



# FLAMIN' CAIMAN TALES

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

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## REUNION SPECIAL JULY 2010

### COMMANDER'S SCUTTLEBUTT

What an outstanding 4<sup>th</sup> reunion we had at the Circus Circus Hotel and Casino in Reno, Nevada. I'll bet it's a record turnout in attendance for diesel submarine reunions and maybe even the nucs. I hope everyone had an excellent time and are looking forward to our fifth reunion in San Antonio, Texas. Yes, San Antonio. The majority of the votes were for Reno and San Antonio. It was virtually a tie. We should have had another vote to break the tie. After the banquet, numerous shipmates, even those that voted for Reno, stated that they would rather not have back-to-back reunions in Reno. Everyone that I spoke to wanted a different locale. So, San Antonio, Texas was chosen. Smitty and I are already working on San Antonio for our 2012 reunion. Have a safe summer and stay healthy and well!!!!!!

John "Yeo" Fagereng, Commander

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### REUNION ATTENDANCE

We had a large attendance at the reunion - 120 Swabs, three CAIMAN widows, one CAIMAN daughter plus 116 guests for a total of 240. That is a CAIMAN record. We will set a new record in May of 2012. Everyone that attended received a free tee shirt donated by Robert Walters.

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### DRAWING PRIZES

We had 46 drawing prizes that were given away at the final dinner. 12 prizes were donated by CAIMANITES, 28 by CIRCUS CIRCUS, and six were purchased by the CAIMAN Assn.: Two CAIMAN flags donated by Tom "Big Stone" Scoblic; Four books "Sons of God" written by and personally autographed and donated by Tom Jacobs; One CAIMAN brass plaque donated by Bob "Dings" Dingel; One MBT blow drawing from a very old US Navy manual donated by Greg "Hawkeye" Baer; One bird house submarine model donated by Chris "Hoofs" Field; CIRCUS CIRCUS donated three business card holders/key chains and 25 free nights. The CAIMAN Assn purchased two clocks with CAIMAN plaque face plates, two wooden CAIMAN plaques, one set of wooden dolphins and a throw with a picture of CAIMAN. By the way, Jim Wall can't use his free night - if you want a free night at Circus Circus contact Jim at 928-685-3367 or [#wstores@tabletoptelephone.com](mailto:wstores@tabletoptelephone.com). Remember if your newsletter came off the web; delete the first character from an email address.

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### ETERNAL PATROL

This is a part of the job I do not enjoy. Since the last newsletter, we have had some more shipmates that have received eternal patrol orders.

HILL, Robert G. EMC(SS) (58/59) 2 February 2010  
SWAGER, Leon YNC(SS) (55/56) 22 March 2010  
HYDE, Robert CAPT (65/67) 17 June 2010  
LAPITAN, George SKCS(SS) (67/? ) June 2010

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### LUNCHEON

If you did not attend the Flagstaff reunion, Jim Cooney sent a "Pull My Finger, Fred" stuffed character that makes the appropriate sounds when his finger is pulled. Cooney could not make that reunion for medical reasons, so I passed it to the CAIMANITE that I believed deserved it the most. If you have served with or heard the sea stories, you will understand why Ken "D'Goat" Sanderlin was selected. At our luncheon, D'Goat passed "Fred" on to Ron Erb. There is not a doubt that "Fred" will be passed to another CAIMANITE at the next reunion. To witness the reaction of the lucky swab - attend in May 2012. D'Goat did not stop there. It seems he obtained a copy of a letter from the DOD to Smitty (me) that offer a return to active duty. There were several references to my political leaning and my inability to advance to chief. Of course, this had nothing to do with my roasting D'Goat at the 2008 reunion in Branson. The "lucky CAIMANITE" that was roasted this time was John Troutman. The video will be posted on the Flamin' Caiman web site soon.

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### DINNER

Besides the drawings, we had a couple of other fun events. Jack "Blackjack" Newman returned to Lindsay "Hot Rod" Marcom the drawings he did for quals. It seems Blackjack borrowed them because Hot Rod did such a good job. Not saying it has been awhile but Hot Rod qualified in 1960. George Taney gave Warren "Pops" Pospisil a tee shirt that had a picture of Popeye on it. I have pulled a couple of liberties with Pops and believe the picture was appropriate. The pictures of these presentations will be on the web site shortly also. I learned that D'Goat's 70<sup>th</sup> birthday was the 24<sup>th</sup> of May, so I gave him a gift. We all know as some people get older they lose control of some functions so I gave D'Goat a sippy cup with the label "**BABE MAGNET**". As can be assumed from this newsletter, there is a little contest between D'Goat and me. D'Goat has the next shot - so once again - attend the next reunion to find out what he has in store for me. He has two years so it will be good.

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### SAILING LIST

We are still looking for CAIMANITES. We found one while at the reunion, received three leads, and one recently contacted us through email. Here are our latest figures. Please any hints on locating shipmate will help, i.e. area they are from, another boat they served on, where their wife was/is from.

Sailing List:	1219
Expected at the next reunion:	571
Eternal Patrol:	648
Lost List:	206

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***"There is a touch of the pirate about every man who wears the dolphins badge."***

**Commander Jeff Tall RN**

# The Diving Alarm Ballet

by Mike Hemming

As I pass between the controllermen, the *oogah, oogah*, "Dive!", "Dive!" comes over the speakers and they leap to their sticks and rheostats. The engine shut down air lever is hit, rheostats spun down, sticks are thrown, as the ballet begins. Generator electricity wanes as the huge storage batteries are called on for power. Sticks pulled to new positions and rheostats spun back up to keep the motors turning. The flurry of intense activity over, minor adjustments made and times logged while listening, always for the sound of water doing something it shouldn't.

As I walk forward at the same time into the engineroom, the two men in each one do the shutdown dance. Throttles are slapped down, hydraulic levers pulled to the closed position to shut exhaust valves and drains opened by the throttleman. As his oiler spins the inboard exhaust valves the 32 turns to shut it, either the oiler or the throttleman (depending on who is closer) will have yanked the pin holding the great intake air valve open so it falls shut with a loud clang. His inboard exhaust valves shut, the oiler drops below to secure the sea valves that allow the seawater to cool the engines. Then, the throttleman checks everything secure one more time.

In the control room, the other area of great activity on a dive, lookouts almost free fall to their diving stations on the bow and stern planes. Quickly the bow planesman rigs out his planes and both he and the stern planesman set their charges to the prescribed angles for the dive. Arriving soon after the planesmen, the OOD, now the diving officer, gives the ordered depth to reach and the angle to do it. Then he checks that all is well and will watch the planesmen to learn if the trim needs changing.

The Chief of the Watch having closed the huge main air induction valve, will watch the Christmas Tree to see that all hull openings are closed. Then he pulls the vents to flood the main ballast tanks and watches the depth to signal the auxiliaryman on the air manifold when to blow negative tank to the mark to stop our descent into the depths. The manifold operator will hammer open the valve and then close off the roaring rush of compressed air, as needed.

By this time, the trim manifold operator will have arrived from the engine room. After climbing over the stern planesman he will be ready to pump and flood seawater to the tanks. This will trim up the boat to neutral buoyancy.

In the conn, the helmsman will have rung up standard speed so the boat will be driven under by the screws. The QM of the watch will dog the conning tower hatch when the OOD, the last man down from the bridge, pulls the lanyard to close it.

There is no music to guide this dance except calm orders given and acknowledged. Started in a flurry of activity, it will end by winding down quietly to a state of relaxed vigilance by men practiced and confident of themselves and each other. They have done this many times, this graceful and awkward descent into the depths. They do it as fast as is safely possible. This is where they belong, with many feet of sea hiding the strong steel of the hull. Men asleep in bunks half-awakened by the raucous alarm and noisy ballet, drift back to deep sleep, confident they are at home where they should be.

