



September 2006
Volume 12 - Issue 9



<http://perch-base.org>

**What's "Below Decks"
in the Midwatch**

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Lest We Forget Those Still On Patrol

SEPTEMBER ETERNAL PATROLS

USS S-5	SS110	Sept. 1, 1920	none lost
USS S-51	SS162	Sept. 25, 1925	32 men
USS Grayling	SS209	Sept. 9, 1943	76 men
USS Cisco	SS290	Sept. 28, 1943	76 men

The Perch Base USSVI is not able to totally support itself financially on the dues collected from its members. There has, to date, been no successful and ongoing plan since the base was formed to produce any other steady and effective source of income. Therefore, the Base has relied on additional donations from members -- usually given at membership renewal -- for its survival. Listed below are those charitable givers, known as the Booster Club.



2006 Booster Club



A. H. "Bob" Nance	Adrian Stuke	Alan Miller	Billy Grieves
Bradley L. Butler	Bruce "Robie" Robinson	Butch DeShong	Charles Greene
Dave Harnish	David Carpenter	Doug LaRock	Edgar Brooks
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George Long	George Petrovitz	Glenn Herold	Harold C. Lister
Harry Heller	Jack R. McCarthy	James Denzien	James L. Wall
James W. Newman	Jerry N. Allston	Jim Nelson	John Cash
John Messersmith	John T. Hellem	John Zaichkin	Joseph Bernard
Kenneth Becker	Kenneth R. Anderson	L. A. "Mike" Keating	Lester Hillman
Mel Rycus	Paul V. Miller	Ray Samson	Raymond Marshall
Raymond Schaeffer	Reynaldo Atos	Richard Bernier	Richard Simmons
Robert A. Lancendorfer	Joe Oreteba	Robert Lents	Robert May
Roger Cousin	Roger M. Miller	Roger R. Miller	Ron Kloch
Ronald Beyer	Royce Pettitt	Stanley Rud	George Debo
Stephen Hough	Terry Martin	W. Scott Prothero	William L. McNay
Wayne K. Smith	Wayne Braastad	Walter Blomgren	Tim Moore
Thomas Moore	Stan Reinhold	Ronald Zomok	Robert Hanson
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Kenny Wayne	Ken Schonauer	Joseph R. Mullins	Jim Thomson
Jerry Yowell	James Edwards	Jack S. Kimball	Harry Ellis
Edward Wolf	Davy Jones	Darrell Lambert	Clair E. Prokupek
Buck Crouch	Joe Errante	Bob Gilmore	George Marions
Burtis Loftin	Layne Rumbaugh	Denny Kerton	Scott Fraser
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Sailing Orders



SEPTEMBER MEETING
Sept. 16, 2006
American Legion Post #105
3534 W Calavar Rd.
Phoenix, AZ

2007 USSVI CONVENTION
ALASKAN CRUISE... ARE
YOU GOING???

If you plan on going to the 2007 USSVI Convention and the Alaskan Cruise, you must have a passport! No other type of ID will be allowed for departure. Keep in mind; it could take you up to 90 days to get your passport at a cost of around \$100.00. Do not wait until the last minute. Mark on your calendar to apply no later than May 1, 2007 to allow adequate time. You should prepare yourself ahead of time by having a copy of your birth certificate available.



Sailing Orders



(Continued)

PERCH BASE ANNUAL AWARDS BANQUET

DECEMBER 9, 2006, 1730 HOURS TO 2200 HOURS

LUKE AFB DESERT STAR ENLISTED CLUB

DRESS CODE CASUAL

COST PER PERSON \$20.00

(Note: this covers meal and door prices cost)

MENU

Tossed Greens, Tomatoes and Cucumbers with Ranch Dressing
Sliced London broil Au Jus with Roasted New Potatoes and Chef's Vegetables

OR

Roasted Stuffed Chicken Breast with Mushroom Gravy, Rice Pilaf and
Chef's Vegetables

Sensational Sweets Peanut Butter Pie, Freshly Baked Rolls with Butter
Coffee, Tea or Water

No Host Bar 1730 to 2200 with dinner served at 1900. There will be a Cheese and Cracker plate available during the cocktail hour 1730 to 1900.

ALL RESERVATIONS NAMES, ADDRESSES AS THEY APPEAR ON YOUR PHOTO ID, MUST BE INTO DAVE HARNISH NLT DECEMBER 1, 2006 WITH PAYMENT IN ORDER TO ENSURE YOU AND GUEST NAMES AND ADDRESSES ARE ON THE ENTERANCE LIST THAT HAS TO BE SUPPLIED TO THE BASE SECURITY.

Please make checks payable to PERCH BASE and send to Dave Harnish with your menu selection at:

Dave Harnish
6509 West Devonshire Ave
Phoenix, AZ 85033-3350
623-846-0367

Email reservations will be acceptable to daveharnish@cox.net. Payment must be made prior to December 2, 2006. Payments and reservations can be made by mail to the above address. Reservations are limited so please make your reservations early. There will be dancing following the dinner and awards ceremony.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS!

Changes of Address

If you have had an address change, please make sure the information gets updated on the USSVI data base. If you do not have updated mailing information you will not receive future issues of the ***American Submariner*** and are at risk of not receiving other important USSVI and local base mailings. Currently it is costing the magazine over \$3000.00 a year for returned mail because members have not been submitting **Changes of Address** or making the magazine aware of **Snowbird Status**. Addresses from all returned mail will be removed from the mailing list. You can update your information through the USSVI website or ask for assistance from your base membership chair. Don't get dropped from the *American Submariner* mailing list... keep your personal mailing information up to date to date so you can keep current on all future mailings.

CAN YOU LEND US A GENERATOR???

Shipmates –

We need someone to loan us a generator to power the sound system and klaxon for our float for the Veteran's Day Parade. If any of you have one, or know someone who has a small portable generator we could borrow, it would be greatly appreciated. We would like to borrow it in October when the float goes into the yards for maintenance and again in November for the Veteran's Day Parade. Also, we would like some of you to be on standby for float maintenance if needed. Can you help?

Tim Moore, Commander, Perch Base USSVI



From the Wardroom

Dear Shipmates,

As you are aware our August meeting was in Prescott. For those of you who attended, you all know it was a nice trip and what a pleasure to get out of the heat here in the valley. Our most sincere thanks go out to Jack Messersmith and the Gudgeon Base for hosting the meeting, it was most enjoyable. For those of you who didn't attend, you missed out on a nice break away from the valley.

The weekend following the Prescott trip on Sunday, August 20th, we hosted a pancake breakfast as a fundraiser for our American Legion Post #105. Many thanks to our Vice-Commander, Stan Reinhold and his lovely spouse Jane who did an outstanding job in preparing a wonderful breakfast for all to enjoy. I also want to express my sincere thanks to our shipmates and SubVettes who assisted in preparing, serving, bussing, and cleaning up when the breakfast concluded. Those who assisted included; Jim & Mary Denzien, Bob Gilmore, Frank and Lane Rumbaugh and Jim and Nancy Nelson. I had to leave the festivities and go to work so if I missed acknowledging anyone else who showed up after I departed, please accept my sincere apology for not recognizing you.

Henry Tank, Post Commander and Post #105 were extremely grateful for our efforts and the \$300.00 we raised for the treasury. Again I want to thank all of you who contributed. I also want to add that our participation was disappointing. When the idea was first proposed some months ago, it seems that there was enthusiastic support from our members. However when the event became a reality, the support I anticipated fell by the wayside and we had minimum participation. Where were you?!?

While I don't want to dwell on the negative I do feel it is my responsibility to keep you informed of current issues that affect our base as well as have an impact the USSVI. The most current issue was our national election. Our membership participation was a dismal 15.5% voter response which included 66.6% response from the officers and board members. There was adequate lead time, numerous newsletter and e-mail announcements and voter participation was as easy as making a phone call with your selections. I don't know what else we could have done to make it any easier.

I am hoping to put together a couple of presentations the next couple of months that I think you all will enjoy. First up will be a presentation by Steven Smith, LCDR USN (Retired) whom I recently had the good fortune of meeting. One of his last assignments before retirement was command of a DSRV and his involvement with the rescue of the seven Russian sailors who were aboard the Russian AS-28 mini-sub in the Barents Sea a little over a year ago. As you might recall, this was a successful operation and our Russian shipmates were all saved. I have also asked our shipmate Ken Earls from Gudgeon Base in Prescott to visit us and give us a presentation about his recent trip abroad to St. Petersburg and Moscow where he participated in the International Sub Vets conference. I think Ken said there were shipmates from 37 countries and it was a fantastic experience. Both of these gentlemen are going to try to put together power point presentations for us which should be most interesting so stay tuned. I look forward to seeing you all at our September meeting.

Fraternally,

Tim Moore, Commander, Perch Base USSVI

From Behind the Wardroom - SubVettes

This column is dedicated to the "Beautiful Life of our beloved Vice-President, Kay Harnish. She is loved and missed by all of us."

We will pay tribute to her at our next meeting on September 16, 2006 at the Chowder House at 12:30pm.

We want to formally send our deepest condolences and sympathy to Kay's family.

I hope every can make it to this special meeting

My love to you all,

Nancy Nelson, President, SubVettes of Perch Base

In Loving Memory of Kay Harnish

Kay E. Harnish 67 was an amazingly devoted wife, mother, grandmother, friend, and member of the Perch Base Sub-Vettes, who loved God dearly and went to be with him after losing her battle with Lung Cancer, September 3, 2006.

As a founding member of the Perch Base SubVettes, Kay served as Vice President and was instrumental in getting the organization formed.

Kay and her husband David R. Harnish would have celebrated 43 years of marriage October 5, 2006 and have been blessed with 3 daughters, 1 son, and 7 grandchildren.

A memorial service to celebrate her life will be held at Alleluia Lutheran Church, 8444 W. Encanto Blvd, Phoenix, AZ 85037, September 23, 2006 at 10 AM with a lunch and fellowship time to follow.

Perch Base members and Perch Base SubVettes are encouraged to wear their vest to honor Kay and in lieu of flowers, please make donations to the:

**USSVI Charitable Foundation
P.O. Box 3870
Silverdale, WA 98383**

or to

**Banner Hospice
1325 N. Fiesta Blvd.
Suite 1
Gilbert, AZ 85233.**

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**White
 Mountain**



Base

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. Pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States Government.

**COMMANDERS CORNER:**

August 24, 2004, was the date that White Mountain Base was formed - with the help of Perch Base at the Red Onion in Heber, AZ. Our first roster included 7 Submarine Veterans and 2 Associates.

In the last 2 years we have increased our membership to 18 Submarine Veterans and 4 Associates - I think that's great. I know that there are more Submarine Veterans up here in the Mountains as I am working on 3 myself. Keep beating the bushes.

So for this year we have had a Golf Tournament and 2 Parades. There is a Veterans Day Parade in Eager. Our float needs some loving care so if you can help - please do.

We have a potential new member Louis Reynolds at our last meeting. He was on the only U. S. Submarine that captured a Japanese Submarine in World War II - He brought the Japanese Blue Jacket Manual to the meeting for us to look over and gave a very interesting talk of his time in the Navy. Welcome aboard Lou.

Our next meeting is 16 September, 11 am at my house - if you need directions call me at 928-536-7390. ELECTIONS will be at this meeting.

Jim Clewett, Commander, White Mountain Base

AUGUST MEETING MINUTES

Members present for the August 2006 meeting were: Jim Clewett, Phil Caster, Delbert Foopahl, Armand DePrins, Frank Nagle, Doug Eddy, Dee LeFevre, Charles Jones, Steve Day, Ken Shade and Richard Jarenski.

The meeting was called to order at 1305 hours with a prayer, invocation, Tolling of the Bell, Pledge of Allegiance, and reading of Our Creed. Guests present were Susan Day and Lou Reynolds. Lou is a WWII submariner and is planning on joining our base.

Base elections will be held next month - be there and let someone know if you are interested in running for office. The next meeting will be held at Jim Clewett's house. Please call Jim one week prior to the meeting to let him know if you are attending (928) 536-7390. Jim will be serving food at the meeting.

The June minutes were read and a motion was made, seconded and passed to accept and it was reported that there is \$3,638.29 in the base treasury, most of which is for next year's Golf Tournament.

Our float took second place at the Pleasant Valley Days Parade in Young. The float will be at Navajo Park in Heber over the Labor Day weekend for the festivities. Ken Shade will check with the Elks regarding the Christmas party. Ken has also volunteered to Chair next year's Golf Tournament.

Dee LeFevre won the 50/50 drawing and the meeting was adjourned at 1400 hours with a closing prayer.



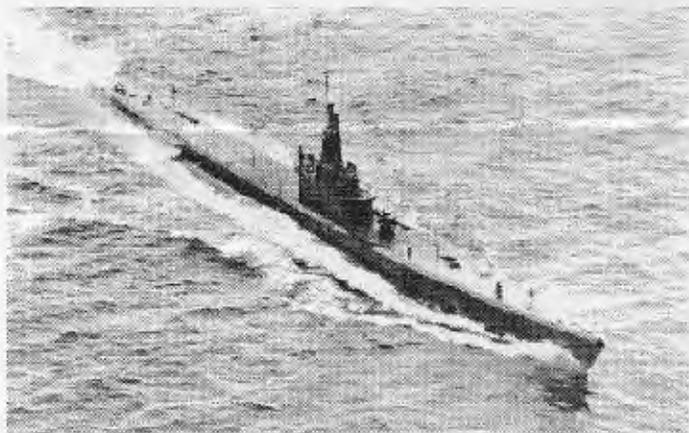
Eternal Patrol Sept. 28, 1943

Editors Note: *Less we forget, each month, one boat on eternal patrol will be highlighted in this newsletter. Sailors, rest your oars.*

The Final Patrol

Lord, this departed shipmate with dolphins on his chest
Is part of an outfit known as the best.
Make him welcome and take him by the hand.
You'll find without a doubt he was the best in all the land.
So, heavenly Father add his name to the roll
Of our departed shipmates still on patrol!
Let them know that we who survive
Will always keep their memories alive.

U.S.S. Cisco (SS-290) 76 men lost

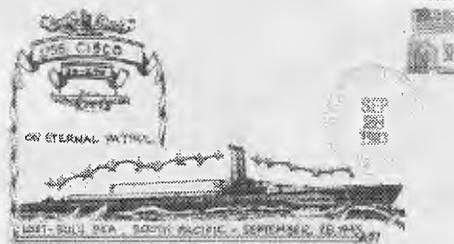


Launched: 24 December 1942; Commissioned: 10 May 1943;
Displacement: 1526 tons surf.,
Length: 311' 9"; Beam: 27' 3"; Draft: 15' 3";
Speed: 20 knots surf., 9 knots sub.;
Complement: 66 officers and men;
Armament: 10 x 21 in torpedo tubes



USS Cisco (SS-290), a *Balao*-class submarine, was the only ship of the United States Navy to be named for the cisco, a whitefish of the Great Lakes. Her keel was laid down by the Portsmouth Navy Yard in New Hampshire. She was launched on 24 December 1942 sponsored by Mrs. A. C. Bennett, through her proxy, Mrs. N. Robertson, and commissioned on 10 May 1943 with Commander J.W. Coe in command. She reported to the Pacific Fleet.

Cisco sailed from Panama 7 August 1943 for Brisbane, Australia, arriving 1 September to assume local patrol duties, until 18 September, when she docked at Darwin. She put out on her first war patrol 20 September, but never returned. Japanese records tell of sighting a submarine leaking oil on 28 September in an area where *Cisco* is known to have been the only submarine then operating. Japanese records state this submarine was sunk by bombs and depth charges. *Cisco* is thus presumed to have been lost in action 28 September 1943.



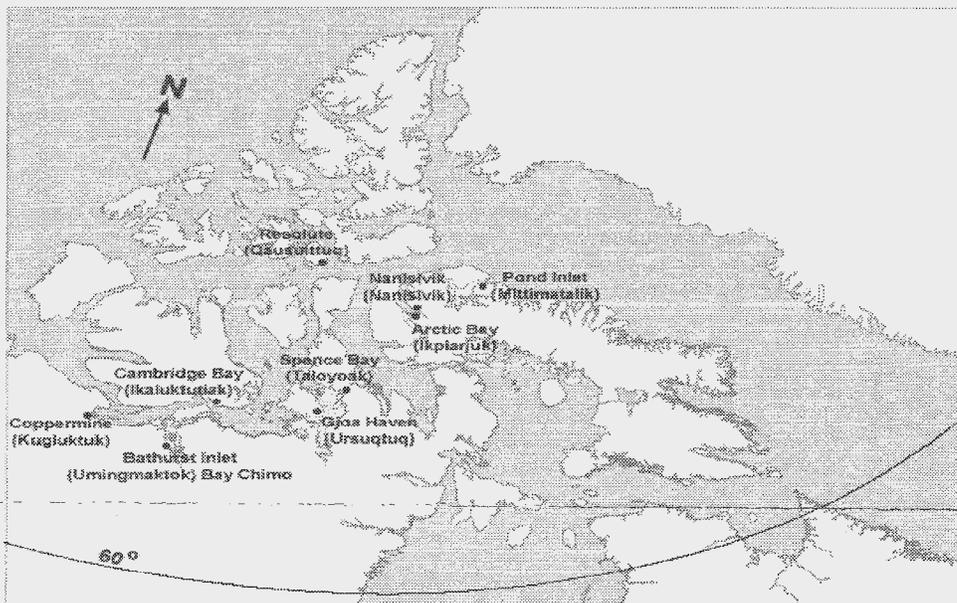
Submarines . . . of Today

Canada's Ragtag Arctic Forces

Flying the flag and hunting for seals with the Canadian Rangers

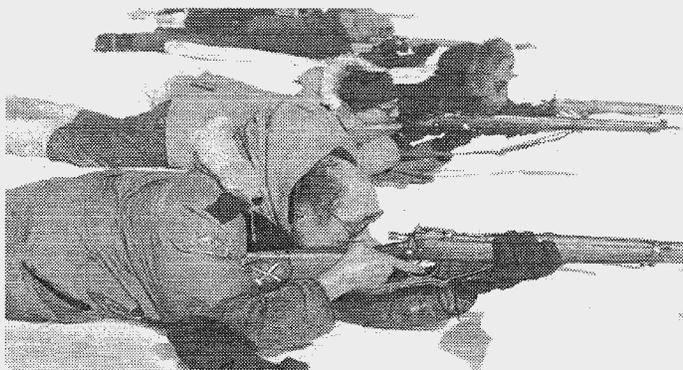
By Colin Campbell, *Macleans.ca*, 22 Aug 06

Robert Dialla's sweatpants are stained and dirty and the insulation from his jacket threatens to spill out from a rip along the front. For four days, he's been living out of his 20-ft. aluminum fishing boat and camping on the rocky tundra. His uniform, a red hooded sweatshirt with a crossed rifle and axe emblem across the front, just covers his 240-lb. frame. (He used to weigh more and laments quitting sports when he had the first of his six children.) His Second World War-era .303 Lee Enfield rifle looks more like a museum piece than a killing machine, but Dialla knows how to use it — a freshly killed seal hanging off the side of his boat and missing the top half of its head is testament to his skill as a marksman.



This is the unlikely face of Canada's military in the high Arctic.

They are called the Canadian Rangers — a ragtag militia of Inuit men (and in recent years women too) who patrol the icy waters and tundra of Canada's northern reaches. On this trip, Dialla and 15 of his compatriots have been slowly picking their way through remote fjords and open seas, headed southeast from their home town of Pangnirtung, on Baffin Island, toward the Davis Strait. Since the beginning of the Cold War, patrols like this one have been on guard in the Arctic, looking out for interloping submarines and invading Russians. Their mission here: to fly the Canadian flag and assert sovereignty over remote inlets and ice-choked seas. Along the way they perform a few military drills, camp, and pick off the occasional seal for dinner.



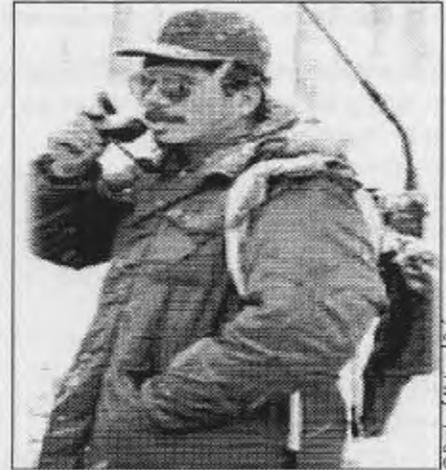
The threat of invading armies seems far-fetched today, but lurking polar bears remain a very real concern. At night, Dialla's rifle lies loaded and ready next to him in his sturdy homemade canvas tent, heated by an always-burning Coleman stove. Earlier in the day, three bears were wandering around the Rangers' campsite in this remote fjord near the Arctic Circle. "They are the last thing you want to see," says Dialla, who in his soft, even voice describes near-fatal

brushes with bears and four-day snowstorms. Two small dogs have been brought along to act as a polar bear warning system. "Good thing I brought my dog to protect the Rangers from polar bears," says the owner of one of the canines, Hezekiah Oshutapik. For others, a .303 seems preferable. "All your dog was doing was farting all night from the rations," replies Simeonie Keenainak, the rotund, 57-year-old sergeant of the patrol, as the group sets off across the water.

From a distance, the flotilla of Ranger boats looks almost formidable as it exits the Pangnirtung fjord, breaking through ocean swells and setting up tiny explosions of icy water. Up close, the boats are less imposing. The Rangers are the only arm of the military asked to use their own equipment — in this case, seven small wooden or aluminum fishing boats and one motorized canoe that looks particularly tippy in ocean waters.

Two days into the patrol, the Rangers hit a patch of heavy fog. Mathewsie Maniapik guides his old wooden 20-ft. Lake Winnipeg fishing boat into the Cumberland Sound and vanishes into the mist. One after the other, the Rangers follow, disappearing from sight. Fog is a constant challenge — like the chilly Arctic winds. A day earlier, the patrol had been forced off course by fierce winds just hours into its annual sovereignty patrol. Rather than risk the rising ocean swells, the Rangers made for the shelter of Kekerton Island, a wind-swept, abandoned 19th-century whaling camp now littered with graves and human bones. (Given the rocky surface, bodies were placed on the land in wooden barrels that have since rotted away.) "The old people always say, wait for the weather," says Keenainak the following morning as he steers his boat in Maniapik's wake. "And they're right."

While Keenainak's boat is the largest and most seaworthy of the bunch (with a small enclosed cockpit and radar), Maniapik's relic is the designated scout boat. The fact that Maniapik, a 56-year-old fisherman, has no GPS or radar on board might seem cause for concern (even without the fog, the northern landscape is an intimidating combination of rock, ice and open water). For the Rangers, it's comic relief. After hours cruising blindly through the fog, a crackle comes over the radio, as one of the Rangers quizzes, "Do you know where we're going?" Speaking in Inuktitut, another jokes, "I think we're almost near Greenland." Moments later, as if by some miracle of navigation, the boats break free from the fog in the same tidy line they left in, right on course and in sight of land. Asked how he guided the boats, Maniapik, a slight, aging man in oversized rubber boots, says by translator, "I use the direction of the waves and the sun."



Riding shotgun with Keenainak is Sgt. Stephen Ambrose, who oversees the Rangers on their five-day mission. The 35-year-old soldier has served in places like Bosnia, Afghanistan and Cyprus, and for the past two years he has travelled the North, training the Rangers in the ways of the southern military. Unlike the Rangers, in their mismatched ensembles of jeans, rubber boots or sneakers, Ambrose cuts an imposing figure in his army fatigues. A toothpick constantly circles around his mouth, just below a thick moustache. On the first day of the patrol, Ambrose quickly quashes a Ranger's plans to bring his young son along. "He's not serious, is he?" he asks. Yet Ambrose maintains a fragile authority over the Rangers, who show a loosely veiled indifference to the rigid ways of the military. On the final day of patrol, two Ranger boats drop from view in one of the fjords, likely distracted by a seal or bear. Ambrose orders Keenainak to hold up and wait for the others — a command the old Ranger shrugs off. "You guys worry too much. You're like my grandma," he says. On their previous patrol, another sergeant told Keenainak he would fire him if he swerved his boat off course one more time to search for seal. "I turned one more time. He didn't fire me," says Keenainak, who has a curious habit of shouting "Hallelujah!" in awkward moments of silence ("no more hallelujahs till we're out of this fog," the sergeant says on one occasion). Ambrose takes a patient approach. "Look, if something happens to them, I'll hang. And I don't want to hang," he pleads. Keenainak relents and slows.

Midway through the patrol, once camp has been established, the Rangers are granted a "traditional day" to hunt. All military pretenses evaporate as they break off to scour nearby fjords for seal, walrus and whale. That night, Oshutapik, a 50-year-old fisherman, plumber and resident mechanic on this patrol, slides his knife down the belly of a small ring seal, brought back by the hunters. He begins peeling the skin away from the animal's thick layer of fat. When he cuts off the flippers the seal looks like a big, white blubbery football. The hide he'll sell later, back in Pangnirtung, about 100 km away. Then Oshutapik pulls the seal's chest cavity wide open and removes the intestines and innards. He slices down the rib cage until he has created a neat series of what look like baby-back ribs. Around him, his fellow Rangers gather on the rocky shore of their campsite and begin cutting off morsels of bloody meat with their knives. Careful not to spill blood on their red uniform sweatshirts, they devour the meat until there's nothing left but a carcass of bone and fat. Military rations

are left sitting in the Rangers' boats, mostly untouched. Ambrose also takes a few healthy bites. A career military man, he's developed a strong aversion to soupy military rations. Leopa Akpaliakuk, one of the elder Rangers on this patrol, grins and wipes sweat from his brow. "This makes you real strong," he says in broken English.

According to Ranger lore, some time ago a Ranger spotted a foreign submarine. When the Ranger called Ottawa to report the sighting, the military demurred at the notion and asked whether he wasn't just confusing a whale for a submarine. "Bullets don't bounce off whales," the Ranger replied. The story might seem apocryphal, but foreign vessels have been known to travel these waters without consent, and these northern channels could soon be seeing a lot more traffic. The earth's atmosphere is warming, the ice is thinner and breaking up earlier, and the water is warmer, says Peter Kilabuk, who when not patrolling with the Rangers is the Speaker of Nunavut's legislature. This kind of global warming is expected to open the Arctic's Northwest Passage, a potentially invaluable new shipping route. The trouble is, many countries, including the United States, don't recognize Canada's sovereignty over these waters.

To reinforce its fragile claims, the Conservative government has promised to build three armed icebreakers, a deep-water port, and a military training centre in the Arctic. Large elaborate military drills have also been staged, including one this week dubbed Operation Lancaster. Still, Canada's strongest claims to sovereignty rest on the Rangers, who have been patrolling the Arctic since the late 1940s. "We go all around here," explains Keenainak. "Even if it's not on patrol, we're hunting or fishing, and that's sovereignty too." Last month, Defence Minister Gordon O'Connor travelled to the Arctic and promised, among other things, more Ranger patrols. There are now over 50 patrols in communities across the Arctic, each capped at 30 members, with waiting lists of Inuit hoping to join.



That is part of the reason why Ambrose is here — not just to inspect the Rangers but to "familiarize" them with the more modern weaponry of the Canadian Forces. For an afternoon, the Kumlien fjord, the site of the Rangers' temporary base camp, is alive with the crackling of gunfire. On a makeshift firing range, the Rangers lie on their stomachs and fire their .303s at paper targets of a scowling enemy soldier. (While the ancient .303 has been labeled inadequate by many military observers, it is beloved by the Rangers. It doesn't jam in the cold, and is powerful enough to drop a polar bear with one shot.) Ambrose concludes the day with a brief lesson in how to fire the army's C-7 automatic weapons. He barks commands, ordering the Rangers not to fire all 30 rounds at once. "Short bursts," he yells, as the Rangers eagerly line up with magazines to take their turn unloading one of the two C-7s, bullet casings flying and landing on the cold tundra.

For a fleeting few hours, Ambrose has the Rangers armed to the teeth and looking almost like a fighting force. For many of the Rangers, it's the highlight of the trip. "It might be some of the best shooting I've ever seen on a Ranger patrol," says Ambrose. "But that might be because it's not -30." Everyone seems less inclined to take such drills seriously in frostbite-inducing cold, he explains. Up here in the August sun, it's relatively balmy. The temperature hovers around five degrees. The sun sets for only a few short hours each night.

On their final evening, after a feast of seal and char, the Rangers stand on the rocky shore smoking and laughing, sharing stories. A lone gull swoops down and hovers in a gust of wind over their boats. Akpaliakuk picks up his .303, takes aim and fires, sending a thunderous crack echoing down the fjord. He fires a second shot, and the bird hesitates, before pumping its wings against the Arctic wind. Finally a third blast. The Rangers holler and whoop at this display. Leopa grins. If that were a seal, he would not have missed.

Return To:

**U. S. Submarine Veterans, Perch Base
13210 N. Lake Forest Dr.
Sun City, AZ 85351-3252**

<http://perch-base.org>



**NEXT REGULAR MEETING
Sept. 16, 2006
American Legion Post #105
3534 W Calavar Rd.
Phoenix, AZ**