



UNITED STATES
SUBMARINE VETERANS INC



STRYKER SIGNALS

Our Creed

“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 be a constant source of motivation toward greater accomplishments. We pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States government.”

11 October 2008

Social

The next social will be at the home of Don and Lydia Brown. The address is 10245 Mountain View, Helotes, TX. It is about 4 ½ miles outside Loop 1604 on Bandera (TX 16). Bring your own lawn chairs, and ladies are asked to call Lydia to plan food; (210) 695-9539

Meeting

The next meeting will be at the VFW Post #8315 (1000 FM 78, Schertz) will be 16 November, starting with a Pot Luck lunch at 1300 hours. Guests and family are always welcome.

Veteran's Day

We are again participating in the Veteran's Day Ceremony at Fort Sam Houston. We will be “working” from about 0900 to 1200 hrs. Our job is to drive golf carts for the visitors, and we get to meet some real great people. Contact Gary English for details: Home phone is (830) 980-2858, Cell phone is (210) 882-2891.

Minutes of Last Meeting

The last meeting was at the air field in Seguin. There were not enough present to constitute a quorum, so a BBQ was held in its' place. As the old Navy saying goes: “A good time was had by all.”

Sea Stories

This is the true story of the famous goat and his brief tour of duty on the USS Archerfish

A Smoke Boat Sailor's Deck Log:

January 18, 1961

Topped off with 7300 gallons of marine diesel fuel during the morning watch and put in a normal battery charge at night. We are ready to leave the cold of New London and head for the

West Coast. All that is left to do is say “Good bye to the bar maids, Taxi drivers, cops, Shore Patrol. We will do that tonight.

Kenneth C. (Pig Pen) Henry

Speedy and I were wandering down Bank Street when we ran into Nick Ross. He told us he knew a farmer who wanted to sell a rooster and a billy goat. We jumped into his pick up and headed for Groton. We bought both for \$15 and brought them back to New London.

Galen O. (Turkey Neck) Steck

What prompted us to want a goat, God only knows. Perhaps we wanted some loving, and after striking out with every bar maid on Bank Street we were ready to try our luck with something really wild. Anyway, we bought the damn thing. The rooster was a bonus, and I think he was included because it and the goat were stable mates and the farmer didn't want to separate the two. We got back to New London and paraded up and down Bank Street until the Shore Patrol stopped us (we were in dress blues). The conversation between the Wagon Driver (WD) and Headquarters (HQ) went something like this:

WD: “We've got two drunk sailors here with a goat and a rooster. What do you want us to do with them?”

HQ: (after a long pause) “You've got what?”

WD: He repeats transmission; (Another long pause.)

HQ: “Are they together?”

WD: “Best I can tell. One says they're all shipmates and refuses to be parted.”

HQ: “How drunk are they?”

WD: “The goat and the rooster are sober, I think, but the other two...well...let me put it this way; they are under their own power as long as the goat holds them up. Do you want us to bring them in?”

HQ: “Hell no! Just tell them to get them off the street. And to stay off it.”

Not long after we got back to the Dolphin a group of us decided we were hungry and we all ended up in the Hygienic Restaurant to get something to eat. The goat acted like he was real hungry, and we thought a salad would taste just right. We ordered a bowl of cereal for the rooster.

John D. (Speedy) Gonzales

Speedy took the goat and I took the rooster into the restaurant. By this time there were four or five other Archerfish sailors with us. We ordered the goat an extra large bowl of lettuce salad,

and Looney Stevens broke up some cigarettes to add flavor. The goat ate the whole thing and was looking for more. At the same time I got the rooster a bowl of Corn Flakes, and he liked them.

Galen O. (Turkey Neck) Steck

A Witness: My son and I traveled from Norfolk to New London to meet my husband when the Archerfish returned. Rick had been transferred to ComSubRon Six for shore duty two weeks prior to this incident. I'm sorry to say we were still hanging around New London. It was a Wednesday evening and the three of us were in the Hygienic Restaurant for a late evening meal. We had taken our coats off and hung them on the hooks at the end of the booth while we were eating. Along with everyone else in the place, we stopped eating to watch a bunch of loud, drunken sailors come through the door and sit on most of the seats at the previously empty counter. To make matters worse they had a goat and a rooster with them! I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Then my husband Rick went over to talk to them. They were his old shipmates off the Archerfish. I stared in disbelief. Those guys were the mangiest group of people I had ever seen. They looked and acted like the dregs of society. I was shocked when the waitress not only served them, but fed the goat and the rooster without protest. So much for the name 'Hygienic.' The last straw for me was when I looked around and saw that damned goat trying to eat the sleeve of my fur coat.

Candace Hardin

When everyone was finished eating it was time to head back to the Submarine Base. The goat and the rooster went with us in the trunk of a taxi. When we got to the gate the Marines checked out ID cards and waved us through. They survived the cab ride and we took them both back to the boat.

Galen O. (Turkey Neck) Steck

It took two cabs to get us all there. When the Marine leaned over to check our IDs the goat started banging his horns against the inside of the trunk trying to get out. "What's that noise?" Speedy was sitting closest to the Marine, and as soon as the noise started he started bouncing up and down in time with the goat, hitting his head against the headliner. He shouted: "It's me, It's me." The rest of us started stomping our feet to further confuse the sound. After a pause to consider the situation, the Marine must have decided it wasn't worth the trouble and waved us through. The topside watch just shook his head when we led the goat across the brow. We had a hell of a time getting him down the after battery ladder. There was a battery charge in progress, so finally we just held him by his horns, yelled "Look out below" and dropped him down the hatch. The guys playing poker got a real shock when they looked around to see what had hit the deck.

Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry

January 19, 1961 I had the duty the night the goat came aboard. I was scheduled for the 0-08 topside watch and had hit my rack early. After midnight I awoke to a horrible racket coming from the Goat Locker (CPO berthing) in the after battery. Soon the noise, and the cause of the noise, disappeared into the crews' mess. My curiosity got the best of me and I got up to see

what was going on. There was a rooster on one of the tables and a goat by the deep sink. Red Dog was kneeling next to the goat comparing beards. Considering I had only been aboard a couple of weeks I kept my mouth shut and headed for a corner table to watch some real pros in action.

Man, were they bombed! Nasty Ness said he could take care of the rooster, which he did. He took it into the galley and we never saw it again. I hope he didn't feed it to us later. The goat's buddies were all laughing about how they had taken the goat and rooster into the Goat Locker (CPO quarters). They had put the rooster on the chest of a sleeping chief who had just returned from leave and was in need of both sleep and sobriety. It must have been the sound of the chief being awakened by the rooster scratching his chest and the goat eating his blanket that awakened me earlier. It wasn't long before the goat and his buddies headed for a tour of the boat.

Garrett T. Kelly

I didn't cook the damn rooster. In fact, I don't think he made it back to the boat. The only time I remember seeing the rooster was in the Dolphin. Pig and I were sleeping on the floor in the kitchen when the noise in the bar woke us up. About that time the goat wandered into the kitchen and looked around. We got up to see what we were missing, and when we got to the bar Speedy and Turkey Neck were telling the story of where they got the goat and rooster. The goat was running loose on the dance floor and the rooster was on the bar. I remember some lady in a booth raising hell about a goat and rooster in the bar. I don't know who she was or who she was with. I do remember that the dress she had on was the same color as the rooster, and I thought it would be a good idea to give her the rooster. When we got back to the boat I lost interest in everything except the poker game that was in progress in the mess hall. Pig and I bought in and I forgot all about the goat.

Jim Blackburn was the below decks watch at the time. Maybe he remembers something about the rooster.

Dale A. (Nasty) Ness

There wasn't room in the after battery to keep the goat, but there was lots of room in the after torpedo room, so we headed aft. When we got to the forward engine room door the goat really put up a fight as he didn't like the noise of the charging engine. Dachenhausen had the charge and said he would watch the goat. We tied him to the after engine room ladder and went back to the mess hall to watch the poker game.

Kenneth C. Henry

On Archerfish the engines in the forward room were reversed to what they were on most Fairbanks boats. The throttles for #1 and #2 main engines were in the aft of the compartment, and the blowers faced forward. We were in the finishing rate of the battery charge with #2 main engine on line as the charging engine. I was sitting on a bench locker, leaning against #1 main engine, doing what all good throttle men do at that time of the morning when charging batteries in port (you figure it out). My back was toward the water tight door to the after battery, and I was facing the gauges. When I felt the pressure change as the door was opened, I turned my head expecting to see the below decks watch or an electrician hopping gravities, step into the

compartment. Before I realized what was going on a wild eyed goat jumped into the compartment! He had a collar around his neck with a chain attached. He was trying to get away from whoever had hold of the other end of the chain, and finally pulled Jim Moran through the door.

My first fear was that the chain would become caught in the fuel line, kick drain, or anything else that would force us to secure the charge. When he got next to the blower intake and felt his hair stand on end he really panicked. I was finally able to pull the goat, and push the line of drunks that were following him, into the after engine room. That's where I left them. The last thing I saw was Turkey Neck Steck feeding the goat lettuce and giving him water as they tied him to the ladder in the after engine room. After they left the goat actually looked relieved that his buddies had gone.

Laurence A. (Doc) Dachenhausen

I was the charging electrician in the maneuvering room. It was a little after midnight when I heard a strange noise coming from the after engine room. We were on the one-engine rate and I could hear what sounded like chains dragging across the deck plates. The last time I had looked up there, the throttle man was somewhere between reading a book and taking a nap, so I knew no work was in progress. Out of curiosity, or boredom, I walked around the cubicle and looked through the water tight door to see what was making the noise. There in the middle of the engine room was a goat! At first I thought it was one of the chiefs, but then I realized it was a real, live goat. It even had horns and a beard. The only thing keeping it in there was it was chained to the ladder. I could tell right away it didn't like the noise or the vibrations. I didn't know a goat could crap so much.

William E. (Robby) Roberts

One of the duty enginemen was leaning against the deep sink talking to us the Duke Durgan came in on his way aft. He saw him and asked: "Who has the charge in the engine room?" The engineman answered with a straight face: "The goat."

Assuming this was another nickname for one of the crew Mr. Durgan said: "OK," and continued aft. It wasn't long before he was back yelling: "There's a goat in the engine room!" The engineman said: "Of course there is. I told you he has the watch." This was my cue to go topside and relieve the watch before it got any worse.

Garrett T. Kelly

Duke told us to get the goat out of the engine room and off the boat. We tried to convince him that he should let us keep the goat as a mascot. Duke presented sound reasons for getting rid of the goat to each of our arguments, except one. When he tried to reason with us by asking: "What about the smell?" One of the troops shot right back: "He'll get used to it, we all did." At that point he said we could keep him in the after torpedo room for the rest of the night, but then we had to get rid of him in the morning.

Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry

I arrived at the boat and found we had a beast in one of the engine rooms. All this was shortly before getting underway. A goat had sneaked onto the base by hiding itself in the trunk of a

taxi full of engineers. It was a very funny sight, indeed, but caused me a bit of stress. Stress is often caused when one wants to double over with laughter, but must, as a duty, show sincere anger. It was particularly stressful for me as XO, when as ordered, the engineers were trying to force the goat to leave. There were a pair of arms stretched through the hatch from above as a couple of guys tried to push the goat upward with the goats' butt in somebody's face. It was like trying to stuff a live cobra up a tiger's ass. None were happy about the situation, especially the goat. As I said, it was particularly stressful for me and I am still receiving therapy for goat trauma.

David K. (XO) Dimmick

We found it was a lot harder to get a goat out of a submarine than to get one in. After several unsuccessful attempts we tied a line around the goats' horns and a couple of guys went topside to pull. We got the goat under the hatch and lifted as far as we could while the guys topside pulled. Greasy Joe got the goat's ass on his shoulder to support him, and we got his head and shoulders in the trunk headed in the right direction. The guys topside pulled, Joe pushed, the goat bellowed and crapped all down Joe's back. Joe didn't like it, but then neither did the goat. After a lot of pulling, a lot of pushing, and a lot of crapping, the goat was finally on deck. Once we had him topside we had to figure out what to do with him.

Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry

Soon after the XO came aboard in the morning, someone from the after torpedo room came topside looking for the line we used to raise and lower the GDU cans up the after battery hatch. I followed him back to the after room hatch where he dropped one end of the line down the hatch and yelled: "Tie it around his horns." The two of us pulled while others in the room pushed, and still others reached down to pull on the horns. Finally we got him topside. I don't know who was happier, us or the goat. I know he got sick on the after deck as they led him toward the brow. Not knowing what else to do with him, they tied him to the dumpster at the head of pier 9 and left him there. It wasn't long before I saw a couple of Marines checking the head of the piers for illegally parked cars. They checked this car, then that car, then this goat, then that car, then another one. Suddenly they slammed on their brakes, backed up, and stared in disbelief at the goat. The goat stared back. They drove down the pier and talked to the topside watch on the boat on the south side of the pier. Then they came over and talked to me. I told them I didn't know who the goat belonged to, he was there when I came on watch. I guess the other topside watch had told them the same thing. Then they drove off to get instructions on what to do next. Thankfully I got relieved before anything abnormal happened.

Garrett T. Kelly

Soon after the Marines left the area somebody suggested that the goat was probably hungry, so we took him over in front of Building One and tied him to a fire hydrant with a heaving line. That gave him plenty of room to graze on the lawn, shrubs, and flowers in the gardens. There was quite a traffic jam on the lower base that morning as people slowed to stare. A couple of careless drivers even mashed fenders. It wasn't long before some guys in a Navy truck showed up to take him away. It wasn't fair, we wanted to take him to WestPac with us.

Kenneth C. (Pig) Henry

Pumping the Humor Bilge

Dear Wife:

I'm writing you this letter to tell you that I'm leaving you forever. I've been a good man to you for seven years and I have nothing to show for it. These last two weeks have been Hell. Your boss called to tell me that you quit your job today and that was the last straw. Last week you came home and didn't even notice I had a new haircut, had cooked your favorite meal, and even wore a brand new pair of silk boxers. You ate in two minutes, and went straight to sleep after watching all of your soaps. You don't tell me you love me anymore; you don't want sex or anything that connects us as husband and wife. Either you're cheating on me or you don't love me anymore; whatever the case, I'm gone.

Your Ex-Husband

P.S. Don't try to find me. Your sister and I are moving away to West Virginia together! Have a great life!

Dear Ex-Husband;

Nothing has 'made my day' more than receiving your letter. It's true you and I have been married for seven years, although a good man is a far cry from what you've been. I watch my soaps so much because they drown out your constant whining and griping. Too bad that doesn't work. I did notice when you got a haircut last week, but the first thing that came to mind was: "You look just like a girl!" Since my mother raised me not to say anything if I can't say something nice, I didn't comment. And when you cooked my favorite meal, you must have gotten me confused with my sister, because I stopped eating pork seven years ago. About those new silk boxers: I turned away from you because the \$49.99 price tag was still on them, and I prayed it was coincidence that my sister had just borrowed \$50 from me that morning. After all of this, I still loved you and felt we could work it out. So when I hit the lotto for ten million dollars, I quit my job and bought us two tickets to Jamaica. But when I got home you were gone. Everything happens for a reason, I guess. I hope you have the fulfilling life you always wanted. My lawyer said that the letter you wrote ensures you won't get a dime from me. So take care.

Your Ex-Wife, Rich as Hell and Free!

P.S. I don't know if I ever told you this, but my sister Carla was born Carl. I hope that's not a problem.