



UNITED STATES SUBMARINE VETERANS



“To Honor Those Who Serve, Past, Present & Future”

September 2022

Volume 23, Issue 09

**Lest We Forget —
“The USSVI Submariner’s 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. Pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States of America and its Constitution.

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News Brief

- Next Meeting:** At 1100, third Saturday of each month at the Knollwood Sportsman’s Club. Mark your calendars for these upcoming dates:
 - September 17**
 - October 15**
 - November 19**
- Duty Cook Roster:
 - September – Bret Zacher
 - October – Maurice Young
 - November – Herman Mueller
- September Birthdays:** Ted Rotzoll 8th; Charlie Daniels 17th. Happy Birthday, Shipmates.
- You can get ahead of the curve and send **your 2023 dues** to Bret Zacher. See page 12 for his contact information.

Crash Dive Meeting Minutes July 16, 2022

- 1) Attendance – Glenn still not getting emails
 - a) Glenn Barts
 - b) Chris Gaines
 - c) Frank Walter
 - d) Ted Rotzell
 - e) Frank Voznak, Jr.
 - f) Herman Mueller
 - g) Clay Hill
 - h) Manny Garmendez
 - i) Maurice Young
- 2) Meeting was Called to Order at 1109 by Clay Hill
- 3) Reports:
 - a) Secretary's Report
 - i) Busy summer; back to class day after labor day. Extending school to spring semester.
 - ii) Submarine license plate from FL. Updates on IL version?
 - (1) Ted wrote to state rep about petition with minimum number (1500ish needed) of veterans being served. 4 bases in area, Peoria being furthest south.
 - (2) Manny to follow up with Central District Cdr. John Connon. Ask about October event at Memorial, 27 Oct 22: national Navy Day planned
 - (3) Tack onto Greg Miller's tabling for Cobia for publicity

- (4) Put up alert on Crash Dive website
- b) Treasurer's Report [ABSENT]
 - i) Funds in GLCU: Checking \$1,707.64, Savings \$2,050.00 (\$1,060.00 for Cobia)
 - ii) Crash Dive Memorial: \$6,084.30; Cobia Drydock: \$5,010.00; Petty Cash: \$100
 - iii) Charitable Foundation video links sent with meeting reminder email
- c) Committee Reports
 - i) Newsletter – Chris Gaines
 - (1) Working on July. Interesting article on how shipwrecks affect the seafloor.
 - ii) Membership – Chris Gaines
 - (1) Report on Robert Krautstrunk's memorial?
 - (2) Frank asks about website notice of passing. Possible Liaison duty to share with Frank. Manny can share agenda info to post
 - (3) Founders pictures and memorials on websites removed due to length of scrolling.
 - (4) Ted raises questions about formation and positioning during medallion presentation
 - iii) Community Outreach– Bret Zacher [ABSENT]
 - iv) Hospitality – Bret Zacher [ABSENT]

- v) Webmaster – Frank Voznak, Jr.
 - (1) Frank passes around blurb about history of Riverwalk Memorial
 - vi) Storekeeper – Herman Mueller
 - (1) Poloshirt order?
 - (2) Patches ordered; invoice documented. Shirt size order placed based on previous order. Calendars to be investigated, but have not sold well in the past.
 - i) Eagle Scout – Ted Rotzoll
 - (1) Had incident with National Eagle Scout representative regarding letter of recommendation and attending event. Had 3 scouts in Ted’s town who had short ceremony.
- 4) Old (Unfinished) Business
- a) WWII Chicago Memorial
 - i) Paver program update? Installation planned by Veteran’s Day (11 Nov 22)
 - (1) Frank found TripAdvisor and local history documentation about Memorial.
 - (2) Weather may not support November ceremony, October Navy Day may be better
 - (3) Frank will reach out to Michelle about Navy Day

- b) Cobia Dry Dock/Subfest– After-action reports? Inflatable SSBN spotted?
 - (1) Subest was very small, street was not closed. No SSBN seen.
 - c) USSVI Elections Completed – Results? 11% turnout.
 - (1) Website issues complicating election
 - d) New Old Website: 2nd website until old address works again...
 - i) Very basic and temporary until main site comes back up in Aug/Sep: ussubvets.org
 - ii) National USSVI elections update; 2nd Base membership recordkeeper?
- 5) New Business
- a) Website Liaison Petty Officers Training
 - i) Two roles, Website navigation & Membership Management
 - ii) Need for proficiency in creating, retrieving, updating, and deleting content
 - b) Publicity Opportunity
 - (1) Adopt a highway, 3 times per year cleanup (vests provided), cleanup instead of meeting. Name on highway sign. 2-year obligation
 - (2) Length of road and extent of cleanup. Pair with others capable of mile cleanup.

- (3) Tack onto CD2 publicity request; gather more info for next meeting.
- c) Members at Large and Newsletter Revamp
 - (1) Scan list of members at large to contact for potential lunch/outreach.
 - (2) Chris lists example of newsletter publications as to how can be reformatted. No time to reformat.
- 6) Good of the Order
 - a) Duty Cook
 - i) September – Maurice Young
 - ii) October – Clay Hill
 - iii) November – Herman Mueller
 - b) 786 Club
 - i) Projector slide show; gear inspection
- 7) SOUND Klaxon 1208
 - a) Next Meeting is 17September 2022 @ KSC
 - (1) Surface for slide show

8) Adjourn 1256

Lost Boats

USS S-5	(SS-110)	09/1/20
USS Grayling	(SS-209)	09/09/43
USS S-51	(SS-162)	09/25/25
USS Cisco	(SS-290)	09/28/43

The Defense of the Second-to-last Stool at the Fin & Fiddle

Submitted by: Bret Zacher

Filed Under : [Submarines](#) by gkeller
<http://www.themightyvikings.com/>
 Apr.7,2015

An aging codger perched, close with his ale and quick with his eyes, guarding the assets and territory of the second stool from the end of the bar of the Fin & Fiddle Saloon. By virtue of what remained of the bulk his large frame had once supported, the last stool's flank was defended as well, remaining unoccupied by opposing forces.

I had watched him nurse his ale and his mind through the afternoon. It had seemed at first that his attention was focused inward, as many a solitary old geezer would do – avoiding contact with the raucous carelessness of the younger men. But the codger's quick eyes betrayed him. It became clear that he was listening keenly, following sounds and voices through the day.

When the slow lull of the afternoon had fully settled, between the daily drunks that staggered off to nap and the working men who still toiled at the docks, my eye had the time to catch sight of the tattoos on the old man's arms. Upon one sinewy forearm was of an image of Poseidon, his triton raised in fury, angry waves flanking him, awaiting the command of destruction from their master. The other portrayed a curious pair of fish with an odd-shaped boat

between them. I slid a fresh pint home, nodded at the old mans arms, and mused aloud, "Ah, Navy. You must have seen some things."

The Codger's bright eyes caught, then held me fast. His fingers clamped around his glass, and those eyes held me like a cat. The sudden presence took me by surprise. Unable to prevent the spell of The Story, I listened to his breath draw deeply in an unpracticed but gentle hiss. It seemed to have been a long time since he'd spoken.

"Seen, you say?", and he swiveled round on me with his stool, sweeping the empty room from his vantage point for unwanted listeners, "Seen?"

"Bay, lad, heard. It's what's been heard that will have you calling for your God." He adjusted his posture for the telling, and began as if invoking a secret war council.

"I've spent my best years as a submariner. Prided myself as a Sonarman of the highest caliber", he confided. "Your stools are all empty, and my time grows thin. Allow me to tell you a tale of the sounds of the sea."

I pulled a glass from the washer, and began working it with my rag, unconsciously.

"It was the lapping of the river against the hull of steel that marked my first acoustic analysis", he basked in the memory. "An odd note of peace in a symphony of industry. As I stood for those first moments on the deck of that submarine, water was the first sound. It is where everything began. And it

seemed out of place, a gentle sound against such a terrible war machine."

He drew a silent draft of his ale, and continued with new life, the memory breathing back life from its store, "I ducked my head into the sail access, and began the ladder-climb that carried me below. The moment my head emerged from the access trunk into the control room of that submarine, I entered as alien a space as anywhere on earth."

"The hum of the 400Hz electrical bus greeted me as if I were a newly pledged subject of its domain. It started up vigorous conversation, and it's endless inanity would follow me night and day. Nothing was ever spoken, but that must be spoken over the yammer of 400Hz electrical."

"In one corner, men spoke over equipment, in another over papers, charts, and manuals. A half-dozen separate pairs of men spoke, verified, and listened back between themselves in separate conversations. The cacophony of preparation filled the space. Cases, boxes, men's seabags moved in a marvelous ballet of close-quartered confusion. Bodies instinctively turned, their cargo choreographed to move past one another in the low, narrow passageways. From somewhere impossible A voice boomed "Up-ladder!" And the expectant owner of the voice shot up from below. Barely had I time to recover from my dodge when another body came from behind me, "Down-ladder!" And flew past me, hands sliding

on the stairway rails with feet extended to the waiting tile below.”

“Within an hour, I had heard enough sound to fill a library with description. I had heard that boats were quiet. This was nothing like that. As I boggled at the chaos, an announcement came that changed the tone of the entire boat, “Station the Maneuvering Watch”. Impossibly, the cacophony grew louder.”

“I found myself adorned with life-jacket, safety harness, and was followed by the clinking of hardware whenever I stepped. “Surely”, I thought, “this must be what Jacob Marley sounded like to Ebenezer Scrooge.” I haunted my way back through and up the access hatch, shaking these chains I’d forged in life as a warning to others, and found myself with the opportunity to fare my earthly domain well for my departure.”

I contemplated his allusions to the afterworld, but he left me little time to dally with them. He had already said his goodbyes to the world of light when my pondering thoughts caught up with him, midway through another pint of ale.

“I reentered that control room for the second time of my life, and it was as different from the first as could possibly be imagined. Gone were the jabbers of a half-dozen conversations, and the choreographed traffic. Terse, muted commands were given, received, and executed by men occupying well-rehearsed stations. Periodic data was given, received, logged, and efficiently calculated with. The 400Hz bus yowled

for someone to talk with, but only silence met her cries for attention. I had entered a new world – the world of a Navy Submarine at sea. These men were calculating, efficient professionals taking to the sea as masters. And I...was about to become one of them.”

I answered the call for beer at the other end of the bar to a stranger, and returned to my affable sailor. I asked him about that first time to sea, and his gaze grew vague and dim.

“To be honest”, he confided, “I don’t recall the details after that first day. I remember the subdued but heartfelt laughter on the mess decks, from those same earnest professionals when they were off watch. I remember the creaks and groans of the first dive, and the crash of dry goods and plates in the galley as we took steep angles to test our sea readiness. My first time with headphones on in Sonar, listening to the ocean sounds that could not be seen was a moment of wonderment. But mostly times and places run together. It is the moments of sounds that hark me back”.

His next pull on his pint seemed a bit more earnest. I thought to draw another, but his story deepened.

“A hurricane topside doesn’t sound like much when heard from 400 feet down”, he spoke with the voice of a harried sage. “Unless you know what you’re hearing. The long rip of a wild, unchecked monster of a wave that could flip a boat without a struggle, the struggle of sea foam to regain the surface after being plunged 200 feet into

the churning waters. The creak and groan of pack ice up north, giant floes of frozen seawater grinding together overhead driven by arctic winds and heaving seas – that'll stay with a man. You don't forget the feeling that sound sends through your body."

"The sudden change in tone of the crew's voices when they hear the rushing water that tells them the flooding is real. It is not one of fear, but anger and determination, doubled down in the face of death. God help any force that can bring the threat of death to a submarine crew. That force will find itself up against a rare breed of men who are only truly alive when Death's breath is on their neck."

The old codger paused here, the story still playing silently behind his eyes. It continued this way for half a minute, before he brought himself back with a start.

"But enough of that! Have you ever heard the boing-fish?", a sudden mirth curled the edges of his lips upward in impish delight. "You haven't lived until you've heard the boing-fish". He went on to utterly fail to describe an odd, deep water fish that apparently sounded for all the world like a fish yelling, "boing" in a dramatic, open-ocean theater sort of way. "And carpenter fish. Sounds just like a group of carpenters frantically nailing a house together. They're actually Sperm Whales, you know, hunting in the Deep"

I didn't know, nor did I fully understand the sound of snapping shrimp, until he told me to imagine a

million people snapping their fingers randomly in an auditorium. He gathered his lungs to mimic the plaintive call of the humpback, and the Orca, how their songs reverberated, illuminating the vastness of this ocean realm and bringing the sense of smallness home.

Then his mood shifted. His eyes darkened as unnatural sounds came to his mind.

"Young man", he warned, "be these sounds as filled with joy and life as they are, this is not why we go to sea. Everything in the sea has an enemy. A submarine is no exception"

"The quietest sound is often the most dangerous. The click of hull popping. It can mean you've found your quarry. Or it can mean they've now found you. The drop of a wrench on a steel deck. The squeaking sound of a screw turning too fast in the water, the collapsing turbulence bubbles creating a telltale signature of a submarine. The unexpected ping of sonar from another sub, or worse the sound like wooden blocks being clicked together, revealing your location, and their suspicion. It is the submarine version of looking up to see a barrel of a gun pointed right at your face. The clunk and creak of torpedo tube doors being opened. That crazed spin of a launched torpedo's screws. The splash behind a military surface ship that signifies depth charges hitting the water – and that blank space of sound after, where everything else seems to fall silent while you wait for the drum to reach its depth and

explode. The only thing you hear at those times your own soundless prayer.”

“These are sounds of death. They come upon you without warning. And they never, ever go away, not even in your sleep. Not at your children’s weddings, or in your back yard where your grandchildren laugh and frolic. They come to you in business meetings, at lunch with friends. These sounds follow you everywhere. They possess you. They own you.”

A sudden chill seemed to descend over the bar, a shadow conjured by a thought, called from Hell itself. It settled over the empty seats, daring the evening crowd that had not yet arrived to toy with it. I shuddered a bit against the icy fingers of imagination. The old Codger, wrapped in thought deep in his pint, looked up, as if recognizing the demon moving through the room.

“What is heard, that cannot be seen. That is where the scars come from”, he said, and turned his forearm over, inspecting those Dolphins as if for some portent. Then suddenly, as if feeling alive for the first time, he knocked back the last of his pint, slapped some coins on the counter, and spewed the words “Death’s Breath” out like a challenge. The spell broke and shadow retreated. He smiled broadly, and with the lubricated shamle of a deckhand, he relinquished the defense of the second stool from the end at the bar of the Fin & Fiddle.

Navy Names Submarine Force’s First Female ‘Chief of the Boat’

By: [Heather Mongilio](#)

August 31, 2022 7:32 PM • Updated: September 5, 2022 8:04 AM



U.S. Navy Master Chief Information Systems Technician Angela Koogler poses for a portrait aboard the Ohio-class ballistic missile submarine USS Louisiana (SSBN-743) on Aug. 26. US Navy Photo

Master Chief Informations Systems Technician Angela Koogler has spent a week on USS *Louisiana* (SSBN-742) making history.

Koogler is the Navy’s first female chief of the boat – the senior enlisted advisor to the commanding and executive officers aboard a submarine.

She joined the Navy in 2002, after attending college, according to a release from U.S. Pacific Fleet Submarine Forces Commander. She had planned to enlist after high school but an injury delayed her.

“Once I joined, I knew I found my career, and my Navy family and friends that I would have forever,” Koogler said in the release. “I have continued to serve over the years because it is a good fit for me and I love it.”

Women have served in the Navy since 1917, when [Loretta Walsh](#) became the first women to enlist. But integrating the Navy took time with women unable to join [service academies until 1976](#) and [combat positions until 1994](#).

Submarines have been one of the last to take on women. Female officers first started [service in 2010](#). In 2015, 38 women were selected to serve aboard USS *Michigan* (SSGN-727) as the first enlisted sailors, starting in 2016, [USNI News previously reported](#).

Koogler was one of the 38, according to the release. She served 36 months before doing at tour with Submarine Squadron 19.

Just making women be able to serve on submarines meant revisions had to be made to Ohio-class submarines so that women would have their own space, according to the Navy. Virginia-class and Columbia-class submarines designs already include female and male living spaces. The inclusion of women into the submarine force has had problems. In 2014, the Navy found 12 male sailors aboard USS *Wyoming* (SSBN-742) had viewed an illicitly made [recording video of female officers showering aboard](#).

While Koogler has served only three years on a submarine, Submarine Squadron 19's Command Master Chief Travis Brown said in the release that he knew she was the right candidate for chief of the boat.

"In 36 months, she walked off a submarine as a qualified diving officer of the watch, and everything in between, while also learning how to lead submarine sailors," Brown said in the release.

For Koogler, chief of the boat is a stepping stone for her career. Her

ultimate goal is to be a command master chief, which required her to be a chief of the boat first.



Gold crew of the Ohio-class ballistic-missile submarine USS Louisiana (SSBN-743) arrives home to Naval Base Kitsap-Bangor, Wash. US Navy Photo

"I knew that was what I wanted to do," she said in the release. "I want to be able to take care of sailors. I want them to develop and accelerate themselves. It's kind of always been my goal."

Koogler said in the release that gender should not be a factor in deciding which sailors are selected for roles.

"A sailor is sailor to me and we shouldn't have to define their gender," she said in the release. "It's important to integrate everybody and it shouldn't matter as long as they get the job done."

It can be difficult to be the person breaking such a barrier, Brown said, acknowledging that Koogler needed a nudge.

"But this is a huge glass ceiling busted in the submarine force," he said. "Now there's a path to the top."

Delayed Repairs Shrink the U.S Navy Submarine Fleet

Amid China's threats to Taiwan, maintenance woes hobble a key weapon in the Indo-Pacific.

Submitted by: Len Wass

By Seth Cropsey
Sept. 14, 2022 2:44 pm ET



Crew members board the USS Delaware nuclear submarine during a commissioning ceremony at the Port of Wilmington, Del., April 2.
PHOTO: ELIZABETH FRANTZ/REUTERS

The U.S. Navy's submarine fleet, America's essential war-fighting instrument in the Indo-Pacific, is about three-fifths the size it should be, chiefly because of maintenance and production delays. This comes amid stepped-up threats to Taiwan by China.

Contesting such an assault would require a submarine force at maximum strength. Congress and the White House should act swiftly to integrate private shipyards that repair submarines into the Navy's maintenance plans.

American strategists rarely concern themselves with the material issues that determine victory or defeat. They tend to regard international strategy as a question of will, not means. This takes for granted the traditional and outside U.S. economic-material advantage.

America's objective in a struggle over Taiwan would be to deny China a rapid victory. The war must become a slog, one that China labors to sustain in a geographically limited form. Generating this situation requires contesting China's ability to stage an amphibious assault on Taiwan. Submarines would be crucial in such a contest.

The U.S. military today lacks the air forces, air defenses, and surface combatants with sufficient range to contest Chinese air control over Taiwan indefinitely, absent an interdiction campaign against the Chinese mainland that the U.S. has signaled it doesn't wish to wage. Chinese anti-ship and ground-attack missiles, moreover, would cause damage. Recent war games suggest that in defending Taiwan, the U.S. would lose half its active air force and at least one carrier strike group—a collection of warships defending the aircraft carrier and its air wing. In such a scenario, China would lose 150 to 200 warships and tens of thousands of men.

Given Chinese force structure and military objectives, U.S. submarines are the most effective tool to counter

an assault on Taiwan. China lacks ground-based aviation with robust antisubmarine capabilities, leaving its military and civilian transports vulnerable to submarine attack. The U.S. has a world-leading attack submarine force of 49 nuclear-powered boats, along with four guided-missile submarines each packed with 154 cruise missiles. In theory, around 42 of these boats should be deployable at a given time, with some 25 to 30 in the Pacific and 10 to 15 in the Atlantic, Mediterranean and Middle East. Normal schedules dictate that at any point 10% of the fleet is in dry dock, under repair or in overhaul.

A major submarine surge to the Indo-Pacific, keeping in mind the U.S. forward-support facilities in Guam, could number about 35 subs. A handful of Japanese and Australian subs could be added to the mix, and perhaps one from Taiwan. Taiwan currently has two aging operational submarines, but its Indigenous Defense Submarine program is promising. That means the PLA would face a 40-plus strong submarine force that can sink transports as they move men and materiel across the Taiwan Strait. That could erode a naval blockade enough to enable an American counterattack. China's 53 attack submarines, roughly 40 to 45 of them deployable, may have numerical parity, but several are aging, and few have the advanced capabilities of U.S. subs. For China, that would

make a Taiwan war a close-run thing.

Rear Adm. Jeffrey Jablon, the U.S. Pacific Fleet's submarine commander, [said at a conference](#) this year that maintenance delays hamstring the submarine force. As of fiscal 2022, the U.S. submarine fleet spent about 1,500 days waiting for maintenance or repair. That is equivalent to losing four submarines in the fleet. In the past year, the Navy lost the equivalent of another 3.5 submarines to maintenance that took longer than expected. The Navy's submarine force is eight boats under strength on average. Combined with standard maintenance expectations of one-tenth of the fleet, this brings the U.S. submarine force down to about 30 deployable attack boats.

The U.S. can't build its way out. On average, it takes American shipyards two years to deliver three subs. Meanwhile, the Navy retires two older Los Angeles-class subs a year owing to wear and tear. The fleet will shrink on average by one submarine every two years until the 2040s, when new subs are delivered in greater numbers than retiring ones.

Even with faster delivery and better production capacity, combat damage must be considered. More construction won't overcome the repair delays at shipyards. In wartime, when those yards are overworked—and possibly targeted—the U.S. submarine fleet

likely will shrink even more, and faster, than anticipated. All the while, China will be relying on massive yards with civilian and military production capabilities. These large facilities can repair ships at a pace that gives China an advantage.

More resources are necessary for shipyards to bring the U.S. submarine force to the level of preparedness that China's provocations in the Western Pacific demand. The U.S. should invest in maintenance, extend the life of older submarines, and regularize maintenance so shipyards are ready to work on many subs.

The Navy should integrate private shipyards into its repair and maintenance plans. It takes at least a year, more likely several, for a yard to prepare to overhaul several ships at the same time. It is more efficient,

financially and temporally, to turn to shipyards that can expand maintenance today, rather than scaling up public yards exclusively.

A nation goes to war with the military it has, not the one it will have in five, 10, or 20 years. The executive and legislative branches face a choice between continued inaction and a conflict that calls on the military we wish we had.

Mr. Cropsey is founder and president of the Yorktown Institute. He served as a naval officer and as deputy undersecretary of the Navy and is author of "Mayday" and "Seablindness."

https://www.wsj.com/articles/delayed-repairs-shrink-the-submarine-fleet-taiwan-china-navy-amphibious-assault-aircraft-private-shipyards-deployable-boats-materials-11663162266?st=blz1agqfs7i33kl&reflink=desktopwebshare_permalink

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