



USS HADDO

Newsletter

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FROM THE EDITOR

Thanks Mike: On 27 April 1990, Michael Gann published the first Haddo Newsletter. For eight years and 17 issues, he has unfailingly kept us informed on the Haddo front, updated us on crew members' whereabouts, and entertained us with sidebar stories from his and other shipmates' experiences aboard the Haddo. I have certainly enjoyed those newsletters and would like to express my gratitude to Mike for all his efforts to connect all of us who have served aboard Haddo and for his stamina and devotion to writing and publishing the newsletter twice a year.

--Thanks, Mike --

For about the last year, Dick Noble has been calling me about every month, telling me I should take over the newsletter from Mike. Well, I have finally volunteered my services and hope I can keep from disgracing the efforts that Mike has started. If I do, however, remember the name Dick Noble. It is all his fault.

So, Who Am I? I'm Ray Butters. I reported aboard the Haddo in September of 1963, put her in commission in December 1964, and was transferred off in January

1967. I was a sonarman and thought the boat was built just for me. My previous boat was the USS Bugara (SS 331), so to have all that sophisticated sonar, the sonar sensors way up in the front of the boat and out of the way of own-ship's noise, and to have such a streamlined and quiet hull - well, I just knew that boat was built for me. In the twenty years I was in the Navy, the Haddo was by far the best boat I was on.

I had lost contact with everyone from the Haddo within a couple years after leaving her. I stayed on Fast Attacks and they never stayed in port. It was at the Inactivation Ceremony for the Haddo at Ballast Point that I got a chance to reunite with a couple plank owners. Somehow, a couple years later, Mike got my name and address and I started getting the newsletter. Since then, thanks to Mike's newsletters, I have been able to resume a friendship with Dick Noble and see him (at my wedding this past March) after 37 years.

FROM THE CREW

The things I really enjoyed in Mike's newsletters were the inputs from crew members. I would like to make that a regular entry in each newsletter. I'll start

this one out, but I beg of you, don't force me to dredge up old memories too many times in a row; it's hard telling what I may start remembering. I just celebrated my sixtieth birthday, so some of my memories may have tumors attached to them that have warped them right out of the space-time continuum, as we know it.

As I was entering the Haddo roster into my computer, I was flooded with some pretty wonderful memories. A lot of those names just bring back happy feelings, but some of them were instant memories of specific events. So I thought that is what I would start this column with.

Paul Callahan: Mr. Callahan had the golden finger. Every once in a while (like almost every time we tried) the active sonar would stall. When we selected the active mode, it would stack the amplifiers, align the comps, and give us a *READY* light. But when we pressed the *GO* switch, it would just sit there. It just didn't seem like there was anything we could do at the console to make it ping. So, about the time Dick Nobel or I would get set to work on the system, Mr. Callahan would rush into the sonar shack, press the "GO" switch, and that sucker would ping. He started calling his finger his "golden finger". I'm glad I got a chance to see Paul at the Haddo decommissioning because I found out he's not nearly the arrogant ass I used to think he was.

Bill Heffelmire: Everyone on the boat had spent quite a bit of time and energy getting ready for some "big" inspection. I don't remember what inspection it was but I remember someone forgot to close the coffee pot drain when they blew sanitaries on the four to eight watch the morning of the inspection day. I can still see Bill holding a tiny "Q" tip with those great big hands of his

trying to get brown slime out of the perforated overhead in the Crew's Mess.

Dave Hinkle: I probably made First Class because of him. I had taken the First Class exam in Key West just before I reported aboard the Haddo. While onboard, I found out that I had not been selected for advancement. Come the next time around, Mr. Hinkle informed me that he had recommended me for the up-coming exam, and added that he expected me to make it. He told me that if he thinks enough of someone to recommend them, then they better by golly well make it. It wasn't his rank that scared me into some pretty stiff studying. It was his size behind the sincerity of that threat that motivated me; and needless to say I made it.

Mike Lintner, Don Moriarty:

I was very sad to hear about Doc Mariarty. He was by far the best Corpsman and one of the finest sailors that I had ever served with. I remember the time Mike smashed his head into a beer bottle that was in some guys hand, and earned a pretty severe gash above his eye. It didn't matter that Doc was quite wobbly from having emptied several of those same kind of beer bottles; he maintained his professional cool and stitched Mike up better than most could on their best day.

Dick Noble: Having had the duty on this particular Wednesday, Dick and I had been up all night making preparations for getting underway for the Med the following Monday. But instead of getting off right after quarters the next day, as planned, we found out we had to go to a pre-deployment seminar. And then, after the seminar, we were told we had to install a hydrophone for the new SNR computer before we could go home. We didn't get off the boat until about

2100. Having spent about four straight hours in the sonar dome and missing dinner, we headed for the club for a hamburger and a beer. As luck would have it, the grill had closed just before we got there. Neither of us wanted to drink beer if we weren't going to eat, so when we found out there was no food, we changed our order to bourbon and seven. In fact, we each ordered two of the inbibements since the waiter was quite busy. When he brought those two, we ordered two apiece more, This went on till the club closed. On the way home I wrecked my new Thunderbird. Not once but twice. The first time I jumped the curb on the on-ramp to the interstate because I was going too fast (a highway patrol officer had to help me change my flattened tire and bent rim but was relieved to find out that I was driving and not Dick). After we exited the interstate and were on the road that goes to Goose Creek, I didn't quite make the "Y" in the road that would take Dick to his housing area. I tried, but instead I just crossed to the other side of the road, put the stop sign for the on-coming traffic through my windshield, and wound up buried to the frame in the swamp. Fortunately we were unscathed, unless you count the glass shards Dick collected in his eyes. The next day, Dick counted 28 swizzle sticks from his jumper pocket (I didn't keep mine).

Joe O'Hara: My memories of "Red" are so diverse that all I can say is the thought of him puts a smile on my face. One evening in Naples, the COB and I (I wasn't much bigger than he was) tried to lift a passed out (250 pound plus) John Tittman through the Bow Compartment hatch. O'Hara was on the Midships Compartment side, straddling John and lifting him by his belt, while I was on the Bow Compartment side lifting on the flap of his jumper. We got him through the hatch but could do no better than getting him into the first bottom bunk. I could tell

that O'Hara had done this before, because he made sure John wasn't laying on his back.

Otha Smith: I don't think I have any memories of Otha Leon Smith where he doesn't have a coke in his hand and that coke hasn't got a bag of salted peanuts floating in it.

Reid Smith: This may be one of those deformed memories, but I think it was Mr. Smith that tried to show everyone how to water ski off the bow of the boat. We were in the Med and a bunch of us were sliding down the sonar dome into the water. We would start back by the sail, run to where the dome started, and then slide. The faster the start you got, the farther you would "ski" on the water when you got to the waters edge. Well, Mr. Smith was going for the record. Only he started sliding too early. He started sliding just before the line locker and caught his foot on one of the wooden pegs that had been wedged into a gap to keep the deck plate from rattling. I think the peg caught him between the first two toes and fairly well split his toes apart.

Walt Sullivan: When I reported into the SupShip's office for the Guardfish, the woman behind the desk didn't know what to do with me since there was no crew called for the Guardfish yet. Then in a moment of inspiration, she said "I know a sailor who might be able to help you". She picked up the phone, dialed a number, and when someone answered, she asked to speak to Lieutenant Commander Sullivan. That's when I first met that "sailor". But my fondest memory is when Capt'n Jack presented him with a medal that I had made for him honoring his navigational skills. We had been on sound trials and we were supposed to coast past a hydrophone

suspended from the sound boat, MONOB. Well, we got a little too close and cut the hydrophone cable. The hydrophone went to the bottom and we went to Fort Lauderdale. It was the only medal that Mr. Sullivan had besides the National Defense, so he held it in high esteem.

John Tittman: TAG. Need I say more? I must say that when I saw John at the Haddo decommissioning, Tits, Ass, and Gut was no longer the definitive descriptive of him. I wish I could say that age has had the same effect on all of us.

James Traa: Maybe that was Mr. Traa who split his toes.

John Viney: For my first all-hands loading party onboard the Haddo, I was next in line to John, between him and the barge. He was throwing cases of can goods at me like they were Kleenex boxes. And every time he threw one (whether I was looking or not) he would giggle. I wasn't sure if the giggle was like that of a small boy riding a pony or a crazy person planning a devious act. I had decided right there and then, however, that I would do what ever it took to never get him mad at me. As I found out latter, John is one of the most mellow people you could ever know.

John Williams: I know Captain John Williams is not listed in the roster, may he rest in peace, but I can't remember anything about the Haddo without remembering Capt'n Jack. Beyond any shadow of a doubt, he was the best skipper I had ever served with. For me, every thing about the Haddo is permeated with his memory, from his seamanship and leadership to his unique smile and his drinking rag that grew out of his hip pocket at any of our parties. One of my fondest memories was in the Med and

our mission was to intercept a task force. The exercise was to start at something like 0001 on Saturday. Well we picked up the convoy early and were underneath the Carrier two days early. We just stayed there, zigging and zagging with her every move, waiting for the exercise to start. Then just before midnight on Friday, Capt'n Jack came into the sonar shack and announced his plan. "At the stroke of midnight, we're going to change course x degrees to starboard, kick it up to flank speed for about x minutes, come to all stop with a hard left rudder, go to periscope depth, and release the flare. If the wind is just right, it ought to land on the flight deck." Well, we did and it did. He was brilliant.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW

In this issue, I am including a complete roster as I have now. If I have gotten anything wrong with your name or address, please let me know and I will correct it. In future issues, I will only list address changes and newly located crew members in this section. I think it would be interesting to publish another list that would include the dates that you served onboard and your rank/rate. If you would like your phone number listed, I could also add that. If you send me that information, I will assume that you want it you want it distributed.

I will also list inquiries here. Like, Dick Noble would like to know if anyone knows how to get a hold of Claude Shelton. He was a Sonar Tech from the Navy Reserve unit in Philadelphia that made the Med trip in 1965. Of the commissioning sonarmen, I had only crossed paths with Aaron Graff. I have often wondered where Jim Jamison, Joe Conrad, and David Denny disappeared to.

PROJECTS

Dick Noble has made a suggestion for a couple projects. One project would be to gather information on Haddo's journeys to build a Cruise Log. If we ever do have a reunion, this may be nice to pass out, or just fun reading anytime. The other project he suggested would be to profile a crew member's life in each issue. Needless to say, I need input from all of you to do any of these things. In fact, I need input from you to even keep this thing going and interesting for you. I feel like #5 in the movie *Short Circuit* "Input! Ray needs input!" Let me know if you like these ideas, or do you have some ideas of your own?

CURRENT EVENTS

The Submarine Base at Ballast Point, San Diego (where the Haddo was last home ported as a ship of the United States Navy) will soon become the Naval Station, Point Loma. Six SSNs will remain home ported there, working with Battle groups.

The USS McKee will be decommissioned sometime in the first quarter of 1999 (Does anybody remember the Sub Tenders Speary and Nerious? That was so long ago I don't even remember how to spell their names). This leaves no tender in San Diego, but a Nuclear Repair Facility will be built at Ballast Point to take care of all the ships.

Next year, the number of sailors stationed at Ballast Point will be the highest ever (mostly skimmers); even exceeding the peak submarine years.

Things have changed a lot since my days of the Cold War era. Want to keep current on the activities in the Submarine community?

Check-out these web sites for interesting reading and information on things like the Under Ice Science Cruise of the USS Hawkbill:

SUBLANT <http://www.norfolk.navy.mil/sublant/homepage.htm>

SUBPAC <http://www.csp.navy.mil>

LAST WORD

Give me some feedback on this newsletter. As you might guess, it's no simple task to put it together and there are costs involved. So, if you like the idea of a newsletter and want to continue, let me know. I can use all the encouragement I can get. Especially from someone besides Dick Noble (although his encouragement helps). If the newsletter is not of interest to you, let me know what I can change or add to make it interesting. If there is nothing I can do to make it interesting, let me know and I won't continue the effort. If, however, you think the idea of a newsletter is the most stupid thing you have ever heard of in your adult life, tell Dick Noble. I don't take rejection well.

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