



# Sculpin Base POD

USSVI Class 4

Newsletter of the Year-2021/22/23

3rd Quarter 2024

*The Sculpin Base POD is a quarterly publication of the Sculpin Base; a proud Base of United States Submarine Veterans, Inc. (USSVI).*

## USSVI CREED AND PURPOSE

The purpose/creed of USSVI is to perpetuate the memory of our shipmates who gave their lives in the pursuit of their duties while serving their country that their dedication, deeds, and supreme sacrifice may be a constant source of motivation toward greater accomplishments, and to pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States of America and its Constitution.

In addition to perpetuating the memory of departed shipmates, USSVI shall provide a way for all submariners to gather for their mutual benefit and enjoyment. Our common heritage as Submariners shall be strengthened by camaraderie. The USSVI supports a strong U.S. Submarine Force.

The organization will engage in various projects and deeds that will bring about the perpetual remembrance of those shipmates who have given the supreme sacrifice. The organization will also endeavor to educate all third parties it comes in contact with about the services our submarine brothers performed and how their sacrifices made possible the freedom and lifestyle we enjoy today.

### Sculpin Base Officers

Commander — E. Dale “Moe” Moses	980-422-2749	donutdad53@gmail.com
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Secretary/Treasurer— Bret Cortright	913-710-7860	rm3ss584@yahoo.com
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Base Chaplin — Lamont Schmidt, Jr.	620-364-2447	mnteks@embarqmail.com



[USSVI Website](#)

[Sculpin Base Website](#)

## Lost Submarines—Third Quarter

### July

#### USS S-28 (SS-133)

Lost on July 4, 1944 with the loss of 49 men while conducting training exercises off Hawaii with the US Coast Guard Cutter Reliance.



#### USS Robalo (SS-273)

Lost on July 26, 1944 with the loss of 77 men while on her 3rd war patrol. She struck a mine about 2 miles off the coast of Palawan. 4 men survived and swam ashore, then were imprisoned by the Japanese.



#### USS Grunion (SS-216)

Lost on July 30, 1942 with the loss of 70 men while on her 1st war patrol. She radioed that she sank two subchasers and damaged a third, but was never heard from again.



### August

#### USS Bullhead (SS-332)

Lost on August 6, 1945 with the loss of 84 men while on her 3rd war patrol in the Lombok Strait off the Bali coast when sunk by a depth charge dropped by a Japanese Army plane. Bullhead was the last submarine lost during WWII.



#### USS S-39 (SS-144)

Lost on August 13, 1942 after grounding on a reef off Rossel Island (Yela), New Guinea while on her 5th war patrol. The entire crew was able to get off and was rescued by the HMAS Katoomba.



#### USS Flier (SS-250)

Lost on August 13, 1944, with the loss of 78 men while on her 2nd war



patrol. She was transiting on the surface when she was rocked by a massive explosion (probably a mine) and sank in less than a minute. 8 men survived and made it to shore where friendly natives guided them to a Coast Watcher and they were evacuated by the USS Redfin 6 days later. Flier's wreckage has been located south of Palawan Island near the Philippines' Balabac Strait.

#### USS Harder (SS-257)

Lost on August 24, 1944 with the loss of 79 men while on her 6th war patrol near Bataan in the Philippines from a depth charge attack by a Japanese minesweeper.



#### USS Cochino (SS-345)

Lost on August 26, 1949 after being jolted by a violent polar gale off Norway caused an electrical fire and battery explosion that generated hydrogen and chlorine gasses. In extremely bad weather, men of Cochino and Tusk (SS-426) fought to save the submarine for 14 hours. After a 2nd battery explosion, Abandon Ship was ordered and Cochino sank. Tusk's crew rescued all of Cochino's men except for one civilian engineer. Six sailors from Tusk were lost during the rescue.



### September

#### USS S-5 (SS-110)

Lost on September 1, 1920 when a practice dive went wrong and she sank bow-first, with her stern showing above the water. In a dramatic adventure, her exhausted crew was rescued during the next few days through a hole cut in the hull in the tiller room. Salvage attempts were unsuccessful. S-5 settled to the bottom and was abandoned off the Delaware Capes, 40 miles offshore.



## USS Grayling (SS-209)

Lost on September 9, 1943 with the loss of 76 men while on her 8th war patrol near the Tablas Strait in the Philippines to unknown causes .



## USS Pompano (SS-181)

Lost on September 17, 1943 with the loss of 77 men while on her 7th war patrol off Honshu, sunk by enemy mine.



## USS S-51 (SS-162)

Lost on September 25, 1925 with the loss of 33 men when it was sunk after collision with SS City of Rome off Block Island, RI.



## USS Cisco (SS-290)

Lost on September 28, 1943 with the loss of 76 men while on her 1st war patrol in the Sulu Sea, west of Mindinao in the Philippines, sunk by surface craft and aerial bombs.



Additional information  
can be found on USSVI  
Website, just click on  
“Lost Boats”

**Please** remember all Veterans and the families of POWs and MIAs. Remember National POW/MIA Recognition Day is Friday, September 17th. National POW/MIA Recognition Day was established in 1979 through a proclamation signed by President Jimmy Carter. Since then, each subsequent president has issued an annual proclamation commemorating the third Friday in September as National POW/MIA Recognition Day.

A national-level ceremony is held on every National POW/MIA Recognition Day. Traditionally held at the Pentagon, it features members from each branch of military service and participation from high-ranking officials.

In addition to the national-level ceremony, observances of National POW/MIA Recognition Day are held across the country on military installations, ships at sea, state capitols, schools and veterans' facilities.

No matter where they are held, these National POW/MIA Recognition Day ceremonies share the common purpose of honoring those who were held captive and returned, as well as those who remain missing.

Since 1999, the POW/MIA Accounting community has created a post-



## The “POD” from the Engineerroom Upper Level

Here we are again in mid-stream of another election cycle. No I’m not talking about the Presidential race; I’m talking about our USSVI National election and our Sculpin Base election.

As both your Base and District Commander, I feel that both of these elections are important. Let’s take the USSVI National election first. Many of these offices are running un-opposed and you may not know any of your fellow Bubbleheads that are stepping forward. After being your District Commander for 3 years now, I know what it is to get very few votes. I ran un-opposed and got only 11 votes out of about 350 members. Not a good feeling to make one want to volunteer. Please support these volunteers.

On our Base election. We have had, with exception of the Vice Commander, the same Officers for four years come next month. This is not my Base, it is yours. We vote at the next meeting and some of us need a “watch relief”. You all wear Dolphins, you all are leaders. Nominations from the floor will be open. Put down that TV remote and get involved. Done Venting, See you in August. And VOTE on-line in the USSVI National Election. What excuse do you have not to? [www.ussubvets.org](http://www.ussubvets.org); sign-in, then vote.- Moe(SS)

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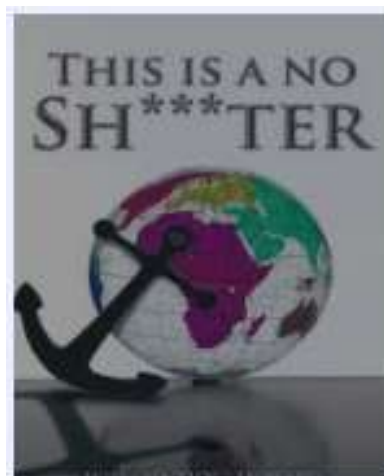
[Sculpin Base - United States Submarine Veterans.](#)

### Newsletter Editor:

Ellis Dale “Moe” Moses      Your Sea Stories and  
118 Sunset Ct.      Input are always  
Ozawkie, KS 66070      WELCOME!!

**Next Deadline is 1 November 2024**

Phone: 704-248-7610      [donutdad53@gmail.com](mailto:donutdad53@gmail.com)







## **Commander— E. Dale “Moe” Moses**

Again. Please Vote  
in the USSVI Na-  
tional Election at

[www.ussubvets.org](http://www.ussubvets.org)

I just had to say that again with the web-  
site listed.

Guys, I was tasked by the now National Jr.  
Vice Commander and good friend, Steve  
Bell, to start a new Kansas Base after my  
retirement relocation. Steve was my men-  
tor at the Carolina Piedmont Base and a  
retired RMCM(SS); so I said “yes, Master  
Chief, I will do so”. As our Base reaches  
it’s fourth birthday, I look back at what we  
have done.

We have gained members from their  
once involvement in other Bases; we have  
had many of my former co-workers from  
Wolf Creek join; and we have had some of  
our members come from our exposure.

I know there are still many nukes at  
WCGS that are eligible to join us, but there  
are just as many non-nukes out there if we  
“shake the trees”. That’s where we as a  
Base can do better. Its not just our Base, I  
see this in all Bases within our District.

We need to let the public know we ex-  
ist. Some of you did not even know of the  
USSVI until you were asked to join. Our  
parade involvement is an excellent way to  
raise public awareness. But as always,  
we need bodies there. We have some-  
what of a float, but we need riders and  
walkers also. You’d be surprise at the re-  
sponse we get and the fun you have with

your fellow “Brothers of the Phin”.

Another way you can help gain mem-  
bership, is to wear your ballcaps with Dol-  
phins on them. Boat Sailors will ask you  
what boat you were on. Be prepared to  
mention the USSVI and our Base and what  
we do. You can refresh what we do by  
reading our Creed on page one.

Keep your membership alive. We will  
let you know when your dues are needed.  
Please don’t “back-burner” the notices.  
Our dues are not that much and they are  
put to good use.

Have you been to one of our meetings?  
Currently, we meet once per quarter at  
various locations. Until we grow in num-  
bers, this seems to enough. Can Will you  
set a goal of trying to make at least one  
meeting per year? If not, will you submit  
your ideas via an email to one of your  
Base Officers? How about forgoing that re-  
-run of TV and emailing a sea-story for  
YOUR awarding winning newsletter.

Many of us are retired and have time  
and need something to keep us young.  
Some of us don’t get around as well as we  
used to. Understandable. Some work still.  
But we all earned our Dolphins and know  
how to balance our tasks. Get involved.  
It’s a great feeling and an honor to our  
shipmates that have moved on to Eternal  
Patrol. - Moe(SS)



**Base Secretary/Treasurer/  
Membership  
Bret Cortright**

**Treasurer's Report**  
Submitted by, Bret  
Cortright, Treasur-  
er

In the past  
quarter, I did re-  
new Sculpin Base's  
"Non Profit" status  
with the State of Kansas. It was an  
expense of \$80.00.

**Secretary's Report**  
Submitted by, Bret Cortright, Secre-  
tary

Base election at our next meeting  
on August 17th. Remember, nomina-  
tions can be made from the floor, so if  
**you haven't already, consider a nomi-**  
nation for a base office.

Next meeting on August 17th will  
be at **Warhorses for Veteran's**. They  
are an outstanding nonprofit that of-  
fers **equine therapy for veteran's**, ac-  
tive duty personnel and first respond-  
ers who may be dealing with some  
type of psychological issue.

Hope to see a huge turnout for the  
meeting!

**Sculpin Base  
Binnacle List**

None Reported. All hands assumed  
well and fit for duty. (with some of us  
being mis-fit)

**Still saving those magazines?**

If you are like many in our USSVI organiza-  
tion, you save the American Submariner Maga-  
zine. My question is why? You know after  
you are gone, they will be discarded.

I suggest putting some Base (or your own)  
contact info slips inside the front cover and  
leaving them at your doctor, dentist, barber, or  
and where there is a waiting room. Put those  
magazines to work! Even the "non-quals" out  
there know someone who served on the boats.

When read our National Magazine, I look at  
the new members and look for my boat, then I  
look at the qual years to see if I might have at-  
tended school with them. After that, I look at  
the Eternal Patrol listings, then the "Mail  
Buoy".

AS is a great recruiting tool. Please use it.

**Next Base Meeting is  
Saturday, August 17th.****War Horses for Veterans  
5600 W 183rd St.  
Stilwell, KS 66085****Lunch at 1200****Meeting to follow at 1300.  
Come have Chow with  
some shipmates.**

## **Chief of the Boat Dennis Mosebey**



I struggled in my qualification at S1W Generally, I was always behind on completion of the systems curve and struggled with my Engineering Officer of the Watch required qualification to literally continue in my job and get the opportunity to qualify as Nuclear Plant Engineer

Eventually I did get to the point of standing my Final Evaluated Watch as Engineering Officer of the Watch.

This involved a series of usually 3 or 4 drills under the watchful eye of a qualified staff Engineering Officer of the Watch, and I had to achieve a 2.5 out of 4.0. to pass.

So, I am making my pre-watch tour and in the vicinity of the main feed pump an enlisted staff comes up to me and rapidly slipped into my hand a slip of paper and quickly hurried away.

I looked at paper and on it was a list of 3 drills. Now I am in a quandary. I do not want to cheat and in any case even if I did want to there was no time to go to the Training Area and review procedure immediate actions and still arrive in Maneuvering on schedule. So what to do without also getting the enlisted person in trouble who gave me the slip of paper? In any event it happened so fast I did not get his name anyway nor did I note his rating or rank.

Finally I decided to go to the Shift Supervisor in the Control Balcony give him the paper and tell him I had found it on the floor during my pre-watch tour at the Main Feed Pump. Fortunately there had been an evaluation of another trainee just before mine so I also added that I was not sure these were my drills or just those of previous trainee. I closed by stating if they were mine it was possible to quickly pick 3 others I would not have seen. I then left and went to Maneuvering and took the watch. The

bottom line is they ran those same 3 drills anyway and overall I passed with a 3.0 -way better than I ever expected. I was doubly proud because that most important quality in a person, personal integrity, had been upheld! And the enlisted person also was kept out of trouble as well. Now was this a common occurrence at prototypes? Honestly I do not know, but I do not believe so. I just think my observed struggles caused some folks to decide I needed a bit of extra help. But it made for my most interesting pre-watch tour in my whole 39 year career!



"Fleet Supply Officer Charles Sibley aboard supply ship "USS Thunder Chicken" getting supplying sweets to the "troops" along the Coffey County 4-H parade route. Chuck was able to keep up with the demanding supply of Tootsie Rolls and over assorted confectioneries to the smaller distribution units (Dennis Mosebey and Dale Moses) who accompanied the "USS Shrimp" (Skippered by Ed Taylor) thru the streets of Burlington. The Flagship "Big Blue" was piloted by Bret Cortright and Monte Schmidt. Hey, just because you weren't there doesn't mean this sh\*t didn't happen. We took 2nd Place!!!!







## Memorial Bench approved for Gage Park

Bench Committee Chairman Steve Alfrey has been informed that our submission for a Submarine Memorial Bench has been approved by the Gage Park War Memorial Board. Topeka's Gage Park was chosen because Topeka is the State Capital and Gage Park has many visitors. Steve was very good at guiding our Base through the many "hoops" that regulate the Gage Park War Memorial. BRAVO ZULU STEVE.

Steve's next step will be working with Lardner Monuments in ordering the bench. To place the order, the vendor requires 50% down. The total cost of the memorial bench will be about \$3,700.00. At our last count we had over half of that amount collected. An anonymous donor has agreed to pick-up the remainder of the balance. BRAVO ZULU to this donor.

More details to come as the project continues. Other questions to be answered: Will we have a dedication ceremony? Will this include a Tolling of the Lost Boats (something that many of our newer Base members have never experienced)? What are your thoughts?

**Below:** An example of one of the Memorial Benches at Gage Park.



Steve is working with the supplier and the Gage Park personnel to possibly have the bench in place by Veterans Day. If this is the case, we will try to hold a dedication and a possible Tolling of the Boats ceremony. More to come as information becomes available.

## In Honor of our Spouses

Some of us were married prior to the Boat, some married during our time, and some married after. But we all owe our wives for putting-up with all the habits we picked-up serving on the Boat.



In many cases, our wives had to re-train our behavior in public. Many of us still eat too fast, burp, fart, curse, and yell at the TV during war movies and especially submarine movies, etc.. And then when 2 or more of us get together and we get home, she sends us into a "re-qual" program. Luckily for her, we are all trainable.

All joking aside, if she was with you while you were on the boat, she had one of the toughest jobs in the Navy. The not knowing was probably the worst. Thank you Ladies.



**Adventures at Nuclear Power School, - Summer of 1978**  
**By Chuck Sibley**

I enlisted in the Navy in the summer of 1977 and went to boot camp in the fall of that year. After Machinist Mate "A" school, I was promoted to E-4 and headed to Orlando for Nuclear Power School. I arrived about seven weeks before my class was scheduled to start. When I checked in at the NPS, they had no barracks rooms available as one class was finishing up and guys were arriving faster than guys were graduating or dropping out. They told me that they typically had students dropped in the last week or so and that I should go over to the Service School command barracks for the night. They assured me there would be a room available the next day, so I should check back in then. I was told to report at 11P.M. that night to one of the NPS buildings as I was assigned cleanup duty until my class was scheduled to start.

That night, I reported as told and spent the night stripping and waxing floors. At 7AM, I went to breakfast and then back to my barracks room at the Service School command barracks. As I was instructed to do, I packed up my gear and headed back to the NPS quarterdeck to get assigned my room with the NPS students. When I got there, however, I was informed that there were still no barracks rooms available, and that I had to go back to the Service School command barracks. So, I dragged my gear and my sleepy self back across the base, got another room at the Service School command barracks, stowed my gear, made the bed, and climbed in to sleep. That night I once again worked stripping and waxing floors for NPS. The next morning, I went through the same routine and ended up at a different Service School command barracks room.

That evening, I went downtown to experience Church Street Station and Rosie O'Grady's Good Time Emporium. Several hours and a few adult beverages later, I reported back to NPS to strip and wax floors again. The next morning brought the same routine, packing up my gear, checking out of the Service School command barracks only to be turned away at the NPS barracks again. I once again checked into the Service School command barracks, only this time, instead of stowing my gear and making the bed, I sat down on the bare mattress and lit up a cigarette.

The next thing I remember was someone violently pounding on the door. I stumbled up, went to the door to find an angry first-class sailor screaming at me. "You're in big trouble, young man! You're coming with me!" Taken aback, I asked what I had done. He screamed at me, "You don't call a four-stripe captain a "Mother\_\_\_er and get away with it!" I was shocked and was convinced they had gone to the wrong door, because that certainly was not in my character and I did not recall anything like that!

Having no choice in the matter, I was escorted to appear before a series of Navy Chiefs and officers, each one taking their turn at screaming at me and telling my how much trouble I was in. As this went on all that morning, I slowly came to believe that they had NOT made a mistake and that I had, in fact, done what they were accusing me of, although I still had no recollection of it. It turned out that the C.O. did a barracks inspection every Thursday morning, and NO ONE was to be in their



room, and especially NOT asleep... on a bed with no sheets... in their dirty uniform with hat and boots on... with a burnt out cigarette dangling between their fingers. Apparently, when he had entered my room and saw me, he began barking at me. Apparently, I got up off the bed, called him something that implied incestuous behavior with his mother, and slammed the door in his face. To this day, I have no recollection of this happening. But by the time they took me in front of the captain, the Commanding Officer of the Service School command, I was convinced I may never see the light of day again.

As I entered his office, he was just hanging up the phone. As I stood at attention, he looked at me from behind his desk and said, "You are a screw up." At this point, I was not going to argue. "Yes sir," I replied. He continued, "I just got off the phone with Admiral Mooney, and as of now, you are no longer assigned to Nuclear Power School. Your ass belongs to me. And I'm going to show you what it's like to have screw-ups working for you. Since you're now a petty officer, I'm going to put you in charge of our X division, where we send all of our screw-ups until the Navy decides what to do with them. You'll be responsible for the conduct and performance of each one of those guys. Any screw ups and I'll have you back here, and it'll cost you a stripe or two."

I was at first relieved that I was not going to get busted, and that being in charge of a few guys that had gotten in trouble may be easier than scrubbing and waxing floors all night long. Then, as he dismissed me, he said, "Tomorrow morning you report to the barracks office to Senior Chief Mazloski. And if you think you've had your ass chewed today.... You just wait."

I left terrified. I immediately went to the Navy

Exchange and got a haircut, bought new dungarees and shoes, and spent the balance of the day making sure I was 4.0 when I reported for duty the next morning. Promptly at 0700 the next morning, I approached the desk at the Service School command barracks office. Seeing my name on my uniform shirt, the sailor at the desk turned to the office behind the desk and called out, "Hey Senior Chief! That Sibley guy's here!" From the back office I heard a voice boom "Get your ass back here NOW!" Terrified, I marched to the office door, where I saw a large Senior Chief Torpedoman sitting behind a desk. He had a young female sailor sitting on each of his knees, with a cigarette dangling at the tip of a smoking cessation holder called "Step Four." He patted each of the two young ladies on their behinds to send them on their way, and motioned for me to sit in the chair across from his desk. As I sat there, scared to death, he leaned across his desk and chuckled, "Boy you really screwed up!" I replied, "Yes Senior Chief." He paused for a moment, and asked me, "Are you going to screw up again?" "No, Senior Chief." He smiled and said, "Good. We'll get along just fine then."

For the next six weeks, I worked with guys that had gone UA, been busted for possession of pot, or were otherwise malcontented. We cleaned up cigarette butts from the grass, polished brightwork, and did other menial jobs. I took my turn standing duty at the barracks desk, checking in new sailors and helping guys move on to their next command after completing their school. One of the tasks for the barracks desk was to help students address issues with their barracks room, such as windows that were broken, showers and toilets that were not working, and locks that didn't lock. We would



have them fill out a form describing the issue, and then we would route the form to the civilian maintenance workers to repair or otherwise resolve the concern.

Because most of the schools at the Service School command were relatively short-term assignments, the turnover in the barracks was pretty high, and a lot of students moved on before their barracks issues were resolved. On one afternoon at the barracks desk, I helped a newly assigned sailor fill out the work order form. When he completed it, he handed it to me for routing. As I looked at the form, it occurred to me that his issue was for the same concern, in the same room, that I had seen previously. I asked one of the staff petty officers how the process worked to get things fixed, and he told me that they just turn them over to Public Works, and that we didn't get anything to say whether the work was finished. I became curious to see how often the same concern was reported, so I started digging back through piles of our copies of the work order requests and found a lot of repeat issues. I sat down at a typewriter and compiled a list of repeat issues, sorted and indexed by room number, date, and complaint. By lunchtime, I had compiled several pages of data. When the Senior Chief came back from lunch, I showed him the lists and explained to him that it appeared that Public Works was turning in work as completed without actually doing any work. I remember exactly what he said to me when he looked up from the list: "You can type?" "Yes, Senior Chief, I can type." He smiled and said, "Don't ever tell anyone else you can type, or you'll be typing crap for everyone." Then he looked me up and down and said, "You look okay. Grab your hat and follow me."

I followed him out to the duty truck and climbed in the passenger seat. He said nothing as we

drove across the base, eventually pulling up outside the office of the Commanding Officer of the Orlando Training Center command, Rear Admiral Brad Mooney. I followed him into the office, and as he strode past the secretary's desk he asked, "Is he in?" "Head right in, Senior Chief," she replied.

With me in tow, he briskly strolled into the admiral's office, and was by the admiral with "How you are doing, Ski?" to which he replied, "We have something to show you." He turned to me and said, "Show him." So, I nervously described what I had found, and handed him the information I had compiled. He listened, looked through the data, and then said, "Thanks for catching this. We'll take care of this." As the Senior Chief and I turned to leave, he asked, "Ski, are you coming over tonight?" "Sure will." As we drove back to the barracks office, he explained to me that he lived off base and next door to the admiral.

The six weeks I worked for Senior Chief Mazloski was the best time I had in my eight years of service. I learned what "comshaw" was from the best. I learned quickly what he expected of me and met those expectations every time. As the time came closer for the start of my Nuc School class, I wondered what was to come of me. Then, the day before my six-week "pre-school" refresher class was to start, he took me before the C.O. The same captain that I had so rudely offended reached out to shake my hand and said, "Senior Chief Mazloski has told me of your performance. We have an opening on the staff for a machinist mate to operate and maintain our air conditioning equipment. I can have you transferred permanently or have you reinstated to your class at NPS." Senior Chief Mazloski told me that while he'd like to have me stay on and





work for him, that I had an opportunity at NPS and that I should take it. I told the C.O. that I had joined the Navy to challenge myself at Nuclear Power School, and that I would like to try. He told me to report to NPS that night, and that my class was to start the next day.

As I walked back to the barracks office, the Senior Chief told me that he had submitted a special 4.0 evaluation for me, and that we were going to celebrate at his house that night. Most of the guys I had gotten to know during that time showed up, and we ate and drank, told stories, and laughed a lot. I said my good-byes, dressed in my dress whites, and reported to the quarterdeck at the Nuclear Power School command, just as I had done repeatedly six weeks prior. As I handed the quarterdeck watch my papers and ID, he stepped away from the desk and made a phone call. Shortly thereafter, as I waited at the desk, I was grabbed from behind, my wrists pulled behind me, and I was put into handcuffs.

I was startled. I was told I was being taken in for being UA – AWOL! for the last six week. As I tried to explain that I had NOT been UA but had been working for the Service School command barracks, the shore patrol prepared to take me to the brig. I asked to make a phone call and called Senior Chief Mazloski. I explained to him what was going on and he had me hand the phone to the quarterdeck watch. He told them to hold off for a few minutes, and that he would have someone call to straighten out the issue. To his word, the phone rang after a few minutes, and the poor sailor standing the NPS quarterdeck found himself explaining things to the base commander, Rear Admiral Brad Mooney. Shortly thereafter the shore patrol released me, and I was given a barracks room and several apologies. Apparently, no one had pro-

cessed anything for the Nuc School command to let them know that I was working for the Service School command, and when I didn't show up for night shift cleaning crew, I was reported as missing.

Nuclear Power school was hard for me, and sometimes I felt like giving up. But I would talk with Senior Chief Mazloski, and he encouraged me. When I look back at the experience, I know I would never have succeeded at NPS without his friendship and encouragement.

**Editor Note: Thanks Chuck, great story. We all have a story or two of our time on the boat or in the Navy. Write your down before they are lost. Once you are gone, they are gone. Write them down!**

[illegible]

I have a great shipmate that had a saying as follows, he went by “Dummy”, but he was one of the smartest people I know.

His saying is :

You can have beer for a friend.

You can have a dog for a friend.

But if you try having a woman for a friend,  
you will end up drunk, kissing the dog.

After the Navy he has a great wife, family and serving the Lord.

I hope he makes the Nathan Hale reunion this year. - Terry Romig



At the meetings I (Al Anguish) have been able to attend I voiced my concern that Communication Technicians (Spooks) have never been recognized for what they contributed in service for our country. During the Cold War we didn't really exist in the minds of the submarine service or the government of the United States. I'm sending you this tribute for the newsletter of CTICS Shannon M. Kent killed while performing her duties as a spook linguist.

## The Story of a Cryptologic Hero CTICS Shannon M. Kent



<b>Born</b>	May 11, 1983 Oswego, New York, U.S.
<b>Died</b>	January 16, 2019 (aged 35) <sup>[1]</sup> Manbij, North and East Syria, Syria
<b>Buried</b>	Arlington National Cemetery
<b>Allegiance</b>	United States
<b>Service/branch</b>	United States Navy
<b>Years of service</b>	2003–2019
<b>Rank</b>	Senior chief petty officer
<b>Conflict</b>	Iraq War Global War on Terrorism † <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>War in Afghanistan</li> </ul>
<b>Awards</b>	Bronze Star Purple Heart Defense Meritorious Service Medal Meritorious Service Medal
<b>Spouse(s)</b>	Joe Kent (m, 2014)
<b>Children</b>	2

## THEY SERVED IN SILENCE



### The Story of a Cryptologic Hero CTICS Shannon M. Kent



"Shannon's desire to protect and care for her family, shipmates and her country is reflected in her relentless pursuit of the enemy and the life she built for our sons.

She was the best of us, my best friend and soulmate."

Joseph Kent



Senior Chief Petty Officer Shannon Kent (nee Smith), USN, was born in Oswego, New York, and raised in Pine Plains, New York. Pine Plains is in historic Dutchess County, an area that contributed manpower and resources to the fledgling American nation's efforts to win and preserve freedom. Shannon's life and accomplishments would become a part of this history.

Shannon hailed from a family characterized by service. Both her father, who has had a distinguished career as a senior official in the New York State Police, and her uncle, a firefighter, braved the Twin Towers on 9/11. She also has a brother currently serving in the United States Marine Corps. From her earliest days she proved to be a true renaissance woman in every sense of the word. During her youth she developed a wide range of talents and abilities and pursued excellence in the classroom, the volleyball court and most notably in the realm of languages. A lover of horses, she trained herself to speak Spanish to enable her to converse with the local stable hands, and she also had time to teach her little sister to do likewise.

During high school, Shannon Smith excelled academically, and for a few years she attended college. Like many others, however, the events of 9/11, and the inspiration provided by her father and uncle prompted her to join the military, and in 2003 she enlisted in the US Navy. After basic training, she graduated from the Defense Language Institute in 2004 and became proficient in Arabic and numerous other languages. From there, she began a stellar career as a gifted intelligence professional serving at Ft. Gordon, the Naval Special Warfare Support Activity Two, and finally Special Operations at Ft. Meade, where she ultimately became a member of the Technical Support Activity of Cryptologic Warfare Activity Sixty Six, an elite intelligence unit.

Only the best are judged worthy to serve with the TSA in CWA-66, as was the case in her previous assignments. Senior Chief Kent proved to be a "rock star" in her efforts to provide and protect critical information during dangerous, demanding and perilous assignments around the world. She was not just a superb analyst, but also a true warrior who embodied all of the attributes that term denotes.

In addition, during a training class at Ft. Belvoir, Shannon met a Green Beret Warrant Officer. Joseph Kent would become the love of her life. They married in 2014, and by 2017 the couple, despite demanding lives, were the parents of two beautiful sons, Colt and Josh, the middle names of both in honor of close friends who had been lost in combat.

Being a superstar both in the intelligence world and as a wife and mother was not enough for Senior Chief Kent. Somehow, she found the time to complete both her bachelor's and master's degrees in Psychology. In March 2018, she was accepted into a PhD program at the Uniformed Services University of Health Sciences. Her goal was to become a US Navy psychiatrist to help her fellow shipmates and service members better cope with post-traumatic stress disorder.

Her dream was put on hold in November 2018 when she deployed with her unit to Syria. During her time there, she was part of a highly skilled, multi-disciplined armed forces task force involved in critical and demanding intelligence work. On 16 January 2019, while involved in special operations against the Islamic State in the Syrian city of Manbij, Senior Chief Kent was felled by an improvised explosive device detonated by a suicide bomber.

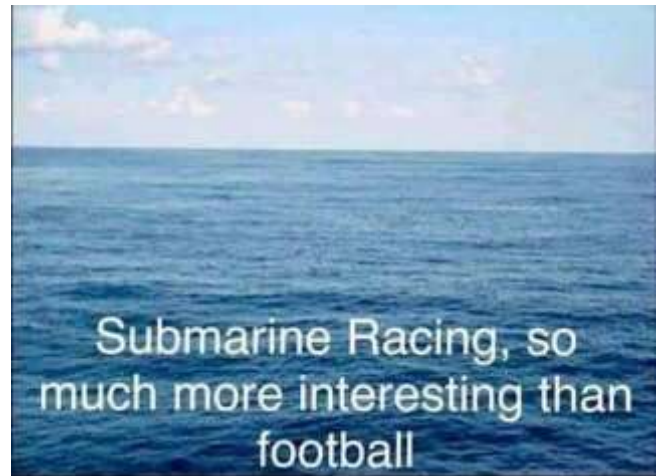
It was once said of William Friedman, the father of American cryptology, that while he was largely





unknown during his life, the effect he had on history was “incalculable.” Like Friedman and others in the cryptologic service, the specifics of Senior Chief Kent’s successes and achievements during her service to the nation are also largely unknown, but the results of her work can only be described as vast, meaningful, and enduring. A close relative of Senior Chief Kent summed up the sense of loss felt by her husband, family, friends and comrades in arms when she noted: “My God, I love you, Shannon. I don’t know how any of us will go on without you, but your strength is such an inspiration.”

Our nation today is beset by any number of daunting threats and challenges that can prompt the most optimistic of us to fear for the future. At the same time, however, it can be said that as long as individuals of the caliber of Senior Chief Petty Officer Kent are willing to answer the call to service, we can be assured that freedom and liberty will not perish but will prevail until the end of time.



...and by Football, I mean Soccer!



This year we did a joint Old Shawnee Days Parade with our sister Base, Topeka-Jefferson City (TJC). All had a great time. Also riding on the TJC float were the Ladies from the local Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR). Our “USS Shrimp” float was awarded the “Best Motorized Float” plaque.





## Sculpin Base Funny (?) Page

An older guy goes to his doctor for his physical, and gets sent to the Urologist as a precaution:

When he gets there, he discovers the Urologist is a very pretty female doctor.

The female doctor says. "I'm going to check your prostate today, but this new procedure is a little different from what you are probably used to. I want you to lie on your right side, bend your knees, then while I check your prostate, take a deep breath and say, 99.."

The old guy obeys and says. "99."

The doctor says. "Great, now turn over on your left side and again, while I repeat the check,

Take a deep breath and say 99."

Again, the old guy says. "99."

The doctor said. "Very good. Now then, I want you to lie on your back with your knees raised slightly. I'm going to check your prostate with this hand, and with the other hand I'm going to hold on to your penis to keep it out of the way. Now take a deep breath and say 99."

The old guy begins....

"One...two...three..."

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I'm in Home Depot and some little kid called me an old fart... So if you're missing your kid...he's in the red LG dryer...isle 17.

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Sometimes I wonder what happened to the people who asked me for directions?

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Common sense is not a gift, it's a punishment. Because you have to deal with everyone who doesn't have it.

## TWELVE COMMANDMENTS FOR SENIORS

#1 - Talk to yourself. There are times you need expert advice.

#2 - "In Style" are the clothes that still fit.

#3 - You don't need anger management. You need people to stop pissing you off.

#4 - Your people skills are just fine. It's your tolerance for idiots that needs work.

#5 - The biggest lie you tell yourself is, "I don't need to write that down. I'll remember it."

#6 - "On time" is when you get there.

#7 - Even duct tape can't fix stupid, but it sure does muffle the sound.

#8 - It would be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes, then come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller?

#9 - Lately, you've noticed people your age are so much older than you.

#10 - Growing old should have taken longer.

#11 - Aging has slowed you down, but it hasn't shut you up.

#12 - You still haven't learned to act your age and hope you never will.

... And one more:

"One for the road" means peeing before you leave the house.

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## GEDUNK from the Net

Report to Congress on Navy Ship Names

[Article](#)

Report to Congress on Virginia-class Submarine Program, AUKUS

[Article](#)

Russian Nuclear Sub, Frigate Operating Off East Coast

[Article](#)

House Approps Bill Funds Single Virginia-class Sub, Cuts Landing Ships

[Article](#)

Royal Navy nuc sub 'sinks to dangerous depths after gauge malfunctions'

[Article](#)

Why has the US stationed a nuclear submarine in the Middle East?

[Article](#)

Taiwan unveils new submarine to counter Chinese threat

[Article](#)

WWII "Hit 'em HARDER" submarine wreck site confirmed

[Article](#)

USS Sculpin 'The Sculpin Story'

[Article](#)

Brylcreem, Liberty Cuffs, & Tattoos: Navy Sailor Personal Style 1940s-50s

[Article](#)

Canada To Acquire Up To 12 Conventionally-Powered Submarines

[Article](#)

Norwegians embark US nuke submarine in a rare flex of force

[Article](#)

First US Navy Submarine Will Deploy With New UUV Capability This Year

[Article](#)

First Royal Australian Navy Enlisted Sailors Train at U.S. Sub School

[Article](#)

Got Links or pictures you want to share with the Sculpin Base?

Send them to Moe at [donutdad53@gmail.com](mailto:donutdad53@gmail.com)

**I am proud** to have the (SS) designation. It's one of my most rewarding achievements; right after my wife and children. I wear Dolphins just about where ever I go; on my shirt, belt buckle or my cap. Sometime all three. I even wear them on my Legion and VFW Caps. I am proud of my time in the service of our Great Nation. And I'm proud to be a member of all my Veteran's groups, especially the USSVI. I thank every Veteran I see wearing a jacket or cap. It's not about who gave more years, it's about the fact that we all gave our word to defend the United States of America.

So Shipmates, wear your Dolphins proud and educate those who ask "what is that emblem you wear?" Many will ask.





## Shipmates leaving on Eternal Patrol this Quarter

Honoring the Sculpin Base Members

and our Sister Bases in Kansas; the Dorado Base and the Topeka-Jefferson City Base.



J.D. Pickett , CDR



Qualified in submarines on the USS Grayback (SSG-574) in 1974 and was a CDR when he left the Navy. JD was a member of the Topeka-Jefferson City Base.

James Douglas "JD" Pickett, age 67, of Irving, Texas, passed away peacefully in his sleep at home on July 6, 2024.

JD was born at USNTC Great Lakes Naval Hospital in Illinois on October 18, 1956. JD graduated from Sturgeon Bay High School in 1974. JD experienced an adventurous childhood as a Navy brat and lived in Great Lakes, IL; New London, CT; West Milton, Schenectady, NY; Pascagoula, MS; San Diego, CA; Holy Loch, Scotland; Salina, KS; and Sturgeon Bay, WI.

He was married to Denise Platt on June 20, 1987, at St. Boniface Catholic Church, Scipio, KS. They met at the Wolf Creek Nuclear Plant and moved for work during their relationship to include the following locations: Pennsville, NJ; Port Clinton, OH; Aiken, SC; Overland Park, KS; Morgantown, WV; and Irving, TX.

JD joined the U.S. Navy in 1974 and completed qualification on submarines. He was assigned to many submarines including, but not limited to the USS Grayback and USS Pintado. JD had a career in the nuclear industry that included working at the following nuclear plants/sites: Palo Verde, Davis-Besse, Wolf Creek, Hope Creek, and Savannah River Site.

He was a member of the Kansas City Barbeque Society, Knights of Columbus, American Legion, Veterans' of Foreign Wars, USSVI. For VFW Post 5877, Aiken, SC, he served in several leadership positions to include trustee, Quartermaster, and Commander. He served as the Chairman of the Aiken County Veterans Park for many years and was proud on dedication day. He served in several leadership positions at VFW Post 846, Overland Park, KS.

He had a passion for music, cars, collecting, cooking, dogs, movies, bourbon, Green Bay Packers, Boston Red Sox, Dallas stars, family/people, entertaining, God and country.

He was preceded in death by his parents, John Douglas "Ducky" and Catherine "Kay" Bernadette (Smith) Pickett, his sisters, Catherine "Cathy" (Pickett) Burns, and Margaret (Pickett) Schoch, and infant twin brothers, John and William Pickett.

He is survived by his wife, Denise (Platt) Pickett, Dorothy (Pickett) and Ron Walker, Mary (Pickett) and Dan Fulwiler, Kelly "Sam" (Pickett) and Steve Suhrer, and E. Marie (Pickett) and Sergio Arellano.

