

Sea Poacher Association



*Dedicated to the men who served
on this great fighting ship!*



Volume 6, Issue 1

January 2008



From the President:

Bill Brinkman

seapoacher@austin.rr.com

Hello Shipmates,

First of all I wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New year to you and your family.

Reunion May 22-24, 2008 Jacksonville, FL

Our Reunion 2008 host JJ Lynch has put together a great Reunion. He has helpers on the Raffle, Auction, Trips and Banquet and believe me he'll maintain the high level of reunions which we've come to expect (thanks, Cal Cochran 2004 Charleston, SC and Ivan Joslin 2006 Virginia Beach,VA).

Also this year we're making the chance to win two raffle items available to those members who cannot attend the Reunion as well as non-members. These items are the accurate model of the USS Sea Poacher with the North Atlantic sail (1962-1969) and a wonderful painting donated by the family of the late Captain Lawrence Stahl (CO 1959-1961). More on this in another article.

Memorial Fund

Due to postage increases our costs of making and mailing the Sea Poacher Association Memorial Plaques has risen to \$40 each.

As you may know, we actually only have one checking account, but we have three accounts (General Fund, Ken LeBlanc Humanitarian Fund, and the Memorial Fund).

Donations to the Memorial Fund are needed and will be gratefully appreciated.

Our Book: We Remember Sea Poacher

Those of you with e-mail have all ready been contacted to please send in your check to pay for the book(s) that you ordered.

For those of you without e-mail, see Lanny Yeske's arti-

cle about the prices and where to send your check.

We only ordered an extra 40 copies. So, if you haven't ordered a copy, now's the time to do so!!

Reunion 2010

Per our By-Laws, we must decide on the location and date for our 2010 Reunion at the Business Meeting May 23, 2008 during the 2008 Reunion.

Please think about where you would like the next reunion to be.

Also, and more importantly, please consider being the "Host" and make a bid to me.

It would be great to have two or more committees making their bids to the Business Meeting attendees!!

USS Sea Owl / USS Sea Poacher Joint Cruise Nov 3-8, 2007

We had 60 people from both subs on this cruise to Key West and Nassau, Bahamas and everyone had a great time.

My brother Walt won \$750 at Bingo and one of the Sea Owl daughters won a 7 day cruise for 2 also at Bingo. Jack Merrill also won \$350 but from what he tells me he donated it all back to the Carnival Cruise Line casino.

SS406 shipmates, wives, friends, relatives on the cruise were, Bob & Carolyn Acor QM 59-60, Bill Brinkman EM 60-62, Walt & Jean Brinkman, Richard Clubb QM 62-63, Carroll & Jan Lawson QM 61-63, Buster & Kaye McCollom QM 62-63, Jack & Sandra Merrill TM 61-63, Jon & Gazie Nagle MM 62-63, Larry & Gloria Reiche ET 67-68 and Ed Thompson EN 53-55. and his friend Mary Lorentz. (See photo on Page Eight)

New Treasurer

Lanny Yeske resigned as treasurer due to other commitments.

Carroll Lawson QM 61-63 has agreed to be our new Treasurer and we're in the process of getting all the financial records to him. Both Carroll and I will have checking privileges.

We are sure that Carroll will do a great job for our association.

Thru the scope . . .



Reunion 08 Registration Form

May 22-24, 2008
Jacksonville, Florida

Shipmate _____

1st Mate _____

Guest(s) _____

Number Totals _____

SubBase Tour May 22 @ \$15 ea= \$ _____

River Cruise May 23 @ \$30 ea= \$ _____

St. Augustine Trip May 24 @ \$25 ea= \$ _____

Banquet May 24 @ \$40 ea= \$ _____

Grand Total due` \$ _____

Make Check to " USS Sea Poacher" and mail to:

Bill Brinkman
4500 Tiffany Nicole ST
Round Rock, TX 78665-9466

REMINDER: If you wish to tour SubBase you must have submitted a security form which is available either from the Sea Poacher Web Site or from the April issue of this newsletter, or by calling JJ Lynch at 904-223-8872.

Membership Roll

The following is a list of paid-up members. Are you on this list? If not, why not?

LIFETIME MEMBERS

Robert Abbott	Arthur Geddes	Charles O'Baker
Bob Acor	Jack Gentry	James Ochs
Charles Ahler	Ron Godwin	Paul Ogg
Dewey Akins	Billy Gorsuch	Ron Patterson
Paul Allers	Dave Green	Tom Polen
Peter Amunrud	Eugene Guibault	Jim Powers
Dave Andres	Paul Gusler	John Rabuse
Ted Anthony	Carl Hale	Charles Rager
Charles Auclair	John Hallam	Dewey Reed
George Axford	Dave Harms	Larry Reiche
Vernon Barnett	Frances Heckroth	David Richter
Robert Beers	Bill Hellmer	Luke Riley
Harvey Benson	Robert Henry	David Ringland
Carol Bergs	Darrell Hickman	Robert Ritz
Truman Bernhard	Dick Holtz	Salvatore Rosina
Doug Bishop	Robert Horne	Martin Ruch
Kenneth Bonnell	Harry Huggins	John Savory
Bob Bradley	Carol Humphries	Herman Scallan
Bill Brinkman	Hubert Jackson	Bob Schindhelm
Jim Burgett	Richard Jennison	Karl Schipper
Russ Burrows	Gerald Joseph	Ron Schnars
Frank Calderone	Ivan Joslin	Russell Schondorf
Alice Calvert	Mike Kassinger	Donald Schwartz
Dick Carney	Allen Katen	William Sharp
Leo Carr	David Keffeler	Harry Sherman
Kent Carroll	Ken Kile	Rick Smock
John Chaich	Terry Kleinweber	John Snook
Richard Clubb	Richard Laake	Fred Socha
Ralph Cobb	Troy Law	Richard Stickney
Cal Cochrane	Carroll Lawson	Marty Stokes
Lawrence Colwell	Gail LeBlanc	Chuck Strand
Bill Cook	Frank Lederer	David Strunk
Robert Cooley	Ted Lee	Tom Sugden
James Cooney	Jim Lemerman	Robert Sumner
Gerry Coutu	John Love	Terry Tague
Bill Crismon	Nathan Lundy	Chester Taylor
Alfred Dickey	Bill Luttrell	Ed Thompson
William Dietrich	J.J. Lynch	Ron Thompson
William Donnelan	John Mach	Tommy Thompson
Merlyn Dorrheim	John Majzun	Richard Trench
Bill Dukacz	Ken Manion	James Tryon
Daniel Dybala	Mark Markham	John Tulodeski
Richard Earl	Robert Matheny	Al Turbeville
Jack Easley	Jim McClanahan	Tony Tuttobene
Daniel Eberhardt	David McCollum	Ed Urban
Fred Edwards	Tilden McCommas	Don Waldrop
Leon Eggleston	Carl McCutcheon	Arne Weinfurter
Dick Elliott	Jack Merrill	Larry Weinfurter
David Elmore	Ty Merritt	Ray Wengrzyn
Jack Ensminger	Eddie Montz	James Weston
Garl Eubank	Joe Murdoch	Don Wilkinson
Frank Evans	William Murphy	Olin Williams
Buster Flaskas	Lester Murray	George Wyse
Dante Fortini	Gary Nagle	Lanny Yeske
Richard Fox	Jon Nagle	Hope Young
Ron Fraley	John Nicholoy	Jerome Young
Harold Gall	Jack Nims	Robert Young
Larry Garrett		



MEMBERS

Richard Bernotiet	Jerry Loveless	John Saeli
Donald Blomquist	Julius O'Bannon	Bennie Sheldon
Walter Culp	Walter Patrick	Glen Suttle
James Deming	Dale Peterson	Andrew Viers
John Dubbs	Mark Richwine	
Carl Headland	Martin Ruch	

If your name does not appear here . . . Why not??? Please help support your association!!!! Dues are \$10 per year or \$100 for a life membership. Please make check payable to "Sea Poacher Association" and Mail to: Bill Brinkman, 4500 Tiffany Nicole St., Round Rock, TX 78664-9466



406 Book Editor

Lanny Yeske

doctoryeske@yahoo.com



From the 2008 Reunion Host:

JJ Lynch

j2bubba2@earthlink.net

SEA POACHER BOOK AT PUBLISHER - NEED FOR PAYMENTS

Okay, our book WE REMEMBER SUBMARINE SEA POACHER, BY HER CREW 1944 - PRESENT, is now at Warwick House Publishing in Lynchburg, Virginia, and will soon be sent to the printer. This coffee table size hard cover bonded leather edition wound up at 629 pages including 72 pages of photographs, which is nearly 60 percent larger than we envisioned a year ago.

We are printing 450 copies of which 407 have already been ordered. The book will be initially distributed at the 21-24 May 2008 Reunion in Jacksonville to those attending and the cost will be \$29 per copy. This includes a small profit for the SEA POACHER Association and it will go into our General Fund.

For those of you not attending the Reunion and who have ordered copies, the cost is an additional \$5 or \$34 per copy which includes packaging, shipping, and insurance. These copies will be mailed to you shortly after the May Reunion.

We have already paid the Publisher for the books, so please send your check (\$29 times the number of books you ordered if you are attending the Reunion or \$34 times the number of books if you are not attending). Make the check out to SEA POACHER Association, and mail it to Bill Brinkman, 4500 Tiffany Nicole Street, Round Rock, TX 78665-9466, at your earliest convenience.

Hello Shipmates,

The reunion plans are etched in concrete and I think we are all going to have a great time. Nothing new to report in regards to the activates that have been planned. There is a wonderful diner theater here in Jacksonville that produces memorable events with named actors. This would be you chance to keep you Lady happy. I have received some interesting questions about other activates. Should you be interested send me an e-mail at j2bubba2@earthlink.net and I can arrange something for a small or a large number of us.

I do need some help with reservations. You need to make you reservation and communicate with our President and let him know what activates you are going to participate in. The number of busses and several other things that take place behind closed doors require this information. HELP me with this PLEASE.

I have contacted a Kidney Dialases center and they need information on the number of folks that would use there services. They will work with us to get your treatment so you can attend all the functions with the crew. We will get you there so don't let this hold you from liberty with your shipmates. We have at least one blind shipmate coming so don't sound like a seaman duce mess-cook with a used car, with cheap excusis why you can't make it. That's all from the mess decks.

ATTENTION: USS SEA POACHER SHIPMATES!

Raffle



1st — This wonderful, framed, 23 1/4 x 23 1/4" watercolor of Sea Poacher was commissioned by CO Larry Stahl in 1960 and painted by Gerald Levey. This is one of his first paintings. Gerald is now a world renowned marine artist. His work can be seen at www.geraldlevey.com. The painting has some blemishes but is generally in very good condition. This piece of artwork is a donation by the Stahl family to the Sea Poacher Association. It is nicely matted in a 33x27" frame.



2nd — This is a new, beautiful model of Submarine Sea Poacher. Length: 21", Base is: 24x6". Retail price: \$400.

The proceeds of this raffle will go to the Humanitarian Fund And to the Memorial Fund

Here's the way it will work.

Send a check for \$20 for each raffle ticket you wish to purchase, made out to "Sea Poacher Association" to: Bill Brinkman, 4500 Tiffany Nichole St., Round Rock, TX 78665. Indicated on check on which items you are bidding. You may buy as many tickets as you like. The winning ticket will be drawn at the Jacksonville Reunion in May. Winners will be notified and also posted at: seapoacher.com.



**From the
Web Guru:
Jon K. Nagle**
jondryvac@aol.com

SURFACE! SURFACE! SURFACE! ANSWER BELLS ON MAIN ENGINES!

More things have been added to your web page including a new link to the "Silent Service Web Ring" This site is full of pictures, movies, art, stories and blogs of submarines and submariners. You can find the link on the Ships Log page of the web site. It's worth looking at.

To Do list for the ex-smokeboat sailor who misses "the good old days"

1. Replace all your doorways in your house with windows so that you have to step up AND duck to go through them.

2. Take the jack handle out of your trunk and install it in the ceiling over your stove. Several times a day, give it 112 turns and yell: "main induction secured."

3. Watch only unknown movies with no major stars and then, only at night. Have your family vote on which movie to watch, then watch a different one.

4. Buy a trash compactor (but don't use it). Store the trash in your bathtub.

5. Leave lawnmower running in your living room six hours a day for proper noise level.

6. Cut a twin mattress in half and enclose three sides of your bed. Add a roof that prevents you from sitting up (about 10 inches is a good distance) then place it on a platform that is four feet off the floor. Place a small dead animal under the bed to simulate the smell of your bunkmate's socks.

7. Use 18 scoops of coffee per pot and allow it to sit for 5 or 6 hours before drinking.

8. Check your refrigerator compressor for "sound shorts".

9. Pour 2 quarts of oil in your laundry tubs. Lay in them, on your back, and change the washers on the water spigots.

10. While doing laundry, replace liquid fabric softener with diesel fuel.

11. At night, replace all light bulbs in the living room with red bulbs.

12. Buy all food in cases and line the floor with them.

13. Whenever someone enters a room you're cleaning, shout "up and over" at them so they'll go through the attic to get to the kitchen.

14. Paint the windshield of your car black. Make your wife stand up through the sunroof and give you directions on where to drive.

15. Buy 50 cases of toilet paper and lock up all but two rolls. Ensure one of these two rolls is wet at all times.

16. Every 10 weeks, simulate a visit to another port. Go directly to the city slums wearing your best clothes. Find the worst looking place, and ask for the most expensive beer that they carry. Drink as many as you can in four hours. Take a cab home taking the longest possible route. Tip the cabby after he charges you double because you dress funny and don't speak right.

17. Use only spoons which hold a minimum of 1/2 cup at a time.

18. Run a tube from your car's exhaust pipe into your living room, yell "prepare to snorkel", and start the car. Breathe the fumes for one hour.

19. One hour after falling asleep, have your wife shine a flashlight in your eyes and say "sorry, wrong rack."

20. Sit up from 1130 to 0530 in front of your stove to insure it doesn't turn on by accident.

Treasury Report

As of November 30, 2007
Bill Brinkman, Acting Treasurer

November 1, 2007

Beginning Balance all Funds	24141.16
General Fund Deposits & credits	1105
General Fund Withdrawals	423.50
Memorial fund Withdrawals	260
Humanitarian Fund	
Deposits & Credits(transfer)	30
Reunion 2008	
Deposits	80
Withdrawals (General Fund)	200

November 30, 2007

Ending Balance General Fund	22260.08
Memorial Fund	647.58
Humanitarian Fund	1,685

**Bank Balance
(General + Hum. + Mem.) 24,592.66**



Jack Ensminger, TM 61 presents a Sea Poacher Association Memorial Plaque to Alice Calvert, widow of BJ Calvert, FT 55-59 who entered his Final Patrol on October 4, 2007.



On November 10, 2007 Russ Schondorf MM 68-69 presents the Sea Poacher Association Memorial Plaque to the widow of Lt. Robert (Bob) Beers LT 68-69. From left to right is Bob and Amelia's son Peter, Russ Schondorf, Bob's widow Amelia and Bob and Amelia's son Rob. Bob entered his Final Patrol on September 25, 2007.



Chuck Harris, RM 63 presents a Sea Poacher Association Memorial Plaque to the family of John Estes, IC 61-64, who entered his Final Patrol in February 2005.



Jack Merrill, TM 61-63 presents a Sea Poacher Association Memorial Plaque to Betty Cook, widow of Harold Cook, TM 46-49 who entered his Final Patrol on September 29, 2007.



HELP SUPPORT YOUR ASSOCIATION – Our latest fund raising effort. This nice looking 2008 calendar is made up of three sections: 40's 50's & 60's. The selling price is \$12.00 shipping included. They make GREAT Christmas gifts.

One hundred percent of the profits go to the Ken LeBlanc Humanitarian Fund.

Memorial Fund

When a shipmate passes on the USS Sea Poacher Association presents, to their next of kin, a Memorial Plaque to commemorate their service to Sea Poacher. The plaque is a framed and matted picture taken from the bridge of Sea Poacher during the Cuban Crisis and superimposed over it is the Final Prayer as it appears on Page 6&7. It also indicates the years the individual served aboard. We decided that funding for this project should stand alone, so we are accepting contributions which may be made out to Sea Poacher Association and mailed to Association President, Bill Brinkman. Indicate "Memorial Fund".



Jack Gentry, TM 62-63 presents the Sea Poacher Association Memorial Plaque to Michael Sweat, son of Wesley A. Sweat, LTjg 59 who entered his Final Patrol in January 2004.



Larry Weinfurter, MM 62-65 and his brother Arne, MM 64-67, present the Sea Poacher Association Memorial Plaque to the family of Gary Dorn ET 55-57 who entered his Final Patrol in September 2006.



On the high seas

A grand time was had by all for those who sailed on the SS Carnival Celebration on a five-day cruise to Key West and the Bahamas. It was a combined cruise with the USS Sea Owl. Many changes have occurred in Key West since our time, but it was still fun to visit there once again and relive some of the best moments in our lives.

John B and Annette Snook QM 59-62, have done some traveling as well. Pictured here in front of Ivan and Margorie Joslin's estate in The Villages in Florida. We have it on good account that the have recently purchased a new home in Kissimmee, Florida. Now if John can only take some time from his busy schedule to spend any time there remains to be seen. He also visited for a while with Bob Henry EM 60-61, in California.





From My Perspective

Ken Bonnell, RM 57-58

thecob@tecinfo.com

"Ken, would you like to try this?" With those words I was handed a large, round, dark green thing covered with bumps.

"It's an acorn squash," they said.

"You just cut it in half, take out all the seeds, brush it with butter, sprinkle on brown sugar and bake about 30 minutes at 400 degrees. Delicious!"

"Sure!" I said, being my usual innocent, trusting self.

Back home, my fruit and vegetable book said cutting a winter squash (which is what an acorn squash is) can present a challenge.

Challenge? A squash?

At the time, I had no idea that was like saying "Now, now, this won't hurt hardly at all!" or "Don't be such a baby! In a few days you'll be good as new!"

I laid the squash on a kitchen counter and stabbed at it gently with a big, very sharp, pointed knife; it just bounced off.

Back to the book.

It said a saw might be necessary, even a band saw! Or, one could look for a seam on the squash, place a knife point there and give the top of the blade a couple taps with a hammer.

Hammers? Saws? To eat a squash?

After some powerful probing I finally managed to force a bit of the knife's blade partway down into the thick, dark green, forbidding skin. Then the knife refused to come out. So, just like making kindling wood with an ax, I raised it...squash and all...high aloft, then slammed both down onto the counter top.

Half of the squash stayed with the knife; the other half whooshed away like a bullet, tracing a graceful, shallow arc in the air before loudly crashing into the side of my stainless steel sink.

(The scarred-up counter top adds a kind of nice, used, homey look to the kitchen and heck, what's a little dent in the sink?)

About that time the phone rang. A friend who'd taken some of the same squash was calling to ask if I'd been able to cut mine. Seems she tried and failed, so her husband took it to his band saw. The first try broke the blade, but somehow, with a new blade, he managed to cut it in half.

When we finished expressing amazement at how tough an acorn squash can be (I think we were given some recently dug up moldy Civil War cannonballs), I proceeded to cook mine.

Removing all the seeds from each half, I brushed both with butter, sprinkled on some brown sugar and put them, side-by-side, into a 400 degree oven, as instructed.

In thirty minutes, I'd have a tasty treat.

Now, there are cooks who will tell you that the best way to check on what you're cooking is to every now and then take a taste. Most times, that's okay advice.

This was not one of those times.

Even with a knife and fork, the orange-colored meat of that squash was so tough that it was a job, no, a chore, to pry off even a little piece to taste. That the piece was so tiny was a blessing actually, because it was one of the worst punishments anyone could give a mouth!

Awful; Bad; Awful bad; Abominable, Detestable; and that's being gentle, kind and benevolent about the whole matter.

Staring through the oven's glass window at this new enemy, I began to plan. Laying there quietly inside that hot oven, it (or, they) glared back at me, silently, mean, downright threatening.

Logic arrived...if half an hour would bake it done, two or three hours should kill it dead.

I'll never know for certain, because a couple hours later I sneaked into the kitchen, jerked open the oven door, swiftly scooped both halves into a plastic bag, rushed the whole mess outside, stuffed it into the garbage can and put a concrete block on the lid.

Who'da thought a man would actually pray for the garbage truck to come early?





A Subsailor's Life

Bob "Dex" Armstrong

So the Rickovarians are popping the wrecking ball to the old Basic Enlisted Submarine School. Sort of ethnically cleansing us off the map. First, they changed the name from SubBase New London to SubBase Groton. Then they converted the raghat club into a beauty shop. Then they filled all the beautiful green open spaces with buildings. Make that, concrete structures uglier than Hyman himself. When their grand design was completed, they had taken a lovely tradition-rich setting, a campus-like location that complimented the U.S. Coast Guard Academy across the river, a national historic treasure and systematically converted it into a mass of sterile, look-alike industrial concrete boxes patterned after public housing projects. Or the company owned housing for a Harlan County coal mine. The place is so jammed with concrete boxes, before long to add additional boxes, they will have to Crisco the sonuvabitches and drive 'em in with a sledge hammer.

They scrapped the escape tower but forgot to remove the damn thing from the base insignia. Makes me wonder if the new guys go around pointing at that non-existent structure on their base insignia patch, scratch their heads and ask, "Hey, watzzat. Huh chief? Waddizzit??" "

Damned if I know. Whatever in the hell it was, it's gone now. I heard it was something the Navy stuck up so drunk diesel boat sailors could find their way back to the base."

Whatever happened to the miniature Jap and German subs? I sure hope they don't give them away as door prizes at the annual moonbeam ball. Or chrome plate them for hood ornaments on SUBLANT staff vehicles. What did they do with barracks 143? That's where we lived. 180 red-blooded American bluejackets in one big room. Two to a rack. For idiots who could not understand the concept of sleeping head to foot so you didn't breathe your germs into the guy racked out next to you, some genius had stenciled "HEAD" and "FOOT" on each metal rack. A logical extension of such brilliance should have called for stenciling "PARK YOUR WORTHLESS BUTT HERE" on all head seats.

Aluminum lockers separated the port and starboard sides of the barracks. Those standard navy lockers that would hold only what you carried in your seabag. I understand that today's 'Gentlemen Submarine People' have chests of drawers, curtains, desks with lamps, chairs, a community ironing board (what happened to the wool blanket on the concrete deck?), and something called a lounge.

"The lounge is available around the clock for academic work and review or recreational reading."

Recreational reading? What in the hell is recreational reading? In my day, if they caught you recreationally reading your

shoe size, shirt label or the printed words on your gahdam draft card, they ate you for lunch. If you had to study, you put your name on the firewatches 'piss call' list and when he busted you out of the rack, you wandered up and met the other academically deficient idiots in your class, sitting in the shower, quizzing each other. When you reached a point where independent concentration was required, you camped out in a head stall until your feet fell asleep and all the nerve endings below your hip joint went on strike. Those were the 'No frills - We do it for pride, not pay - Hardcore - You blink, you're gone - We are training you to operate subs to sink ships and win wars' days. Those were the days when giants roamed the earth. Meat-eaters. Nut-crushing boat sailors. The days before submarine leadership waded knee-deep in social polish, behavioral templating and social engineering (including bringing co-ed crews to combat in the boats). The days when they made you work and sweat to earn Silver Dolphins. The days before they reduced the par value of Silver Dolphins to the level of a midshipman's Cracker Jack prize. Maybe they will find they can rat hole a few more so-called 'cold war dividend' bucks by making plastic dolphins with rhinestone eyes and glow in the dark fins. Not to mention turning the new 'kinder and gentler' SubBase Groton into an amusement park.

In the old days, we didn't have environmental control and zonal air conditioning. Our A/C had two settings. "OPEN WINDOW" and "CLOSE WINDOW". Didn't take a Rickover toe dance to sort that out.

They are tearing down a magnificent piece of true Naval history. A shrine to the men who took iron ships under the sea and ate the heart and soul out of the Jap navy. A school whose graduates could fill bushel baskets with everything from the Congressional Medal of Honor to the Combat Patrol Pin. And the gahdam shame of it all is, the sonuvabitches calling for the wrecking ball, the third generation of beady-eyed Hyman's Handmaidens of Submarine Sensitivity and Technology, these poor shortchanged, instant tradition bastards have no clue, that like so much of what predated sunbeam propulsion, that they are trashing what should have become a national treasure.

Who knows. In the not so distant future, we may award a demolition contract for Bancroft Hall at the Naval Academy and replace it with a giant lot of Winnebago campers and call it Rickover Hall.

If you rode petroleum-powered submersible iron, a little piece of you is going to be carried away with that wrecking ball. They turned our boats into razor blades and now our school will become bricks for Taco Bell. Viva la tradition. Viva la moonbeam.

The United States Naval Submarine Force - A one hundred year history with a ten-minute memory.



Sea Poacher Ships' Store



Introducing our latest fund raising effort

This nice looking 2008 calendar is made up of three sections: 40's 50's & 60's. The selling price is \$12.00 including shipping.



One hundred percent of the profits go to the Ken LeBlanc Humanitarian Fund.

Service Certificate

Certificate includes a picture of the boat in the configuration as you served aboard and also includes a list of all the shipmates with whom you served. Printed on high gloss photo paper. 11x14 frame subject to availability.



Framed and matted \$35.00
 Unframed \$10.00
 (Postage included)

SPECIAL OFFER:

\$2.00 off if you buy a shirt along with either an Afghan or coffee cup or Tankard as we use the shirt to protect the coffee cup/tankard during shipping:

- Afghan + Shirt = \$ 70.00
- Coffee cup + shirt= \$ 34.00
- Tankard + shirt = \$ 40.00



Item

Item	Quant.	Price	TOTAL
2008 Calendar	—	\$12.00	—
Afghan	—	\$50.00	—
Ships' Patch	—	\$5.50	—
Ballcap	—	\$14.00	—
Coffee Cup	—	\$14.00	—
Golf Shirts - Sizes M, L, XL & 2XL	—	\$22.00	—
Etched Glass Tankard	—	\$20.00	—
WWII & Reunion 2003 Video	—	\$14.00	—
Framed Service Certificate	—	\$35.00	—
Unframed Service Certificate	—	\$10.00	—
TOTAL			—

Please make check payable to Bill Brinkman and mail to: *Bill Brinkman, 4500 Tiffany Nicole St., Round Rock, TX 78664-9466.* Prices includes shipping!

USS Sea Poacher (SS406)

Association

Bill Brinkman, President
 4500 Tiffany Nicole St.
 Round Rock, TX 78665
seapoacher@austin.rr.com

Sea Poacher web site: <http://seapoacher.com>



A Submarine

(A World War I poem found by a submariner in 1966 at the Submarine Base, Groton, CT / Author unknown.)

Born in the shops of the devil,
 Designed in the brains of a fiend;
 Filled with acid and crude oil,
 And christened "A Submarine."

The poets send their ditties,
 Of Battleships spick and clean;
 But never a word in their columns,
 Do you see a submarine?

I'll try and depict our story,
 In a very laconic way;
 Please have patience to listen,
 Until I have finished my say.

We eat where'er we can find it,
 And sleep hanging up on the hooks;
 Conditions under which we're existing,
 Are never published in books.

Life on these boats is obnoxious,
 And that is using mild terms;
 We are never bothered by sickness,
 There isn't any room for germs.

We are never troubled with varmints,
 There are things even a cockroach can't stand.
 And any self-respecting rodent,
 Quick as possible beats it for land.

And that little one dollar per dive,
 We receive to submerge out of sight;
 Is often earned more than double,
 By charging batteries at night.

And that extra compensation,
 We receive on boats like these;
 We never really get it all,
 It's spent on soap and dungarees.

Machinists get soaked in fuel oil,
 Electricians in H₂SO₄;
 Gunners Mates with 600W,
 And torpedo slush galore.

When we come into the Navy Yard,
 We are looked upon with disgrace;
 And they make out some new regulations,
 To fit our particular case.

Now all you Battleship sailors,
 When you are feeling disgruntled and mean;
 Just pack your bag and hammock,
 And go to "A Submarine."