



LEE'S SHADOW



THE REBEL YELL

USS ROBERT E. LEE (SSBN/SSN-601)

www.decklog.com/ssbn-601.asp Vol. 2014

**From your President
Joe White**

I hope this newsletter finds each of you in good health and recovering from one of the worst winters to hit our mainland in years. This past year we have experienced some of the coldest weather I can remember in my home State of Oklahoma. Hopefully this means a cooler summer than normal and less bugs to deal with.

Please note that we are now using the new web site to access our Association. If you want to access the old site, just click on the Home Port on the left hand side and it will take you to the old web site. The old site will gradually be phased out since we no longer have control of that web site. Make sure you discontinue using the old web site and always access the Lee Association as follows:

<http://www.decklog.com/ssbn-601.asp>

The next reunion has been selected and we are working on the details of the reunion but for now here is what you need to know:

Dates: April 16-19, 2015

Radisson Hotel Branson
120 South Wildwood Drive
Branson, Missouri 55616

To make a reservation

Toll Free # 800-967-9033
Local Phone: 417-335-5767

Website:

<http://www.radisson.com/ussrel>

We have plenty of rooms blocked for our Association at \$102.00 plus applicable tax. I was very diligent in seeking the best hotel and location that would be convenient for

everyone, but not overpriced. I have been to Branson



many times over the past 45 years so I wanted to make sure that we found a place that was a perfect fit for our group. I believe that the Radisson is just that Hotel. They are very military friendly and have a section of the Hotel dedicated to all the services, plus a Medal of Honor Room.

Tours and Sites around Branson

www.bransonmissouri.com

www.branson.com/info/military-reunions





I guess I can say "been there, done that", and I'm ready to deja vu, do it all over again! Over the years I, and later with Donna and Roger, have been to the Branson area many times. We have watched it grow from a little country town with little county attractions into a dry (wink, wink) and risk free (no publick' gambl'en) mini-Las Vegas.

and the women have most of their teeth.



TABLE ROCK/TANEYCOMO LAKES

The old timer, Silver Dollar City, has managed to hang



onto their back woods, yuck! yuck!, back slapping charm while continuing to grow over the years. A lot more "thrill rides" for the

kids, but retaining the more interesting, off the grid, deep woods living arts and crafts demonstrations that use to be how one survived. No worries, no feral hogs are harmed,

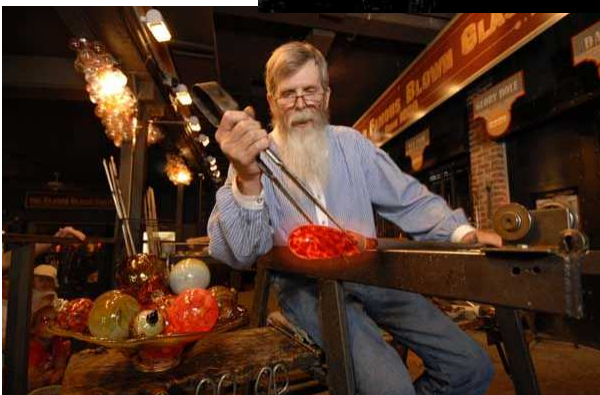


Might want to bring a fish'en pole or three. Table Rock and Tanycomo lakes offer some of the finest fishing anywhere. Fishing Table Rock I have caught a 30+ pound Carp. Yep that's me. I'm a Carp fisherman by trade. The upper end of Tanycomo is a great trout fishing destination.



I think Donna and I are going to drag along our ultra lite spinning rigs and a skillet. Nobody said we have to leave just because the reunion

is over. Some people come and never leave, which irritates the locals.



Being raised a Razorback, I do enjoy returning to the Ozarks. One of the prettiest places on earth. I highly recommend getting out of Branson. It's a great tourist destination, but for all its trying, it ain't REAL. You gotta hit the high spots like Blue Eye, MO, Snowflake, AR, Eureka Springs, AR and the list goes on. Did I mention the "Mother"

Bass Pro Shop is a few miles away in Springfield, MO?

Donna has an ancestor who fought in the Wilson's Creek, MO battle in the civil war. This National Park is just outside of Springfield, MO. Yes, He was on the "good" side. Just not the winning side.



There's a lot of history in them thar' hills. Just be careful you don't stumble onto a "Shine" still while roaming the back woods.

Fred



Association Membership Dues for 2014 are now due

Please mail in your 2014 membership dues to Chuck Horvath at the address listed in this newsletter and make the check out as follows: USS Robert E Lee Association. We always appreciate dues paid in advance and any extra you want to donate to the Lee Association to help cover future expenses. All monies received by the Association are used exclusively for the Lee Association and no Officer takes any compensation. The yearly dues will remain at \$10.00. Contact Chuck at the address in this newsletter if you are unsure if your dues have been paid.

Membership Contact Information

Please provide the Association with your current mailing address and your current email address so we can make sure each member of the Association is getting all of our correspondence.

FUTURE LEADERS & MEMBERS JOE WHITE

It has been a concern of mine for a number of years that our membership is aging and that we need to reach out and find more of the crew that served during the Lee's latter years and encourage them to join and become active in this Association. I get reminded almost monthly when one of our members goes on the Binnacle List or we find out a member has gone on Eternal Patrol. At every reunion it seems that list grows. When you look at the membership right now, a striking statistic sticks out and that is most of our membership is well into their 60's and 70's. We even have a number of members in their 80's. This is a concern if we don't find and encourage some of the younger crew to join and become involved in our Association, we will eventually fade away due to lack of leaders. This will be my first notice to each of you on what I hope will be an ongoing recruitment of the following groups:

Group 1: Those that have been members in the past but for some reason don't seem to think paying to be a member of the Lee Association is beneficial to them. This is a group that we as active members can reach out to and see what can be done to get them back onboard. I am going to ask each of you to try to find one person that has dropped his membership and get them to re-join. If the \$10.00 is a reason they won't join, then offer to pay it for them the first year. By not being an active member, they are not receiving the newsletter and all the updates on the Lee, plus just having the opportunity to stay connected with old friends.

Group 2: This is the group that will be hardest to find, but I think we can reach out to members that served during the last years of the Lee to help us reach these people. In many cases they might have served longer on other boats and don't have the same feeling we earlier Boomers have, but that isn't a reason to not be a member. Like any other organization, those that are active are the best sales people, so I'm asking for help and advice on how to reach this group. I have been in contact with the last Commanding Officer of the Lee when it was a SSN and was decommissioned. I will hopefully get some help and advice from him. We already have some active members from those later years and I'm asking for their help. Remember, this is our Association and we can still make it better.

Please contact me at joewi@sbcglobal.net for any advice or suggestions, but mostly let me know names of anyone I can contact to encourage them to join. There will be more on this subject in upcoming E-grams.



Jim Stewart - Vice President

Vice President Comments:

We're going to try something new for the next raffle. We know that many of you have hobbies or sideline interests, perhaps with aspirations of supplementing your Social Security income, so we're inviting you to participate in our reunion raffle by displaying your handiworks with us.

Here's how it will work:

- Your products will be displayed with your contact information on a designated table in the hospitality room, limited to two (2) items, without obtrusive advertising or offensiveness, and concurrent with the Association's raffle sales table.
- All items must be approved by the Association officers.
- All products must represent the entrepreneurial efforts of yourself or your family, such as artwork or handicrafts, and not a third-party vendor or supplier.
- If you wish to sell your items your sales must be conducted privately, without the Association's involvement.
- We encourage you to donate the items you actually display to the reunion raffle, with proceeds going to the RE Lee Association.

The purpose is to provide a forum for our members to display their handiwork (for later sales), to encourage participation in the raffle, and to offset the Association's reunion costs. It will be your responsibility to make sure that your contact information is available at the table, but your constant presence there will not be necessary. The Association will provide a person (a volunteer) at the table to sell raffle tickets, ensuring that ticket boxes are kept separate for the individual items.

If you have questions contact me (Jim Stewart) at raro428@gmail.com , or call 360-608-7117.

The R.E. Lee Association Facebook site is up and running. Check in if you're a Facebook user,

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/USS-Robert-E-Lee-SSBN-601-Association/297625983627827>

and we're publishing your photos on the Flickr site too, old and new. See them at:

www.flickr.com/photos/uss_robert_e_lee_association

By now you will have noticed that our old 601 website is gradually being phased out, a result of Tim VeArd's passing.

The new website at:

<http://www.decklog.com/ssbn-601.asp>

will be the most accurate and up-to-date place to go for information on the Association and reunion planning. It's hosted by Decklog.com, but edited by your Association officers.



Secretary/Treasurer' Report

The following report is submitted for the Year 2013:

2013 Annual Report

Beginning Balance	\$15,448.29
Deposits	\$14,292.00
Expense	-\$19,186.21
Ending Balance	\$10,554.08

Now is the time to renew your annual membership in the Robert E Lee Association. You can tell when your membership expires by going to the web site. Payments accompanied with the re-enlistment form should be sent to:

USS Robert E Lee Association
c/o Chuck Horvath
435 B Somerset Court
Aurora, IL 60504

Multiple year payments are encouraged.

Chuck Horvath,
Secretary/Treasurer

I received the following attached to an email. It has, as the younger generation says, "gone viral" in the realm of old submariners. I know many are not members of USSVI, so thought I would share it with the crew.

Fred Williams

Ever A Submariner

I liked popping the hatch at the top of the sail (submarine's bridge) at sunrise and being the first to savor the scent of fresh air for the first time in 8 week... watching dolphins race in the bow wave on the way back home to Pearl... the tear-drop hull of the boat beneath me silently slicing through the sea.

I liked the sounds of the submarine service (sounds that we alone could hear, as we were the Silent Service where others were concerned) – the ascending whine of the dive alarm sounding, and the haunting echoes of "Cayooogah, cayooogah... Dive! Dive!" from the boats yesteryear, the gruff voice of a Chief headed aft... "Down ladder; Make a Hole!", the indescribable creaking sound of hull-steel compressing at depths that remain classified to this day.

I was impressed with Navy vessels – bracketed in the aperture of Periscope #2, the crosshairs gently rising and falling across their silhouette on the horizon, while obtaining range, bearing and angle off the bow.

I liked the names of proud boats of every class, from the "pig boats" of WWI to the sea creatures of WWII, like Barbel, Dorado, Shark and Seawolf, and the Cold War boats that bore with honor the names of these and 48 others that are "Still on Patrol." Boats honoring national heroes, statesmen and presidents: Washington, Madison, Franklin and more. Whole classes of boats honoring cities and states: Los Angeles, Ohio and Virginia.

I liked the tempo of opposed piston diesels and the "pop" in your ears when equalizing to atmospheric when the head valve first opens to ventilate and snorkel. I miss the "thrill" of riding an emergency blow from test depth to the top at a nice steep bubble.

I enjoyed seeing places I'd only dreamed of, and some of which I'd heard from my grandfather who had seen them under very different circumstances and conditions... places like Pearl Harbor, Guam, Truk Island and Subic and Tokyo Bays.

I admired the teamwork of loading ships stores, the "brow-brigade" from pier to boat, and lowering them vertically through a 24" hatch to the galley below. I relished the competition of seeing who could correctly guess how many days underway before the fresh eggs and milk ran out and powder prevailed upon us henceforth.

I loved my "brothers," each and every one, whether their dolphins were gold or silver and regardless of rate or rank. We shared experiences that bonded us evermore, and knew each other's joys, pains, strengths and weaknesses. We listened to and looked out for each other. We shared precious little space in which to live and move and work, and we breathed, quite literally, the same recycled air.

After weeks in cramped quarters, my heart leapt at the command, "Close All Main Vents; Commence Low Pressure Blow; Prepare to Surface; Set the Maneuvering Watch." When safely secured along the pier, the scent of my sweetheart's hair evaporated the staleness emanating from my dungarees.

Exhausting though it was, I even liked the adrenaline rush of endless drills, and the comfort in the knowledge that any dolphin-wearing brother had cross-trained just like I had... not only on basic damage control, but to the point of having a basic working knowledge of every system on the boat, such that when real emergencies inevitably arose, the response was so automatic and efficient they were almost anti-climactic.

I liked the eerie sounds of "biologics" through the sonar headphones, the strange songs of the sea in the eternal night below the surface of the deep blue seas.

I liked the darkness – control room rigged for red or black, the only illumination that of the back-lights compass and gauges of the helm and myriad of buttons and indicator lights across the BCP. I liked the gentle green glow of the station screens in the Sonar Shack and Fire Control. I grew to like coffee, the only way to stay awake in the numbing darkness of the Control Room with the constant rocking of the boat during countless hours at periscope depth.

I liked "sliders" and "lumpia" and pizza at "Mid-rats" at the relieving of the watch. I liked the secure and cozy feeling of my rack, my humble little "den," even when it was still warm from the body-heat of the guy who just relieved me of the watch.

I liked the controlled chaos of the Control Room, with the Officer of the Deck, Diving Officer and Chief of the Watch receiving and repeating orders; the sound of Sonar reporting: “Con-Sonar: New Contact, submerged, designated: Sierra 1, bearing: 0-1-0, range: 1-0-0-0 yards, heading 3-5-0, speed: 1-5 knots, depth: 4-0-0’.”

I liked the rush of “Man Battlestations; Rig for Quiet” announced over the 1MC, and the “outside of my rate” role I played as CEP plotter during war games, and later... SpecOps – the window to another world that I was allowed to peer through... the tactics, stealth and tenacity of our Captain making prompt and purposeful decisions to see us safely and successfully through the mission.

I appreciated the fact that I was a 19 year old kid, entrusted with operating some of the most sophisticated equipment in the entire world, and the challenge of doing those tasks in a 33’ x 360’ steel tube, several hundred feet below the surface, in potentially hostile waters.

I admired the traditions of the Silent Service, of Men of Iron in Boats of Steel, where you were just a NUB until you were “Qualified” and had EARNED the respect of the Officers and crew. I revered past heroes like inventor John Philip Holland and innovator Hyman G. Rickover. Such men and those that followed, both Officer and Enlisted, set precedents to follow, standards to uphold, and examples of bravery and self-sacrifice like the world has seldom seen. We were taught to honor these traditions. Somewhere far below the ocean’s surface, I became a man... and not just any man. I became... a Submariner.

Our story is seldom told, but we are truly un-sung heroes. We contributed significantly to the winning of wars, the liberation of the oppressed and the preservation of both peace and freedom. Many of us served during the “Cold War” – collectively, we stood the watch, patrolled and performed acts of top secret espionage – and we did so CONTINUOUSLY for 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year – for over four and a half DECADES. We kept a very fragile peace intact – very likely preventing global nuclear annihilation in the process – by virtue of our strength, vigilance, endurance and integrity.

Yes, we WON that war, and did so without ever once having to fire a shot in anger. Though we’ve been awarded many citations and medals, there are none that exist for that particular campaign as a whole. Our reward is the

solemn pride that each of us possesses within our own hearts, the freedoms that we enjoy as a people, and the loving care of our friends and family—who stood the watch in their own way, supporting us in our absence when we were in harm’s way far, far from home.

Decades now have come and gone since last I went to sea. The years have a way of dimming things, like looking at the past through a smoky mirror. I went, as many others, my separate way... raised a family, and moved on... but a part of me, my Sailor’s Soul, will always be underway... somewhere... in the darkness, in the deep, making turns for twenty knots... pushing a hole through the water.

Written By:

Jody Wayne Durham, MM2/SS

USS Los Angeles (SSN-688), ?85 ? ?88



Current Association Officers and contact information

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The Meaning of Naval Sayings--Reprinted with the permission of the Plymouth, UK City Council

Above board: *Honest; legal* Cargo was stowed properly on board (on the decks) so that customs officials could easily check for contraband.

All at sea: *Bewildered* Describes a ship out of sight of land and having lost its bearings.

All sewn up: *Completed; concluded*

The bodies of sailors who died or were killed at sea were sewn into bits of sail canvas. Stitching would begin at the feet and end at the head, with the last stitch passing through the sailor's nose. The bodies went overboard, with cannonballs attached to the canvas ensuring that they sank.

ATOMIC CITY OR TRAVELS WITH A NON-NUKE

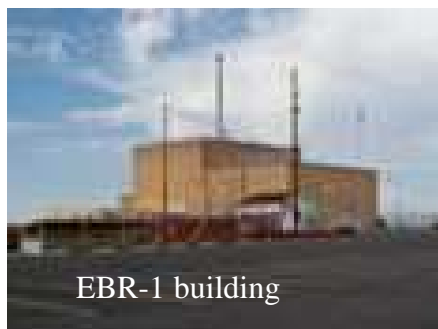
-Jim Stewart

My wife Mary and I did a month long road trip last summer, travelling from Portland, OR to Chicago and back, staying in motels and stopping at every National Park & Monument, ball of twine & frying pan along the way. It was a great trip even if we didn't find any discarded bags of money along the way.

So too was the bar at Atomic City, population 29 (give-or-take), where you can still get a cold beer or soft drink, and a long conversation with the friendly proprietor who knows a few good stories. There's an RV park in town and a small store, and a dirt-track for car races once a year, but no working gas station. Most of the residents there are retired and the pace is...slow.



Prototype aviation reactors...yes, really...for airplanes.



EBR-1 building

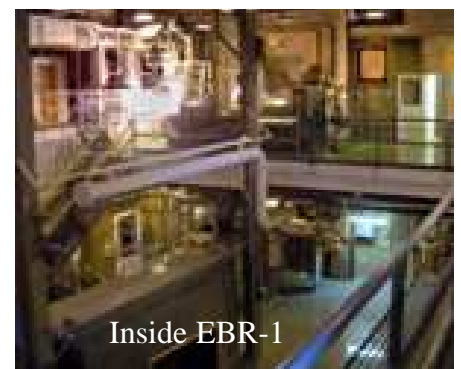


Atomic City bar

One of the highlights of the trip was a day-long stop between Atomic City & Arco, ID, which may be familiar names to those of you who were assigned to the nearby Naval Reactors Facility and Nuclear Power Training Unit, or NPTU Idaho before your assignment to the 601. Over 39,000 people were trained here. We didn't get in to the working part of what is now called Idaho National Laboratory, but we did tour EBR-1, the world's first electricity-generating nuclear power plant, now a National Historic Landmark. We found it extremely interesting.



Atomic City ex-gas station



Inside EBR-1



Idaho National Laboratory



Historical interest sign

Joe White
1708 S. Blvd
Edmond, Oklahoma 73034

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