten. The day of infamy will live in the memories of men who gazed, with shocked eyes, on the pride of our Navy sprawled in the mud. It will never be forgotten by a people who suddenly found that their vaunted steel walls had been betrayed by a complacent public, and all but destroyed by a vicious enemy. But that day welded our country into a force, backed by outraged reason, righteous indignation, and burning shame, which has not rested until the debt has been paid. Yes, Pearl Harbor, you have been amply and truly avenged. And, as we dwell upon this destruction we have wrought upon the perpetrators of that crime, we may well give thanks to Almighty God that, although the price was heavy, we have reaffirmed the faith of our fathers, the founders of this great nation. The flag of our country stands, now more than ever, as a symbol of liberty, and everlasting triumph of a free people against the putrescent hordes of the Beast. Long may it wave on high!



PIPER War Patrol Microfilm Given to Association

A microfilm containing records of PIPER's three war patrols was recently given to the Association by shipmate John Clarkin. John rode PIPER on all three of the patrols and has vivid recollection of those times.

Thanks to this generous gift, the PIPER History document has been updated and is available on the PIPER Veteran's Association Website:

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

PIPER History is in PDF format, which allows the document to be easily printed using a home computer printer, or the file may be copied to CD and taken to your local copy center to have it printed professionally.

The photo to the left shows John Clarkin (seated) along with shipmates "Pablo" and "Wiz". The photo was taken in Hawaii in 1945.



19 May, 2006

Dear Mike,

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I received from Capt. Beach when he was President Eisenhower's Naval Aide.

With respect to the mine cables: Prior to leaving Pearl on our 3rd war patrol PIPER was outfitted with mine cables (stem to stern). With the bow planes rigged up, this created considerable slack in the cables. To prevent the metal cables from noise of banging the hull we had to wrap the cables with marlin and then sew on canvas wrapping.

Enroute to Guam, often with heavy seas, the cable's coverings started to unravel. So, one dark night with calm seas, COB Jim Youtsey and myself were sent topside to cut away the loose wraps.

Prior to Jim Youtsey leaving on eternal patrol, I did correspond with him and when I mentioned the cable incident, he said "You know, for over 50 some years I always wondered who the hell I was topside with, cutting away the loose coverings."

And yes, I did receive an autographed copy of "Run Silent, Run Deep" from Captain Beach.

Respectfully,
John Clarkin

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 20, 1955


Mr. John I. Clarkin
1320 Pioneer Avenue
Pittsburgh 26, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Clarkin:

Thank you for your kind letter which was received the other day. I remember vividly the incident relating to the stripping of the mine cables. Sending a man on deck on war patrol is a serious thing, and I was probably much more worried than you since I had to stand on the bridge and watch you people work -- sweating out getting you back down inside again.

Thank you, indeed, for your kind comments, and please accept in return my own best wishes. I'm sorry that I have no copies of "RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP" left, but I should be delighted to sign one for you if you can get hold of one to send me.

Sincerely yours,


EDWARD L. BEACH
Commander, U. S. Navy

Shipmate Frank Mazzuchi

(Continued from page 2)

Stephen Johnson, the author of the just released book, *Silent Steel*. He was trying to confirm a possible connection between the loss of the *Scorpion* and an event that occurred on the *USS Robert E. Lee*. At the *Scorpion's* Court of Inquiry, a *Lee* Torpedoman testified about a problem we had with a MK-37 torpedo around 1964-65. The court was investigating this problem as one of the possible theories that may have caused the loss of the *Scorpion*. I won't ruin the book by saying more. It's a gripping and true story about 99 men who died and still no one really knows why. But, I do want to mention that I feel Mr. Johnson does a marvelous job telling the story of the men who perished. They aren't just nameless faces. He brings them to life, using letters sent home. Just one example, he describes a Torpedo Room Polka party when 20 women were brought on board, which involved *Lee* shipmate Frank Mazzuchi. The book devotes several pages to Frank, including a photo of him (that I put on the website's AN-NOUNCEMENTS page). If you knew Frank when you served on the *Lee*, you'll find this book a "must read".

Piper Website Guest Book Entries

1 November, 2005

My entire navy career afloat (Jan.1961-June 1964) was spent on the *Piper*. It was a wonderful and fascinating time and I met and was "reared" by a lot of impressive men. What a pleasure to find the *Piper* web site and to mentally return to all those friends and exciting experiences.

Nothing on my resume impresses more than "I was in Submarines". Thanks, Shipmates, for seeing me through.

Cal Sutliff
Supply Officer, 1st Lt./Weapons Officer, Engineering Officer
calsutliff@juno.com

5 November, 2005

It is great to see the *Piper* page active once again. I enjoy reading the comments from former shipmates. I served aboard the *Piper* during 1962-1964. I too, recall many great times (and some not so great).

A proud veteran of submarines. Great job Mike!

Aldo Cecchi, SOS2(SS)
acecchi@comcast.net



Christmas in Monaco—1963

Prince Rainier, Princess Grace and children Caroline and Albert. Piper shipmates are Phil Pattison, far right, and "Doc" Bowman, 3rd from right. - Photo courtesy of Phil Pattison



Operation Springboard—1961

Foreground facing away—"Gibby" Gibson, steward, and Chester Berryman, TM1. USS *Toro* SS-422, USS *Piper* SS-409, USS *Argonaut* SS-425(?) - Photo by Jim King

Trying to Sleep in the Alley

(Continued from page 3)

appreciable quantities is a 'turn your toenails blue' showstopper. You smell chlorine gas in a submarine and an undertaker will be the guy who will be emptying your pockets. Or when the hardhat divers come down and beat on your hatch, they will find 'Nobody Home'.

The After Battery was home. No one ever confused the place with 4-star accommodations in the Swiss Alps. Very few people truly knew what life was like there. Bums who lived in a cardboard box in a drainage culvert probably knew better than anybody. The actual residents wore twin Silver fish over their pockets and stayed in touch with other former residents of the neighborhood all their lives. You see, the worthless, good for nothing, inconsiderate, unsalvageable sonuvabitches had once been fellow snorkellers in the submersible septic tanks of the North Atlantic, and indivisibly bound by the Goddess of the Main Induction's lip lock.

You remember that 'Rock-a-bye Baby' song your mother sung to you while you were still in three-cornered pants? Well the closest I ever came to being rocked to sleep after age four, was lying flat on my back in an Alley rack with heavy seas running. The ship rocked and rolled, rolling back and forth with fore and aft bucking bronco action. You would gently roll back and forth and slide up and down in your rack. I loved the motion and could fall off to sleep in no time.

In real heavy seas, a round-bottomed diesel submarine rolled like a mad wild woman. The bad thing about living in the outboard middle rack in the Alley was having to listen to guys work their way back to the head to shoot their cookies. In a state-five sea, the interior compartment air carried the faint hint of vomit to add to the devil's mix that passes for breathable air in the world of the diesel boat submariner.

Then there were the balmy nights of surface cruising. Nights, when you crawled into your rack in a sweat soaked dungaree shirt with the four engines on line sucking fresh air through the boat and you drifted off to sleep listening to the ever-present bullshit conversation in the Crew's Mess.

Someone once said that to a submariner, total contentment was defined as 'the opportunity to lie in a bunk riding surfaced in the wake of a carrier, reading a spicy skin book and scratching your athlete's foot on your bunk chain'. I ask you, did it ever get any better than that?

There was a fellow listed on the 'Watch, Quarters and Station' bill as the 'below decks watch'. He roamed from 'stem to stern' checking gauges, bilge levels, level of sanitary tank contents, valve settings, sweating packing glands, and waking up the oncoming watch. Waking the watch on a smokeboat was an exercise in lion taming. "Hey... It's time to get ready to go on

watch. Rise and shine, morning glory. You awake? Gahdammit, don't make me have to come back and whack hell out of you with this flashlight." "You even touch me with that flashlight and some guy will be blowing taps over whatever is left of you, you simple-minded sonuvabitch." There was one clown in underway section three who was hell to wake up until we broke the code. He was a big fellow and his bare feet stuck out under his bunk chain. So, when the below decks watch entered the After Battery with his ongoing watch list, he visited this clown first and stuck a lit Marlboro between his toes. Within a week, all you had to do was touch this guy's toe and he would pop out of his rack like he was shot out of a toaster.

When I left the Navy, I missed living in the Alley. I missed guys stepping all over me, crawling into an upper bunk. I missed guys yelling, "Knock off the bullshit and let a working sailor get some sleep!" I missed twenty guys snoring like some kind of walrus convention. I missed the wonderful smells of the night baker. I missed the North Atlantic winter-time coughing. I missed all the cursing when they blew #2 sanitary and vented her inboard. I missed all the chow line bullshit. I missed the farting contests and one-upsmanship. I missed guys rooting around in sidelockers looking for smokes. What I truly missed was my home. The After Battery was a great place to be, if you were nineteen, not attached to anything or anybody, except twenty snoring sonuvabitches who would gladly share all their worldly possessions with you to include their last Lucky Strike.

The bunks were hard. And when you tried to peel your sweaty back off a naugahide flash pad, you felt like a human postage stamp. The place smelled like a YMCA locker room in Pakistan. At sea, the place looked like grenades had been tossed in. By the time you had formed a loving relationship with a pin-up gal or Playboy centerfold, some Annapolis graduate would make you remove and dispose of it. Janet Pilgrim was taped to the inside of an After Battery head stall door. I proposed to her three times on one northern run.

The After Battery was home. In port, somebody always left the light on for me. The Alley was the one place I have lived in my life where I know I truly belonged. It was like that nursery rhyme where the old lady had all those kids and lived in a shoe.

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

Brother of the 'Phin by Larry Dunn - July 2003

I chanced upon a sailor once
with an emblem on his chest.
It appeared to be two angry sharks
on a trash can for a rest.

His white hat was wrinkled and dirty;
his neckerchief tied too tight
and he had only one eye open
as he staggered through the night.

He was young and scrawny and wiry;
with knuckles cracked and oozing.
I could tell from the way he looked and smelled
he'd spent the night whorin' and boozin'.

But as he pulled abreast, he squared his hat
and said "Sir, do you have a light?
I'm due back aboard by quarter to four
Or the COB will be settin' me right."

As I fumbled around for my lighter
he pulled some smokes from his sock
"and I'll be damned lucky to make it," he muttered
'Cause I'm steamin' against the clock."
Through the flame of my well-worn Zippo
I could see a smile on his face.
"But, you know -- it was damn well worth it.
That 'Bell's' is a helluva place."

He sucked the smoke deep down in his lungs
and blew smoke rings up towards the moon
Then he rolled up his cuffs, pushed his hat to the back
and said "Maybe there'll be a cab soon."

In spite of the time he was losing
He was wanting to shoot the breeze
So we sat on the curb, like two birds on a perch
as he talked of his life on the seas.

I asked about the thing on his chest
and he looked at me with a grin.
Then he squared his hat, snubbed out his smoke
and said "I'm a Brother of the 'Phin."

"I'm one of the boys who go under the sea
where the lights from above don't shine;
Where mermaids play and Neptune is king
and life and death intertwine."

"Life on a boat goes deep in your blood
and nothing on earth can compare
to the feeling inside as she commences a dive
going deep on a hope and a prayer."

"I've sailed some fearsome waters
down below the raging main
and I've heard that old boat creak and groan
like the wheels of a railroad train."

"It's the one place on earth where there ain't no slack
where you don't have more than you need;

where each man is prince of his own little space
and each lives by the submarine creed."

"There ain't much I've done in this fickle life
that would cause other men to take note,
But I've walked in the steps of some mighty fine men
who helped keep this country afloat."

"They slipped silently through the layers
down below that raging main
while up above enemy men-o'-war
laid claim to the same domain."

"Brave sailors were they
in their sleek boats of steel
silently stalking their prey
and closing in for the kill."

"They died as they lived
unafraid, proud and free
Putting all on the line
to secure liberty."

"Their bones now rest in glory
down in Neptune's hallowed ground
But their souls stand tall at the right hand of God
Awaiting the klaxon's next sound."

"So, it's more than a 'thing' that I wear on my chest
It's a badge of the brave, proud and true.
It's a tribute to those who have gone here before
riding boats that are still overdue"

"It's the "Dolphins" of a submariner
worn proudly by the few
who've qualified at every watch
and touched every bolt and screw."

"They know the boat on which they sail
like they know their very soul
and through the fires of hell or the pearly gates
they're ready for each patrol."

"But when in port they take great sport
standing out from all the rest.
For deep inside they burn with pride
for the dolphins on their chest."

Then he stood erect, squared his hat
and pulled his neckerchief down to the 'V'
He rolled down his cuffs, put his smokes in his sock
and squinted back towards the sea.

"I can hear them diesels calling
So I'd best be on my way.
We'll be punchin' holes in the ocean
when the sun peeks over the bay."

As I watched him turn and walk away
I felt honored to know such men.
for they bring life to Duty, Honor, Country
these "Brothers of the 'Phin."

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

Thomas Mally
49 Hewitt Drive
Uncasville, CT 06382

Jim "Mother" Burke
78 Eagle Drive
Whiting, NJ 08759

Joe Pow
15 Webster Road
East Lyme, CT 06333

Jack Drennan
3120 Powder Mill Road
Adelphia, MD 20783

George McQuillan
7928 Windoga Lake Dr
Weidman, MI 48893

News has been received of the passing of shipmates:
Gary Booth
John McLaughlin
Robert Moore
Hugh Moran
Sincere condolences go to family and friends.

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

Piper Equipment

Does anyone know what became of Piper's equipment after she was sold for scrapping by Midwest Steel & Alloy Corporation in June of 1971. I have heard that one of Piper's periscopes was on display in Detroit, but after doing a GOOGLE search, the only thing I could find was that the USS Tambor's scope was on display in Detroit's Dossin Great Lakes Museum.

If you can supply any information, please notify me. My address, phone number and email address can be found on page 10 of this newsletter.

Thanks,
Mike Bray

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.

Shipmates on Eternal Patrol

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

Life Members

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

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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